Grace Church Hymnal

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Grace Church
New York

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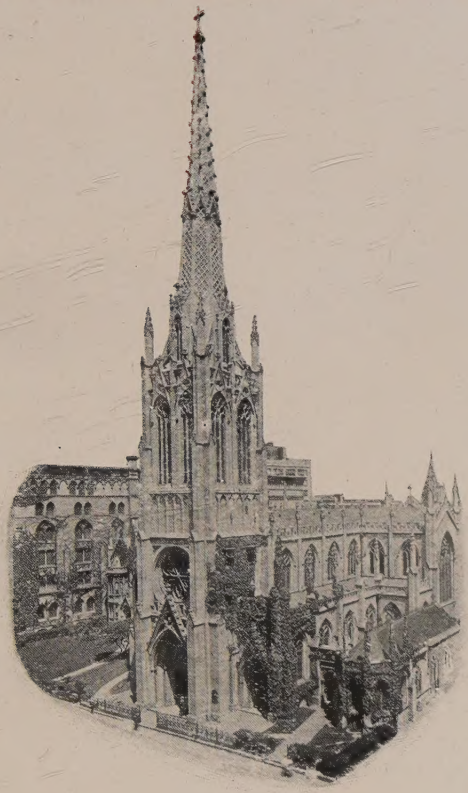
GRACE CHURCH HYMNAL

WITH

MORNING AND EVENING CANTICLES



EDITED BY

JAMES MORRIS HELFENSTEIN

Organist of Grace Church, New York

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JAMES M. HELFENSTEIN

BEFORE THIS COMPILATION COULD BE FINISHED THE WRITER OF THE FOLLOWING PREFACE HAD ENTERED INTO HIS REST. BUT FOR HIS ENCOURAGEMENT AND SYMPATHETIC INTEREST THIS ARDUOUS TASK WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN UNDERTAKEN, AND IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF MANY YEARS OF APPRECIATED SERVICE THE EDITOR DEDICATES HIS WORK TO

THE MEMORY OF

The Reverend William Reed Huntington

1117

Preface

✠

WITH the instinct of the century-plant, Grace Church emphasizes the completion of a hundred years* by throwing out a flower—a flower of song. The Parish has, from the beginning of its ordered life, made a strong point of music, in fact, at times, may possibly have come under suspicion of arrogance in taking her leadership too easily for granted. People fairly past middle life have no difficulty in recalling the oblong books of sacred music which, under various titles, used to lie upon the piano-racks of well-to-do households for family use on Sunday evenings. "CARMINA SACRA" was one of them, "THE BOSTON ACADEMY" was another, "GREATOREX" another, and last, with somewhat ampler margin than the rest came in 1852 the "GRACE CHURCH COLLECTION" the editor of which was not restrained by modesty from expressing himself as follows :

"While to the music of Grace Church superiority has been universally accorded, some have erroneously fallen into the opinion that it is of an operatic character. The publication of this Book completely refutes so grave a charge."

How far this earnest disclaimer was justified by facts, only the few survivors of the church-going New Yorkers of that period are qualified to bear witness. There is a persistent tradition running to the contrary. Certain it is that, away back in the twenties, Malibran, an opera star of the first magnitude, drew to the earlier Grace Church, where now the Empire Building stands, a congregation that packed the edifice to the doors; and it may be that from this incident the rumor which troubled the editor of the "COLLECTION" took its rise.

But many things have happened since then, among them, notably, the Oxford Movement, with its revolutionary influence upon ecclesiastical music throughout English-speaking lands. Grace Church has witnessed the successive reigns of the Quartette, the Mixed Chorus, and the Vested

* The one-hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Grace Church.

Choir of Men and Boys. At present the Parish is living contentedly under the last-named régime, and with small likelihood of a change. It is not maintained by those who approve this order of progress that musical art has been, in all respects, furthered thereby. The real contention is that the interests of devotion have been enhanced, and that what exquisiteness may have lost worship has gained.

It is with the single thought of religious helpfulness that my dear friend, the compiler of this Collection, has done his work. He has aimed to bring together such tunes as will, in his judgment, enable congregations to sing their way through the Hymnal of the Church with the least possible difficulty. His work is not that of either a theorist or an amateur. He has not aimed at collecting the tunes that people ought to sing. He has collected those which he has actually heard them sing, and, therefore, knows that they can sing. And this, moreover, has been done without yielding a jot either to sentimentalism or to vulgarity, those foes of sobriety and reverence.

As one "that occupieth the room of the unlearned" with respect to all things musical, I should stoutly have refused Mr. Helfenstein's request that I write this Preface, had not gratitude compelled. I could not refuse a little to one to whom I owed much. That his Book may accomplish for other churches the transforming work which his skilled hands and quick perceptions have done for Grace, is the best wish I could wish him. And I wish it.

WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON.

GRACE CHURCH RECTORY,
JANUARY NINTH 1909.

IT was voted by both houses of the General Convention held in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two that the final report of the Joint Commission on the Hymnal, as amended by concurrent vote of the two Houses, be set forth and authorized as the Hymnal of this Church, provided that the use of the present Hymnal be allowed until the next General Convention.

CERTIFICATE.

It is hereby certified that this edition of the Hymnal, having been compared with and corrected by the Standard Book, as the General Convention has directed, is permitted to be published accordingly.

On behalf of the Commission empowered to superintend the publication of the Hymnal.

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, *Chairman.*

HENRY W. NELSON, JR., *Secretary.*

CANON 25 OF TITLE 1 OF THE DIGEST.

OF CHURCH MUSIC.

§ 1. The Hymns which are set forth by authority, and Anthems in the Words of Holy Scripture, are allowed to be sung in all Congregations of this Church before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the Minister, whose duty it shall be, by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint such authorized Hymns or Anthems as are to be sung.

§ 2. It shall be the duty of every Minister of this Church, with such assistance as he may see fit to employ from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his Church; and especially, it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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NOTE. The marks of expression have been inserted throughout and may be of value occasionally, but they are not intended for use in congregational singing.

Alphabetical Index of First Lines.

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
A charge to keep I have	501	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1762.*	Thatcher
A few more years shall roll	203	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1842.*	Chalvey
A tower of strength our God doth stand	416	*Martin Luther, 1529:* tr. by *Rev. H. J. Buckoll, 1850*	Luther's Hymn
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide	12	*Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1847.*	Eventide
Above the clear blue sky	570	*John Chandler, 1841.*	Children's Voices
According to Thy gracious word	233	*James Montgomery, 1825.*	Elvet; Holy Trinity
Across the sky the shades of night	202	*Rev. James Hamilton, 1882.*	Luther's Hymn
All glory, laud and honour	90	*St. Theodulph, 820:* tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1859.*	St. Theodulph
All hail the power of Jesus' Name	450	*Rev. Edward Perronet, 1785*	Coronation; Miles Lane
All my heart this night rejoices	538	*P. Gerhardt, 1656:* tr. by *C. Winkworth, 1858*	Stella
All people that on earth do dwell	470	*Rev. William Kethe, 1561.*	Old 100th
All praise to Him Who built the hills	463	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1864.*	Thuro; Festus
All praise to Thee, eternal Lord	320	1st v., ab. *1370;* others by *M. Luther, 1524:* tr. *1858*	St. Marx; Keble
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	18	*Bp. Thomas Ken, 1709.*	Tallis's Hymn; Keble
Alleluia! Alleluia!	123	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1865.*	Lux Eoi; Adoration
Alleluia! sing to Jesus	368	*William C. Dix, 1866.*	Alleluia
Alleluia, song of gladness	73	*Anon., 11th cent.:* tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1851.*	Dulce Carmen
Almighty Father, bless the word	33	*Anonymous*	Grace Church Brierly;
Almighty Father, hear our cry	307	*Bp. E. H. Bickersteth, 1869.*	Rockingham
Almighty Father, Whose only Son	499	*Sir Henry W. Baker, 1868.*	Lasus; Intercession
Am I a soldier of the Cross	508	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1724.*	Marlow
Ancient of Days	311	*Bp. Wm. C. Doane, 1886.*	Ancient of Days; Ancient of Days
And now, O Father, mindful	228	*Rev. Wm. Bright, 1875.*	Unde et memores
Angels from the realms of glory	60	*James Montgomery, 1819.*	Regent Square
Angels, roll the rock away	116	*Rev. T. Scott, 1769,* and *Rev. T. Gibbons, 1775.*	Arimathea
Angel-voices, ever singing	304	*Rev. Francis Pott, 1861.*	Angel Voices
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	652	*Rev. John Newton, 1779.*	Spohr
Arise, O Lord, and shine	259	*Rev. William Hurn, 1815.*	Christchurch
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,	265	*William Shrubsole, 1795.*	Truro; Bartholdy
Art thou weary, at thou languid	342	*Rev. J. M. Neale, 1862.*	Stephanos; Geneva; Mason
As pants the wearied hart	661	*Bp. R. Lowth, 1753:* tr. by *George Gregory, 1787.*	Wells Street Pax Dei; Aspiration;
As when the weary traveller gains	677	*Rev. John Newton, 1779.*	Germany; Brierly
As, with gladness, men of old	65	*William C. Dix, 1860.*	Dix
Ashamed of Thee, O dearest Lord	598	*Bp. Wm. W. How, 1882.*	Penitence; Grassmere
Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep	244	*Margaret Mackay, 1832.*	Federal Street; St. John's Highlands
At even, ere the sun was set	14	*Rev. Henry Twells, 1868.*	Angelus; Grassmere
At the Cross her station keeping	103	STABAT MATER, *ab. 12th cent.:* tr. by *Bp. R. Mant, 1837, and Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849.*	Stabat Mater No. 1; Bonar
At the Lamb's high feast we sing	118	*Ambrosian:* tr. by *Robert Campbell, 1849*	St. George's, Windsor

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
At the Name of Jesus	518	*Caroline Maria Noel, 1870*	Evelyns; Princethorpe
Awake, and sing the song	369	*William Hammond, 1745*	King Edward; Festal Song
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	2	*Bp. T. Ken, 1695 and 1709*	Morning Hymn; Whiteland
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	503	*Rev. P. Doddridge, 1755*	Christmas
Awhile in spirit, Lord, to Thee	80	*Rev. Joseph F. Thrupp, 1853*	Rivaulx
Before Jehovah's awful throne	473	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719:* alt.	Old 100th
Before the ending of the day	21	Tr. *by Rev. J. M. Neale, 1852*	Redhead, No. 12; Macfarren
Behold a humble train	153	*Rev. E. Harland, 1863*	Thatcher
Behold the Lamb of God!	96	*Matthew Bridges, 1848*	St. John
Behold, the Master passeth by!	169	*Bp. William W. How, 1871.*	Rivaulx; Angelus
Blessed city, heavenly Salem	400	Tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1851*	Oriel
Blessing, honour, thanks and praise	241	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742*	Salsburg
Blest are the pure in heart	410	*Rev. John Keble, 1818*	Christmata; Boylston
Blest be the tie that binds	672	*Rev. John Fawcett, 1772*	Boylston
Blest day of God! most calm, most	31	*Rev. John Mason, 1683*	Chesterfield; Belmont
Blow ye the trumpet, blow!	330	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1750.*	Christchurch
Bow down Thine ear, Almighty Lord	286	*Rev. T. E. Powell, 1864*	Hesperus
Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed	224	*Josiah Conder, 1824:* alt.	Ratisbon
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	225	*Bp. Reginald Heber, 1827*	Eucharistic Hymn; Agapè
Breast the wave, Christian	656	*Joseph Stammers, 1830*	Fortitude
Brief life is here our portion	406	*St. Bernard of Cluny, 1145:* tr. by *Rev. John Mason Neale, 1858*	St. Alphege; Holy City
Brightest and best of the sons	66	*Bp. Reginald Heber, 1811*	Webbe; Santa Laura; Morning Star
Brightly gleams our banner	515	*Rev. Thomas J. Potter, 1860*	Vexillum; Gaisberg
By Christ redeemed, in Christ	236	*George Rawson, 1857*	Hanford
By cool Siloam's shady rill	565	*Bp. Reginald Heber, 1827*	Siloam
Call Jehovah thy salvation	415	*James Montgomery, 1822*	Trust
Call them in! the poor, the wretched	619	*Anna Shipton, 1862*	The Wise Men; Weston
Calm on the listening ear of night	55	*Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1834*	Elvet; St. Agnes
Children of the heavenly King	452	*Rev. John Cennick, 1743*	Pleyel's Hymn; Brasted
Christ, above all glory seated!	371	*Ancient:* tr. by *Bp. James R. Woodford, 1852*	Havergal; Sanctuary
Christ, by heavenly hosts adored	188	*Rev. H. Harbaugh, 1860*	Tichfield
Christ for the world we sing	580	*Rev. Samuel Wolcott, 1869*	St. Ambrose; Kirby Bedon
Christ is made the sure foundation	483	*Rev. John Mason Neale, 1852*	Regent Square
Christ is our Corner-stone	294	*Ancient:* tr. by *Rev. John Chandler, 1837*	Harewood; St. Goderic
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!	113	*Rev. A. T. Gurney, 1862*	Resurrexit
Christ our King to heaven ascendeth	127	*Rev. J. H. Hopkins,* d. *1891*	Falfield
Christ, the Life of all the living	361	*E. C. Homburg, 1659:* tr. by C. *Winkworth, 1863.*	Homburg
Christ the Lord is risen again	114	*Rev. M. Weisse, 1531:* tr. by *C. Winkworth, 1863*	Wirtemberg
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	111	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739*	Redhead, 45; Posen; Mozart
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies	312	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740*	Ratisbon; Lux Prima
Christian! dost thou see them	81	*St. Andrew of Crete, 660-732:* tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1862*	St. Andrew of Crete; Holy War
Christians, awake, salute the happy	56	*John Byrom, 1773*	Yorkshire; Christians awake
Come, Christian children, come	554	*Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1830*	Soho; Thraxted
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	379	*Rev. S. Browne, 1720:* alt. by *Ash and Evans, 1769*	Federal Street; Brookfield

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
Come hither, ye faithful	50	ADESTE FIDELES: *17th or 18th cent.*: tr. by *Rev. E. Caswall, 1849*	Barnby; Adeste Fideles
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest	380	VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS: *10th cent.*: tr. by *Rev. E. Caswall and others*	Brierly; Redhead, No. 12
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	289	*Bp. John Cosin, 1627*	Veni Creator No. 1; Veni Creator
Come, Holy Spirit, come!	376	*Rev. J. Hart, 1759*: alt. by *Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776*	Mornington
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	377	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707*	St. Agnes; St. Stephen
Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne	297	*Rev. Ray Palmer, 1876*	Grace Church
Come, let us all with one accord	26	*Ancient*: tr. by *Harriet M. Chester, 1872*	Holy Day
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	447	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707*	Bristol
Come, let us sing the song of songs!	448	*James Montgomery, 1841*	Rivaulx
Come, my soul, thou must be waking	3	*F.R.L. Canitz, 1700*: tr. by *Rev. H. J. Buckoll, 1841*	Haydn; Matins; Columbia College
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	651	*Rev. John Newton, 1779*	Brasted
Come, praise your Lord and Saviour	533	*Bp. Wm. W. How, 1871*	Ellacombe
Come, pure hearts	497	*Adam of St. Victor*, d. ab. *1180*: tr. by *R. Campbell, 1850*	Jubal
Come, Thou Almighty King	388	*Anonymous*	Moscow
Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come!	378	VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS: ab. *13th cent.*: tr. by *Rev. E. Caswall, 1849*: alt.	St. Athanasius
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	48	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744*	Stuttgard; Expectation
Come to our poor nature's night	135	*George Rawson, 1876*	Irene; Capetown
Come unto Me, ye weary	437	*William C. Dix, 1867*	Come unto Me; Bentley; Savoy Chapel
Come, ye disconsolate	637	*Sir Thomas Moore, 1816*	Come ye disconsolate
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	110	*Greek Hymn of 8th cent.*: tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1859*	St. Kevin
Come, ye thankful people, come	193	*Rev. Henry Alford, 1844 and 1865*	St. George's, Windsor
Conquering kings their titles take	322	*Paris Breviary, 1736*: tr. by *Rev. J. Chandler, 1841*: alt.	Innocents
Creator Spirit, by Whose aid	381	*John Dryden, 1693*: alt.	Prince
Crown Him with many crowns	374	*Matthew Bridges, 1848*	Diademata
Day of wrath! O day of mourning	36	*Thomas of Celano, 12th cent.*: tr. by *Rev. W. J. Irons, 1867*	Dies Iræ
Days and moments quickly flying	621	*Rev. E. Caswall, 1858*	St. Sylvester
Dear Jesus, ever at my side	564	*Rev. F. W. Faber, 1849*	Fernshaw
Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil	214	*Rev. John Keble, 1827*	Federal Street
Draw nigh and take the Body	220	Tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1851*	Lammas; Cœna Domini
Dread Jehovah, God of nations	201	*Anon.* in Christian Observer, *1804*	Batty; Cross of Jesus
Earth has many a noble city	63	*A. C. Prudentius, 5th cent.*: tr. by *Rev. E. Caswall, 1849*	Batty
Eternal Father! strong to save	306	*William Whiting, 1860*	Melita
Eternal God! we look to Thee	435	*Rev. James Merrick, 1863*	Nottingham; Ohestnut Ridge
Every morning mercies new	4	*Rev. G. Phillimore, 1863*	Kelso; Hallett
Fair waved the golden corn	569	*Rev. John H. Gurney, 1851*	Golden Corn
Far from my heavenly home	333	*Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834*	Lyte; Leighton
Father, hear Thy children's call	529	*Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1875*	Litany, No. 6 (John H. Gower); Litany, No. 7 (A. H. Brown)

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
Father of all, from land and sea	495	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1871.*	Rest
Father of all, Whose love profound	139	*Rev. Edward Cooper, 1805.*	Mendon
Father of heaven, Who hast created all	206	*Rev. A. Knapp, 1841:* tr. by *C. Winkworth, 1858...*	St. Francis
Father of mercies, bow Thine ear	287	*Rev. Benj. Beddome, 1787.*	Wareham
Father of mercies! in Thy Word	283	*Anne Steele, 1760.*	Chesterfield
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	670	*Anne Steele, 1760.*	Naomi
Fierce was the storm of wind	71	*Rev. Hyde W. Beadon, 1863.*	Moravia; St. Bride
Fight the good fight	505	*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.*	Courage; Pentecost
Fling out the banner! let it float	253	*Bp. Geo. W. Doane, 1848.*	Camden; Melanesia
For all the saints who from their	176	*Bp. William W. How, 1864.*	Sarum
For all Thy saints, a noble throng	165	*Cecil F. Alexander, 1875.*	St. James
For all Thy saints, O Lord	181	*Bp. Richard Mant, 1837...*	Mornington; Doncaster
For ever with the Lord	675	*James Montgomery, 1835*	Schumann; Nearer Home
For thee, O dear, dear country	407	*St. Bernard of Cluny, 1145:* tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1858.*	O Bona Patria
For Thee, O God, our constant praise	480	*Tate and Brady, 1698.*	Park Street
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	204	*Rev. Henry Downton, 1841.*	Percivals
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go	639	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749.*	Melcombe; Hebron
Forty days and forty nights	79	*Rev. G. H. Smyttan, 1856.*	Heinlen
Forward! be our watchword	523	*Rev. Henry Alford, 1871.*	St. Botolph
Fountain of good, to own Thy love	269	*Rev. P. Doddridge, 1755:* rewritten by *E. Osler, 1836.*	St. Stephen; Dulcis Memoria
From all that dwell below the skies	468	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.*	Old 100th
From all Thy saints in warfare	174	*Earl Nelson, 1864.*	Pæan
From every stormy wind that blows	481	*Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1828...*	Retreat
From glory unto glory!	205	*Frances R. Havergal, 1873.*	St. Columba
From Greenland's icy mountains	254	*Bp. Reginald Heber, 1819.*	Missionary Hymn
From the Eastern mountains	62	*Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1879*	Valour; Brightly Gleams
Glorious things of thee are spoken	490	*Rev. John Newton, 1779...*	Austria
Glory be to God the Father!	617	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1867*	St. Peter's, Westminster
Glory be to Jesus	362	Tr. by *Rev. E. Caswall, 1857*	Caswall
Glory to the blessèd Jesus	537	*Anonymous.*	Gloria Tibi
Glory to the Father give	547	*James Montgomery, 1825*	Nuremberg; New Calabar
Glory to Thee, O Lord, Who by	70	*Rev. Hyde W. Beadon, 1863.*	St. Michael
Glory to Thee, O Lord, Who from	147	*Emma Toke, 1851.*	St. Andrew
Go forward, Christian soldier	510	*Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett, 1861.*	Aurelia; Lancashire
Go, labour on! spend and be spent!	584	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843.*	Camden; Hesperus
Go to dark Gethsemane	93	*James Montgomery, 1825.*	Redhead, No. 76; Faith
God Almighty, in Thy temple	548	*Rev. R. H. Baynes, 1881...*	Parry
God in heaven, hear our singing!	578	*Frances R. Havergal....*	God in Heaven; Havergal
God moves in a mysterious way	427	*William Cowper, 1774.*	Suther; London New
God, my Father, hear me pray	384	*Rev. James Holme, 1861...*	Redhead, No. 76
God, my King, Thy might confessing	465	*Bp. Richard Mant, 1824...*	Stuttgard
God of love, our Father, Saviour	298	*H. W. Robilliard, 1888....*	Dulce Carmen
God of mercy, God of grace	332	*Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834.*	Heathlands
God of mercy, throned on high	551	*Henry Neele,* d. *1828.*	Eleanor
God of our fathers, bless this our land	195	*Rev. John Henry Hopkins.*	Sabaoth
God of our fathers, Whose	194	*Rev. D. C. Roberts, 1876...*	National Hymn
God of the prophets! bless	280	*Denis Wortman.*	Old 124th
God that madest earth and heaven...	19	*Bp. R. Heber, 1827; and Bp. R. Whateley, 1855.*	Temple; Nutfield
God the All-merciful!	198	*Russian Hymn:* tr. by *Henry F. Chorley, 1842*	Ultor Omnipotens; Integer Vitae

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
God the Father, God the Son	528	*Rev. R. F. Littledale, 1875*	Litany, No. 5 (W. S. Hoyte)
Golden harps are sounding	545	*Frances R. Havergal, 1871*	Deva; St. Theresa
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd	555	*Henry Bateman, 1862*	Willcox
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	76	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1862*	Charity; Capetown
Grant us, O our heavenly Father	574	*Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1881*	Oxford
Great Creator, Lord of all	546	*Rev. T. B. Pollock, 1876*	San Remo
Great God, to Thee my evening song	644	*Anne Steele, 1760*	St. Vincent; Keble
Great God, what do I see and hear!	37	*Rev. W. B. Collyer, 1812; and Rev. T. Cotterill, 1820*	Luther's Hymn
Great Shepherd of the sheep	571	*Anonymous*	Pastoral
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	414	*Rev. W. Williams, 1745;* tr. by *Rev. P. Williams, 1772*	St. Oswald; Autumn
Hail! sacred day of earthly rest	25	*Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1858*	Wreford; Dona; St. Cuthbert; Holy Trinity
Hail the day that sees Him rise	128	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739*	Ascension; Laus sempiterna
Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus!	365	*Rev. J. Bakewell, 1757;* expanded by *Rev. M. Madan, 1760;* alt. by *Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776*	The Wise Men
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	323	*James Montgomery, 1821*	Cruger
Hail to the Lord Who comes	154	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1881*	St. Olave
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding	41	*Anon.:* tr. by *Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849*	Havergal; Merton
Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs	398	*Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854*	Pilgrims; Vox Angelica; Angelic Voices
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord	599	*William Cowper, 1768*	St. Bees; Horsham
Hark! ten thousand voices sounding	125	*Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806*	Arundel; Rathbun
Hark! the glad sound!	47	*Rev. P. Doddridge, 1735*	Hermann; Bristol
Hark! the herald angels sing	51	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739*	Mendelssohn
Hark! the loud celestial hymn	140	*C. A. Walworth*	Tribute
Hark! the sound of holy voices	179	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1862.*	Moultrie; Sanctuary; Deerhurst
Hark! the voice eternal	35	*Rev. John Julian, 1882*	Deva; Vox Æterna
Hark! what mean those holy voices	61	*Rev. John Cawood, 1819*	Holy Voices; Siberia
Hasten the time appointed	255	*Jane Borthwick (?), 1858*	Lancashire
Have mercy, Lord, on me	351	*Tate and Brady, 1696*	St. Bride
He is risen, He is risen	117	*Cecil F. Alexander, 1846*	Paran
He leadeth me! O blessed thought!	616	*Rev. J. H. Gilmore, 1859*	Aughton
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal	356	*Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1866*	Holy Cross; Lacrymae
Hear our prayer, O heavenly Father	647	*Harriet Parr, 1856*	Repose; Cross of Jesus
Hear us, Thou that broodedst	133	*Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1873*	King's College
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing	556	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1863*	Bethany
Heavenly Shepherd, Thee we pray	290	*Rev. C. G. Woodhouse,* d. *1876:* rewritten by *Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1881*	Vespers
Heirs of unending life	502	*Rev. B. Beddome, 1817:* alt. by *Bp. H. U. Onderdonk, 1826*	Dennis
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee	219	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1855*	Penitentia
Holy Father, cheer our way	9	*Rev. R. H. Robinson, 1869*	Vesperi Lux; Vesper
Holy Father, great Creator	386	*Bp. Alex. V. Griswold, 1835*	Regent Square
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord	385	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1862*	Hallett; St. Athanasius
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty	383	*Bp. Reginald Heber, 1827*	Nicæa
Holy offerings, rich and rare	478	*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, 1867*	Holy Offerings
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	524	*Rev. R. F. Littledale, 1867*	Litany, No. 1
Holy Spirit, Lord of Glory	215	*Rev. R. H. Baynes, 1864*	Ingatestone
Holy Spirit, Lord of Love	213	*Bp. W. D. Maclagan, 1873*	Holy Jesus
Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn	559	*Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1833*	Shepherds; Dinard

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
Hosanna to the living Lord!	316	*Bp. Reginald Heber, 1827*	Hosanna
Hosanna we sing, like the children dear	560	*Rev. Geo. S. Hodges, 1875*	Hosanna we sing
How beauteous are their feet	498	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707*	Cambridge
How firm a foundation	636	*Keen (?), 1787*	Foundation; St. Cyprian
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	433	*Rev. John Newton, 1779*	St. Peter
How wondrous and great	467	*Bp. H. U. Onderdonk, 1826*	Lyons
Hushed was the evening hymn	568	*Rev. James D. Burns, 1856*	Samuel; Safe Home
I am not worthy, holy Lord	234	*Sir Henry W. Baker, 1875*	Gerontius; Hersal
I could not do without Thee	603	*Frances R. Havergal, 1873*	Lancashire; St. Christopher
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be	633	*Adelaide A. Procter, 1862*	Per pacem; Submission
I heard a sound of voices	404	*Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1886*	Patmos; Heavenly Voices
I heard the voice of Jesus say	673	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846*	Vox Dilecti; Bonar; Flensburg
I hunger and I thirst	343	*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, 1873*	Moseley; Quam Dilecta
I lay my sins on Jesus	605	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843*	Aurelia
I love Thy kingdom, Lord	485	*Rev. Timothy Dwight, 1785*	St. Thomas
I'm but a stranger here	623	*Rev. Thos. R. Taylor, 1836*	St. Edmund
I need Thee every hour	602	*Annie S. Hawkes, 1872*	Need
I need Thee, precious Jesus	601	*Rev. F. Whitfield, 1855*	O Bona Patria; St. Edith
I think when I read that sweet story	562	*Jemima Luke, 1841*	Salamis
In exile here we wander	74	*Rev. William Cooke, 1872*	Kreuznach
In His own raiment clad	106	*Rev. Edward Monroe*	Crux; Calvary
In His temple now behold Him	151	*Rev. Henry J. Pye, 1851*	Regent Square
In loud exalted strains	482	*Rev. Benj. Francis, 1774*	King of Glory; Darwall
In mercy, not in wrath	352	*Rev. John Newton, 1779*	Olmutz
In the Cross of Christ I glory	359	*Sir John Bowring, 1825*	Rathbun; Cross of Jesus
In the hour of trial	340	*J. Montgomery, 1834:* alt. by *F. A. Hutton, 1875*, and *Rev. G. Thring, 1882*	Penitence; St. Mary Magdalene; Corpus Domini
In the Name which earth and heaven	292	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1871*	Moultrie
In the vineyard of our Father	577	*Thomas Mackellar, 1845*	Gleaners
In token that thou shalt not fear	209	*Rev. Henry Alford, 1832*	Tallis's Ordinal
Inspirer and hearer of prayer	643	*Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1774*	Devotion
It came upon the midnight clear	59	*Rev. E. H. Sears, 1849*	Carol; Prince of Peace
It is not death to die	419	*Rev. H. A. C. Malan, 1841* tr. by *Rev. G. W. Bethune, 1847*	Greenwood
Jerusalem, my happy home	402	*Anonymous*	Beatitudo; Southwell; Manning
Jerusalem, the golden!	408	*St. Bernard of Cluny, 1145:* tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1858*	Ewing; Urbs beata; Neilson
Jesus, and shall it ever be	597	*Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765*	Federal Street; St. Wilfrid
Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult	143	*Cecil F. Alexander, 1852*	Galilee
Jesus came, the heavens adoring	318	*Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1864*	St. Peter's, Westminster; St. Pancras; Dulce Carmen
Jesus Christ is passing by	592	*Rev. J. D. Smith, 1870*	St. Bees; Guidance
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	112	*Ancient: Tate and Brady*	Worgan; Easter Hymn; Paschal
Jesu, from Thy throne on high	526	*Rev. Thomas B. Pollock*	Litany, No. 3 (F. A. J. Harvey)
Jesus, gentlest Saviour	576	*Rev. F. W. Faber, 1854*	Eudoxia
Jesus, high in glory	550	*J. E. Clark, 1847*	Enon
Jesus, I live to Thee	666	*Rev. H. Harbaugh, 1850*	Aldersgate
Jesus, I my cross have taken	358	*Rev. H. F. Lyte, 1824*	St. Polycarp; Love Divine
Jesu, in Thy dying woes	530	*Rev. Thomas B. Pollock*	Litany, No. 8 (W. H. Monk)

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
Jesus, King of Glory	531	*Rev. W. H. Davison, 1877*	St. Alban
Jesus lives! thy terrors now	122	*Rev. C. F. Gellert, 1757:* tr. by *Frances E. Cox, 1841*	St. Albinus
Jesu, Lord of life and glory	350	*John J. Cummins, 1839*	St. Raphael; St. Thomas
Jesu, Lover of my soul	335	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740*	Hollingside; Martyn
Jesus, meek and gentle	567	*Rev. G. R. Prynne, 1856*	Gentle Jesus; Merrial
Jesus, merciful and mild	611	*Rev. Thos. Hastings, 1858*	St. Andrews (New); Messiah
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all	600	*Rev. Henry Collins, 1854*	Adoro Te
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me	341	*Charlotte Elliott, 1869*	Hanford; Southport; Peace
Jesus, my strength, my hope	650	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742*	Chalvey
Jesus! Name of wondrous love!	149	*Bp. William W. How, 1854*	St. Bees, Redhead, No. 45
Jesus, our risen King	367	*J. Allen, 1761:* rewritten by *Cook and Denton, 1853*	Phillippi
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	261	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719*	Duke Street; Warrington
Jesu, still lead on	420	*N. L. von. Zinzendorf, 1787:* tr. by *Jane Borthwick, 1846*	St. Hubert; Fatherland (Edwards); Fatherland (Gee)
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	534	*Mary Duncan, 1834*	Brocklesbury; Tender Shepherd
Jesu, the very thought of Thee	434	*St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1150 (?):* tr. by *Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849*	St. Raphael; Dulcis Memoria
Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts!	430	*St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1150 (?):* tr. by *Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858*	Holley; Thirsk
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	625	*Rev. P. Gerhardt, 1653:* tr. by *Rev. J. Wesley, 1739*	Pater Omnium; Coleraine
Jesu, to Thy table led	222	*Rev. R. H. Baynes, 1864*	Lacrymæ; St. Philip
Jesu! Where'er Thy people meet	296	*William Cowper, 1769*	Hebron
Jesu! with Thy Church abide	525	*Rev. T. B. Pollock, 1875*	Litany, No. 2 (W. W. Monk)
Joy fills our inmost heart to-day	539	*William C Dix, 1865*	Gaudete
Joy to the world! the Lord is come	324	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719*	Chesterfield; St. Mark
Just as I am, without one plea	606	*Charlotte Elliott, 1836*	St. Crispin; Saffron Walden; Maunder
King of Glory! Saviour dear	549	*Elizabeth H. Mitchell, 1881*	Posen
King of saints, to Whom the number	168	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1871*	Love Divine
Labouring and heavy laden	436	*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, 1863*	Arundel; Cross of Jesus
Lamb of God, for sinners slain	543	*Bp. J. R. Woodford, 1852*	Maitland; Guidance
Lamb of God, I look to Thee	566	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742*	Glebe Field
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace	281	*Bernard Barton, 1826*	St. Peter
Lead, kindly light	423	*Rev. J. H. Newman, 1833*	Lux Benigna
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	421	*James Edmeston, 1821*	Dulce Carmen; Lauda anima
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace	422	*William H. Burleigh*	Dalkeith; Langran
Let me with light and truth be blest	662	*Tate and Brady*	Cana
Let no hopeless tears be shed	245	*Anon., 1754:* tr. by *Rev. R. F. Littledale, 1765*	St. Millicent
Let saints on earth in concert sing	391	*Rev. C. Wesley, 1759:* arr. by *Rev. F. H. Murray, 1852*	Beatitudo
Lift the strain of high thanksgiving	299	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1869*	Rex Glorie
Lift up, lift up your voices now!	119	*Anonymous*	Lift up; Courage
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates	454	*Rev. G. Weissel, 1642:* tr. by *Catherine Winkworth, 1855*	Sefton; Melanesia
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	325	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1746*	Sardis; Oxford
Light's abode, celestial Salem	399	*Anon., 15th cent.:* tr. by *Rev. John M. Neale, 1858*	Regent Square

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
Like Noah's weary dove	486	*Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826*	Cambridge
Lo! He comes with clouds descending	39	*Rev. J. Cennick, 1752:* alt. by *Rev. C. Wesley, 1758, and Rev. M. Madan, 1760*	St. Thomas; Redhead, No. 1; St. Enoch
Lo! the voice of Jesus	608	*Rev. Albert E. Evans, 1871.*	Princethorpe
Lo! what a cloud of witnesses	393	*Scotch Paraphrases, 1745.*	Albano; London New
Look from Thy sphere of endless day	251	*Wm. Cullen Bryant, 1840.*	Warrington
Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious	130	*Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1809.*	Coronæ
Lord, a Saviour's love displaying	258	*Rev. Ernest Hawkins, 1851.*	Rathbun
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee	346	*Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838*	Mount Calvary; Lambeth
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	34	*Rev. John Fawcett, 1786.*	Dismissal
Lord, for ever at Thy side	649	*James Montgomery, 1822.*	Weber
Lord God, we worship Thee	200	*J. Franck, 1653:* tr. by *Catherine Winkworth, 1863*	Nun danket
Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping	260	*Rev. Henry Downton, 1867.*	Love Divine; Autumn
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	589	*Elizabeth Codner, 1860.*	Even Me
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	88	*Rev. Isaac Williams, 1842.*	St. Philip; Holy Cross
Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead	189	*Rev. John Keble, 1856.*	St. Olave; Belmont
Lord, it belongs not to my care	665	*Rev. Richard Baxter, 1681.*	Holy Trinity
Lord, it is good for us to be	166	*Rev. A. P. Stanley, 1870.*	Goss
Lord Jesus, by Thy Passion	635	*Rev. R. F. Littledale, 1864.*	St. Giles
Lord Jesus, think on me	614	*Synesius, 410:* tr. by *Rev. A. W. Chatfield, 1876.*	Newlands; Moccas
Lord Jesus! when we stand afar	95	*Bp. William W. How, 1854.*	Penitence
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went	270	*Rev. William Croswell, 1831.*	Holy Trinity; Tiverton
Lord of all being; throned afar	313	*Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848.*	Mendon; Hesperus
Lord of all power and might	328	*Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1853.*	Philippi; Moscow
Lord of life, of love, of light	301	*Benjamin H. Hall, 1881.*	Maidstone
Lord of mercy and of might	527	*Bp. Reginald Heber, 1827.*	Litany, No. 4
Lord of our life, and God of our	496	*M. A. von Lowenstern, 1644* tr. by *Philip Pusey, 1840*	Cloisters; Crary
Lord of the Church, we humbly pray	182	*Rev. Edward Osler 1836.*	Purleigh
Lord of the harvest, hear	185	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742.*	St. Michael
Lord of the harvest, it is right and meet	262	*Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1871.*	Harvest
Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail!	190	*Rev. John H. Gurney, 1851.*	Burwell
Lord of the hearts of men	75	*Rev. C. Coffin, 1736:* tr. by *Bp. J. R. Woodford, 1863*	Beethoven
Lord of the living harvest	285	*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, 1866.*	Pæan
Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high	183	*James Montgomery, 1833.*	Grace Church
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	586	*Francis R. Havergal, 1872.*	Holley
Lord, Thy children guide and keep	572	*Bp. William W. How, 1854.*	Holy Jesus
Lord, Thy Word abideth	282	*Sir Henry W. Baker, 1861.*	St. Cyprian
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	354	*Rev. Joseph D. Carlyle, 1802.*	Martyrdom
Lord, Who at Cana's wedding feast	237	*Adelaide Thrupp, 1853.*	St. Ursula
Lord, Who throughout these forty days	78	*Claudia F. Hernaman, 1873.*	Arlington
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise	443	*Francis S. Key, 1823.*	St. Chad
Lord divine, all love excelling	432	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1747.*	Weston; Love Divine
Love of Jesus, all divine	607	*Rev. F. Bottome, 1872.*	Messiah; Blumenthal
Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep	552	*Jane E. Leeson, 1842.*	Buckland
Magnify Jehovah's Name	475	*James Montgomery, 1822.*	Brasted
More love to Thee, O Christ	654	*Elizabeth A. Prentiss, 1869.*	Mercy
Morn's roseate hues have decked	120	*Cluniac Breviary, 1686:* tr. by *Rev. W. Cooke, 1872*	Redcliff; Southport
My faith looks up to Thee	345	*Rev. Ray Palmer, 1830.*	Olivet; St. Ambrose
My Father, for another night	640	*Sir Henry W. Baker, 1875.*	Abridge; St. Mary Magdalene

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My God, accept my heart this day	429	*Matthew Bridges*	Burlington
My God, and is Thy table spread	231	*Rev. P. Doddridge, 1755.*	Rockingham; Federal Street
My God, how wonderful Thou art	441	*Rev. F. W. Faber, 1848*	Burlington
My God, I love Thee; not because	653	*St. Francis Xavier (?), d. 1552:* tr. by *Rev. E. Caswall, 1849*	Xavier; Serenity
My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made	624	*Adelaide A. Procter*	Carrow; Wentworth
My God, my Father, while I stray	667	*Charlotte Elliott, 1834*	Troyte, No. 1; Hanford
My God, permit me not to be	353	*Rev. Isaac Watts,* ab. *1707*	Hamburg
My hope is built on nothing less	622	*Rev. Edward Mote, 1834*	All Saints; Melita
My Jesus, as Thou wilt !	634	*Rev. B. Schmolck, 1704:* tr. by *Jane Borthwick, 1854*	Resignation
My soul, be on thy guard !	504	*Rev. George Heath, 1781*	Schumann
My soul with patience waits	334	*Tate and Brady, 1698*	Mornington; Christmata
My spirit, on Thy care	664	*Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834*	Swainsthorpe; Beethoven
My times are in Thy hand	626	*William F. Lloyd, 1835*	Aldersgate
Nearer, my God, to Thee	344	*Sarah F. Adams, 1841*	Bethany; Kedron; St. Edmund
New every morning is the love	1	*Rev. John Keble, 1822*	Melcombe; Winchester New
No change of time shall ever shock	655	*Tate and Brady, 1696*	Intercession; Stratford
Not by Thy mighty hand	72	*Bp. J. R. Woodford, 1863*	Christmata Schumann
Not to the terrors of the Lord	392	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709*	St. Anne; St. Martins
Now a new year opens	541	*Rev. S. C. Clarke, 1881*	North Coates; New Year
Now from the altar of our hearts	20	*Rev. John Mason, 1683*	Belmont; Holy Trinity
Now, my soul, thy voice upraising	99	*C. de Santeuil, 1680:* tr. by *Sir Henry W. Baker, 1859*	St. Denys
Now thank we all our God	466	*Rev. M. Rinkart, 1636:* tr. by *Catherine Winkworth, 1858*	Nun danket
Now the blessèd Dayspring	157	*Mary A. Thomson, 1889*	David
Now the day is over	535	*Rev. S. Baring-Gould, 1865*	Merrial; Eudoxia
Now the labourer's task is o'er	242	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1871*	Requiescat
O bless the Lord, my soul !	474	*James Montgomery, 1819*	St. Thomas
O Bread of Life from heaven	223	*Anon., 17th cent.:* tr. by *Rev. P. Schaff, 1869*	St. Ulric
O Brightness of the immortal	6	*Sophronius (?) 7th cent.:* tr. by *E. W. Eddis, 1864*	St. Nicholas; Via lucis
O brothers, lift your voices	579	*Bp. E. H. Bickersteth, 1848*	Missionary Hymn
O come, all ye faithful	49	*Anon.:* tr. by *Rev. F. Oakeley, 1852*	Adeste fideles
O come and mourn with me awhile	105	*Rev. F. W. Faber, 1849*	St. Cross
O come, loud anthems let us sing	472	*Tate and Brady, 1698*	Park Street; Creation
O come, O come, Emanuel	45	*From "Greater Antiphons,"* ab. *12th cent.:* tr by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1859*	Veni Emanuel, No. 1 Veni Emanuel, No. 2
O day of rest and gladness	24	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1862*	Hodges
O Father, bless the children:	208	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1888*	Exultation
O for a closer walk with God	660	*William Cowper, 1772*	Beatitudo; Alexandria
O for a heart to praise my God	439	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742*	Beatitudo
O for a thousand tongues to sing	440	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739*	Alexandria
O God, in Whose all-searching eye	211	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1862*	Jordan
O God of Bethel, by Whose hand	417	*Rev. P. Doddridge, 1736*	Dundee
O God of God ! O Light of Light !	455	*Rev. John Julian, 1883*	Goss
O God of life, Whose power benign	138	*Rev. A. T. Russell, 1848*	Wearmouth

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O God of love, O King of peace	199	*Sir Henry W. Baker, 1861.*	Hesperus; Old Hundred
O God of mercy, God of might	271	*Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1880*	Agnes Dei; St. Crispin
O God of mercy! hearken now	275	*Miss E. S. Clark*	Hesperus
O God, our help in ages past	418	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719*	St. Anne
O God, unseen yet ever near	221	*Rev. Edward Osler, 1836*	Meditation; Bedford
O gracious God, in Whom I live	338	*Anne Steele, 1780*	Dundee
O happy band of pilgrims	511	*Rev. John Mason Neale, 1862*	Kocher; St. Giles; St. Anselm;
O happy day, that stays my choice	218	*Rev. P. Doddridge, 1755.*	Duke Street; Rockingham
O heavenly Jerusalem	401	*Anon.*: tr. by *Rev. Isaac Williams, 1839*	St. Alphege; All Hallows
O help us, Lord; each hour of need	337	*Rev. H. H. Milman, 1837*	St. Peter
O Holy Ghost, Thou God of peace	494	*Rev. Isaac Williams, 1842*	Rivaulx
O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord	137	*James W. Eastburn, 1815*	Winchester New; Yarmouth
O Holy Jesu, Prince of Peace	232	*Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, 1870*	Samer
O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen	610	*Charlotte Elliott, 1836*	Agnes Dei; St. Cecilia
O Jesu, crucified for man	5	*Bishop W. W. How, 1867.*	Intercession; Hamburg
O Jesus, I have promised	615	*Rev. John E. Bode, 1869.*	Day of Rest; Come Unto Me
O Jesu! Lord most merciful	360	*Rev. James Hamilton, 1867*	St. George's, Bolton
O Jesu, Saviour of the lost	85	*Bp. E. H. Bickersteth, 1852.*	Martyrdom
O Jesu, Thou art standing	357	*Bp. William W. How, 1867.*	St. Edith
O Jesu, we adore Thee	364	*Rev. A. T. Russell, 1851*	Aurelia; Bentley
O King of saints, we give Thee praise.	177	*Mary A. Thomson, 1890.*	Strength and Stay; Welwyn
O Lamb of God, still keep me	363	*James G. Deck, 1842*	St. Christopher; Savoy Chapel
O Light, Whose beams illumine all	424	*Rev. E. H. Plumptre, 1864*	St. Matthias
O little town of Bethlehem	58	*Bp. Phillips Brooks, 1880*	Bethlehem; St. Louis
O Lord, be with us when we sail	305	*Rev. E. A. Dayman, 1865*	Dundee
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea	477	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1863*	Almsgiving; Southport
O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!	197	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	Penticost; Winchester New
O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills	291	*Rev. J. M. Neale, 1844*	Old 100th
O Lord, our strength in weakness	278	*Bp. C. Wordsworth*	Lancashire
O Lord, the Holy Innocents	575	*Cecil F. Alexander, 1850*	Alstone
O Love divine, that stooped to share	627	*Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859.*	Abends
O Love that casts out fear	431	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1864.*	St. Denys
O mighty God, Creator, King	310	*Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1878.*	Woodleigh
O mother dear, Jerusalem!	403	*Anonymous*	Materna; Jerusalem; St. Stephen
O One with God the Father	68	*Bp. William W. How, 1871.*	Westwood
O Paradise, O Paradise	394	*Rev. F. W. Faber, 1862*	Paradise (Barnby); Paradise (Dykes); Paradise (Smart); Paradise (Gilbert)
O perfect Love	238	*Dorthy F. Blomfield, 1883*	Caritas; Sandringham
O praise ye the Lord	471	*Tate and Brady, 1698*	Hanover
O quickly come, dread Judge of all	42	*Rev. L. Tuttiett, 1854*	St. Jude; Peniel
O sacred Head surrounded	102	*St. Bernard of Clairvaux (?)*: tr. by *Sir Henry W. Baker, 1861*	St. Christopher
O Saving Victim, opening wide	227	*Thomas Aquinas, 1263, tr.* by *Rev. E. Caswall, 1849*	Hamberg
O Saviour, precious Saviour	444	*Francis R. Havergal, 1870.*	Watermouth
O Saviour, Who for man hast trod	131	*Rev. Charles Coffin, 1736*: tr. by *Rev. J. Chandler, 1837*	Samson
O Sion, haste	249	*Mary A. Thomson, 1870*	Tidings; O Sion, haste
O Son of God, our Captain	161	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1871*	Strength and Stay

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
O Son of Man, Thyself once crossed	145	*Rev. J. F. Thrupp, 1853*	Melcombe
O Spirit of the living God	288	*James Montgomery*	Melcombe; Rockingham
O that the Lord's salvation	266	*Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834*	Argyle
O the bitter shame and sorrow	612	*Rev. Theodore Monod, 1874*	Monk; Monod
O Thou, before the world began	229	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1745*	Prince
O Thou, before Whose presence	585	*Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1889*	York
O Thou from Whom all goodness flows	663	*Rev. Thomas Haweis, 1792*	Manoah
O Thou, in Whom alone is found	293	*Rev. Henry Ware, 1840*	Warrington
O Thou, in Whom Thy saints repose	302	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1870*	Saints of God
O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry	86	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719*	Hamberg
O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend	84	*Charlotte Elliott, 1835*	Agnus Dei; St. Cecelia
O Thou, through suffering perfect made	272	*Bp. William W. How, 1871*	Rivaulx; Germany
O Thou to Whose all-searching sight	339	*N. L. von Zinzendorf, 1721:* tr. by *Rev. J. Wesley, 1738*	Grace Church
O Thou, Who did'st with love untold	144	*Emma Toke, 1852*	St. Stephen
O Thou, Who hast at Thy command	428	*Jane B. Cotterill, 1815*	Stratford
O Thou, Who gav'st Thy servant grace	146	*Bp. Reginald Heber, 1827*	Germany
O Thou, Who madest land and sea	276	*Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1881*	Melita
O Thou, Who through this holy week	92	*Rev. John M. Neale, 1842*	Hersal; Dulcis Memoria
O 'twas a joyful sound to hear	493	*Tate and Brady, 1698*	Mount Sion; Nativity
O very God of very God	326	*Rev. John M. Neale, 1846*	Mount Calvary; Thraxted
O what if we are Christ's	390	*Sir H. W. Baker, 1852*	Dennis; Thatcher
O what the joy and the glory must be	397	*P. Abelard, 12th cent.:* tr. by *Rev. John M. Neale, 1854*	O Quanta Qualia
O where shall rest be found	513	*James Montgomery, 1818*	Dennis; Thatcher
O who like Thee, so calm, so bright	314	*Bp. Arthur C. Coxe, 1872*	Stella
O with due reverence let us all	479	*Tate and Brady, 1698*	Dundee: Burlington
O wondrous type! O vision fair	167	*Anon.:* tr. by *Rev. John M. Neale. 1854*	Keble; Wareham
O Word of God incarnate	284	*Bp. William W. How, 1867*	Aurelia; Munich
O worship the King	459	*Sir Robert Grant, 1833*	Hanover
O'er the distant mountains breaking	46	*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, 1862*	Salvator Amicus
Of the Father's love begotten	52	*A. C. Prudentius, 5th cent.* tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale* and *Sir H. W. Baker, 1875*	Corde Natus
Oft in danger, oft in woe	506	*Henry Kirke White, 1812*	University College
On Jordan's bank, the Baptist's cry	44	*Rev. C. Coffin, 1736:* tr. by *Rev. J. Chandler, 1837*	Winchester New; Camden
On the resurrection morning	243	*Rev. S. Baring-Gould, 1867*	Resurrection Morning
On our way rejoicing	522	*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, 1873*	Hermas; Valour
Once in royal David's city	540	*Cecil F. Alexander, 1848*	Irby
Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be	38	*Bp. George W. Doane, 1827*	Norwich
One sole baptismal sign	492	*George Robinson, 1842*	St. Godric
One sweetly solemn thought	676	*Phœbe Cary, 1852*	Home; Ambrose
Only one prayer to-day	594	*William C. Dix, 1867*	St. Andrew
Onward, Christian soldiers	516	*Rev. S. Baring-Gould, 1865*	St. Gertrude; St. Alban; Christian Soldiers
Onward, Christian! though the region	620	*Rev. Samuel Johnson, 1846*	Onward; St. Oswald
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	375	*Harriet Auber, 1829*	St. Cuthbert
Our day of praise is done	23	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1867*	Day of Praise; Schumann
Our Father's God! to Thee	196	*Rev. C. T. Brooks, 1835:* alt. by *Rev. J. S. Dwight, 1844;* vs. 1 by *Rev. S. F. Smith, 1832*	America
Our Lord is risen from the dead	132	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1741*	Duke Street
Out of the deep I call	349	*Sir Henry W. Baker, 1868*	Denham
Peace, perfect peace	674	*Bp. E. H. Bickersteth, 1875*	Pax tecum

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Pleasant are Thy courts above..	489	*Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834*	Maidstone; St. Georges Windsor
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven	458	*Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834*	Lauda anima; Dulce Carmen
Praise to God, immortal praise	192	*Anna L. Barbauld, 1772*	Dix
Praise to the heavenly Wisdom	155	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1888*	St. Anselm
Praise to the Holiest in the height	453	*Rev. J. H. Newman, 1868*	Gerontius
Praise we the Lord this day	158	*Anonymous*	St. George
Prince of Peace, control my will	613	*Mary A. L. Barber, 1838*	St. Bees; Posen
Raised between the earth and heaven	303	*Rev. Wharton B. Swith, 1882*	Stuttgard
Rejoice, rejoice, believers!	43	*L. Laurenti, 1700:* tr. by *Sarah Findlater, 1854.*	Greenland; Munich
Rejoice, the Lord is King!	457	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1746, and Rev. J. Taylor, 1795*	Gopsal; Rejoice; Jubilate
Rejoice, ye pure in heart!	520	*Rev. E. H. Plumptre, 1865*	Marion; King Edward
Rejoice, ye sons of men!	152	*Bp. William W. How, 1871*	Bevan
Resting from His work to-day	107	*Rev. T. Whytehead, 1842*	Redhead, No. 76
Revive Thy work, O Lord	618	*A. Midlane, 1860*	Swabia; St. Thomas
Ride on, ride on in majesty!	91	*Rev. H. H. Milman, 1827*	Rosseau; St. Drostane
Rise, crowned with light	487	*Alexander Pope, 1712*	Russian Hymn
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	512	*Rev. R. Seagrave, 1742*	Amsterdam; Beethoven
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	336	*Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1775:* alt. by *Rev. T. Cotterill, 1819*	Redhead, 76; Toplady
Round the Lord in glory seated	387	*Bp. Richard Mant, 1837*	Moultrie; Sanctuary
Safe upon the billowy deep	309	*Henry Coppee, 1887*	Haven; Pleyel's Hymn
Safely, safely gathered in	246	*Henrietta O. de L. Dobree, 1881*	Monica
Saints of God! the dawn is brightening,	250	*Mary Maxwell*	Harley; St. Thomas
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name	32	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1866*	Benediction; Pax Dei
Saviour, blessed Saviour	519	*Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1862*	Edina; David; Erling
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	17	*James Edmeston, 1820*	Vesper Hymn; Sardis; Evening
Saviour, for the little one	247	*Mary A. Thomson, 1872*	Glastonbury
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	573	*Anonymous*	Jesu, Bone Pastor
Saviour, source of every blessing	442	*Rev. R. Robinson, 1758*	Trust
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	257	*Bp. A. C. Coxe, 1851*	St. Oswald
Saviour! teach me day by day	563	*Jane E. Leeson, 1842*	Percivals
Saviour, when in dust to Thee	89	*Sir Robert Grant, 1815*	Spanish Chant
Saviour, when night involves the skies	641	*Rev. T. Gisborne, 1805*	Sweden; Rivaulx
Saviour, who didst come to give	226	*Rev. F. W. Bartlett, 1890*	Horsham; Buckland
Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding	207	*Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826*	Weston; Brocklesbury; Tender Shepherd
Saviour, Whom I fain would love	355	*Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1774*	Blumenthal
Saw you never in the twilight	542	*Cecil F. Alexander, 1853*	The Wise Men
See the Conqueror	126	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1862*	Rex Gloriæ
See the destined day arise!	97	*V. Fortunatus, 6th cent.:* par. by *Bp. R. Mant, 1837*	Redhead, No. 47
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless	235	*James Montgomery, 1825*	St. Agnes
Shepherd of tender youth	446	*Clement of Alexandria:* tr by *Rev. H. M. Dexter, 1846*	Olivet
Shepherd, with Thy tenderest love	411	*Anonymous*	Holy Jesus
Shine Thou upon us, Lord	587	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1889*	Lausanne
Shout the glad tidings	53	*Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg, 1823*	Avison
Sinful, sighing to be blest	347	*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, 1857*	Horsham; St. Bees; Clarence
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise	462	Tr. by *Rev. J. Ellerton, 1865*	Alleluia Perenne
Sing, my soul, His wondrous love	438	*Anonymous*	St. Bees; Theodora
Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's battle	98	*V. Fortunatus, 6th cent.* tr. by *Rev. E. Caswall, 1849*	Prælium
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn	57	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1862*	Heathlands; Blessed Morn
Sing, with all the sons of glory	124	*Rev. Wm. J. Irons, 1875*	Schiller

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Sing, ye faithful! sing with gladness!	517	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1870.*	Ellerton
Softly now the light of day	13	*Bp. G. W. Doane, 1824.*	Weber; Wild
Soldiers of Christ, arise	509	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749*	Silver Street; Diademata
Soldiers of the Cross, arise!	581	*Rev. J.B. Waterbury, 1830.*	Innocents; Eli
Songs of praise the angels sang	476	*James Montgomery, 1819.*	Innocents
Songs of thankfulness and praise	67	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1862.*	St. Edward; Goss
Souls in heathen darkness lying	256	*Cecil F. Alexander, 1852.*	St. Enoch
Sound aloud Jehovah's praises	142	*Rev. H. A. Martin, 1870.*	Fides
Sovereign Ruler of the skies	669	*Rev. John Ryland, 1777.*	Litany; Mercy
Speed Thy servants, Saviour	264	*Rev. T. Kelly,* ab. *1820.*	Lauda Anima
Spirit divine, attend our prayers	382	*Rev. Andrew Reed, 1829.*	Elvet; Tiverton
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	136	*Anonymous*	Melcombe; Maryton
Spirit of truth, we call	300	*Rev. W. A. White, 1890.*	Mornington; Eastnor
Stand, soldier of the Cross	210	*Bp. E.H. Bickersteth. 1870.*	Schumann
Stand up, stand up, for Jesus	582	*Rev. George Duffield, 1858.*	Webb; Crucifer
Stars of the morning	170	*St. Joseph, 9th cent.:* tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1862.*	Trisagion
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	11	*Rev. John Keble, 1820.*	Hursley; Herr Gott Vater
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	22	*Rev. Frederick W. Faber.*	St. Matthias; Stella
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	104	*Walter Shirley, 1770:* alt.	Ave Verum; Wycliffe
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!	642	*Caroline L. Smith, 1852.*	St. Sylvester
Ten thousand times ten thousand	396	*Rev. Henry Alford, 1867.*	Alford
Tender Shepherd, Thou has stilled	248	*Rev. J.N. Meinhold, 1835:* tr.by *C. Winkworth, 1858*	Meinhold
The ancient law departs	148	*Abbe Bernault, 1736;* tr.by *Compilers Hys.A. & M. 1861.*	St. Michael
The angel sped on wings of light	156	*Bp. William W.How, 1871*	Mittit; King of Love; Dominus Regit
The Church's one foundation	491	*Rev. S. J. Stone, 1868.*	Aurelia
The cross is on our brow	212	*William C. Dix, 1869.*	St. Andrew
The day is gently sinking to a close	7	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1862.*	Evening; Evening Hymn; Sundown; St. Winifred
The day is past and gone	645	*Rev, John Leland, 1792.*	Schumann; Protection
The day is past and over	16	*Anatolius, 7th cent.:* tr.by *Rev. J.M. Neale, 1874.*	St. Anatolius. 3; St. Anatolius, 2
The day of resurrection!	115	*Greek Hymn, 8th cent.:* tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1862*	Rotterdam; Greenland; All Hallows
The eternal gates lift up their heads	129	*Cecil F. Alexander, 1858*	St. Magnus
The God of Abraham praise	460	*Thomas Oliver, 1770.*	Covenant
The God of love my shepherd is	413	*George Rawson, 1876.*	Dona; Wreford
The grave itself a garden is	108	*Bp. C. Wordsworth, 1862.*	St. Mark; Belmont
The Head, that once was crowned	372	*Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1820.*	St. Magnus; St. Peter
The heavenly King must come	163	*Rev. Henry A. Martin, 1871.*	Cambridge
The King of love my shepherd is	412	*Sir H. W. Baker, 1868.*	Dominus regit me
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	659	*Joseph Addison, 1712.*	Carey's
The morning light is breaking	252	*Rev. S. F. Smith, 1832.*	Webb
The radiant morn hath passed away	8	*Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1864*	St.Gabriel; Southport; Light of Light; The Radiant Morn
The roseate hues of early dawn	409	*Cecil F. Alexander, 1852.*	Castle Rising; Alexander
The royal banners forward go	94	*V. Fortunatus, 569:* tr.by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1851.*	Hebron
The saints of God! their conflict past	175	*Bp. W. D. Maclagan, 1870.*	Beati; Prince
The shadows of the evening hours	15	*Adelaide D. Procter, 1862.*	St. Leonard
The son of Consolation	162	*Maud O. Coote, 1871.*	O Bona Patria
The Son of God goes forth to war	507	*Bp. Reginald Heber, 1827.*	All Saints; Crusader
The spacious firmament on high	464	*Joseph Addison, 1712.*	Creation

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The spirit, in our hearts,	596	*Bp. H. U. Underdonk, 1826*	Greenwood, Doncaster
The strain upraise of joy and praise	461	*St. Notker*, d. *912;* tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1854.*	Troyte, No. 2
The strife is o'er, the battle done	121	Tr. by *Rev. F. Pott, 1859*	Victory
The sun is sinking fast	10	Tr. by *Rev. E. Caswall, 1858*	St. Columba; Twilight
The voice that breathed o'er Eden	240	*Rev. John Keble, 1857*	St. Giles, Eden; St. Alphege, Come Unto Me
The world is very evil	405	*St. Bernard of Cluny, 1145:* tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1858*	Pearsall
There is a blessed home	679	*Sir. Henry W. Baker, 1861*	Blessed Home; Beulah, Home
There is a fountain filled with blood	593	*William Cowper, 1771*	Martyrdom
There is a green hill far away	544	*Cecil F. Alexander, 1848*	Lambeth; Serenity
There is a land of pure delight	678	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709*	Meditation, Chestnut Ridge
There is one way, and only one	160	*Cecil F. Alexander, 1875*	Sefton; Penitence
There's a Friend for little children	553	*Albert Midlane, 1850*	Evangel
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	273	*Rev. E. H. Plumptre, 1864*	Vox Dilecti; St. Ursula
Thine for ever! God of love	216	*Mary F. Maude, 1847*	Evermore
This is the day of Light	28	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1867*	Swabia
Those eternal bowers	395	*St. John of Damascus, 8th cent.:* tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1862*	David
Thou art coming, O my Saviour!	317	*Frances R. Havergal, 1873*	Beverly; Advent
Thou art gone up on high	373	*Emma Toke, 1852*	St. Barnabas; Chalvey
Thou art the Christ, O Lord	164	*Bp. William W. How, 1871*	St. Godric
Thou art the Way, to Thee alone	425	*Bp. G. W. Doane, 1824*	Holy Trinity
Thou didst leave Thy throne	319	*Emma E. S. Elliott, 1864*	Margaret; Veni
Thou, God, all glory, honour, power	456	*Tate and Brady, 1702*	Brisol
Thou hidden love of God	658	*G. Tersteegen, 1729:* tr. by *Rev. John Wesley, 1738*	Prince, Adoro Te
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness	630	*Jane Borthwick, 1859*	Dominus misericordiæ
Thou to Whom the sick and dying	274	*Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1870*	Stoneleigh; Suppliant
Thou, Who at Thy first Eucharist	230	*Lt. W. H. Turton, 1881*	Evening
Thou, Who on that wondrous journey	77	*Rev. Henry Alford, 1867*	Cairnbrook; Cuttle Mills
Thou Who sentest Thine apostles	173	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1874*	Dulce Carmen
Thou, Who the night in prayer	184	*Anonymous*	Melita
Thou Who with dying lips	277	*Esther Wiglesworth, 1871*	Home
Thou, Whose Almighty word	327	*Rev. John Marriott, 1813*	Moscow
Though faint, yet pursuing	628	*Rev. John M. Darby, 1858*	Foundation; Robinson
Three in One, and One in Three	389	*Rev. G. Rorison, 1849*	Charity
Through Him, Who all our sickness felt	588	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742*	Albano; Dulcis Memoria
Through the day Thy love has spared us	646	*Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806.*	Smart; Albert; Edgbaston
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	521	*Bernhard S. Ingeman*, d. *1862:* tr. by *Rev. S. Baring-Gould, 1859*	Lux Eoi; St. Asaph; Deerhurst
Thy kingdom come, O God!	329	*Rev. Lewis Hensley, 1867*	St. Cecilia
Thy life was given for me!	604	*Frances R. Havergal, 1858;* rewritten *1871*	St. Vigian
Thy Temple is not made with hands	295	*Cecil F. Alexander*	Germany
Thy way not mine, O Lord	632	*Rev. H. Bonar, 1857*	Heslington; Blessed Home
To bless Thy chosen race	500	*Tate and Brady, 1698*	St. Thomas
To Him Who for our sins was slain	366	*Rev. A. T. Russell, 1851*	Ransom; Alleluia
To our Redeemer's glorious Name	451	*Anne Steele, 1760*	Hersal; Dulcis memoria
To Sion's hill I lift my eyes	648	*Tate and Brady, 1696*	Burlington
To the Name of our salvation	321	Tr. by *Rev. J. M. Neale, 1851.*	Oriel
To Thee, O Comforter divine	134	*Frances R. Havergal, 1872.*	Comforter Divine
To Thee, O Father, throned on high	239	*Bp. W. C. Doane, 1881*	Jeffery
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise	191	*Wm. C. Dix, 1864*	Harvest Home
To Thee our God we fly	187	*Bp. William W. How, 1871.*	St. Godric
To Thy temple I repair	30	*James Montgomery, 1812*	Pruen; Hart
To-day Thy mercy calls us	590	*Oswald Allen, 1862*	Zoan

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Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done	370	*Rev. Wm. J. Irons, 1861*	Melcombe
Triumphant Sion, lift thy head	488	*Rev. P. Doddridge, 1755*	Truro; Wareham
Turned by Thy grace, I look within	595	*Rev. E. A. Bradley, 1890*	Grace; Stratford
Wake, awake, for night is flying	40	*Rev. P. Nicolai, 1859:* tr. by *Rev. W. Cooke, 1871*	Sleepers Wake
Wake, harp of Sion, wake again	267	*James Edmoston, 1847*	Tiverton
Watchman, tell us of the night	331	*Sir John Bowring, 1824*	Watchman
We come, Lord, to Thy feet	536	*Anonymous*	Newland
We give immortal praise	141	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709*	St. Godric; St. Peter's
We give Thee but Thine own	268	*Bp, William W. How, 1858*	Cambridge; Newland
We love the place, O God	484	*Rev. Wm. Bullock, 1854*	St. Cecilia; Quam dilecta
We march, we march to victory!	514	*Rev. G. Moultrie, 1865*	We march to victory
We praise Thy grace, O Saviour	159	*Bp. William W. How, 1871*	St. Giles
We sing the glorious conquest	150	*Rev. John Ellerton, 1871*	Munich
We sing the praise of Him Who died	100	*Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1815*	Duke Street
We walk by faith and not by sight	426	*Rev. Henry Alford, 1844*	St. Agnes
We would see Jesus	629	*Anna B. Warner, 1858*	Visio Domini
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin	82	*Rev. S. J. Stone, 1866*	Langran
Weary of wandering from my God	83	*Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749*	Wavertree
Welcome, happy morning	109	*V. Fortunatus, 6th cent.:* tr. by *Rev. J. Ellerton, 1868*	Fortunatus
Welcome, sweet day of rest	27	*Rev. Isaac Watts,* ab. *1707*	Cadwell; Thatcher
Whate'er my God ordains is right	668	*S. Rodigast, 1675:* tr. by *Catherine Winkworth, 1858*	Rodigast
What thanks and praise to Thee we owe	172	*Bp. W. D. Maclagan, 1875*	Intercession
When all Thy mercies, O my God	657	*Joseph Addison, 1712*	Dulcis Memoria; Manoah; St. Paul's; Arlington
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend	591	*Rev. H. F. Lyte, 1833*	Abends; St. Wilfrid
When, doomed to death, the Apostle lay	279	*William C. Bryant, 1878*	Sefton; Hebron
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When, His salvation bringing	558	*Rev. Joshua King, 1830*	Joseph
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When I survey the wondrous Cross	101	*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707*	Rockingham
When Jesus left His Father's throne	561	*James Montgomery, 1816*	St. Ursula
When morning gilds the skies	445	*Anon., German:* tr. by *Rev. Edward Caswall, 1854*	Laudes Domini
When our heads are bowed with woe	348	*Rev. H. H. Milman, 1827*	Redhead
When, streaming from the eastern skies	638	*William Shrubsole, 1813*	Brownell
When the weary, seeking rest	609	*Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1867*	Elijah
Where the angel-hosts adore Thee	171	*Jean Baptiste de Santeuil, 1680:* tr. by *Rev. I. Williams, 1839*	Oxford; Merton
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While o'er the deep Thy servants sail	308	*Bp. George Burgess, 1845*	Brookfield
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While Thee I seek, protecting Power	671	*Helen M. Williams, 1790*	Beatitudo; Brattle St.
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Who are these like stars appearing	178	*Rev. H. T. Schenk, 1719:* tr. by *F. E. Cox, 1841*	St. Gregory
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With broken heart and contrite sigh	87	*Rev. C. Elven, 1852*	Penitence
With gladsome hearts we come	532	*Lily MacLeod, 1890*	The Children's King
With joy we hail the sacred day	29	*Harriet Auber, 1829*	St. Stephen; Hersal
With one consent let all the earth	469	*Tate and Brady, 1698*	Old 100th
With tearful eyes I look around	631	*Charlotte Elliott, 1841*	Thirsk
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Witness, ye men and angels; now	217	*Rev. B. Beddome, 1817*	St. Agnes
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AMSTERDAM	512	7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.	*James Nares.*
ANCIENT OF DAYS (JEFFERY)	311	11.10.11.10.	*J. A. Jeffery.*
ANCIENT OF DAYS (PARKER)	311	11.10.11.10.	*Horatio W. Parker.*
ANGEL VOICES (SULLIVAN)	304	8.5.8.5.8.7.	*Arthur S. Sullivan.*
ANGELIC VOICES	398	11.10.11.10.9.11	*J. E. Roe.*
ANGELUS (SCHEFFLER)	14, 169	L. M.	*Johann G. W. Scheffler.*
ARGYLE	266	7.6.7.6.	*Edmund H. Turpin.*
ARIMATHEA	116	7.7.7.7.8.7.	*Charles F. Roper.*
ARLINGTON	78, 657	C. M.	*T. A. Arne.*
ARUNDEL	125, 436	8.7.8.7.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
ASCENSION	128	7.7.7.7.	*William H. Monk.*
ASPIRATION	661	10.10.10.10.	*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.*
AUGHTON	616	L. M.	*William B. Bradbury.*
AURELIA	284, 364, 491, 510, 605	7.6.7.6. D.	*Samuel S. Wesley.*
AUSTRIA	490	8.7.8.7. D.	*Franz Joseph Haydn.*
AUTUMN	260, 414	8.7.8.7. D.	*F. H. Bartholemon.*
AVE VERUM	104	8.7.8.7. D.	*Charles Gounod.*
AVISON	53	P. M.	*C. Avison.*
BARNBY	50	6.5.6.5. D.	*Joseph Barnby.*
BARTHOLDY	265	L. M.	*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.*
BATTY	63, 201	8.7.8.7.	*Johann Thommon's Choralbuch.*
BEATI	175	8.8.8.8.8.8.	*John Stainer.*
BEATITUDO	391, 402, 439, 660, 671	C. M.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
BEDFORD	221	C. M.	*W. Wheall.*
BEETHOVEN	75, 664	S. M.	*Ludwig van Beethoven.*
BEETHOVEN	512	7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.	*Ludwig van Beethoven.*
BELMONT	20, 31, 108, 189	C. M.	*W. Gardiner.*
BENEDICTION	32	10.10.10.10.	*Edward J. Hopkins.*

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Bentley	364, 437	7.6.7.6. D.	*John Hullah.*
Bethany (Mason)	344	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.	*Lowell Mason.*
Bethany (Smart)	556	8.7.8.7. D.	*Henry Smart.*
Bethlehem	58	7.6.8.6. D.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
Beulah	679	6.6.6.6. D.	*Henri F. Hemy.*
Bevan	152	6.6.6.6.8.8.	*Sir John Goss.*
Beverly	317	8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7.	*William H. Monk.*
Blessed Home	632, 679	6.6.6.6. D.	*Sir John Stainer.*
Blessed Morn	57	7.7.7.7. with Ref.	*Charles F. Roper.*
Blumenthal	355, 607	7.7.7.7. D.	*Blumenthal.*
Bonar	103	8.8.7.8.8.7.	*J. B. Calkin.*
Bonar	673	C. M. D.	*J. C. Knox.*
Boylston	410, 672	S. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
Brasted	452, 475, 651	7.7.7.7.	*Peter Weimer.*
Brattle Street	671	C. M. D.	*Adapted from Ignaz J. Pleyel.*
Brierly	33, 380, 677	L. M.	*W. H. Hart.*
Brightly gleams	62, 515	6.5.6.5. D.	*H. R. Storer.*
Bristol	47, 447, 456	C. M.	*Edward Hodges.*
Brocklesbury	207, 534	8.7.8.7.	*C. A. Barnard.*
Brookfield	308, 379	L. M.	*Thomas B. Southgate.*
Brownel	638	8.8.8.8.8.8.	*Franz Joseph Haydn.*
Buckland	226, 552	7.7.7.7.	*Rev. Leighton G. Hayne.*
Burlington	429, 441, 479, 648	C. M.	*J. F. Burrowes.*
Burwell	190	8.8.8.8.4.4.8.	?
Cairnbrook	77	8.5.8.5.	*Ebenezer Prout.*
Calvary	106	6.4.6.3. D.	*J. Hurst.*
Cambridge	69, 163, 498	S. M.	*Ralph Harrison.*
Camden	44, 253, 584	L. M.	*John B. Calkin.*
Cana	662	L. M.	*Johann C. W. A. Mozart.*
Capetown	76	7.7.7.5.	*Friedrich Filitz.*
Careys	659	8.8.8.8.8.8.	*H. Carey.*
Caritas	238	11.10.11.10.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
Carol	54, 59	C. M. D.	*Richard S. Willis.*
Carrow	624	8.4.8.4.8.4.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
Castle Rising	409	C. M. D.	*Rev. Frederick A. J. Hervey.*
Caswall	362	6.5.6.5.	*Frederick Filitz.*
Chalvey	203, 373, 650	S. M. D.	*Rev. Leighton G. Hayne.*
Charity	76, 389	7.7.7.5.	*Sir John Stainer.*
Chesterfield	31, 283, 324	C. M.	*Rev. Thomas Haweis.*
Chestnut Ridge	435, 678	C. M.	*Wm. H. Walter.*
Christchurch	259, 330	6.6.6.6.8.8.	*Charles Steggall.*
Christian Soldiers	516	6.5.6.5. D.	*Rev. Henry R. Fuller.*
Christians, awake	56	10.10.10.10.10.10.	*Rev. Henry R. Fuller.*
Christmas	503	C. M.	*Arranged by Lowell Mason from Georg F. Handel.*
Christmata	72, 334, 410	S. M.	*Sir John Goss.*
Clarence	347	7.7.7.7.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
Cloisters	496	11.11.11.5.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
Cœna Domini	220	10.10.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
Coleraine	625	8.8.8.8.8.8.	*Melody from La Scala Santa.*
Columbia College	3	8.4.7.8.4.7.	*George W. Warren.*
Come unto Me	240, 437, 615	7.6.7.6. D.	*Rev John B. Dykes.*
Come, ye disconsolate	637	11.10.11.10.	*Samuel Webbe.*
Comforter Divine	134	8.8.6.	*Samuel Reay.*
Corde natus (No. 1)	52	8.7.8.7.8.7.7.	*Plain-song.*
Coronæ	130	8.7.8.7.4.7.	*William H. Monk.*
Coronation	450	C. M.	*Oliver Holden.*
Corpus Domini	340	6.5.6.5. D.	*G. E. W. Malet.*
Courage	119, 505	L. M.	*Horatio W. Parker.*
Covenant	460	6.6.8.4. D.	*Sir John Statner.*
Crary	496	11.11.11.5.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
Creation	464, 472	L. M. D.	*Franz Joseph Haydn.*
Cross of Jesus	201, 359, 436, 647	8.7.8.7.	*Sir John Stainer.*
Crucifer	582	7.6.7.6. D.	*Herbert S. Irons.*
Crusader	507	C. M. D.	*Samuel B. Whitney.*
Crux	106	6.4.6.3.	*T. C. Lewis.*
Cuttle Mills	77	8.5.8.5.	*W. Grifeith.*

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
DALKEITH	422	10.10.10.10.	*Thomas Hewlett.*
DARWALL	482	6.6.6.6.8.8.	*Rev. John Darwall.*
DAVID	157, 395, 519	6.5.6.5. D.	*Thomas Morley.*
DAY OF PRAISE	23	S. M.	*Horatio W. Parker.*
DAY OF REST	615	7.6.7.6. D.	*James W. Elliott.*
DEERHURST	179, 521	8.7.8.7. D.	*James Langraw.*
DENHAM	349	S. M.	*Denham's Psalter.*
DENNIS	390, 502, 513	S. M.	*Johann G. Nageli.*
DEVA	35, 523, 545	6.5.6.5.	*Edward J. Hopkins.*
DEVOTION	643	8.8.8.8.	?
DIADEMATA	374, 509	S. M. D.	*George J. Elvey.*
DIES IRÆ	36	8.8.8.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
DILIGENCE	583	7.6.7.5. D.	*Lowell Mason.*
DINARD	559	C. M.	*E. Chepmell.*
DISMISSAL	34	8.7.8.7.4.7.	*M. Portogallo.*
DIX	65, 192	7.7.7.7.7.7.	*Adapted from Conrad Kocher's "Treuer Heiland, etc."*
DOMINUS MISERICORDIÆ	630	11.10.11.10.10.10.	*Sir John Stainer.*
DOMINUS REGIT ME	156, 412	8.7.8.7.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
DONA	25, 413	8.6.8.4.	*Sir John Goss.*
DONCASTER	181, 596	S. M.	*Samuel Wesley.*
DUKE STREET	100, 132, 218, 261	L. M.	*John Hatton.*
DULCE CARMEN	73, 173, 298, 318, 421, 458	8.7.8.7.8.7.	*J. Michael Haydn.*
DULCIS MEMORIA	92, 269, 434, 451, 588, 657	C. M.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
DUNDEE	305, 338, 417, 479	C. M.	*Scotch Psalter.*
EASTER HYMN	112	7.7.7.7.	*William H. Monk.*
EASTNOR	300	S. M.	*Alfred King.*
EDEN	240	7.6.7.6.	*St. Alban's Tune Book.*
EDGBASTON	646	8.7.8.7.7.7.	*James Tilleard.*
EDINA	519	6.5.6.5. D.	*Sir Herbert S. Oakeley.*
ELEANOR	551	7.7.7.7.	?
ELI	581	7.7.7.7.	*Sir Michael Costa.*
ELIJAH	609	7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8.	*Sir John Stainer.*
ELLACOMBE	533	7.6.7.6. D.	*Conrad Kocher, in "Zionsharfe".*
ELLERTON	517	8.7.8.7.8.7.	*W. S. Hoyte.*
ELVET	55, 233, 382	C. M.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
ENON	550	6.5.6.5.	*Rev. O. M. Feilden.*
ERLING	519	6.5.6.5. D.	*George Edward Stubbs.*
EUCHARISTIC HYMN	225	9.8.9.8.	*Rev. John S. B. Hodges.*
EUDOXIA	535, 576	6.5.6.5.	*Rev. S. Baring-Gould.*
EVANGEL	553	7.6.7.6. D.	*Sir John Stainer.*
EVENING	17	8.7.8.7.	*George C. Stebbins.*
EVENING	230	10.10.10.10.10.10.	*William H. Monk.*
EVENING	7	10.10.10.10.10.10.	*Henry Smart.*
EVENING HYMN	7	10.10.10.10.10.10.	*Sir Joseph Barnby*
EVENTIDE	12	10.10.10.10.	*William H. Monk.*
EVELYNS	518	6.5.6.5. D.	*William H. Monk.*
EVERMORE	216	7.7.7.7.	*Henry J. Gauntlett.*
EWING	408	7.6.7.6. D.	*Alexander Ewing.*
EXPECTATION	48	8.7.8.7.	*Mendelssohn.*
EXULTATION	208	7.6.7.6. D.	*Charles E. Kettle.*
FAITH	93	7.7.7.7.7.7.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
FALFIELD	127	8.7.8.7. D.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
FATHERLAND	420	5.5.8.8.5.5.	*J. Edwards.*
FATHERLAND	420	5.5.8.8.5.5.	*Samuel Gee.*
FEDERAL STREET	214, 231, 244, 379, 597	L. M.	*Henry K. Oliver.*
FERNSHAW	564, 640	C. M.	*Josiah Booth.*
FESTAL SONG	369	S. M.	*W. H. Walter.*
FESTUS	463	L. M	*From a German Chorale.*
FIDES	142	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.	*Rev. Clement C. Scholefield.*
FLENSBURG	673	C. M. D.	*Adapted by Dr. H. J. Gauntlett, from Op. 58, No. 2, of Louis Spohr.*

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
FORTITUDE	656	5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.	*W. C. Filby.*
FORTUNATUS	109	11.11.11.11.11.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
FOUNDATION	628, 636	11.11.11.11.	*Horatio W. Parker.*
GAISBERG	515	6.5.6.5. D.	*Clement R. Gale.*
GALILEE	143	8.7.8.7.	*W. H. Jude.*
GAUDETE	539	8.6.8.6.8.6.8.4.	*Samuel Smith.*
GENEVA	342	8.5.8.3.	*Rev. E. W. Bullinger.*
GENTLE JESUS	567	6.5.6.5.	*John E. Roe.*
GENTLE SAVIOUR	567	6.5.6.5.	*H. de Koven Rider.*
GERMANY	146, 272, 295, 677	L. M.	*Ludwig van Beethoven.*
GERONTIUS	234, 453	C. M.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
GLASTONBURY	247	7.7.7.7.7.7.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
GLEANERS	577	8.7.8.7.4.7.	*W. H. Walter.*
GLEBE FIELD	566	7.7.7.7.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
GLORIA TIBI	537	8.5.7.5.	*Joseph Napleton.*
GOD IN HEAVEN	578	8.7.8.7.	*Rev. Henry R. Fuller.*
GOLDEN CORN	569	S. M.	*John B. Calkin.*
GOPSAL	457	6.6.6.6.8.8.	*George F. Handel. From the Fitzwilliam MSS.*
GOSS	166	L. M. D.	*Sir John Goss.*
GOSS	67	7.7.7.7. D.	*Sir John Goss.*
GRACE CHURCH	33, 183, 297, 339	L. M.	*Adapted from Ignaz Joseph Pleyel.*
GRASSMERE	14, 598	L. M.	*Ethelbert Nevin.*
GREENLAND	43, 115	7.6.7.6. D.	*Lausanne Psalter. Adapted from Johann M. Haydn.*
GREENWOOD	419, 596	S. M.	*Joseph E. Sweetser.*
GUIDANCE	543	7.7.7.7.	*J. H. Wilcox.*
HALLETT	4, 385	7.7.7.7.7.7.	*J. H. Shepherd*
HAMBURG	5, 86, 227, 353	L. M.	*Arranged from a Gregorian Tone by Lowell Mason.*
HANFORD	236, 341, 667	8.8.8.4.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
HANOVER	459	10.10.11.11.	*W. Croft.*
HAREWOOD	294	6.6.6.6.8.8.	*Samuel S. Wesley.*
HARLEY	250	8.7.8.7.4.7.	*Henry Gadsby.*
HART	30	7.7.7.7.	*B. Milgrove.*
HARVEST	262	10.10.7.	*C. J. Frost.*
HARVEST HOME	191	8.7.8.7. D.	*H. J. Storer.*
HAVEN	309	7.7.7.7.	*E. H. Lemare.*
HAVERGAL	41, 371, 578	8.7.8.7.	*Rev. William H. Havergal.*
HAYDN	3	8.4.7.8.4.7.	*Johann M. Haydn.*
HEATHLANDS	57	7.7.7.7.	*Henry Smart.*
HEATHLANDS	332	7.7.7.7.7.7.	*Henry Smart.*
HEAVENLY VOICES	404	7.6.8.6. D.	*Herbert S. Irons.*
HEBRON	94, 279, 296, 639	L. M.	*Lowell Mason.*
HEINLEN	79	7.7.7.7.	*Heinlen, by M. H., in Nuremberg Hymn Book.*
HERMANN	47	C. M.	*N. Hermann.*
HERMAS	522	11.11.11.11.11.11.	*Frances R. Havergal.*
HERR GOTT VATER	11	L. M.	
HERSAL	29, 92, 234, 451	C. M.	*W. Lockett.*
HESLINGTON	632	6.6.6.6.	*Rev. Frederick Peel.*
HESPERUS	199, 275, 286, 313, 584	L. M.	*Henry Baker.*
HODGES	24	7.6.7.6. D.	*Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.*
HOLLEY	430, 586	L. M.	*George Hews.*
HOLLINGSIDE	335	7.7.7.7. D.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
HOLY CITY	406	7.6.7.6. D.	*Alfred R. Gaul.*
HOLY CROSS	356	7.7.7.	*J. E. West.*
HOLY DAY	26	8.8.8.6.	*Horatio W. Parker.*
HOLY JESUS	213, 411, 572	7.7.7.7.7.7.	*George B. Lissant.*
HOLY OFFERINGS	478	7.7.7.7.8.8.8.8.	*Richard Redhead.*
HOLY TRINITY	20, 233, 270, 425, 665	C. M.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
HOLY TRINITY	25	8.8.8.4.	*Horatio W. Parker.*
HOLY VOICES	61	8.7.8.7.	*Rev. George J. Geer.*
HOLY WAR	81	6.5.6.5. D.	*Josiah Booth.*
HOMBURGH	361	8.7.8.7.7.7.7.7.7.	*German.*
HOME	676	P. M.	*Anon.*
HOME	277, 679	6.6.6.6. D.	*G. J. Elvey.*
HORSHAM	226, 347, 599	7.7.7.7.	*English Traditional Melody.*
HOSANNA	316	L. M.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
HOSANNA	557	L. M.	*Charles E. Kettle.*
HOSANNA WE SING	560	P. M.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
HURSLEY	11	L. M.	*Peter Ritter.*
INGATESTONE	215	8.7.8.7.8.7.	*A. H. Brown.*
INTEGER VITÆ	198	11.10.11.9.	*R. Fleming.*
INNOCENTS	322, 476, 581	7.7.7.7.	*Thibaut.*
INTERCESSION	5, 172, 499, 655	L. M.	*Latin Melody.*
IRBY	540	8.7.8.7.7.7.	*Henry J. Gauntlett.*
IRENE	135	7.7.7.5.	*Rev. Clement C. Scholefield.*
JEFFERY	239	L. M. D.	*J. A. Jeffery.*
JERUSALEM	403	C. M.	*Charles F. Roper.*
JESU, BONE PASTOR	573	8.7.8.7.4.7.	*John H. Willcox.*
JORDAN	211	L. M. D.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
JOSEPH	558	7.6.7.6. D.	*Adapted from Etienne H. Mehul.*
JUBAL	497	8.8.7.8.8.7.	*H. S. Cutler.*
JUBILATE	457	6.6.6.6.6.8.8.	*Horatio W. Parker.*
KEBLE	18, 167, 320, 644	L. M.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
KEDRON	344	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.	*A. B. Spratt.*
KELSO	4	7.7.7.7.7.7.	*Edward J. Hopkins.*
KING EDWARD	369, 520	S. M.	*Edward A. Sydenham.*
KING OF GLORY	482	6.6.6.6.8.8.	*Horatio W. Parker.*
KING OF LOVE (MITTIT)	156, 412	8.7.8.7.	*Rev. A. W. Malim.*
KING'S COLLEGE	133	6.5.6.5. D.	*A. H. Mann.*
KIRBY BEDON	580	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	*Edward Bunnett.*
KOCHER	511	7.6.7.6.	*J. H. Knecht.*
KREUZNACH	74	7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6.	*German.*
LACRYMÆ	222, 356	7.7.7.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
LAMBETH	346, 544	C. M.	*Samuel Webbe.*
LAMMAS	220	10.10.	*Arthur H. Brown.*
LANCASHIRE	255, 278, 510, 603	7.6.7.6. D.	*Henry Smart.*
LANGRAN	82, 422	10.10.10.10.	*James Langran.*
LASUS	315, 499	L. M.	*A. H. Mann.*
LAUDA ANIMA	264, 421, 458	8.7.8.7.8.7.	*Sir John Goss.*
LAUDES DOMINI	445	6.6.6.6.6.6.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
LAUS SEMPITERNA	128	7.7.7.7.	*Samuel Reay.*
LAUSANNE	587	6.6.6.6. D.	*Lausanne Choral Book.*
LEIGHTON	333	S. M.	*Henry W. Greatorex.*
LIFT UP	119	L. M.	*John Naylor.*
LIGHT OF LIGHT	8	8.8.8.4.	*Samuel Reay.*
LITDNY NO. 1	524	7.7.7.6.	
LITANY NO. 2	525	7.7.7.6.	
LITANY NO. 3	526	7.7.7.6.	*F. A. G. Harvey.*
LITANY NO. 4	527	7.7.7.5.	*F. Filitz.*
LITANY NO. 5	528	7.7.7.6.	*W. S. Hoyte.*
LITANY NO. 6	529	7.7.7.6.	*J. H. Gower.*
LITANY NO. 7	529, 669	7.7.7.6.	*A. H. Brown.*
LITANY NO. 8	529	7.7.7.6.	*W. H. Monk.*
LITTLE CLUSTERS	577	8.7.8.7.4.7.	?
LONDON NEW	393, 427	C. M.	*Scottish Psalter and Playford's Psalter.*
LOVE DIVINE	168, 260, 358, 432	8.7.8.7. D.	*George F. LeJeune.*

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
LUTHER'S HYMN	37, 202, 416	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.	*Martin Luther.*
LUX BENIGNA	423	10.4.10.4.10.10.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
LUX EOI	123, 521	8.7.8.7. D.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
LUX PRIMA	312	7.7.7.7.7.7.	*Charles Gounod.*
LYONS	467	10.10.11.11.	*Franz Joseph Haydn.*
LYTE	333	S. M.	*John Wilkes.*
MACFARREN	21	L. M.	*George A. Macfarren.*
MAIDSTONE	301, 489	7.7.7.7. D.	*Walter B. Gilbert.*
MAITLAND	543	7.7.7.7.	?
MANNING	402	C. M. D.	*George Edward Stubbs.*
MANOAH	657, 662	C. M.	*From Gioacchimo Rossini.*
MARGARET	319	P. M.	*Rev. Timothy R. Matthews.*
MARION	520	S. M.	*A. H. Messiter.*
MARLOW	508	C. M.	*Arranged by Lowell Mason, from Rev. John Chetham.*
MARTYN	335	7.7.7.7. D.	*S. B. Marsh.*
MARTYRDOM	85, 354, 593	C. M.	*Hugh Wilson.*
MARYTON	136	L. M.	*H. Percy Smith.*
MASON	342	8.5.8.3.	*Catholic Hymns.*
MATERNA	403	C. M. D.	*S. A. Ward.*
MATINS	3	8.4.7.8.4.7.	*Rev. John S. B. Hodges.*
MEDITATION	221, 678	C. M.	*J. H. Gower.*
MEINHOLD	248	7.8.7.8.7.7.	*From Johann Sebastian Bach's Vierstimmige Choralgesange,*
MELANESIA	253, 454	L. M.	*Samuel Smith.*
MELCOMBE	1, 136, 145, 288, 370, 639	L. M.	*Samuel Webbe.*
MELITA	184, 276, 306, 622	8.8.8.8.8.8.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
MENDELSSOHN	51	7.7.7.7. D.	*Adapted by W. H. Cummings, from Mendelssohn's "Festgesang".*
MENDON	139, 313	L. M.	*Arranged by Lowell Mason.*
MERCY	669	7.7.7.7.	*J. H. Wilcox.*
MERRIAL	535, 567	6.5.6.5.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
MERTON	41, 171	8.7.8.7.	*William H. Monk.*
MESSIAH	180, 607, 611	7.7.7.7. D.	*Arranged by George Kingsbury.*
MILES LANE	450	C. M.	*William Shrubsole.*
MISSIONARY CHANT	263	L. M.	*Charles Zeuner.*
MISSIONARY HYMN	254, 579	7.6.7.6. D.	*Lowell Mason.*
MITTIT (KING OF LOVE)	156	8.7.8.7.	*Rev. A. W. Malin.*
MOCCAS	69, 614	S. M.	*A. R. Reinagle.*
MONICA	246	7.7.7.7.D.	*Myles B. Foster.*
MONK	612	8.7.8.8.7.	*William H. Monk.*
MONOD	612	8.7.8.8.7.	*Charles J. Vincent.*
MORAVIA	71	S. M.	*Rev. Lewis R. West.*
MORNING HYMN	2	L. M.	*Francois H. Bartholemon.*
MORNING STAR	66	11.10.11.10.	*J. P. Harding.*
MORNINGTON	181, 300, 334, 376	S. M.	*Garret Wellesley, Earl of Mornington.*
MOSCOW	327, 328, 388	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	*Felice de Giardini.*
MOSELEY	343	6.6.6.6.	*Henry Smart.*
MOULTRIE	179, 292, 387	8.7.8.7. D.	*Gerard F. Cobb.*
MOUNT CALVARY	326, 346	C. M.	*Sir Robert P. Stewart.*
MOUNT SION	493	C. M. D.	*Horatio W. Parker.*
MOZART	111	7.7.7.7.	*Johann C. W. A. Mozart.*
MUNICH	43, 150, 284	7.6.7.6. D.	*Johann Hermann.*
NAOMI	670	C. M.	*Arranged from Johann G. Nageli, by Lowell Mason.*
NATIVITY	493	C. M.	*Henry Lahee.*
NEARER HOME	675	S. M. D.	*Arranged from I. B. Woodbury, by Sir A. S. Sullivan.*
NEED	602	6.4.6.4.7.6.7.4.	*Rev. Robert Lowry.*
NEW CALABAR	547	7.7.7.7.	*J. Downing Farrer.*
NEW YEAR	541	6.5.6.5.	*Josiah Booth.*
NEWLAND	268, 536, 614	S. M.	*Henry J. Gauntlett.*
NICAEA	383	11.12.11.10.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
NATIONAL HYMN	194	10.10.10.10.	*G. W. Warren.*
NEILSON	408	7.6.7.6. D.	*J. H. Gower.*
NORTH COATES	541	6.5.6.5.	*Rev. Timothy R. Mattews.*
NORWICH (OLD 137th)	38	C. M. D.	*Daye's Psalter.*
NOTTINGHAM	435	C. M.	*J. Clark.*
NUN DANKET	200, 466	6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.	*Johann Cruger.*
NUREMBERG	547	7.7.7.7.	*Johann R. Ahle.*
NUTFIELD	19	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.	*William H. Monk.*
O BONA PATRIA	162, 407, 601	7.6.7.6. D.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
O QUANTA QUALIA	397	10.10.10.10.	*Ancient Plain Song.*
O SION HASTE	249	11.10.11.10.9.11.	*H. J. Storer.*
OLD 100TH	199, 291, 468 / 469, 470, 473	L. M.	*Louis Bourgeois in the Genevan Psalter.*
OLD 124TH	280	10.10.10.10.	*Louis Bourgeois in the Genevan Psalter.*
OLIVET	345, 446	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	*Lowell Mason.*
OLMUTZ	186, 352	S. M.	*Arranged from the 8th Gregorian Tone, by Lowell Mason.*
ONWARD	620	8.7.8.7.	*H. G. Trembath.*
ORIEL	321, 400	8.7.8.7.8.7.	*"Tantum ergo," in Conrad Kocher's "Zionsharfe".*
OXFORD	171, 325, 574	8.7.8.7.	*Sir John Stainer.*
PÆAN	174, 285	7.6.7.6. D.	*Frederic Weber.*
PARADISE	394	8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
PARADISE	394	8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
PARADISE	394	8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.	*W. B. Gilbert.*
PARADISE	394	8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.	*Henry Smart.*
PARAN	117	8.7.8.7.7.7.	*Joachim Neander.*
PARK STREET	472, 480	L. M.	*Fred. M. A. Venua.*
PARRY	548	8.7.8.7.4.7.	*J. H. Mounder.*
PASCHAL	112	7.7.7.7.	*J. S. B. Hodges.*
PASTORAL	571	6.6.6.6.6.6.	
PATMOS	404	7.6.8.6. D.	*H. J. Storer.*
PAX DEI	32, 661	10.10.10.10.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
PAX TECUM	674	10.10.	*G. T. Caldbeck.*
PEACE	341	8.8.8.4.	*G. W. Warren.*
PEARSALL	405	7.6.7.6. D.	*St. Gall Katholisches Gesangbuch.*
PENIEL	42	8.8.8.8.8.8.	*Josiah Booth.*
PENITENCE	87, 95, 160, 598	L. M.	*Rev. Cornelius Elven in St. Alban's Tune Book.*
PENITENCE	340	6.5.6.5. D.	*Spencer Lane.*
PENITENTIA	219	10.10.10.10.	*Edward Dearle.*
PENTICOST	197, 505	L. M.	*W. Boyd.*
PER PACEM	633	10.4.10.4.	*George C. Martin.*
PERCIVALS	204, 563	7.7.7.7.	?
PHILIPPI	328, 367	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	*Johann G. Ebeling.*
PILGRIMS	398	11.10.11.10.9.11.	*Henry Smart.*
PLEYEL'S HYMN	309, 452	7.7.7.7.	*Ignaz J. Pleyel.*
POSEN	111, 549, 613	7.7.7.7.	*Arranged by Freylinghausen, from George C. Strattner.*
PRINCE	175, 229, 381 / 658	8.8.8.8.8.8.	*Mendelssohn.*
PRINCE OF PEACE	59	C. M. D.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
PRINCETHORPE	518, 608	6.5.6.5. D.	*William Pitts.*
PRŒLIUM	98	8.7.8.7.8.7.	*H. Lahee.*
PROTECTION	645	S. M.	*G. J. Geer.*
PRUEN	30	7.7.7.7.	*Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley.*
PURLEIGH	182	8.8.6.8.8.6.	*A. H. Brown*
QUAM DILECTA	343, 484	6.6.6.6.	*Bp. Henry L. Jenner.*
RADIANT MORN	8	8.8.8.4.	*Charles Gounod.*
RANSOM	366	8.8.6.8.8.6.	*Edward Bunnett.*
RATHBUN	125, 258, 359	8.7.8.7.	*Ithamar Conkey.*
RATISBON	224, 312	7.7.7.7.7.7.	*From Werner's Choralbuch.*

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Redcliff	120	8.8.8.4.	*Edward J. Hopkins.*
Redhead, No. 1	39	8.7.8.7.4.7	*Richard Redhead.*
Redhead, No. 12	21, 380	L. M.	*Richard Redhead.*
Redhead, No. 45	111, 149	7.7.7.7.	*Richard Redhead.*
Redhead, No. 47	97, 348	7.7.7.7.	*Richard Redhead.*
Redhead, No. 76	93, 107, 336 384	7.7.7.7.7.7.	*Richard Redhead.*
Regent Square	60, 151, 386 399, 483	8.7.8.7.4.7.	*Henry Smart.*
Rejoice	457	6.6.6.6.8.8.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
Repose	647	8.7.8.7.	*Rev. C. J. Dickinson.*
Requiescat	242	7.7.7.7.8.8.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
Resignation	634	6.6.6.6. D.	*Charles E. Kettle.*
Rest	495	8.8.8.4.	*G. J. Elvey.*
Resurrexit	113	P. M.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
Retreat	481	L. M.	*Rev. Thomas Hastings.*
Rex Gloriæ	126, 299	8.7.8.7. D.	*Henry Smart.*
Rivaulx	80, 169, 272 448, 494, 641	L. M.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
Robinson	628	11.11.11.11.	?
Rodigast	668	8.6.8.6.4.4.8.8.	*Walter B. Gilbert.*
Rockingham	101, 218, 231 288, 307	L. M.	*Edward Miller.*
Rousseau	91	L. M.	*W. W. Rousseau.*
Rotterdam	115	7.6.7.6. D.	*Berthold Tours.*
Russian Hymn	487	10.10.10.10.	*Alexis Lwoff.*
St. Agnes	55, 217, 235 377, 426	C. M.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
St. Agnes' School	455	L. M. D.	*J. A. Jeffery.*
St. Alban	516, 531	6.5.6.5. D.	*Franz Franz Joseph Haydn.*
St. Albinus	122	7.8.7.8.	*Henry J. Gauntlett.*
St. Alphege	240, 401, 406	7.6.7.6.	*Henry J. Gauntlett.*
St. Ambrose	345, 580	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	*William H. Monk.*
St. Anatolius	16	7.6.7.6.8.8.	*Arthur H. Brown.*
St. Anatolius	16	7.6.7.6.8.8.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
St. Andrew	147, 212, 594	S. M.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
St. Andrews, New	611	7.7.7.7.D.	*J. Gill.*
St. Andrew of Crete	81	6.5.6.5. D.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
St. Anne	392, 418	C. M.	*William Croft.*
St. Anselm	155, 511	7.6.7.6. D.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
St. Asaph	521	8.7.8.7. D.	*W. S. Bambridge.*
St. Athanasius	378, 385	7.7.7.7.7.7.	*Edward J. Hopkins.*
St. Barnabas	373	S. M. D.	*Aliquis.*
St. Bees	149, 347, 438 592, 599, 613	7.7.7.7.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
St. Botolph	523	6.5.6.5. D.	*Henry Smart.*
St. Bride	71, 351	S. M.	*Samuel Howard.*
St. Cecilia	329, 484	6.6.6.6.	*Rev. Leighton G. Hayne.*
St. Cecilia	84, 610	8.8.8.6.	*Gordon Saunders.*
St. Chad	443	8.7.8.7. D.	*Richard Redhead.*
St. Christopher	102, 363, 603	7.6.7.6. D.	*F. C. Maker.*
St. Columba	205	13.13.13.14.	*W. S. Hoyte.*
St. Columba	10	6.4.6.6.	*Herbert S. Irons.*
St. Crispin	271, 606	8.8.8.6.	*Sir George J. Elvey.*
St. Cross	105	L. M.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
St. Cuthbert	25, 375	8.6.8.4.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
St. Cyprian	282	6.6.6.6.	*R. R. Chope.*
St. Cyprian	636	11.11.11.11.	*R. Redhead.*
St. Denys	431	6.6.6.6.	*Frank Spinney.*
St. Denys	99	8.7.8.7.8.7.	*W. H. Monk.*
St. Drostane	91	L. M.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
St. Edith	357, 601	7.6.7.6. D.	*Justin H. Knecht.*
St. Edmund	344, 623	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
St. Edward	67	7.7.7.7 D.	*Charles Steggall.*
St. Enoch	39, 256	8.7.8.7.4.7.	*Walter B. Gilbert.*
St. Francis	206	10.6.10.6.8.8.4.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
St. Gabriel	8	8.8.8.4.	*F. A. G. Ouseley.*
St. George	158	S. M.	*Henry J. Gauntlett.*
St. George's Bolton	360	7.6.7.6. D.	*James Walch.*

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
St. George's Windsor	118, 193, 489	7.7.7.7 D	*Sir George J. Elvey.*
St. Gertrude	516	6.5.6.5. D.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
St. Giles	159, 240, 511, 635	7.6.7.6.	*Sir John Stainer.*
St. Godric	141, 164, 187, 294, 492	6.6.6.6.8.8.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
St. Gregory	178	8.7.8.7.7.7.	*Heinrich Albert.*
St. Hubert	420	5.5.8.8.5.5.	*Rev. Leicester Darwell.*
St. James	165	C. M.	*Raphael Courteville.*
St. John	96	6.6.6.4.8.8.4.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
St. John's Highlands.	244	L. M.	*W. C. B.*
St. Kevin	110	7.6.7.6. D.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
St. Leonard	15	C. M. D.	*Henry Hiles.*
St. Louis	58	7.6.8.6. D.	*Lewis H. Redner.*
St. Magnus	129, 372	C. M.	*Jeremiah Clark.*
St. Mark	108, 324	C. M.	*H. J. Gauntlett.*
St. Martin's	54, 392	C. M.	*William Tansar.*
St. Mary Magdalene.	340	6.5.6.5 D.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
St. Marx.	64, 320	L. M.	*Johann C. W. A. Mozart.*
St. Matthias	22, 424	8.8.8.8.8.8.	*William H. Monk.*
St. Michael	70, 148, 185	S. M.	*Daye's Psalter.*
St. Millicent	245	7.7.4.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
St. Nicholas	6	10.6.10.6.	*Rev. Clement Scholefield.*
St. Olave	189	C. M.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
St. Oswald	257, 414, 620	8.7.8.7.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
St. Pancras	318	8.7.8.7.8.7.	*Henry Smart.*
St. Paul's	657	C. M.	*J. Clark.*
St. Peter	281, 337, 372	C. M.	*Alexandre R. Reinagle.*
St. Peter's	141	6.6.6.6.8.8.	*R. R. Ross.*
St. Peter's Westminster	318, 617	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.	*James Turle.*
St. Philip	88, 222	7.7.7.	*W. H. Monk.*
St. Polycarp	358	8.7.8.7. D.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
St. Raphael	434	C. M.	*Oratorio Hymns.*
St. Raphael	350	8.7.8.7.4.7.	*Edward J. Hopkins.*
St. Stephen	29, 144, 269, 377, 403	C. M.	*Rev. William Jones.*
St. Silvester	621, 642	8.7.8.7.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
St. Theodulph	90	7.6.7.6. D.	*Melchior Teschner.*
St. Theresa	545	6.6.6.5. D.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
St. Thomas	39, 250, 350	8.7.8.7.4.7.	*Arranged by Novello.*
St. Thomas	474, 485, 500	S. M.	*Aaron Williams.*
St. Ulric	223	7.7.7.7.7.7.	*Arthur H. Brown.*
St. Ursula	54, 237, 561	C. M. D.	*Frederick Westlake.*
St. Vigian	604	6.6.6.6.6.6.	*A. C. Falconer.*
St. Vincent	644	L. M.	*J. Uglow.*
St. Wilfrid	591, 597	L. M.	*H. P. Smith.*
St. Winifred	7	10.10.10.10.	?
Sabaoth	195	P. M	*J. H. Hopkins.*
Safe Home	568	6.6.6.6.8.8.	*Arranged from W. V. Wallace.*
Saints of God	302	8.8.8.8.8.8.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
Salzburg	241	7.7.7.7.D.	*J. Rosenmuller.*
Samer	232	8.10.10.10.8.6	*Battison Haynes.*
Samson	131	L. M.	*Adapted from Georg F. Handel.*
Santa Laura	66	11.10.11.10.	*W. A. Barrett.*
San Remo	546	7.7.5.7.7.7.5.	*E. W. Barber.*
Samuel	568	6.6.6.6.8.8.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
Sanctuart	179, 371, 387	8.7.8.7. D.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
Sandringham	238	11.10.11.10.	*Arranged from Sir Joseph Barnby*
Sardis	17, 325	8.7.8.7.	*Ludwig van Beethoven.*
Sarum	176	10.10.10.4.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
Savoy Chapel	363, 437	7.6.7.6. D.	*John B. Calkin.*
Schiller	124	8.7.8.7. D.	*Ludwig von Beethoven.*
Schumann	23, 72, 210, 504, 645, 675	S. M.	*Robert Schumann.*
Sefton	160, 279, 454	L. M.	*John B. Calkin.*
Shepherds	559	C. M.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
Serenity	544, 653	C. M	*Arr. from W. V. Wallace.*
Siberia	61	8.7.8.7.	?

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
SILOAM	565	C. M.	*Henri F. Hemy.*
SILVER STREET	509	S. M.	*Isaac Smith.*
SMART	449, 646	8.7.8.7.7.7.	*Henry Smart.*
SOHO	554	C. M.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
SOUTHWELL	402	C. M.	*Herbert S. Irons.*
SOUTHPORT	120, 341	8.8.8.4.	*G. Lomas.*
SPANISH CHANT	89	7.7.7.7. D.	?
SPOHR	652	C. M.	*Louis Spohr.*
STABAT MATER, No. 1	103	8.8.7.8.8.7.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
STELLA	22, 314	8.8.8.8.8.8	*Henri F. Hemy.*
STEPHANOS	342	8.5.8.3.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
STELLA	538	8.3.3.6. D.	*Horatio W. Parker.*
STORER	579	7.6.7.6. D.	*H.T. Storer.*
STONELEIGH	274	8.7.8.7.7.7.	*C. S. Jekyll.*
STRATFORD	428, 595, 655	L. M.	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
STRENGTH AND STAY	161, 177	11.10.11.10.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
STUTTGARD	48, 303, 465	8.7.8.7.	*Hans L. Hassler.*
SUBMISSION	633	10.4.10.4.	*George Lomas.*
SUPPLIANT	274	8.7.8.7.7.7.	*Sir John Stainer, Mus. D.*
SUTHER	427	C. M.	*Rev. W. Leigh.*
SWABIA	28, 618	S. M.	*Adapted from Johann Cruger's "Praxis pietatis melica."*
SWAINSTHORPE	664	S. M.	*Josiah Booth.*
TALLIS'S HYMN	18	L. M.	*Thomas Tallis.*
TALLIS'S ORDINAL	204	C. M.	*Thomas Tallis.*
TEMPLE	19	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4	*Edward J. Hopkins.*
TENDER SHEPHERD	207, 534	8.7.8.7.	
THATCHER	27, 153, 390, 501, 513	S. M.	*From Georg F. Handel.*
THE CHILDREN'S KING	532	6.6.6.6.6.6.	*D. B. MacLeod.*
THE WISE MEN	365, 542, 619	8.7.8.7. D.	*Berthold Tours.*
THEODORA	438	7.7.7.7.	*From Georg F. Handel.*
THIRSK	430, 631	L. M.	*W. A. Wrigley.*
THRAXTED	326, 554	C. M.	*Ludwig von Beethoven.*
TICHFIELD	188	7.7.7.7. D.	*R. W. Beaty.*
TIDINGS	249	11.10.11.10.9.11	*James Walch.*
TIVERTON	267, 270, 382	C. M.	*J. Grigg (?).*
TOPLADY	336	7.7.7.7.7.7.	*Rev. Thomas Hastings.*
TRIBUTE	140	7.8.7.8.7.7.	*Edward J. Hopkins.*
TRISAGION	170	10.10.10.10.	*Henry Smart.*
TRIUMPH	180	7.7.7.7. D.	?
TROYTE, No. 1	667	P. M.	*A. H. D. Troyte.*
TROYTE, No. 2	461	P. M.	*Adapted from W. Hayes by A. H. D. Troyte.*
TRURO	265, 463, 488	L. M.	*Charles Burney.*
TRUST	415, 442	8.7.8.7.	*Adapted from Mendelssohn's 13th Psalm by C. R. Broadley.*
TWILIGHT	10	6.4.6.6.	*Rev. John Henry Hopkins.*
ULTOR OMNIPOTENS	198	11.10.11.9.	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*
UNDE ET MEMORES	228	10.10.10.10.10.10	*William H. Monk.*
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE	506	7.7.7.7.	*Henry J. Gauntlett.*
URBS BEATA	408	7.6.7.6. D.	*George F. Le Jeune.*
VALOUR	62, 522	6.5.6.5. D.	*A. H. Mann.*
VENI	319	P. M.	*E. S. Elliott.*
VENI CREATOR	289	8.8.	*Thomas Attwood.*
VENI CREATOR, No. 1	289	8.8.	*Rev. John Henry Hopkins.*
VENI EMMANUEL, No. 1	45	8.8.8.8.8.8.	*Ancient Plain Song.*
VENI EMMANUEL, No. 2	45	8.8.8.8.8.8.	*Charles Gounod.*
VESPER HYMN	17	8.7.8.7. D.	*D. Bortniansky.*
VESPERI LUX	9	7.7.7.5.	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
VESPER	9	7.7.7.5.	*Sir John Stainer.*
VESPERS	290	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.	*P. H. Diemer.*
VEXILLUM	515	6.5.6.5. D.	*Henry Smart.*

NAME OF TUNE.	NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
VICTORY	121	8.8.8.4	*Adapted from Palestrina's "Lamentatio in Cœna Domini."*
VISIO DOMINI	629	11.10.11.10	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
VOX ÆTERNA	35	6.5.6.5. D	*P. C. Lutkin.*
VOX ANGELICA	398	11.10.11.10.9.11	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
VOX DILECTI	273, 673	C. M. D	*Rev. John B. Dykes.*
WAREHAM	263, 287, 488	L. M	*William Knapp.*
WARRINGTON	251, 261, 293	L. M	*Rev. Ralph Harrison.*
WATCHMAN	331	7.7.7.7. D	*Lowell Mason.*
WATERMOUTH	444	7.6.7.6. D	*A. H. Mann.*
WAVERTREE	83	8.8.8.8.8.8.8	*W. Shore.*
WE MARCH TO VICTOTY	514	P. M	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
WEARMOUTH	138	8.8.8	*Charles Steggall.*
WEBB	252, 582	7.6.7.6. D	*George J. Webb.*
WEBBE	66	11.10.11.10	*Samuel Webb.*
WEBER	13, 649	7.7.7.7	*Carl M. von Weber.*
WELLS STREET	661	10.10.10.10	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
WELWYN	177	11.10.11.10	*A. Scott-Gatty.*
WENTWORTH	624	8.4.8.4.8.4	*F. C. Maker.*
WESTON	207, 432, 619	8.7.8.7. D	*John E. Roe.*
WESTWOOD	68	7.6.7.6. D	*R. H. McCartney.*
WHITELAND	2	L. M	*German Melody.*
WILCOX	555	8.7.8.7.8.7.	*J. H. Wilcox.*
WINCHESTER NEW	1, 44, 137, 197	L. M	*From "Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch."*
WIRTEMBURG	114	7.7.7.7	*Johann Rosenmuller.*
WOODLEIGH	310	8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.7	*Sir Joseph Barnby.*
WORGAN	112	7.7.7.7	*John Worgan.*
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Calm on the listening ear of night..... 55
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn 56
Come hither, ye faithful..... 50
Hark! the herald angels sing..... 51
Hark! what mean those holy voices..... 61
It came upon the midnight clear..... 59
Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day.....539
O come, all ye faithful..... 49
O little town of Bethlehem..... 58
Of the Father's love begotten..... 52
Once in royal David's city.....540
Shout the glad tidings..... 53
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn..... 57
Thou didst leave Thy throne.....319
While shepherds watched their flocks by night..... 54

Old Year.

A few more years shall roll.....203
Across the sky the shades of night.....202
Days and moments quickly flying.....621

FIRST LINE OF HYMN. NO.

I'm but a stranger here....623
Jesu, still lead on....420
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace..422
O God of Bethel, by Whose hand....417
O God, our help in ages past....418

New Year.

For Thy mercy and Thy grace....204
From glory unto glory....205
Go forward, Christian soldier....510
Jesus, I live to Thee....666
My times are in Thy hand....626
Now a new year opens....541
Though faint yet pursuing....628

Epiphany.

Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!....265
As with gladness men of old.... 65
Blow ye the trumpet, blow....330
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.... 66
Earth has many a noble city.... 63
Fierce was the storm of wind.... 71
Fling out the banner! let it float....253
From the Eastern mountains.... 62
Glory to Thee, O Lord.... 70
God of mercy, God of grace....332
Hail to the Lord's Anointed....323
Hasten the time appointed....255
Joy to the world, the Lord is come....324
Light of those whose dreary dwelling....325
Lord, a Saviour's love displaying....258
Lord of all power and might....328
Not by Thy mighty hand.... 72
O One with God the Father.... 68
O very God of very God....326
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise....487
Saw you never in the twilight....542
Songs of thankfulness and praise.... 67
The morning light is breaking....252
Thou Whose Almighty word....327
Thy kingdom come, O Lord....329
Watchman, tell us of the night....331
Within the Father's house.... 69
When from the East the wise men came. 64

Septuagesima, etc.

Alleluia, song of gladness.... 73
Go labour on, spend and be spent....584
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.... 76
In exile here we wander.... 74
Jesus Christ is passing by....592
Lord of the hearts of men.... 75
Praise to the Holiest in the height....453
Songs of praise the angels sang....476
The strain upraise of joy and praise....461
Thou Who on that wondrous journey... 77
Thou, Whose Almighty word....327

Lent.

(*See also Holy Week*)

Approach, my soul, the mercy seat....652
Art thou weary, art thou languid....342
Ashamed of Thee, O dearest Lord....598

FIRST LINE OF HYMN. NO.

Awhile in spirit, Lord, to Thee.... 80
By the gracious saving call (*Litany*)....529
Christian, dost thou see them.... 81
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare....651
Come unto Me, ye weary....437
Days and moments quickly flying....621
Father, hear Thy children's call (*Litany*)..529
Forty days and forty nights.... 79
From every stormy wind that blows....481
Glory be to Jesus....362
God the Father, God the Son (*Litany*)...528
God my Father, hear me pray....384
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord....599
Have mercy, Lord, on me....351
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal....356
I could not do without Thee....603
I heard the voice of Jesus say....673
I hunger and I thirst....343
I lay my sins on Jesus....605
I need Thee every hour....602
I need Thee, precious Jesus....601
In mercy, not in wrath....352
In the Cross of Christ I glory....359
In the hour of trial....340
Jesus, and shall it ever be....597
Jesus Christ is passing by....592
Jesu, from Thy throne on high (*Litany*)..526
Jesu, Lord of life and glory....350
Jesu, Lover of my soul....335
Jesus, merciful and mild....611
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all....600
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me....341
Jesu, still lead on....420
Just as I am, without one plea....606
Labouring and heavy laden....436
Lamb of God, for sinners slain....543
Lo! the voice of Jesus....608
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee....346
Lord, for ever at Thy side....649
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing....589
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.... 88
Lord Jesus, by Thy Passion....635
Lord Jesus, think on me....614
Lord of mercy and of might (*Litany*)...527
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne..354
Lord, Who throughout these forty days.. 78
Love of Jesus, all divine....607
More love to Thee, O Christ....654
My faith looks up to Thee....345
My God, I love Thee, not because....653
My God, my Father, while I stray....667
My God, permit me not to be....353
Nearer, my God, to Thee....344
O for a closer walk with God....660
O gracious God, in Whom I live....338
O help us, Lord, each hour of need....337
O holy Saviour, Friend unseen....610
O Jesus, I have promised....615
O Jesu, Lord most merciful....360
O Jesu, Saviour of the lost.... 85
O Jesu, Thou art standing....357
O Lamb of God, still keep me....363
O the bitter shame and sorrow....612
O Thou before Whose presence....585
O Thou from Whom all goodness flows...663
O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry.... 86
O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend.... 84
O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight....339
Only one prayer to-day....594

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.
Onward, Christian, though the regions	620
Out of the deep I call	349
Prince of Peace, control my will	613
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	336
Saviour, source of every blessing	442
Saviour, when in dust to Thee	89
Saviour, Whom I fain would love	355
Sinful, sighing to be blest	347
Teach us what Thy love has borne (*Litany*)	529
The Spirit in our hearts	596
There is a fountain filled with blood	593
Thou hidden love of God, whose height	658
Thy life was given for me	604
To-day Thy mercy calls us	590
Through Him Who all our sickness felt	588
Turned by Thy grace I look within	595
Weary of earth and laden with my sin	82
Weary of wandering from my God	83
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend	591
When the weary seeking rest	609
With broken heart and contrite sigh	87

Holy Week.

All glory, laud and honour (*Palm Sunday*)	90
At the Cross her station keeping	103
Behold the Lamb of God	96
Christ, the Life of all the living	361
Glory be to Jesus	362
Go to dark Gethsemane	93
Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus	365
In His own raiment clad	106
Jesu, in Thy dying woes	530
Lord Jesus, when we stand afar	95
Now, my soul, thy voice upraising	99
O come and mourn with me awhile	105
O Jesu, Lord most merciful	360
O Jesu, we adore Thee	364
O Sacred Head surrounded	102
O Thou, Who through this holy week	92
Resting from His work to-day (*East. Even.*)	107
Ride on, ride on in majesty (*Palm Sunday*)	91
See the destined day arise	97
Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's battle	98
Sweet the moments rich in blessing	104
The grave itself a garden is (*East. Even*)	108
The Royal banners forward go (*Palm Sun.*)	94
There is a green hill far away	544
We sing the praise of Him Who died	100
When I survey the wondrous Cross	101

Eastertide.

All hail the power of Jesus' Name	450
Alleluia! Alleluia!	123
Alleluia! sing to Jesus!	368
Angels, roll the rock away	116
At the Lamb's high feast we sing	118
Awake, and sing the song	369
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!	113
Christ the Lord is risen again	114
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	112
Come let us sing the song of songs	448
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	110
Hark, ten thousand voices sounding	125
He is risen, He is risen	117
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	112
Jesus lives! thy terrors now	122
Jesus, our risen King	367
Lift up, lift up your voices now	119
Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky	120
O God of God! O Light of Light	455
On the resurrection morning	243
Rejoice, the Lord is King	457
Sing with all the sons of glory	124
The day of resurrection	115
The strife is o'er, the battle done	121
Thou art the Way, to Thee alone	425
To Him, Who for our sins was slain	366
Welcome, happy morning	109
Who is this that comes from Edom	449

Ascensiontide.

All hail the power of Jesus' Name	450
Alleluia! sing to Jesus	368
Awake, and sing the song	369
Christ, above all glory seated	371
Christ our King to heaven ascendeth	127
Crown Him with many crowns	374
Golden harps are sounding	545
Hail the day that sees Him rise	128
Jesus, our risen King	367
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	130
O Saviour, Who for man has trod	131
Our Lord is risen from the dead	132
Rejoice, the Lord is King	457
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph	126
The eternal gates lift up their heads	129
The Head, that once was crowned with thorns	372
Thou art gone up on high	373
Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done	370

Whitsuntide (and General).

Come, gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove	379
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest	380
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	289
Come, Holy Spirit, come	376
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove	377
Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come	378
Come to our poor nature's night	135
Creator Spirit, by Whose aid	381
Hear us, Thou that broodedst	133
Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove	524
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	375
Spirit divine, attend our prayers	382
Spirit of mercy, truth and love (*Whitsunday*)	136
To Thee, O Comforter divine	134

Trinity Sunday (and General).

Come, Thou Almighty King	388
Father of all, Whose love profound	139
Glory be to God the Father	617
Glory to the Father give	547
God Almighty, in Thy temple	548
God, my Father, hear me pray	384
Great Creator, Lord of all	546
Hark! the loud celestial hymn	140
Holy Father, great Creator	386
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord	385
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty	383
O God of Life, Whose power benign	138
O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord	137
Round the Lord in glory seated	387
Sound aloud Jehovah's praises	142

FIRST LINE OF HYMN. NO.

The God of Abraham praise....460
Three in One, and One in Three....389
We give immortal praise....141

Other Feasts and Fasts.

In addition to those appointed for special days.

Blessed city, heavenly Salem....400
Blest are the pure in heart....410
For all the saints who from their labours rest....176
For all Thy saints, O Lord....181
Hark! hark my soul, angelic songs....398
Hark! the sound of holy voices....179
I heard a sound of voices....404
Jerusalem, my happy home....402
Jerusalem the golden....408
King of glory! Saviour dear!....549
Let saints on earth in concert sing....391
Light's abode, celestial Salem....399
Lo! what a cloud of witnesses....393
Not to the terrors of the Lord....392
O Heavenly Jerusalem....401
O King of saints! we give Thee praise....177
O Paradise, O Paradise....394
O what if we are Christ's....390
O what the joy and the glory must be....397
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise....462
Ten thousand times ten thousand....396
The Saints of God! their conflict past....175
The Son of God goes forth to war....507

FIRST LINE OF HYMN NO.

Who are these in bright array....180
Who are these like stars appearing....178

Thanksgiving and Harvest.

All people that on earth do dwell....470
Before Jehovah's awful throne....473
Come, ye thankful people, come....193
Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail....190
Now thank we all our God....466
O come, loud anthems let us sing....472
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea....477
O worship the King....459
Praise to God, immortal praise....192
Rejoice, the Lord is King....457
The strain upraise of joy and praise....461
To Thee, O God, our hearts we raise....191
When all Thy mercies, O my God....657

National Days.

Ancient of Days....311
Before Jehovah's awful throne....473
Dread Jehovah, God of nations....201
From all that dwell below the skies....468
God of our fathers, bless this our land....195
God of our fathers, Whose Almighty hand....194
God the all Merciful!....198
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates....454
Lord God, we worship Thee....200
O come, loud anthems let us sing....472
O God of love, O King of peace....199
O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King....197
Our fathers' God to Thee....196

THE CHURCH.

Baptism.

Father of Heaven, Who hast created all..206
Go forward, Christian soldier (*a*)....510
In token that thou shalt not fear....209
Jesus, I my cross have taken (*a*)....358
O Father, bless the children....208
O Lord, our strength in weakness (*a*)....278
Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding....207
Soldiers of Christ, arise (*a*)....509
Stand, soldier of the Cross (*a*)....210

Confirmation.

Draw Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil....214
Go forward, Christian soldier....510
Holy Spirit, Lord of glory....215
Holy Spirit, Lord of love....213
Jesus, I my cross have taken....358
My faith looks up to Thee....345
My God, accept my heart this day....429
Nearer, my God, to Thee....344
O God, in Whose all-searching eye....211
O gracious God, in Whom I live....338
O happy day that stays my choice....218
O help us Lord, each hour of need....337
O Jesus, I have promised....615
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed....375
Saviour, blessed Saviour....519
Soldiers of Christ, arise....509
The cross is on our brow....212
Thine for ever, God of love....216
Witness, ye men and angels, now....217

Holy Communion.

According to Thy gracious word....233
Alleluia sing to Jesus (*Ascension*)....368
At the Lamb's high feast we sing (*Easter*).118
And now, O Father, mindful of the love.228
Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed....324
Bread of the world, in mercy broken....225
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored..236
Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord.220
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face.219
I am not worthy, holy Lord....234
Jesu, Lover of my soul....335
Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts....430
Jesu, to Thy table led....222
My God, and is Thy table spread....231
O Bread of Life from heaven....223
O God unseen, yet ever near....221
O Holy Jesu, Prince of Peace....332
O Saving Victim, opening wide....227
O Thou, before the world began....229
Saviour, Who didst come to give....226
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless....235
The King of Love my shepherd is....412
Thou God, all glory, honour, power....456
Thou Who at Thy first Eucharist....230

Burial of the Dead.

A few more years shall roll....203
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep....244
Blessing, honour, thanks and praise....241
Brief life is here our portion....406

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.
Come, ye disconsolate	637
For all the saints who from their labours rest	176
For all Thy saints, O Lord	181
For ever with the Lord	675
For thee, O dear, dear country	407
Hark! hark, my soul, angelic songs	398
Hark! the sound of holy voices	179
I heard a sound of voices	404
I'm but a stranger here	623
It is not death to die	419
Jerusalem, the golden	408
Jesus lives! thy terrors now	122
Lead, kindly Light	423
Let no hopeless tears be shed (*Child*)	245
Lift up, lift up your voices now	119
Light's abode, celestial Salem	399
Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky	120
My God, my Father, while I stray	667
My Jesus, as Thou wilt	634
My times are in Thy hand	626
Now the labourer's task is o'er	242
O God, our help in ages past	418
O Love divine, that stooped to share	627
O Paradise, O Paradise	394
O what the joy and the glory must be	397
On the resurrection morning	243
Peace, perfect peace	674
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	336
Safely, safely gathered in (*Child*)	246
Saviour, for the little one (*Child*)	247
Sing, with all the sons of glory	124
Ten thousand times ten thousand	396
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled (*Child*)	248
The grave itself a garden is	108
The King of Love my shepherd is	412
The Saints of God, their conflict past	175
Who are these in bright array	180
The strife is o'er, the battle done	121
There is a blessed home	679
Whate'er my God ordains is right	668
When our heads are bowed with woe	348
Who are these like stars appearing	178

Missions.

Arise, O Lord, and shine	259
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake	265
Call them in! the poor, the wretched	619
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	330
Christ for the world we sing	580
Fling out the banner, let it float	253
From all that dwell below the skies	468
From Greenland's icy mountains	254
From the Eastern mountains	62
Glorious things of Thee are spoken	490
God of mercy, God of grace	332
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	323
Hasten the time appointed	255
I love Thy kingdom, Lord	485
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	261
Joy to the world! the Lord is come	324
Look from the sphere of endless day	251
Lord, a Saviour's love displaying	258
Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping	260
Lord of all power and might	328
Lord of the harvest, it is right	262
O brothers, lift your voices	579
O Sion haste	249
O Spirit of the living God	288
O that the Lord's salvation (*Jews*)	266
Rise, crowned with light	487
Saints of God, the dawn is brightening	250
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	257
Soldiers of the Cross, arise	581
Souls in heathen darkness lying	256
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them	264
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	582
The Church's one foundation	491
The morning light is breaking	252
Thou, Whose Almighty Word	327
Thy kingdom come, O God!	329
Wake, harp of Sion (*Jews*)	267
Watchman, tell us of the night	331
Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim	263

Almsgiving and Charities.

Fountain of good, to own Thy love	269
Holy offerings, rich and rare	478
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went	270
O God of mercy, God of might	271
O God of mercy hearken now	275
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	477
O Thou through suffering perfect made	272
O Thou, Who madest land and sea (*Orphans*)	276
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	273
Thou to Whom the sick and dying	274
Thou Who with dying lips (*Orphans*)	277
We give Thee but Thine own	268

SPECIAL SERVICES.

Ember Days.

Father of mercies, bow Thine ear	287
How beauteous are their feet	498
Lord of the Church, we humbly pray	182
Lord of the harvest, hear	185
Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high	183
Thou, Who the night in prayer	184
Ye servants of the Lord	186

Ordinations.

Bow down Thine ear, Almighty Lord	286
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	289
Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures	497
Father of mercies, bow Thine ear	287
Go, labour on! spend and be spent!	584
Heavenly Shepherd, Thee we pray	290
How beauteous are their feet	498
Lord of the Church, we humbly pray	182
Lord of the living harvest	285
Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high	183
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	586
O Spirit of the living God	288
Soldiers of the Cross, arise!	581
Thou Who the night in prayer	184
Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim	263
Ye servants of the Lord	186

FIRST LINE OF HYMN. NO.

Corner-stone and Consecration.

Christ is made the sure foundation.....483
Christ is our Corner-stone.....294
Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne..297
Glorious things of Thee are spoken.....490
God of love, our Father, Saviour.....298
I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....483
In loud exalted strains 482
In the Name which earth and heaven....292
Jesu! where'er Thy people meet.....296
O Lord of Hosts, Whose glory fills.....291
O Thou in Whom alone is found.....293
O 'twas a joyful sound to hear.....493
O with due reverence let us all.....479
Pleasant are Thy courts above.....489
Spirit divine, attend our prayers.....382
The Church's one foundation.....491
Thy temple is not made with hands.....295
We love the place, O God.....484

Lay Helpers.

Almighty God, Whose only Son.....499
Blest be the tie that binds.....672
Christ for the world we sing.....580
Fight the good fight with all thy might..505
Go forward Christian soldier.....510
Go labour on, spend and be spent.....584
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.....143
Lord of our life.....496
Lord, speak to me that I may speak.....586
O brothers, lift your voices.....579
O happy band of pilgrims 511
O Son of God, our Captain.....161
O Thou before Whose presence.....585
On our way rejoicing.....522
Rejoice, ye pure in heart!.....520
Shine Thou upon us, Lord.....587
Soldiers of the Cross, arise.....581
Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....582
The Son of Consolation.....162
The Son of God goes forth to war.....507
Through Him Who all our sickness felt..488
Through the night of doubt and sorrow..521
Work, for the night is coming.....583

Parochial Missions.

A charge to keep I have.....501
A few more years shall roll.....203
All hail the power of Jesus' Name 450
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat.....652
Art thou weary, art thou languid.....342
Ashamed of Thee, O dearest Lord 598
At even, ere the sun was set..... 14
At the Name of Jesus.....518
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve....503
Behold, the Master passeth by.....169
Breast the wave, Christian.....656
Call Jehovah thy salvation.....415
Call them in, the poor, the wretched.....619
Come, Holy Spirit, come.....376
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.....377
Come, let us sing the song of songs 448
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....651
Come unto Me, ye weary.....437

FIRST LINE OF HYMN NO.

Days and moments quickly flying.....621
Father, hear Thy children's call.....529
Fight the good fight 505
Forward be our watchword.....523
From every stormy wind that blows.....481
Glory be to God the Father.....617
Glory be to Jesus.....362
Go forward, Christian soldier.....510
God, my Father, hear me pray.....384
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.....414
Hail! Thou once despisèd Jesus.....365
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord.....599
Have mercy, Lord, on me.....351
He leadeth me.....616
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.....356
Heirs of unending life.....502
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds....433
I could not do without Thee 603
I heard the voice of Jesus say,.....673
I lay my sins on Jesus.....605
I need Thee every hour.....602
I need Thee, precious Jesus.....601
I'm but a stranger here.....623
In mercy, not in wrath.....352
In the Cross of Christ I glory.....359
In the hour of trial.....340
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....597
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.....143
Jesus Christ is passing by.....592
Jesus, I my cross have taken 358
Jesus, Lord of life and glory.....350
Jesu, Lover of my soul.....335
Jesus, merciful and mild.....611
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all.....600
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me.....341
Jesu, the very thought of Thee.....434
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me.....625
Just as I am, without one plea.....606
Labouring and heavy laden.....436
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.....454
Lo! the voice of Jesus.....608
Look from Thy sphere of endless day....251
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....589
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day..... 88
Lord Jesus, by Thy passion.....635
Lord Jesus, think on me.....614
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne..554
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee.443
Love divine, all love excelling.....432
Love of Jesus all divine 607
My faith looks up to Thee 345
My God, accept my heart this day.....429
My God, permit me not to be.....353
My hope is built on nothing less 622
My soul, be on thy guard.....504
Nearer, my God, to Thee.....344
O bless the Lord, my soul.....474
O brothers, lift your voices.....579
O help us, Lord, each hour of need.....337
O holy Saviour, Friend unseen.....610
O Jesus, I have promised.....615
O Jesu, Lord most merciful.....360
O Jesu, Saviour of the lost..... 85
O Jesu, Thou art standing.....357
O Jesu, we adore Thee.....364
O Lamb of God, still keep me.....363
O Lord, our strength in weakness.....278
O Love that casts out fear.....431
O Saviour, precious Saviour.....444

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.
O the bitter shame and sorrow	612
O Thou that hearest when sinners cry	86
O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend	84
O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight	339
O what if we are Christ's	390
O where shall rest be found	513
Oft in danger, oft in woe	506
Only one prayer to-day	594
Onward, Christian soldiers	516
Onward, Christian, through the region	620
Out of the deep I call	349
Prince of Peace, control my will	613
Revive Thy work, O Lord	618
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	512
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	336
Saviour, source of every blessing	442
Shepherd of tender youth	446
Sinful, sighing to be blest	347
Sing, my soul, His wondrous love	438
Soldiers of Christ, arise	509
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	582
The Son of God goes forth to war	507
The Spirit in our hearts	596
There is a fountain filled with blood	593
Thou art the Way, to Thee alone	425
Thou hidden love of God, whose height	658
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness	630
Though faint, yet pursuing	628
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	521
Thy life was given for me	604
To-day Thy mercy calls us	590
Turned by Thy grace I look within	595
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin	82
Weary of wandering from my God	83
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend	591
When I survey the wondrous Cross	101
When the weary, seeking rest	609
With broken heart and contrite sigh	87

PROCESSIONALS.

Advent.

Hark! the voice eternal	35
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending	39
Rejoice, rejoice, believers	43
Thou art coming, O my Saviour	317

Christmas.

Angels from the realms of glory	60
Come hither, ye faithful	50
Hark! the herald angels sing	51
Jesus came, the heavens adoring	318
O come, all ye faithful	49
Thou didst leave Thy throne	319
To the Name of our salvation	321

New Year.

From glory unto glory	205
Go forward, Christian soldier	510

Epiphany.

As with gladness men of old	65
Brightest and best	66
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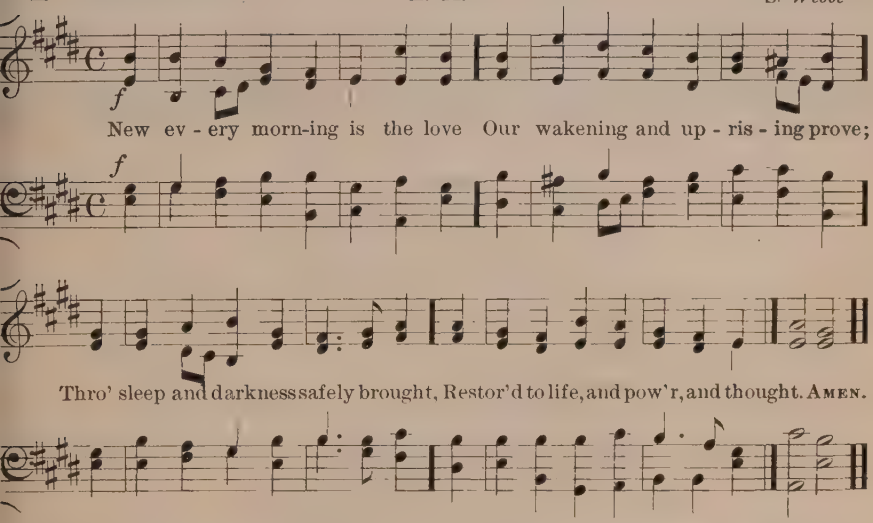
THE HYMNAL

I. DAILY PRAYER

Morning

1 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. MELCOMBE *S. Webbe*


f
New ev - ery morn-ing is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove;
f
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and thought. AMEN.

mf 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

mf 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

mf 4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
p Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

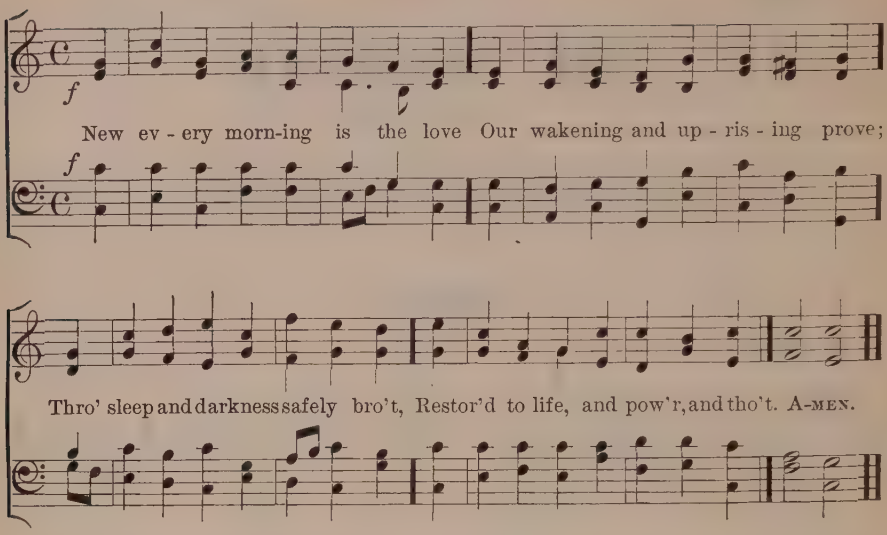
mf 5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

mf 6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

J. Keble

Morning

1 (SECOND TUNE) L. M. WINCHESTER, NEW *Crasselius*


New ev - ery morn-ing is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely bro't, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and tho't. A-MEN.

mf 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

mf 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

mf 4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
dim Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

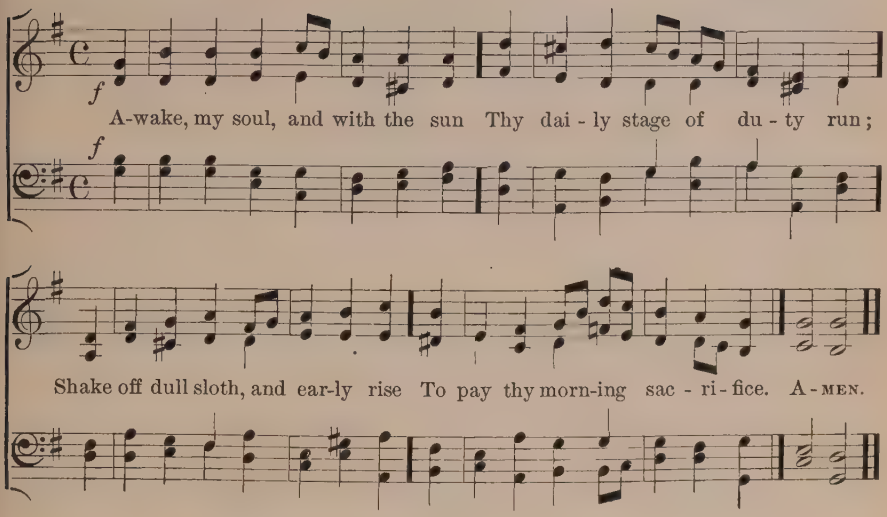
mf 5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

mf 6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

L. Keble

Morning

2 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. PART I. MORNING HYMN *F. H. Bartholemon*


f
A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
f
Shake off dull sloth, and ear-ly rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice. A - MEN.

mf 2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great Day thyself prepare.

mf 3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

PART II

mf 4 All praise to Thee, Who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless light partake.

mf 5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

mf 6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

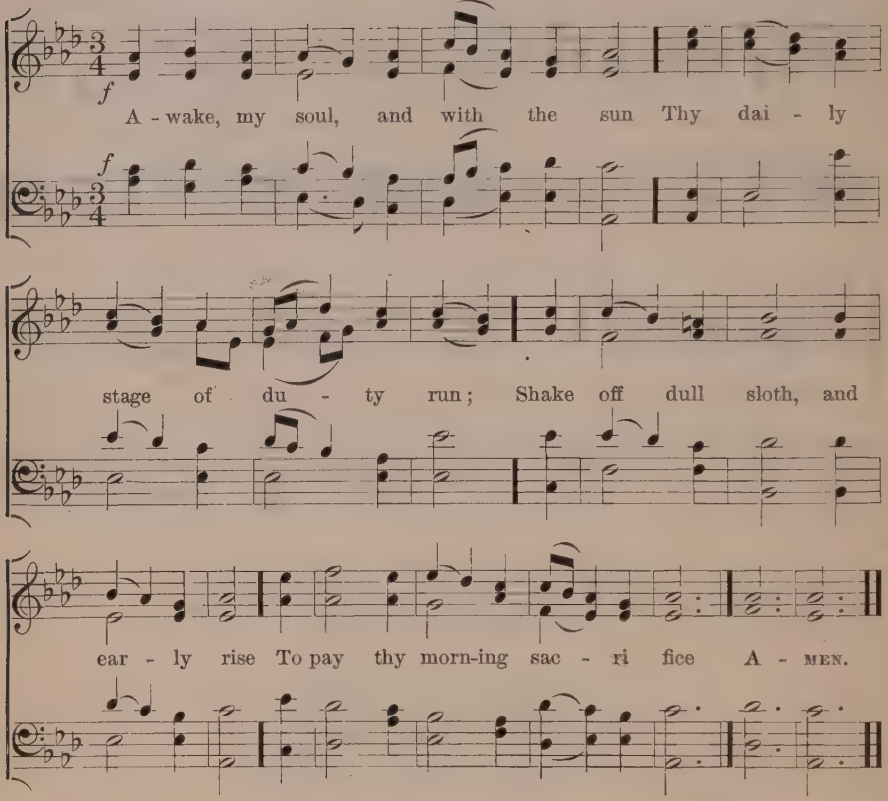
f 7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken

The Doxology may be sung also at the end of Part I

Morning

2 (SECOND TUNE) L. M. PART I WHITELAND *A German Melody*


A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly
stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and
ear - ly rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri fice A - MEN.

mf 2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great Day thyself prepare.

mf 3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

PART II

mf 4 All praise to Thee, Who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless light partake.

mf 5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

mf 6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

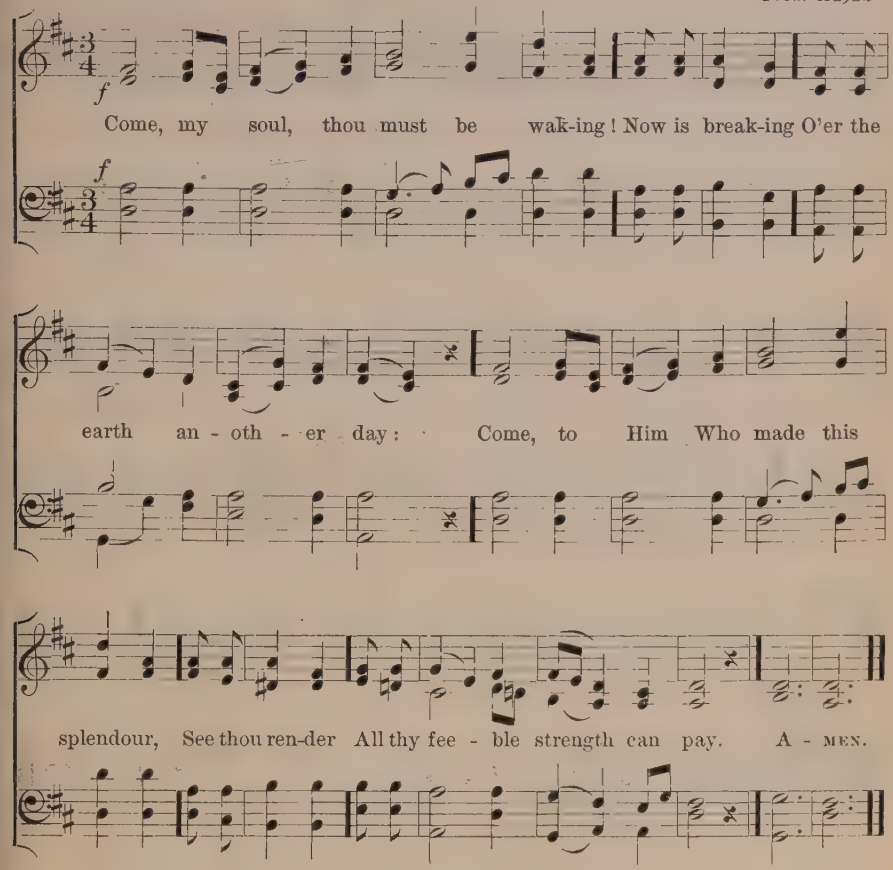
f 7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken

The Doxology may be sung also at the end of Part I

Morning

3 (FIRST TUNE) 8.4.7.8.4.7. HAYDN *From Haydn*


Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing! Now is break-ing O'er the
earth an - oth - er day: Come, to Him Who made this
splendour, See thou ren-der All thy fee - ble strength can pay. A - MEN.

mf 2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
f But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

mf 3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

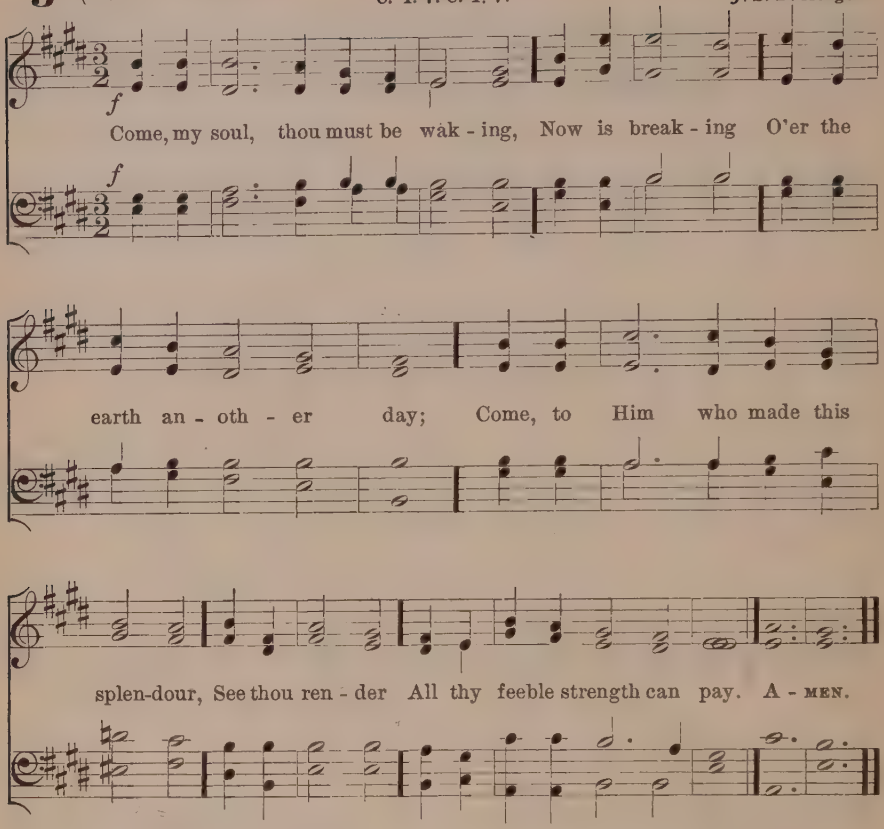
p 4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
cr And, released from death's dark sadness,
f Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

mf 5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
cr Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. Canitz, TR. *H. J. Buckoll*

Morning

3 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7. MATINS *J. S. B. Hodges*


f
Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing O'er the
f
earth an - oth - er day; Come, to Him who made this
splen-dour, See thou ren - der All thy feeble strength can pay. A - MEN.

mf 2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
f But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

p 3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
mf He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

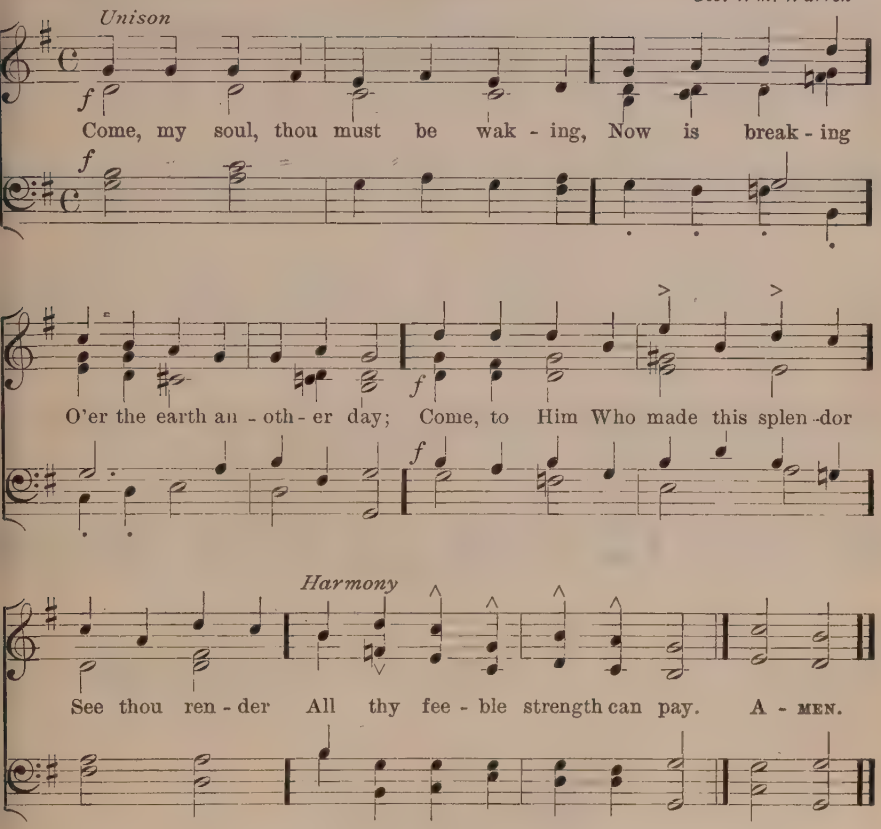
p 4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
cr And, released from death's dark sadness,
f Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

p 5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
cr Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R L. Canitz, TR. *H. J. Buckoll*

Morning

3 (THIRD TUNE) 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7. COLUMBIA COLLEGE *Geo. Wm. Warren*


Unison
Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing
O'er the earth an - oth - er day; Come, to Him Who made this splen - dor
Harmony
See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay. A - MEN.

mf 2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
f But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

p 3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
mf He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

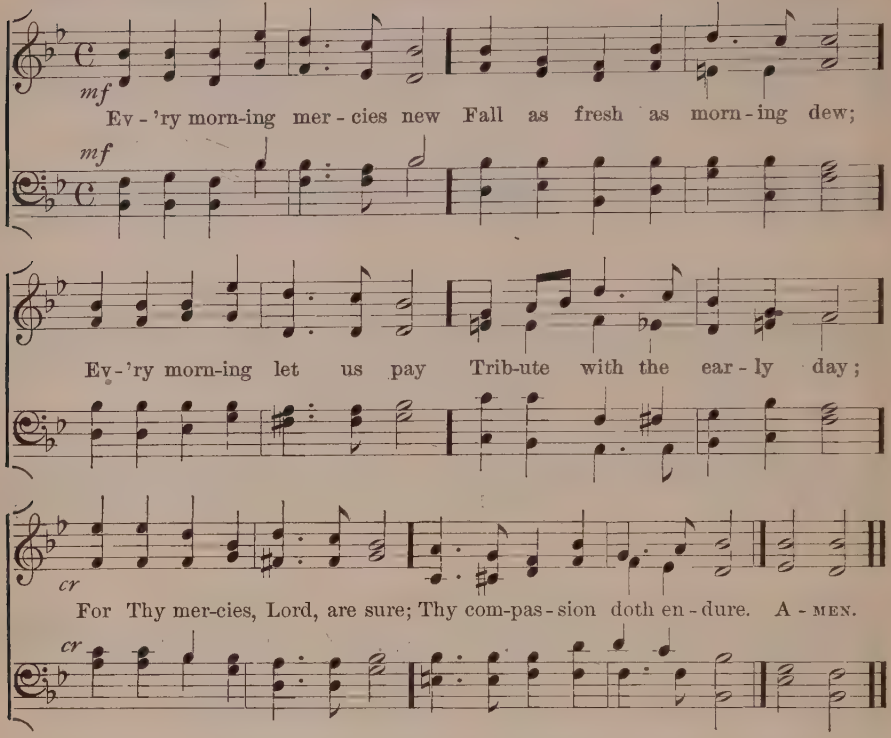
p 4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
cr And, released from death's dark sadness,
f Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

p 5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
cr Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R L. Canitz, TR. *H. J. Buckoll*

Morning

4 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. KELSO *E. J. Hopkins*


mf
Ev - 'ry morn-ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;
mf
Ev - 'ry morn-ing let us pay Trib-ute with the ear - ly day;
cr
For Thy mer-cies, Lord, are sure; Thy com-pas - sion doth en - dure. A - MEN.
cr

mf 2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

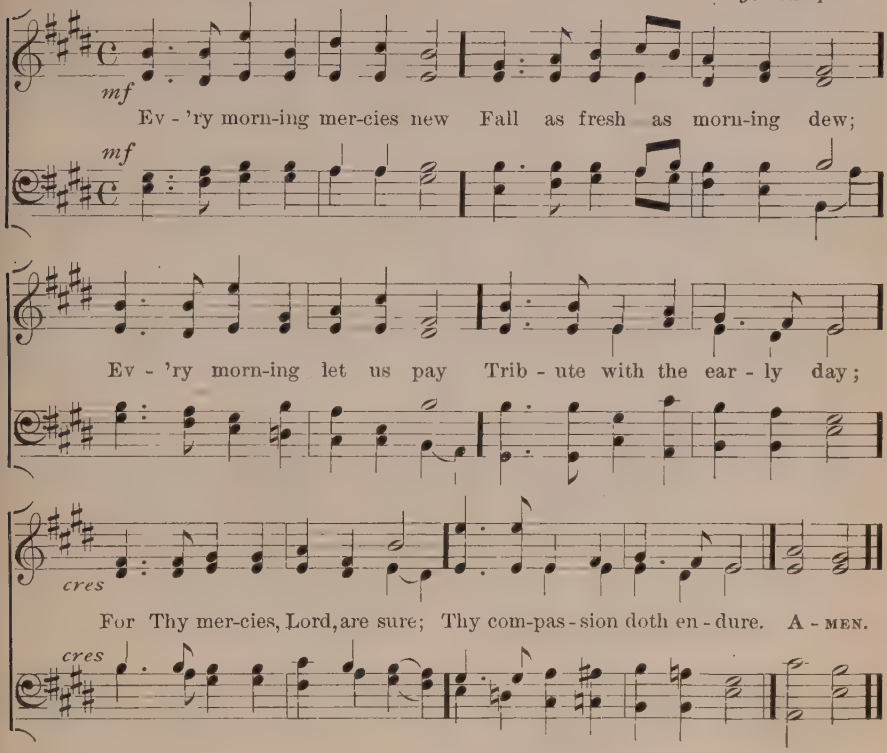
p 3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
cr Feed us with the Bread of Life;
Fit us for our daily strife.

mf 4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendour burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessèd Trinity,
cr With our hands our hearts to raise,
f In unfailing prayer and praise.

G. Phillimore

Morning

4 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. HALLETT *J. H. Shepherd*


mf
Ev - 'ry morn-ing mer-cies new Fall as fresh as morn-ing dew;
mf
Ev - 'ry morn-ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;
cres
For Thy mer-cies, Lord, are sure; Thy com-pas - sion doth en - dure. A - MEN.
cres

mf 2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

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That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
cr Feed us with the Bread of Life;
Fit us for our daily strife.

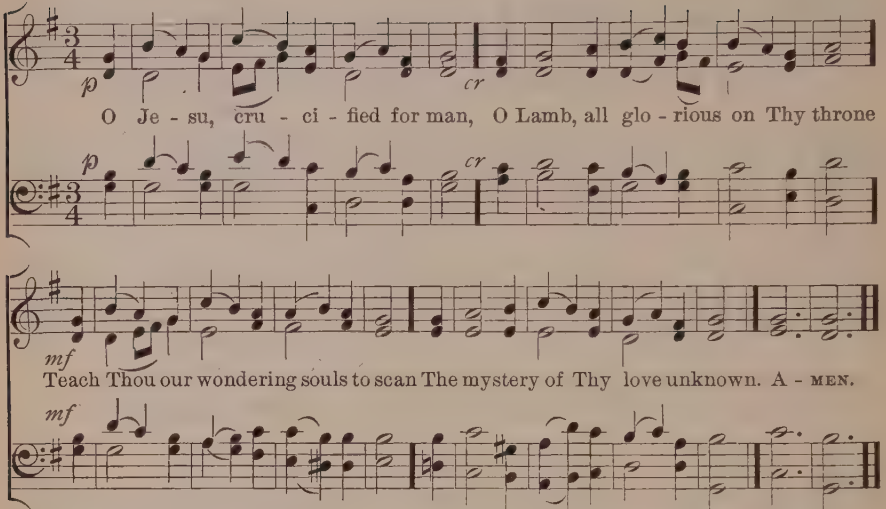
mf 4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendour burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessèd Trinity,
cr With our hands our hearts to raise,
f In unfailing prayer and praise.

G. Phillimore

Morning

FRIDAY

5 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. INTERCESSION


O Je - su, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb, all glo - rious on Thy throne
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan The mystery of Thy love unknown. A - MEN.

mf 2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
dim In paths of pain to follow Thee.

mf 3 As on our daily way we go,
Thro' light or shade, in calm or strife,
cr O may we bear Thy marks below
dim In conquered sin and chastened life.

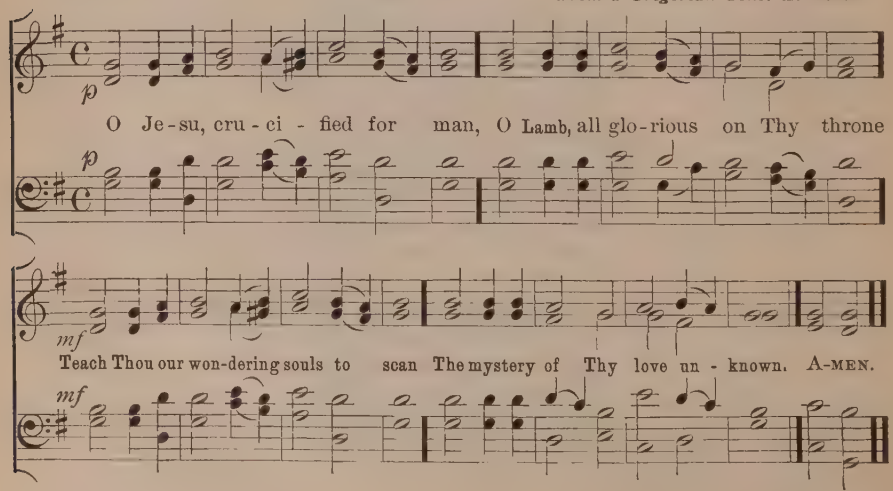
mf 4 And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy Cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

p 5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
cr Win thro' Thy blood our pardon there,
f And thro' the cross attain the crown.

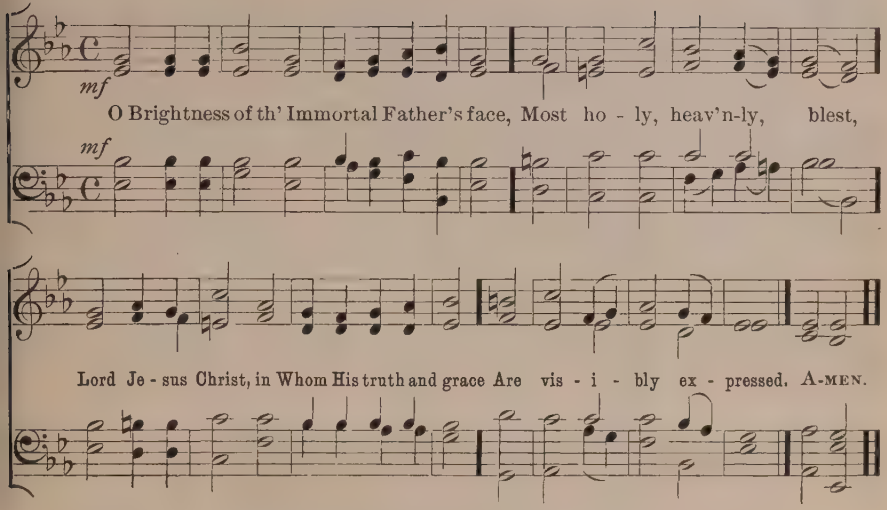
W. W. How

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. HAMBURG

From a Gregorian Tone. L. Mason


O Je-su, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb, all glo-rious on Thy throne
Teach Thou our won-dering souls to scan The mystery of Thy love un - known. A-MEN.

6 (FIRST TUNE) 10. 6. 10. 6. ST. NICHOLAS *C. C. Scholefield*

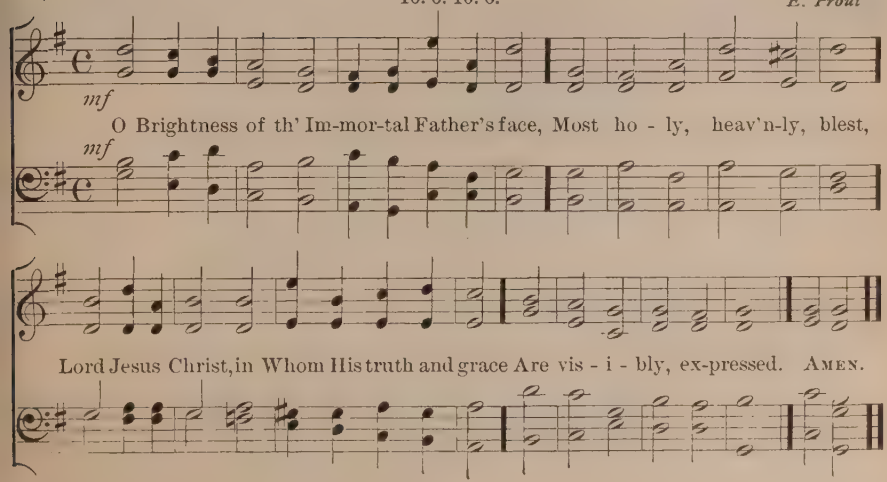

mf
O Brightness of th' Immortal Father's face, Most ho - ly, heav'n-ly, blest,
mf
Lord Je - sus Christ, in Whom His truth and grace Are vis - i - bly ex - pressed. A-MEN.

p 2 The sun is sinking now, and one by one
The lamps of evening shine:
cr We hymn the eternal Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost divine.

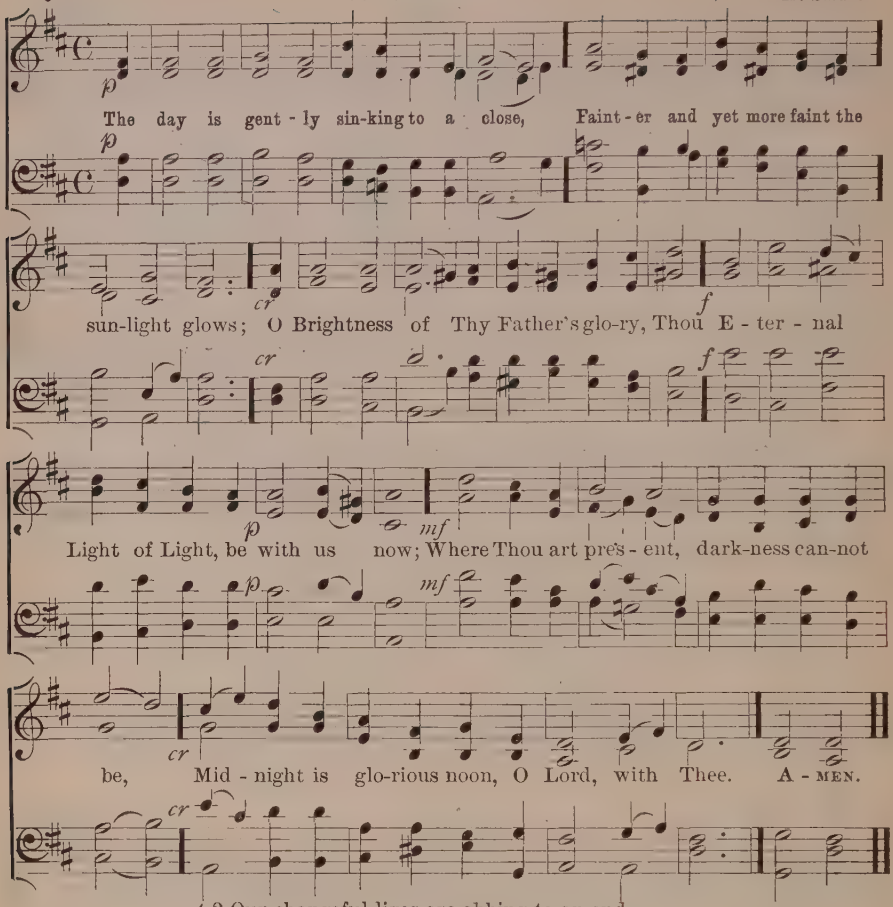
f 3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
Our hallowed praises, Lord:
O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live,
Through all the world adored.

TR. *E. W. Eddis*

(SECOND TUNE) 10. 6. 10. 6. VIA LUCIS *E. Prout*


mf
O Brightness of th' Im-mor-tal Father's face, Most ho - ly, heav'n-ly, blest,
mf
Lord Jesus Christ, in Whom His truth and grace Are vis - i - bly, ex-pressed. AMEN.

7 (FIRST TUNE) 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. EVENING *H. Smart*


The day is gent - ly sin-king to a close, Faint - er and yet more faint the
sun-light glows; O Brightness of Thy Father's glo-ry, Thou E - ter - nal
Light of Light, be with us now; Where Thou art pre's - ent, dark-ness can-not
be, Mid - night is glo-rious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - MEN.

p 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end:
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
cr O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
mf Be Thou our light (*dim*) in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

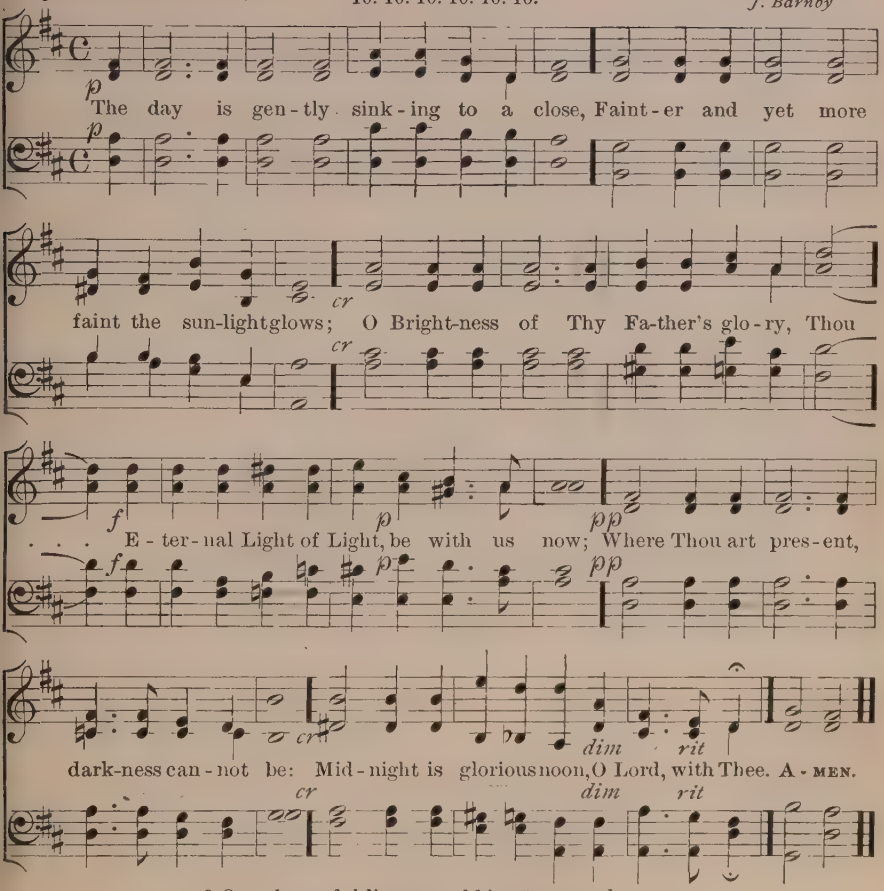
mf 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
dim And earthly hopes and human succours fail:
p When all is dark (*cr*) may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

p 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
cr In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
ff May we arise awakened by Thy call,
dim With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
cr In that blest day which has no eventide.

C. Wordsworth

Evening

7 (SECOND TUNE) 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. EVENING HYMN *J. Barnby*


The day is gen-tly sink-ing to a close, Faint-er and yet more
faint the sun-light glows; O Bright-ness of Thy Fa-ther's glo-ry, Thou
. . . E-ter-nal Light of Light, be with us now; Where Thou art pres-ent,
dark-ness can-not be: Mid-night is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A-MEN.

p 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end:
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
cr O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
mf Be Thou our light (*dim*) in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

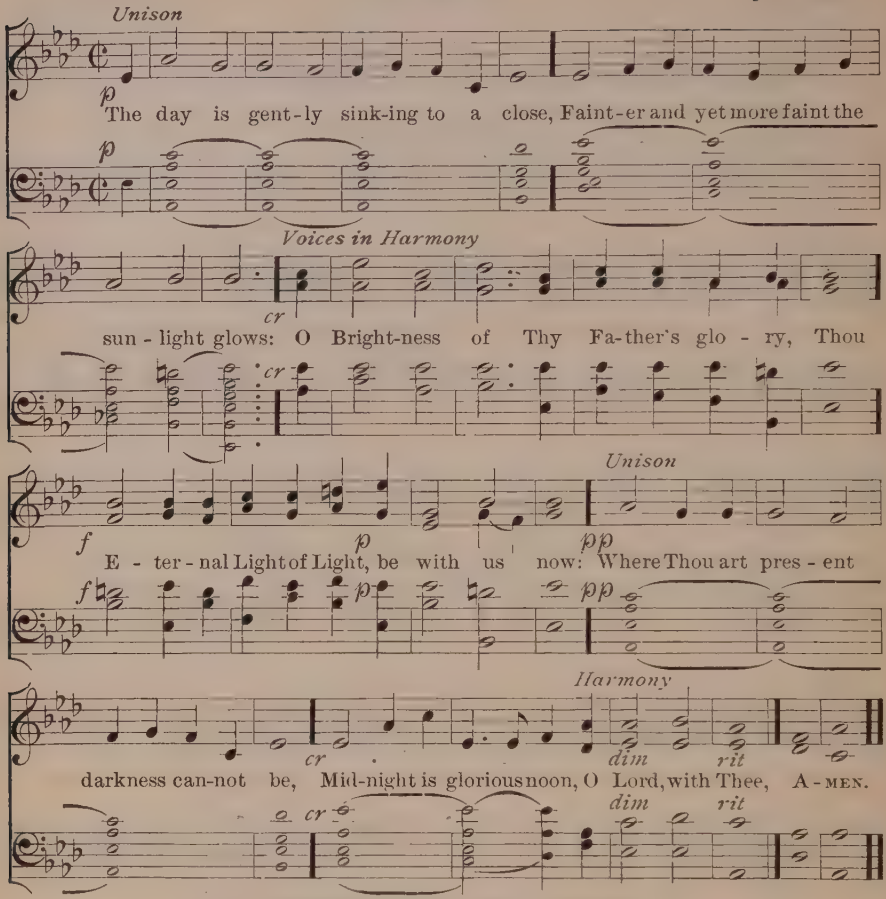
mf 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
dim And earthly hopes and human succours fail:
p When all is dark (*cr*) may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice "Fear not, for it is I."

p 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
cr In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
ff May we arise awakened by Thy call,
dim With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
cr In that blest day which has no eventide.

C. Wordsworth

Evening

7 (THIRD TUNE) 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. SUNDOWN *J. H. Gower*



p 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end:
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
cr O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
mf Be Thou our light (*dim*) in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

mf 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
dim And earthly hopes and human succours fail:
p When all is dark (*cr*) may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

p 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
cr In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
ff May we arise awakened by Thy call,
dim With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
cr In that blest day which has no eventide.

C. Wordsworth

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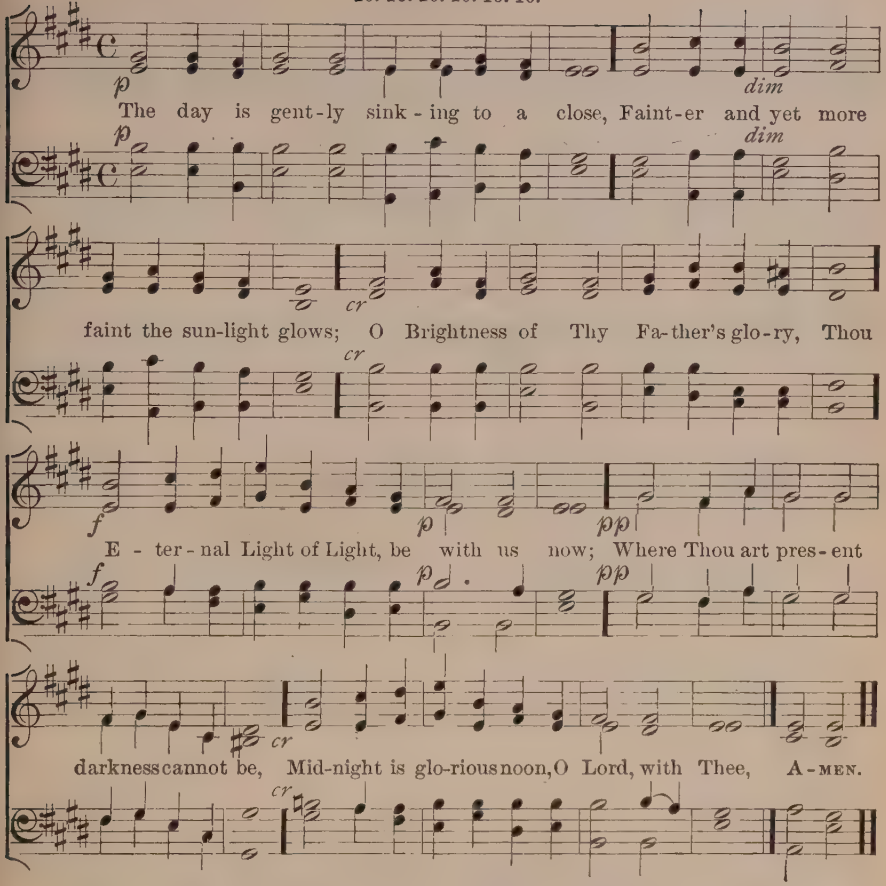
Evening

7 (FOURTH TUNE) 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. ST. WINIFRED



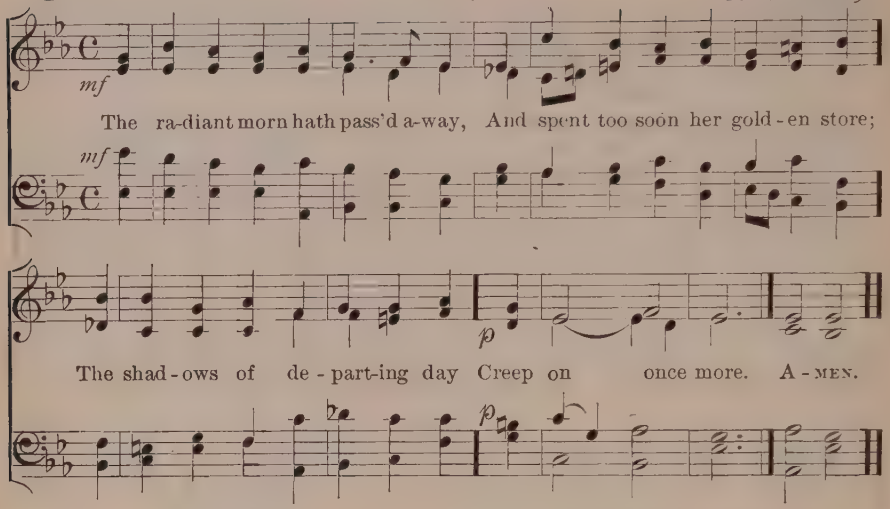
p 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end:
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
cr O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
mf Be Thou our light (*dim*) in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

mf 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
dim And earthly hopes and human succours fail:
p When all is dark (*cr*) may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice "Fear not, for it is I."

p 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
cr In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
ff May we arise awakened by Thy call,
dim With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
cr In that blest day which has no eventide.

C. Wordsworth

8 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 4. ST. GABRIEL *F. A. G. Ouseley*


mf
The ra-diant morn hath pass'd a-way, And spent too soon her gold-en store;
mf
p
The shad-ows of de-part-ing day Creep on once more. A-MEN.
p

mf 2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon, how quickly past;
cr Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

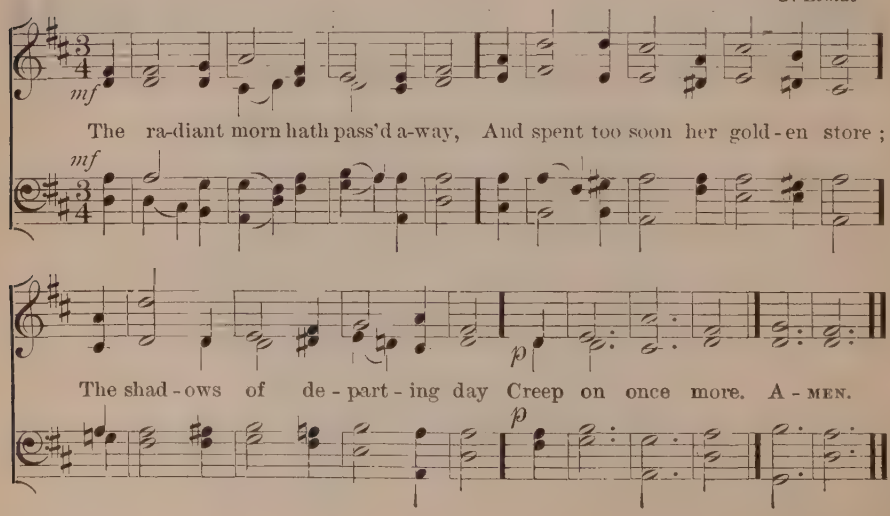
mf 3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

mf 4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

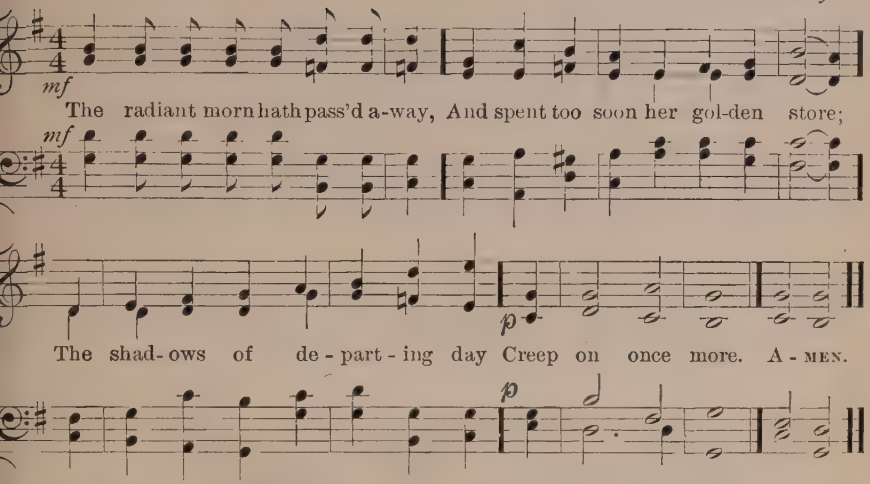
f 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

G. Thring

(SECOND TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 4. SOUTHPORT *G. Lomas*


mf
The ra-diant morn hath pass'd a-way, And spent too soon her gold-en store;
mf
p
The shad-ows of de-part-ing day Creep on once more. A-MEN.
p

8 (THIRD TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 4. LIGHT OF LIGHT *Samuel Reay*


mf
The radiant morn hath pass'd a-way, And spent too soon her gol-den store;
mf
p
The shad-ows of de-part-ing day Creep on once more. A-MEN.
p

mf 2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon, how quickly past;
cr Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

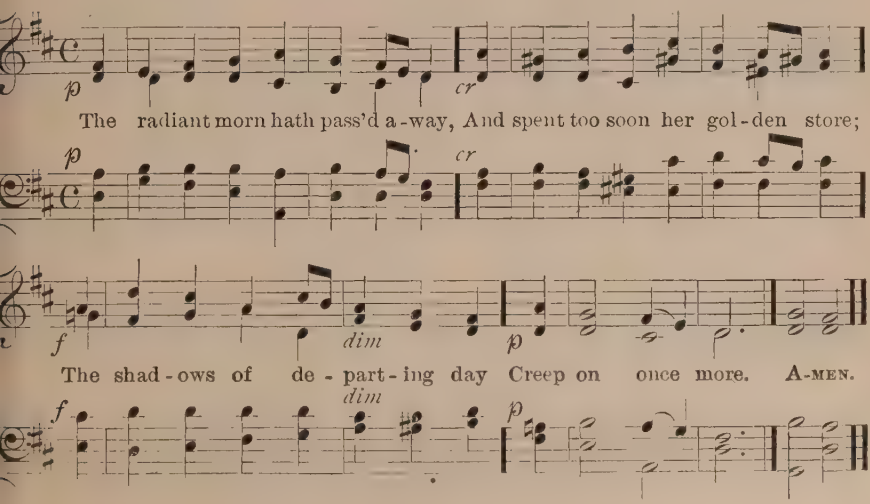
mf 3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky.

mf 4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

f 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

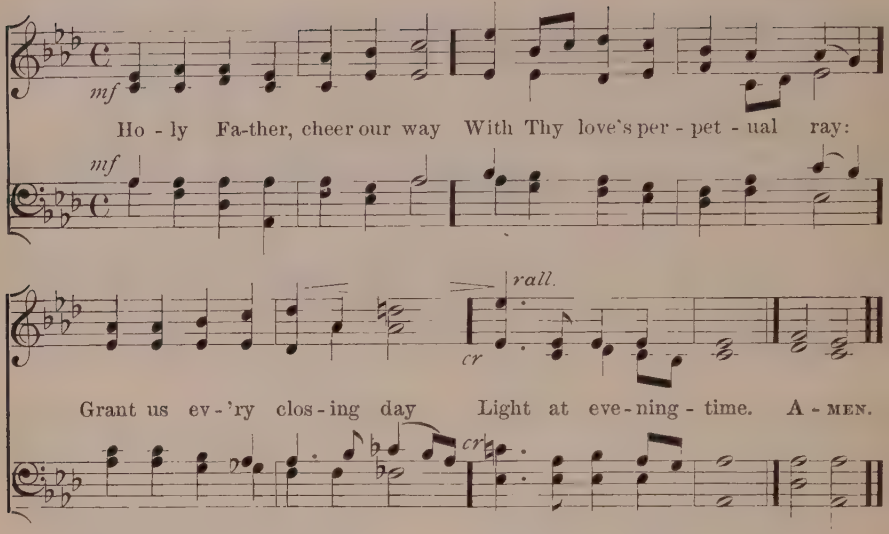
G. Thring

(FOURTH TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 4. THE RADIANT MORN *Ch. Gounod*



Evening

9 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 5. VESPERI LUX *J. B. Dykes*


mf
Ho - ly Fa-ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray:
mf
rall.
cr
Grant us ev-'ry clos-ing day Light at eve-ning - time. A - MEN.
cr

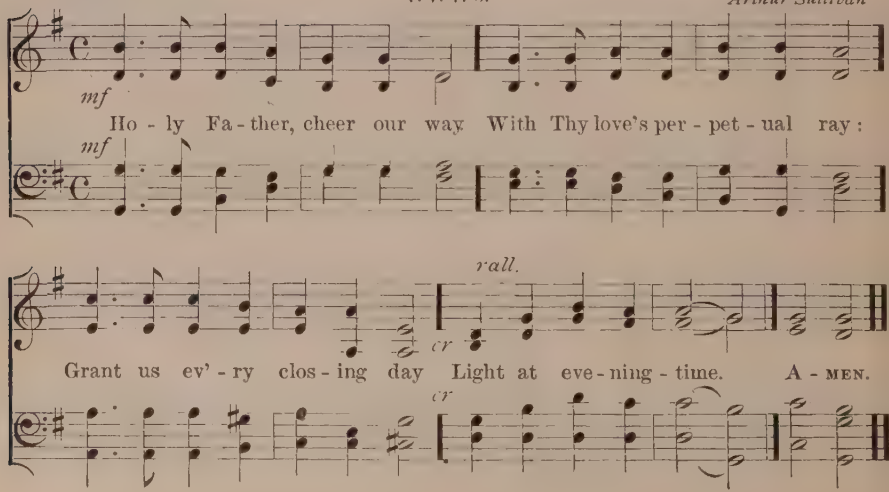
p 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our later years
cr Light at evening-time.

pp 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie:
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

mf 4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
cr Darkness is not dark to Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
f Light at evening-time.

R. H. Robinson

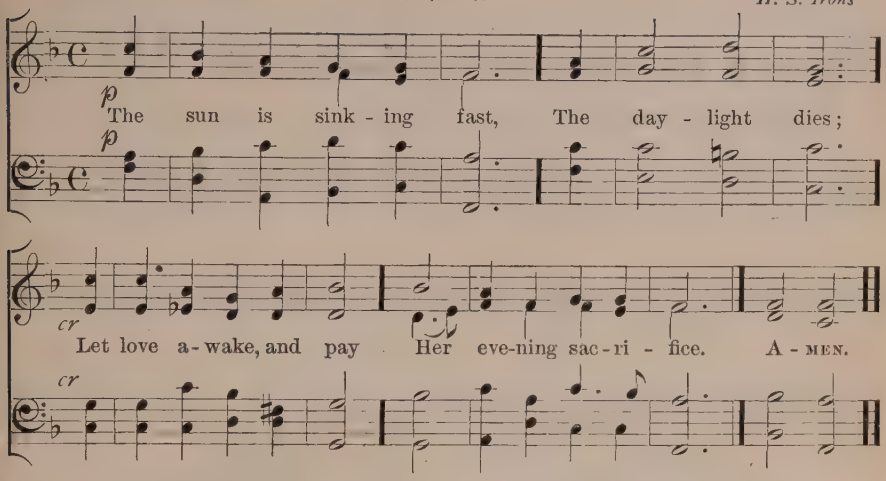
(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 5. VESPER *Arthur Sullivan*


mf
Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray:
mf
rall.
cr
Grant us ev' - ry clos - ing day Light at eve - ning - time. A - MEN.
cr

10 (FIRST TUNE)

6. 4. 6. 6.

ST. COLUMBA
H. S. Irons



p 2 As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

mf 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

mf 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

mf 5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

f 6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

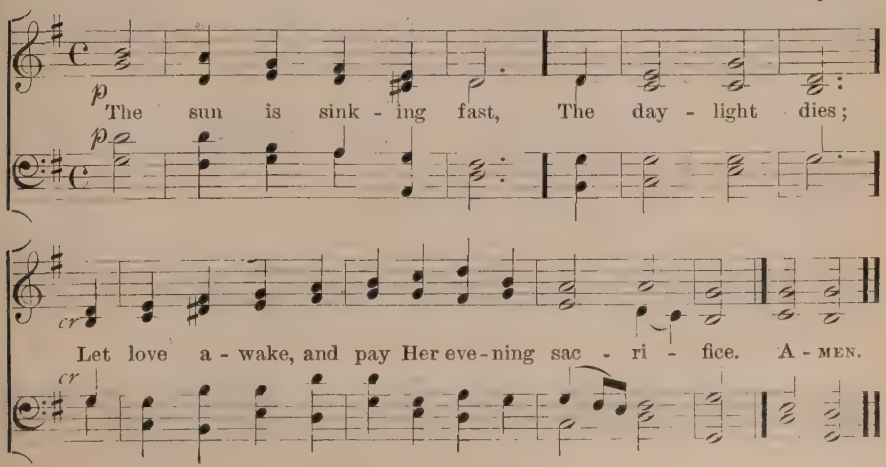
7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

TR. *E. Caswall*

(SECOND TUNE)

6. 4. 6. 6.

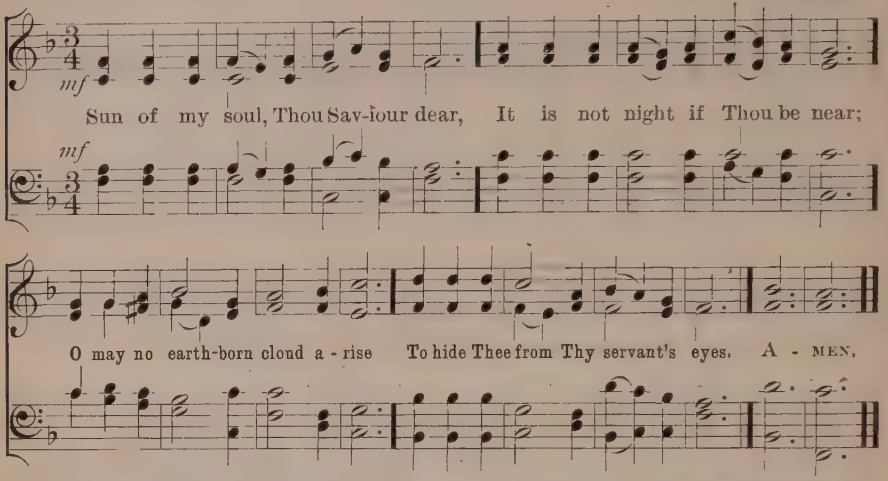
TWILIGHT
J. H. Hopkins



11 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

HURSLEY
P. Ritter


mf
Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
mf
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A - MEN.

p 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

mf 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
dim Abide with me when night is nigh,
p For without Thee I dare not die.

p 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned today the voice divine,
mf Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

mf 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
p Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

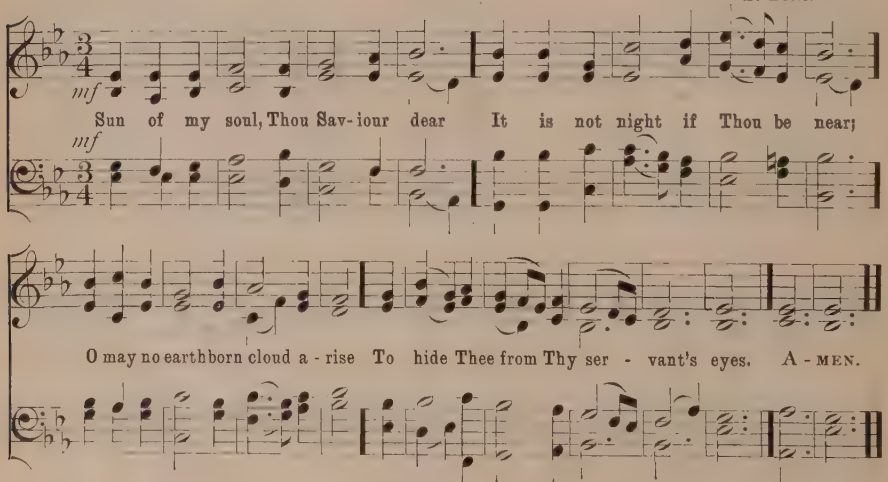
cr 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
f Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble

(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

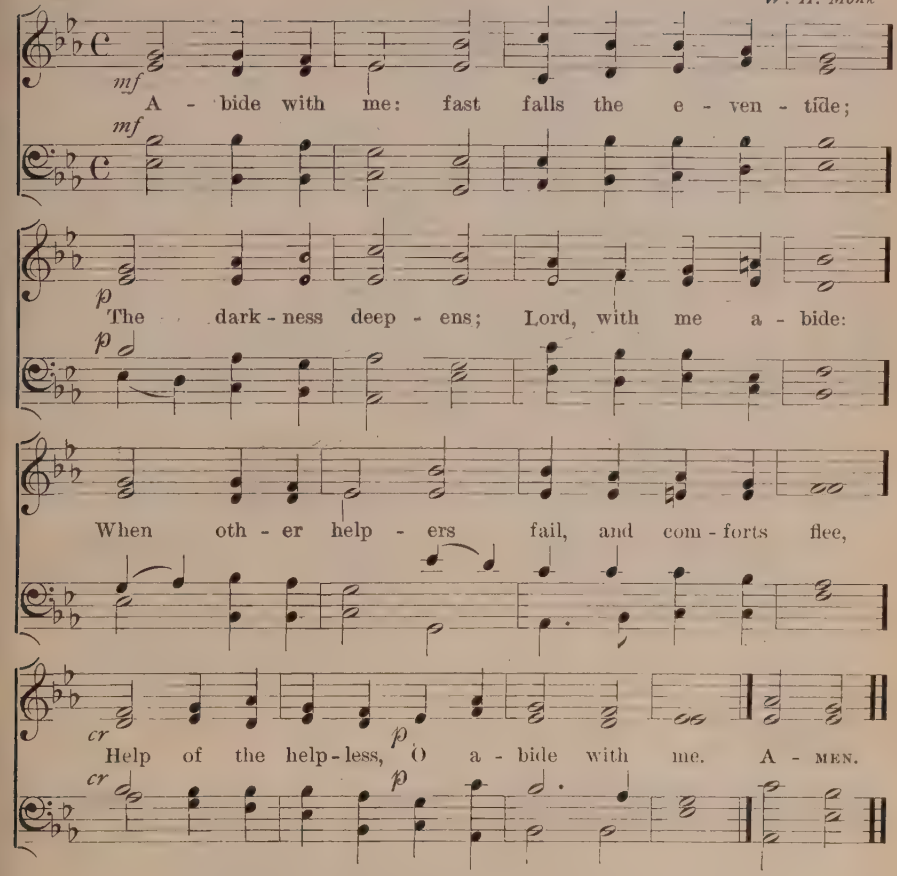
HERR GOTT VATER
S. Besler


mf
Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear It is not night if Thou be near;
mf
O may no earthborn cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes. A - MEN.

12

10. 10. 10. 10.

EVENTIDE
W. H. Monk


mf
A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;
mf
p
The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide:
p
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
cr
p
Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me. A - MEN.
cr
p

p 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
mf O Thou who changest not, (*p*) abide with me.

f 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
cr What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
t Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, (*p*) abide with me.

f 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

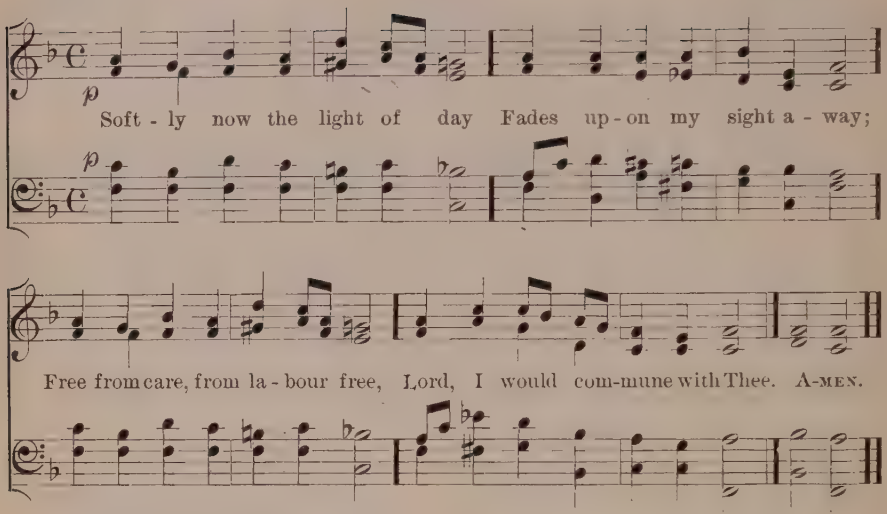
p 5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes:
cr Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
f Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
dim In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

H. F. Lyte

13 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

WEBER
From von Weber



p 2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

p 3 Soon, for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

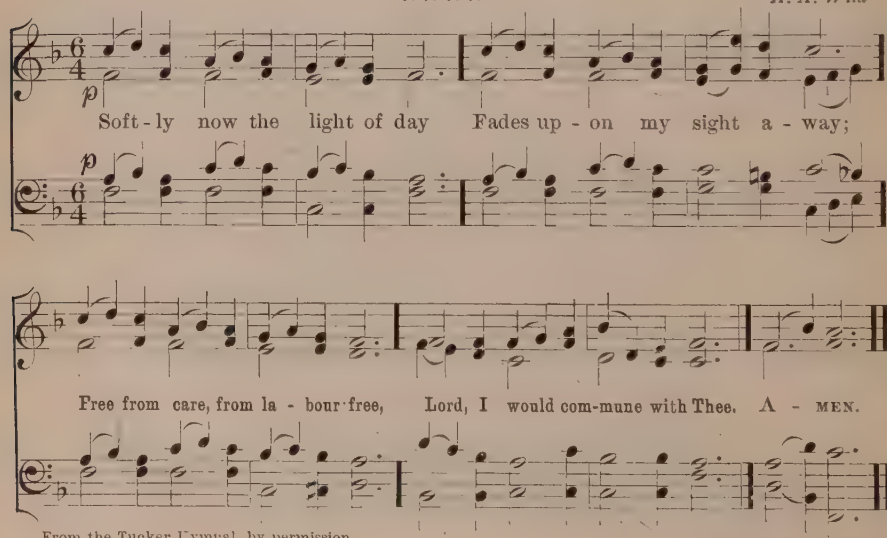
p 4 Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
cr Then, from Thine eternal throne,
dim Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G. W. Doane

(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

WILD
A. A. Wild



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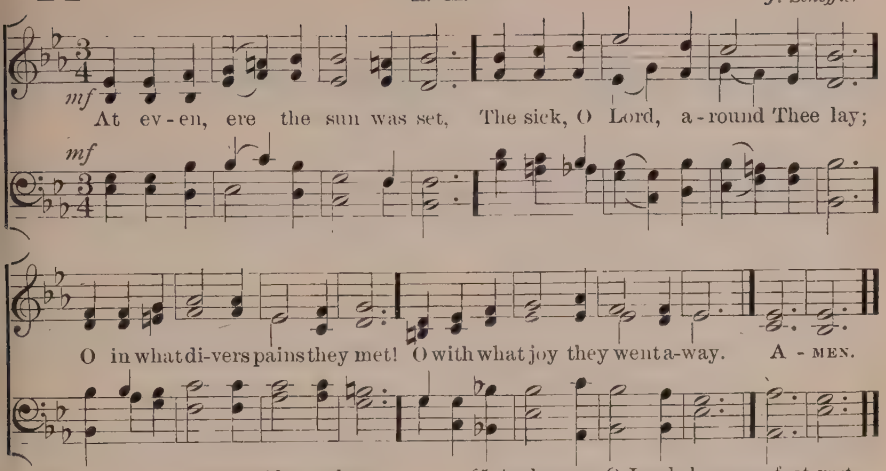
Evening

14 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. ANGELUS *J. Scheffler*


mf
At ev-en, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;
mf
O in what di-vers pains they met! O with what joy they went a-way. A-MEN.

mf 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppress'd with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
cr We know and feel that Thou art here.

mf 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

mf 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free.
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

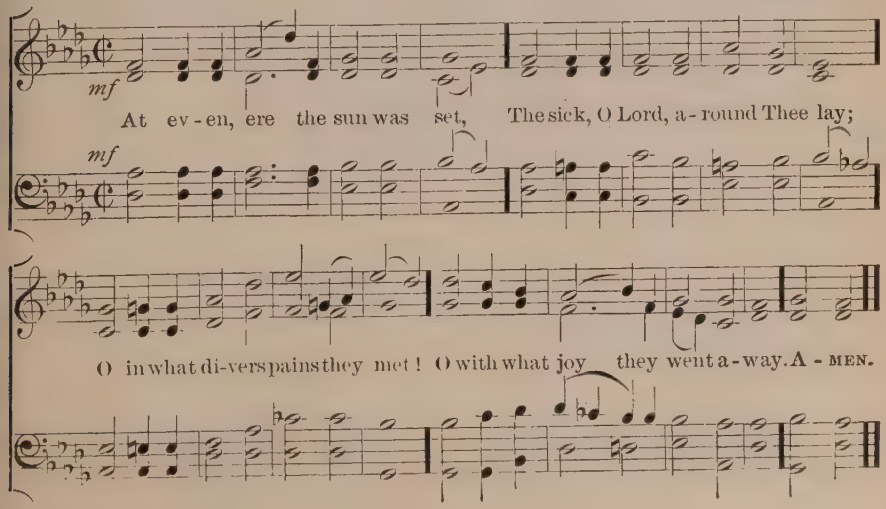
mf 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would love Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

mf 6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried,
Thy kind, but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

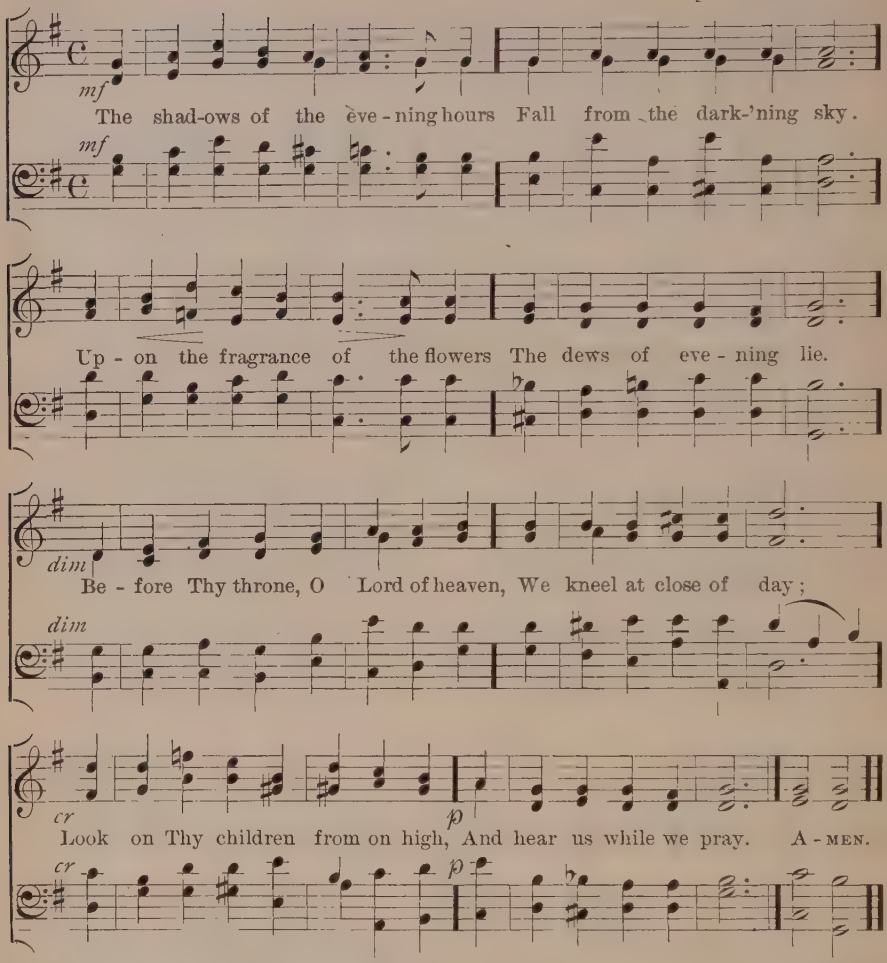
f 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
p Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
cr And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. Twells

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. GRASSMERE *Ethelbert Nevin*


mf
At ev-en, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;
mf
O in what di-vers pains they met! O with what joy they went a-way. A-MEN.

15 C. M. D. St. Leonard *H. Hiles*


mf
The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky.
Up-on the fragrance of the flowers The dews of eve-ning lie.
dim
Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day;
cr
p
Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray. A-MEN.

p 3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.

cr 4 The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

p 5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.

mf 6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

p 7 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:

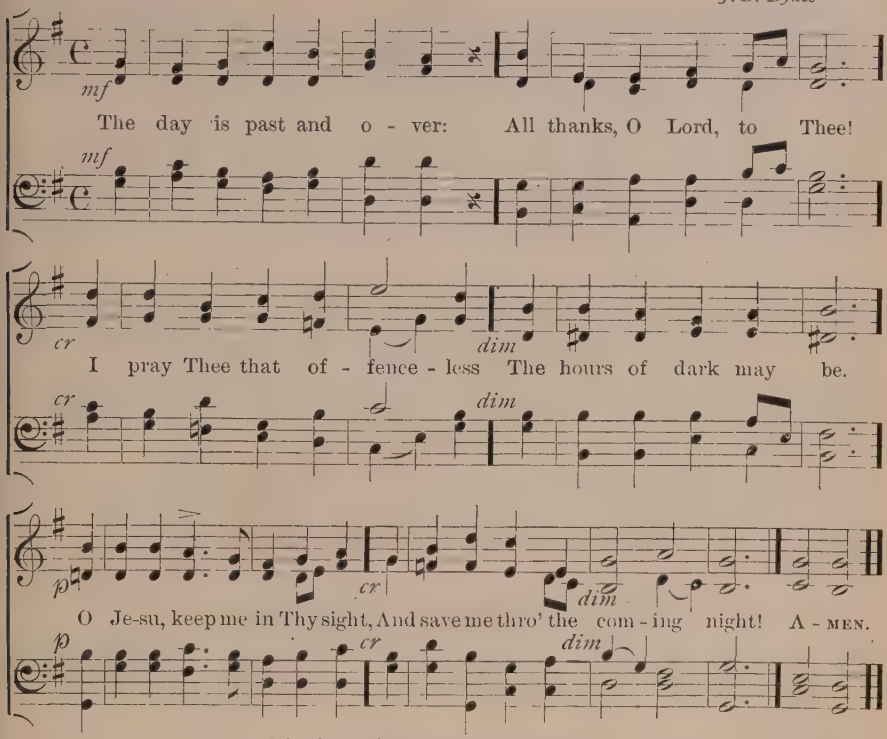
p 8 Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labour, Lord,
O give us now repose.

A. A. Procter

16 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 3
J. B. Dykes


mf
The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
mf
cr
dim
I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.
cr
dim
p
cr
dim
O Je-su, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night! A - MEN.
p
cr
dim

mf 2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
cr And call on Thee that sinless
dim The hours of gloom may be.
p O Jesu, make their darkness light,
cr And save me through (*dim*) the coming night!

mf 3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
cr And ask that free from peril
dim The hours of fear may be:
p O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
cr And guard me through (*dim*) the coming night.

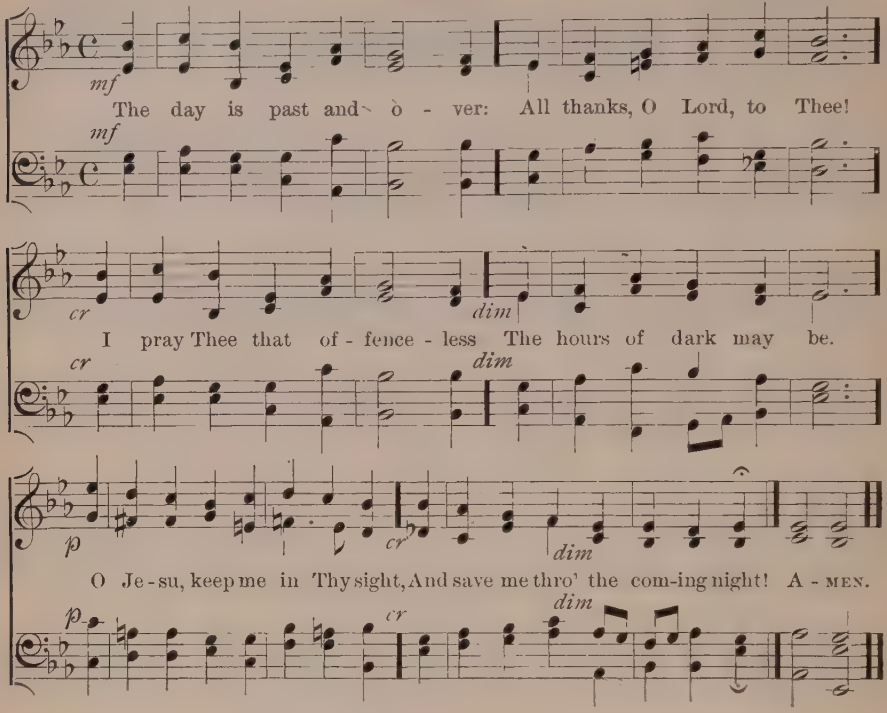
mf 4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
cr And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

mf 5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
p How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
cr Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

Anatolius, TR. *J. M. Neale*

16 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 2
A. H. Brown


mf
The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
mf
cr
dim
I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.
cr
dim
p
cr
dim
O Je - su, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com-ing night! A - MEN.
p
cr
dim

mf 2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
cr And call on Thee that sinless
dim The hours of gloom may be.
p O Jesu, make their darkness light,
cr And save me through (*dim*) the coming night!

mf 3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
cr And ask that free from peril
dim The hours of fear may be:
p O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
cr And guard me through (*dim*) the coming night.

mf 4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
cr And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

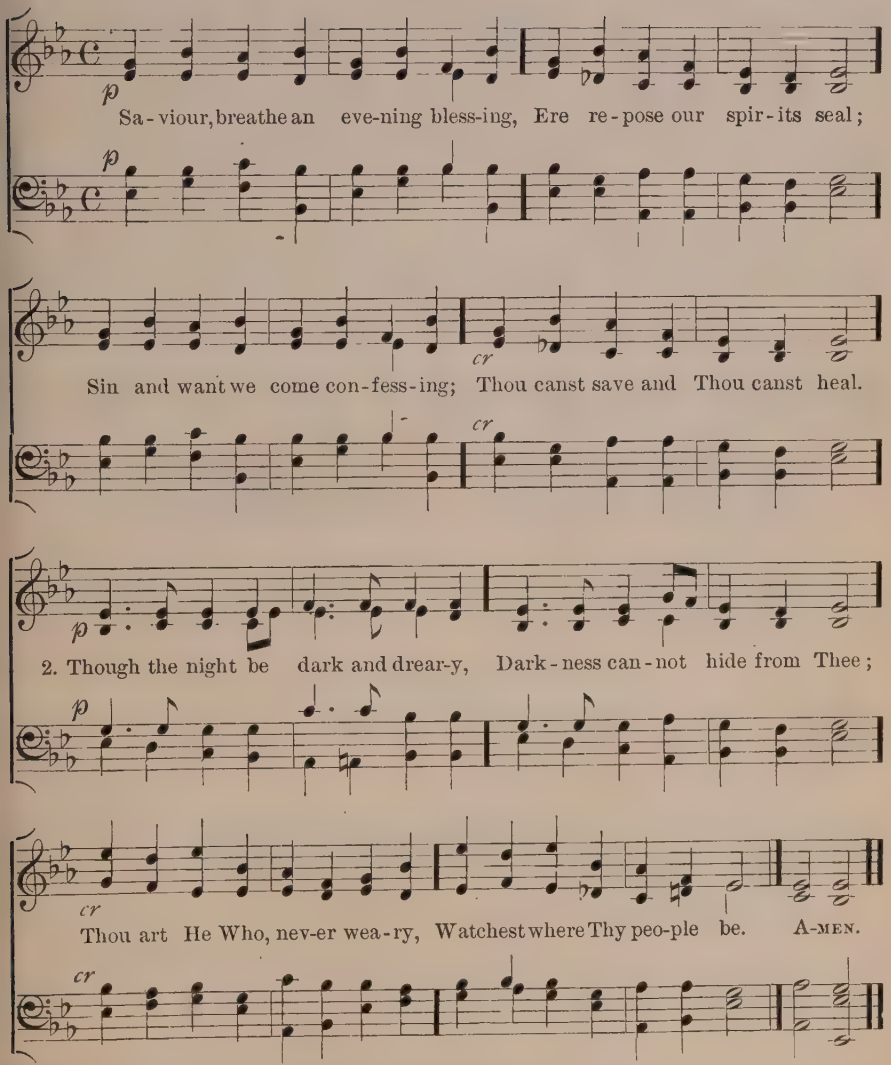
mf 5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
p How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
cr Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

Anatolius, TR. *J. M. Neale*

17 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

VESPER HYMN
D. Bortniansky


p
Sa-viour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal;
p
cr
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
cr
p
2. Though the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can-not hide from Thee;
p
cr
Thou art He Who, nev-er wea-ry, Watchest where Thy peo-ple be. A-MEN.
cr

f 3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
mf Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

4 Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us;
Jesu then our refuge be,
cr And in Paradise awake us,
There to rest in peace with Thee.

mf 5 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;

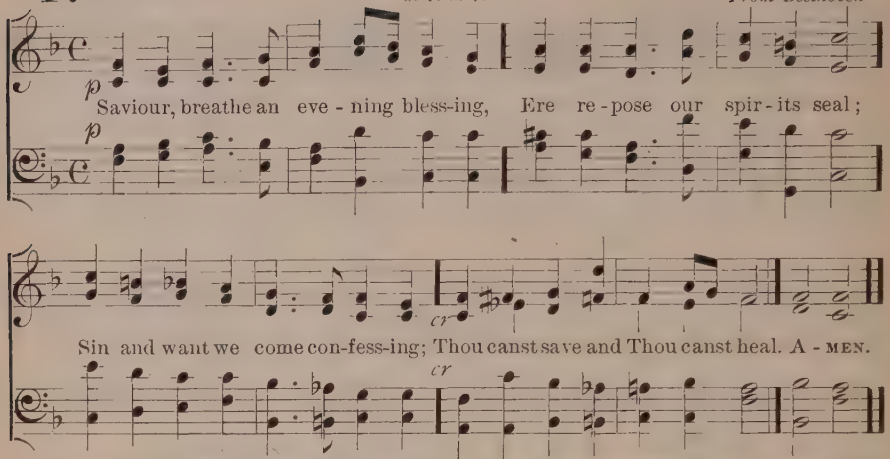
f 6 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
cr Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

J. Edmeston

17 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

SARDIS
From Beethoven


p
Saviour, breathe an eve - ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
p
cr
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal. A - MEN.
cr

p 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
cr Thou art He Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

p 3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
mf Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

4 Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us;
Jesu then our refuge be,
cr And in Paradise awake us,
There to rest in peace with Thee.

mf 5 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;

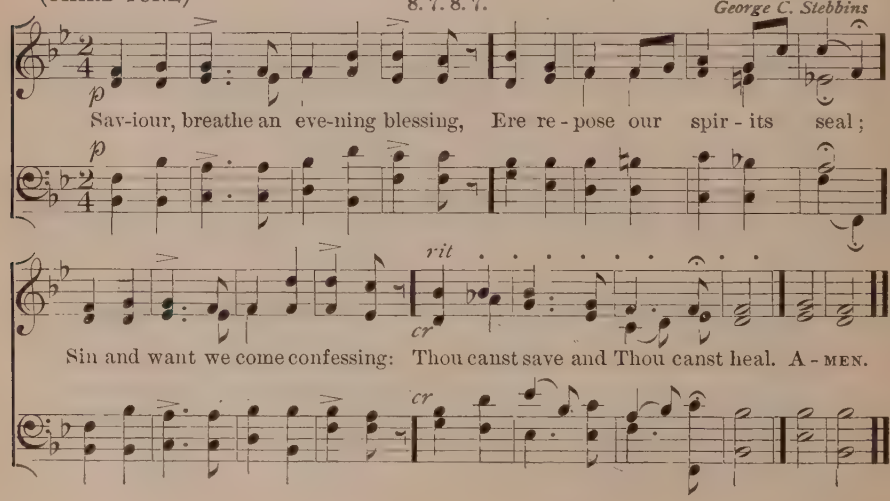
p 6 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
cr Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

J. Edmestone

(THIRD TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

EVENING
George C. Stebbins

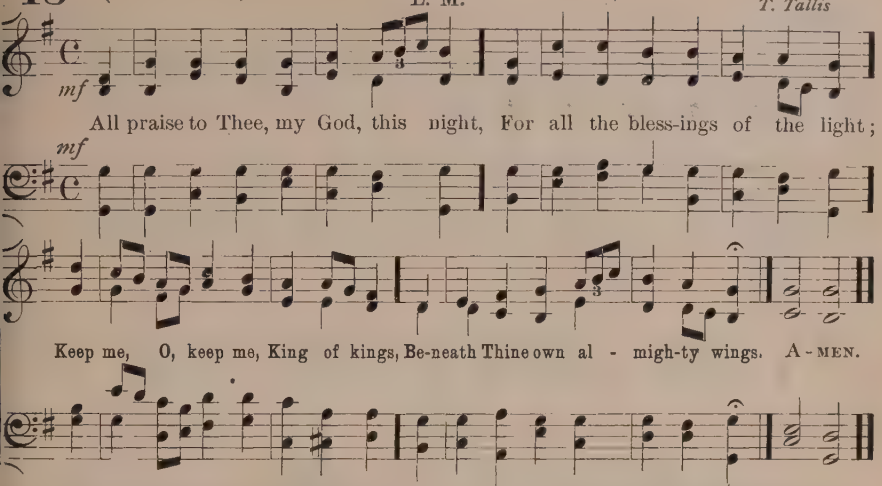

p
Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
p
rit
cr
Sin and want we come confessing: Thou canst save and Thou canst heal. A - MEN.
cr

Evening

18 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

TALLIS'S HYMN
T. Tallis


mf
All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;
mf
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thine own al - migh-ty wings. A-MEN.

mf 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

mf 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
p Teach me to die, that so I may
cr Rise glorious at the awful day.

p 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
cr Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

mf 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest,

f 6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
All praise to Thee, eternal King?

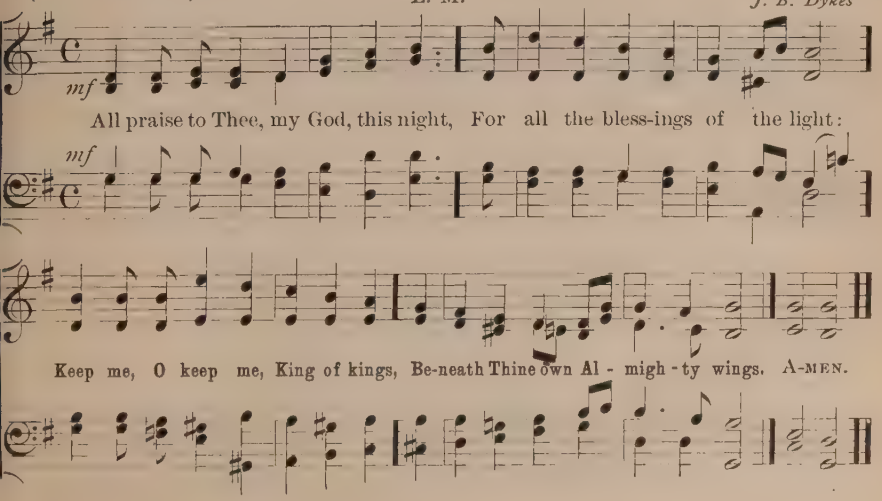
f 7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

T. Ken

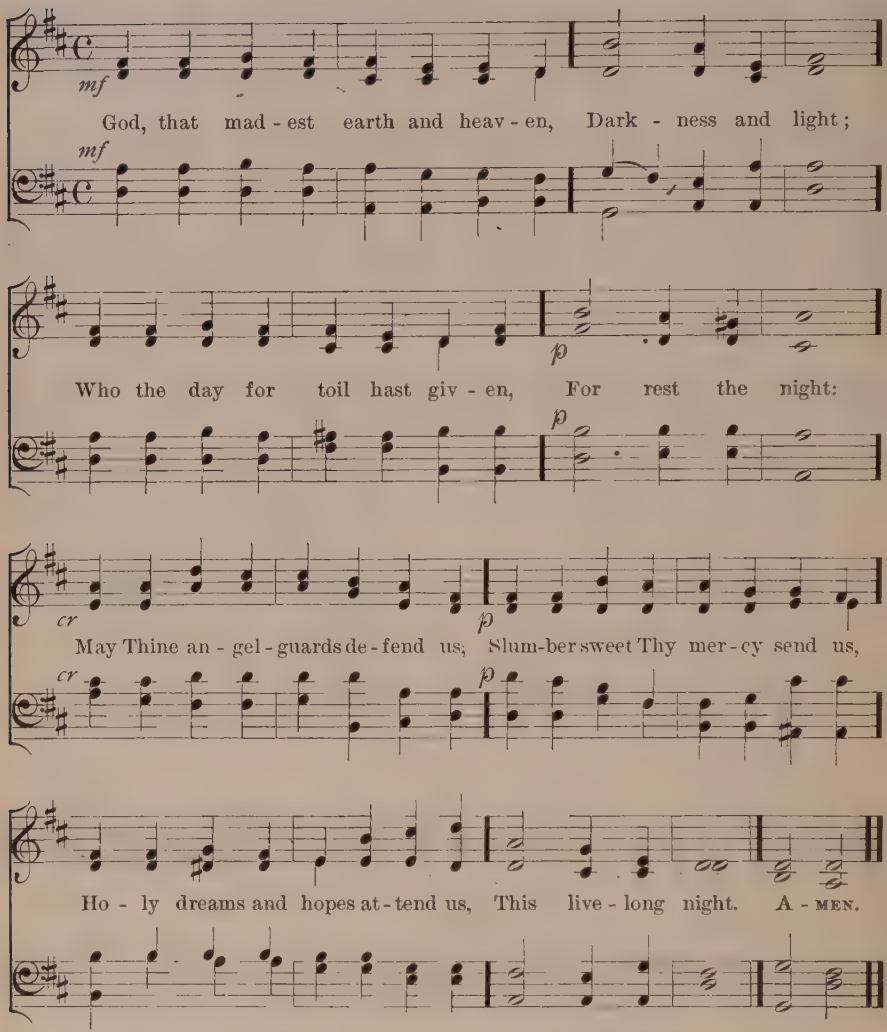
(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

KEBLE
J. B. Dykes


mf
All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:
mf
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thine own Al - migh - ty wings. A-MEN.

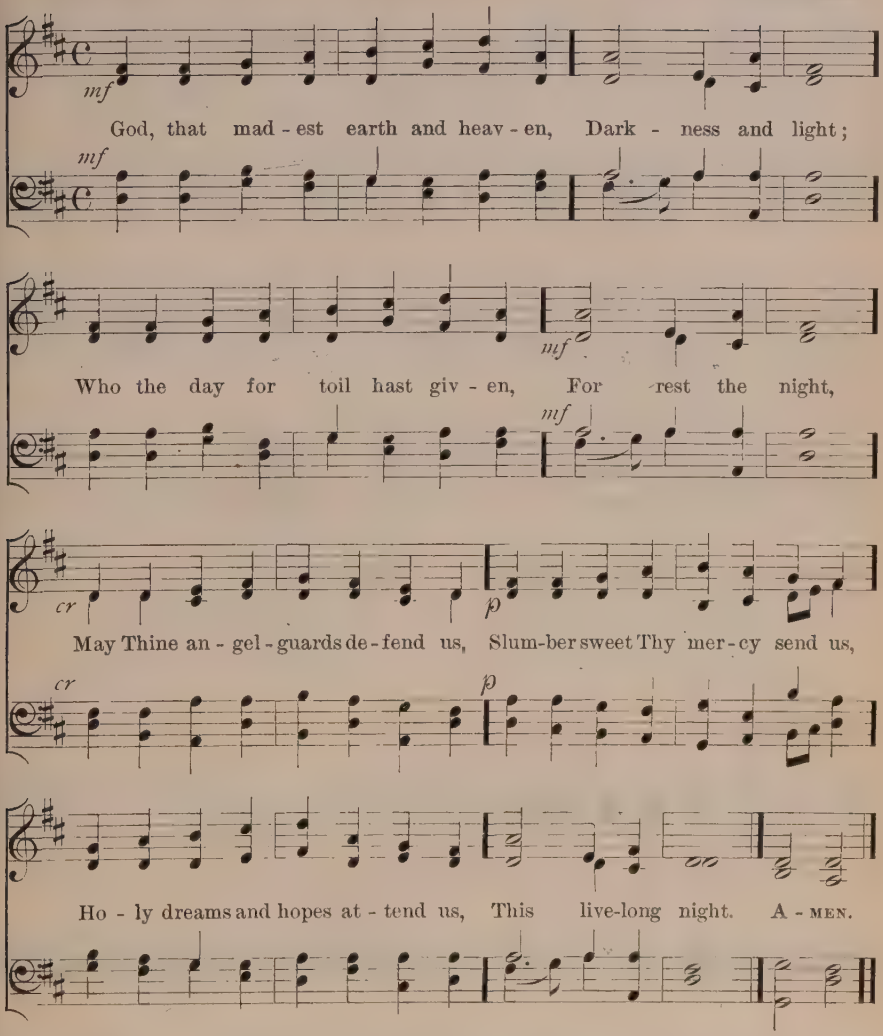
19 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4. TEMPLE *E. J. Hopkins*


mf
God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;
p
Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night:
cr
May Thine an - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum-ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,
Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night. A - MEN.

mf 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
p And, when we die,
cr May we in Thy mighty keeping,
p All peaceful lie:
mf When the last dread call shall wake us,
p Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
cr But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

R. Heber, and *R. Whateley*

19 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4. NUTFIELD *W. H. Monk*


mf
God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;
mf
Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night,
mf
cr
p
May Thine an - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum-ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,
cr
p
Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live-long night. A - MEN.

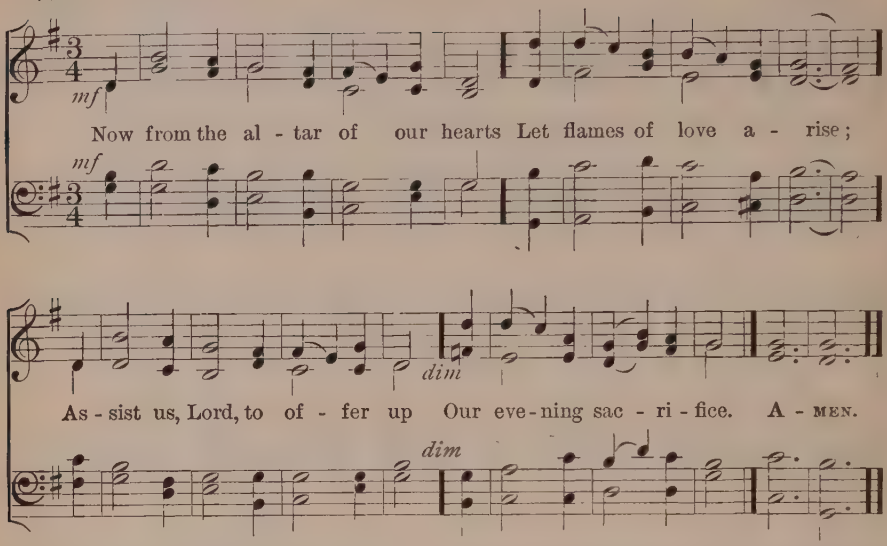
mf 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
p And, when we die,
cr May we in Thy mighty keeping,
p All peaceful lie:
mf When the last dread call shall wake us,
p Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
mf But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

R. Heber, and *R. Whateley*

20 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

BELMONT
W. Gardiner


mf
Now from the al - tar of our hearts Let flames of love a - rise;
mf
dim
As - sist us, Lord, to of - fer up Our eve-ning sac - ri - fice. A - MEN.
dim

mf 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

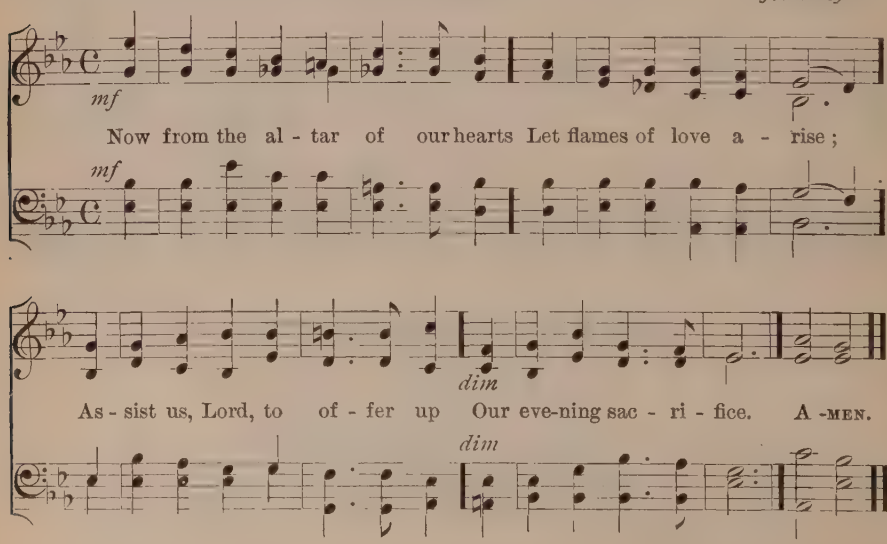
mf 3 New time, new favours, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

I. Mason

(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

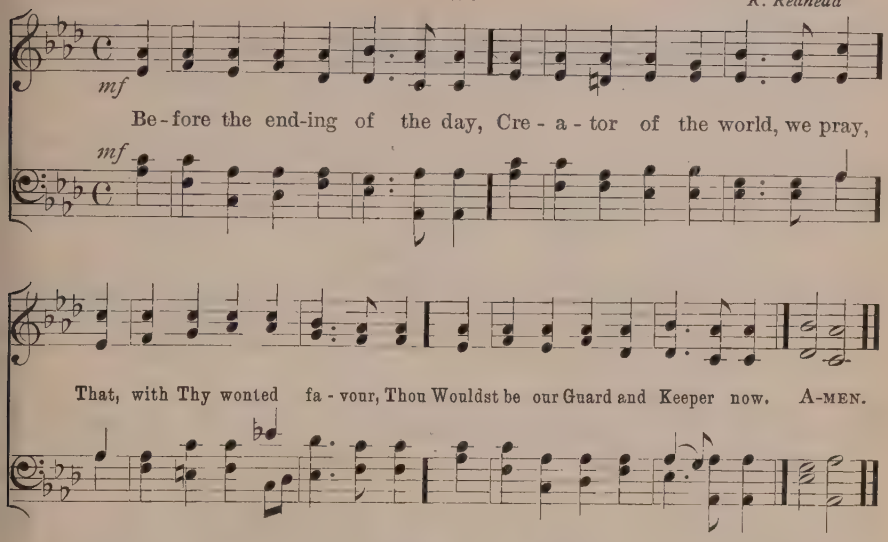
HOLY TRINITY
J. Barnby


mf
Now from the al - tar of our hearts Let flames of love a - rise;
mf
dim
As - sist us, Lord, to of - fer up Our eve-ning sac - ri - fice. A - MEN.
dim

21 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

REDHEAD, No. 12
R. Redhead


mf
Be-fore the end-ing of the day, Cre-a-tor of the world, we pray,
mf
That, with Thy wonted fa-vour, Thou Wouldst be our Guard and Keeper now. A-MEN.

f 2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,
From fears and terrors of the night;
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,
That spot of sin we may not know.

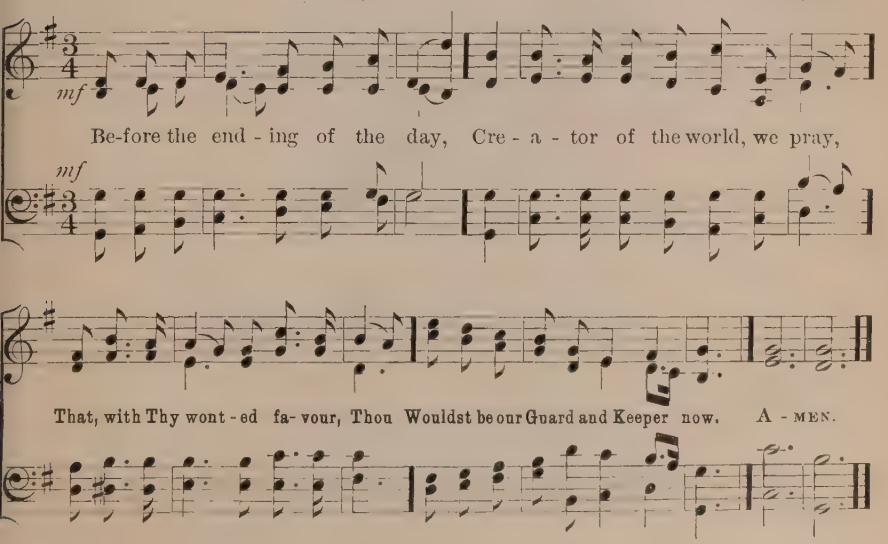
mf 3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son,
cr Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally.

St. Ambrose(?) TR. *J. M. Neale*

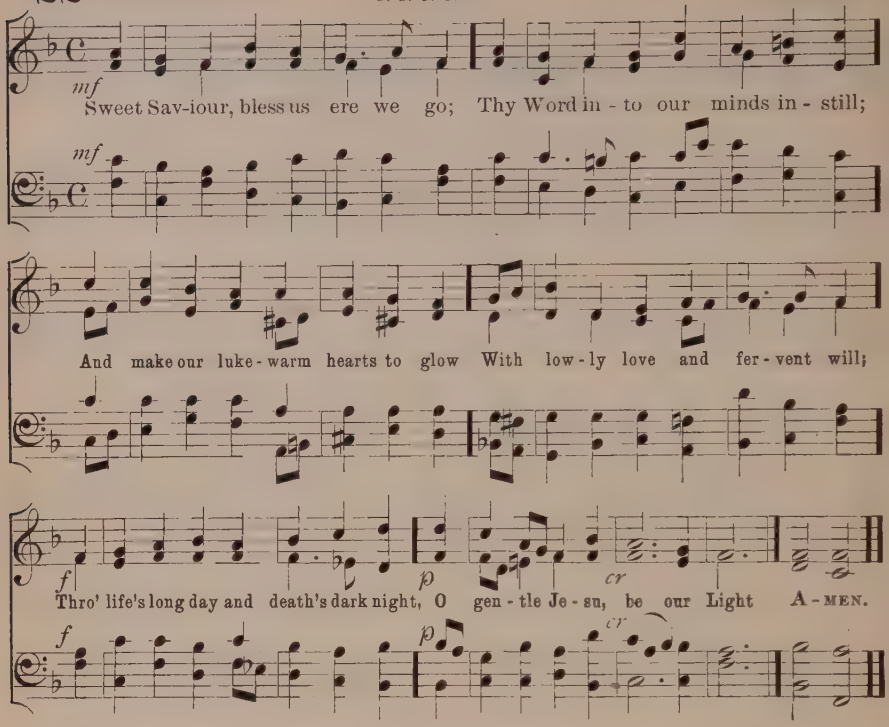
(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

MACFARREN
G. A. Macfarren


mf
Be-fore the end-ing of the day, Cre-a-tor of the world, we pray,
mf
That, with Thy wont-ed fa-vour, Thou Wouldst be our Guard and Keeper now. A-MEN.

22 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. ST. MATTHIAS *W. H Monk*


mf
Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy Word in - to our minds in - still;
mf
And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will;
f
p
cr
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - su, be our Light A - MEN.
f
p
cr

p 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
f Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, (*cr*) be our Light.

mf 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
f Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, (*cr*) be our Light.

p 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
cr O let Thy mercy make us glad;
f Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, (*cr*) be our Light.

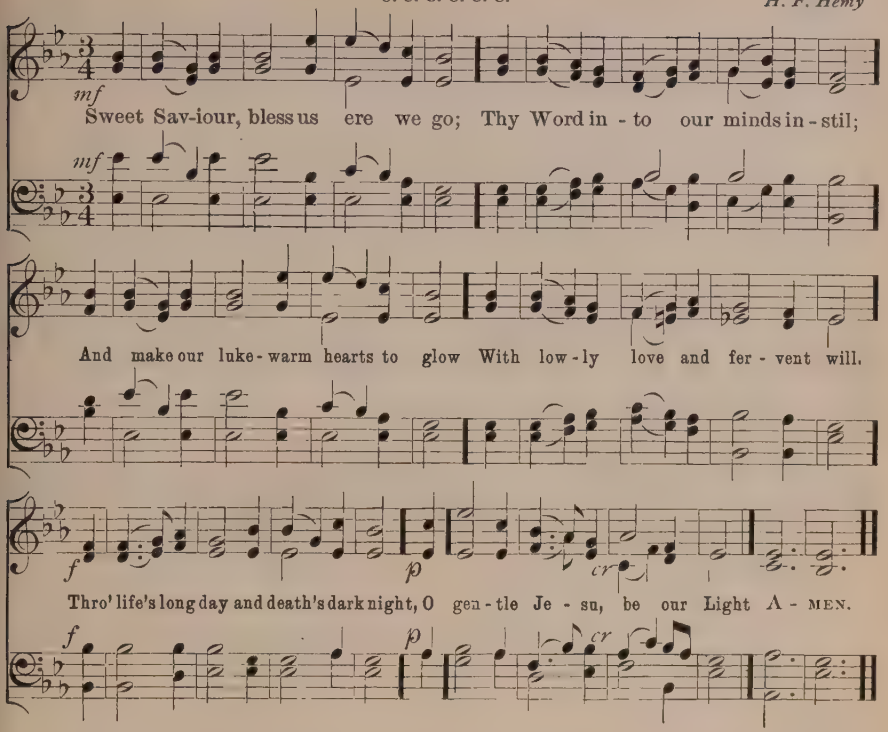
mf 5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
dim Thro' night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
f Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, (*cr*) be our Light.

F. W. Faber

22 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

STELLA
H. F. Hemy


mf
Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy Word in - to our minds in - stil;
mf
And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
f
p
cr
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - su, be our Light A - MEN.
f
p
cr

p 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
f Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, (*cr*) be our Light.

mf 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
f Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, (*cr*) be our Light.

p 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
cr O let Thy mercy make us glad;
f Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, (*cr*) be our Light.

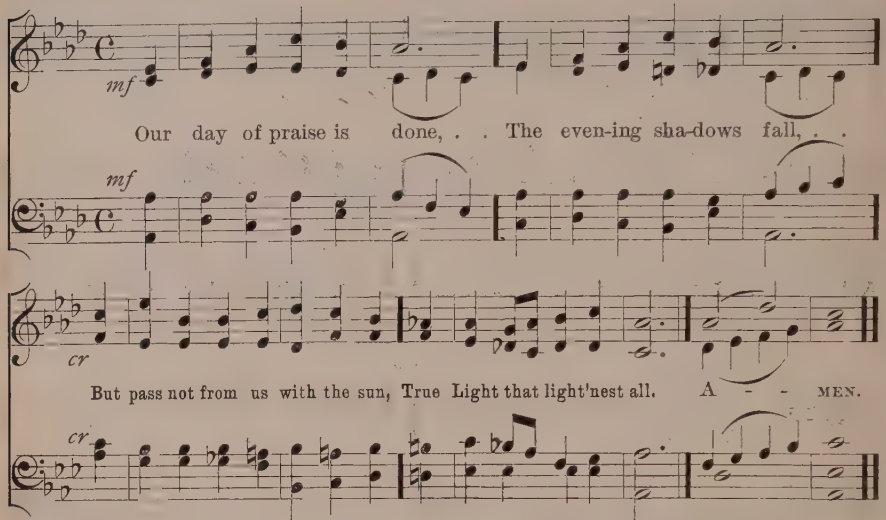
mf 5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
dim Thro' night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
f Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesu, (*cr*) be our Light.

F. W. Faber

23 (FIRST TUNE)

S. M.

DAY OF PRAISE
H. W. Parker


mf
Our day of praise is done, . . The even-ing sha-dows fall, . .
mf
cr
But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light'nest all. A - - MEN.
cr

mf 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

p 3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
cr But O the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

mf 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

mf 5 'T is Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

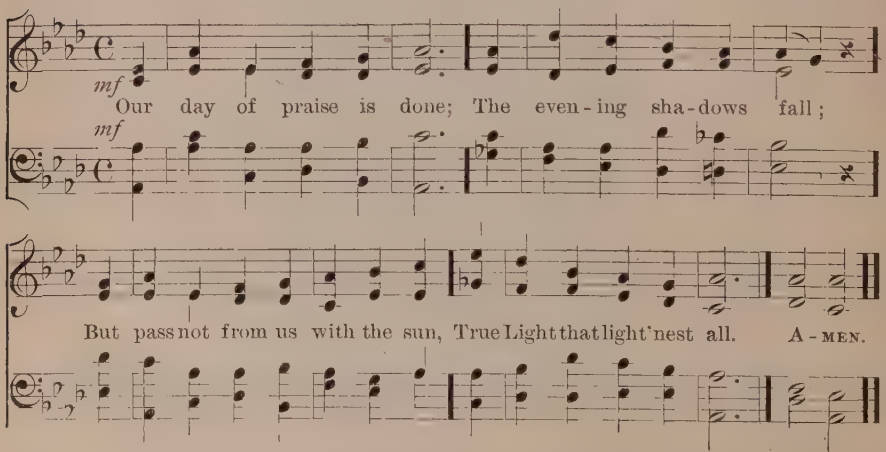
p 6 A little while, and then
cr Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

John Ellerton

(SECOND TUNE)

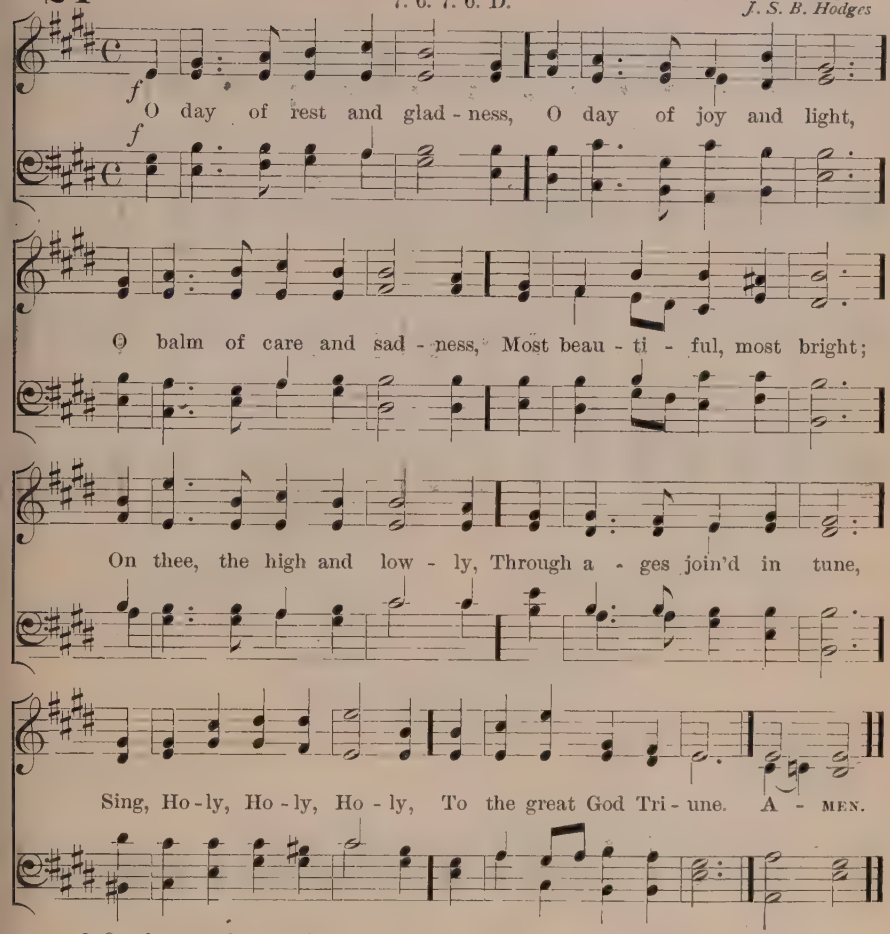
S. M.

SCHUMANN
R. Schumann


mf
Our day of praise is done; The even-ing sha-dows fall;
mf
But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light'nest all. A-MEN.

The Lord's Day

24 7. 6. 7. 6. D. HODGES *J. S. B. Hodges*


f
O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
f
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges join'd in tune,
Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A - MEN.

mf 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
cr On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

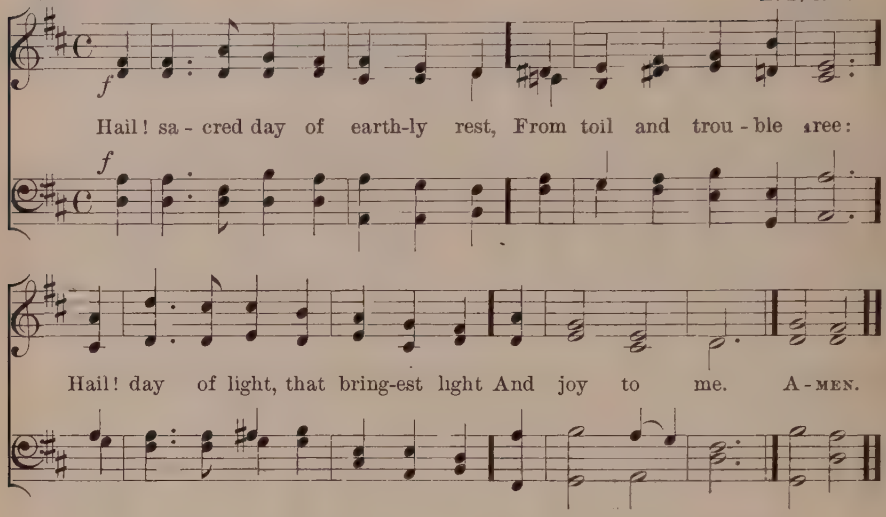
mf 3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
p Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
cr From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

mf 4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
cr The silver trumpet calls,
f Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

mf 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
cr To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
f The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

C. Wordsworth

25 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 6. 8. 4. WREFORD *E. S. Carter*



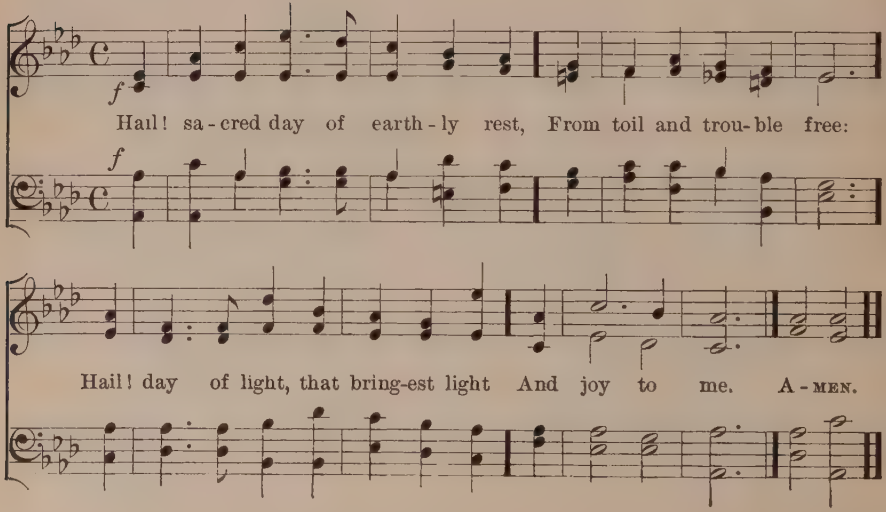
p 2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
cr Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

mf 3 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

mf 4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou, this day, hast given
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

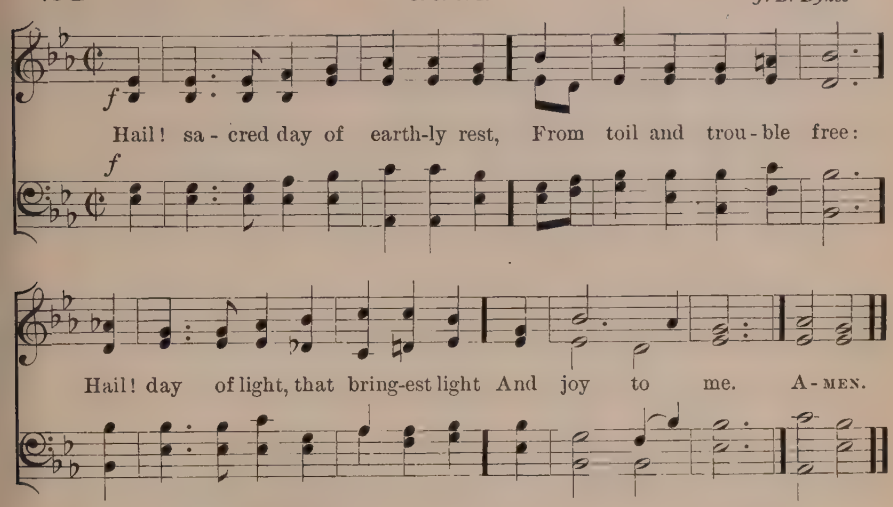
G. Thring

(SECOND TUNE) 8. 6. 8. 4. DONA *I. Goss*



The Lord's Day

25 (THIRD TUNE) 8. 6. 8. 4. ST. CUTHBERT *J. B. Dykes*



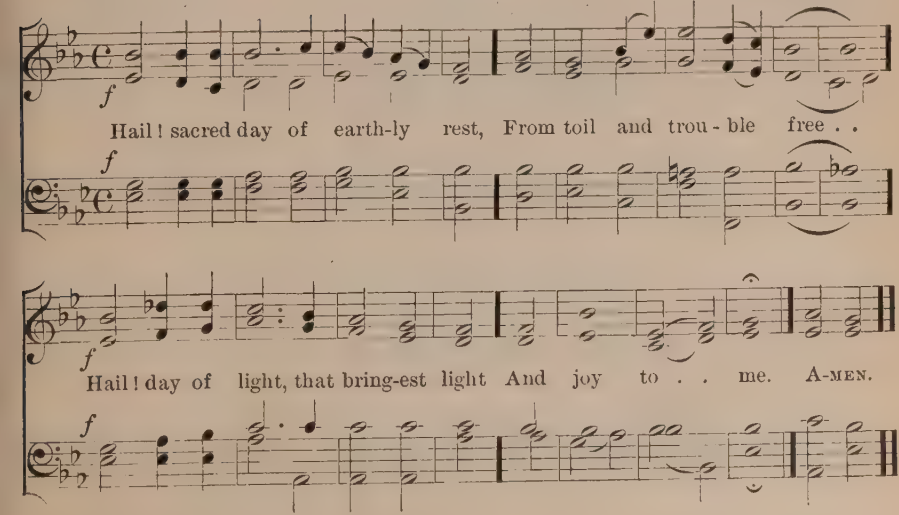
p 2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
cr Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

mf 3 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

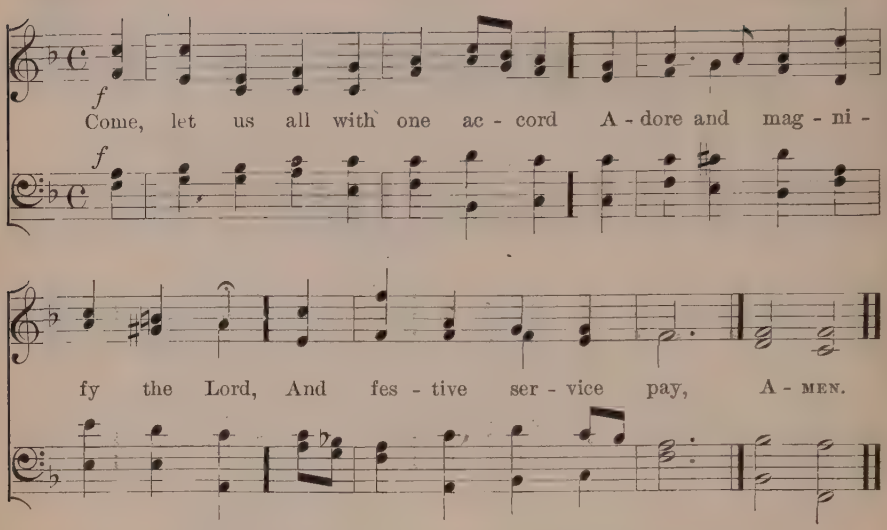
mf 4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou, this day, hast given
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

G. Thring

(FOURTH TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 4. HOLY TRINITY *Horatio W. Parker*



26 8. 8. 6. HOLY DAY *H. W. Parker*



mf 2 On this the day that God hath blest,
The day of peace and heavenly rest,
The Lord's own holy day.

mf 3 That saw primeval darkness break,
And that more glorious life awake
That lasteth evermore;

f 4 That saw hell's legions prostrate fall,
And Christ, triumphant over all,
His own to heaven restore.

mf 5 This day the peace that flows from heaven
Was unto the Apostles given,
When doors were closed at night;

mf 6 This day the Holy Spirit's flame
Upon the Church's teachers came,
And filled their souls with light.

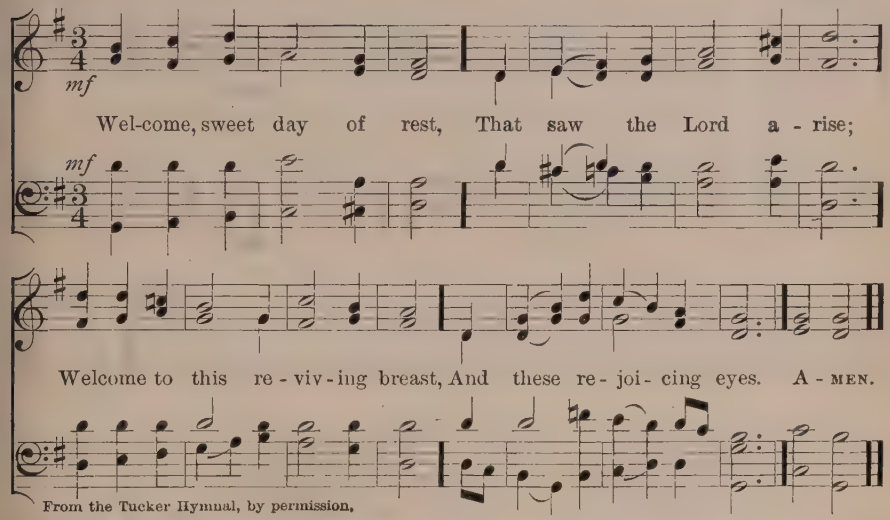
f 7 Still on this day with trumpet sound
The Gospel notes are ringing round,
To call the world to pray:

p 8 Then on this day let us adore
Our God, and supplication pour,
pp That, when worlds pass away,

9 Through Christ's dear grace our souls may rest
In peace and joy, for ever blest,
Till the great Judgment Day.

TR. *H. M. Chester*

27 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. CADWELL *W. W. Rousseau*



From the Tucker Hymnal, by permission.

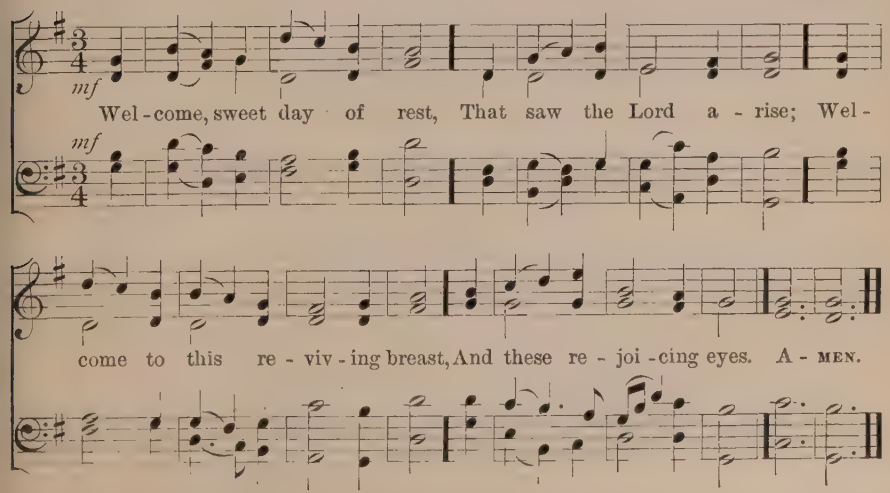
f 2 The King Himself comes near
And feasts His saints to-day;
mp Here may we seek, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

mf 3 One day of prayer and praise
His sacred courts within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

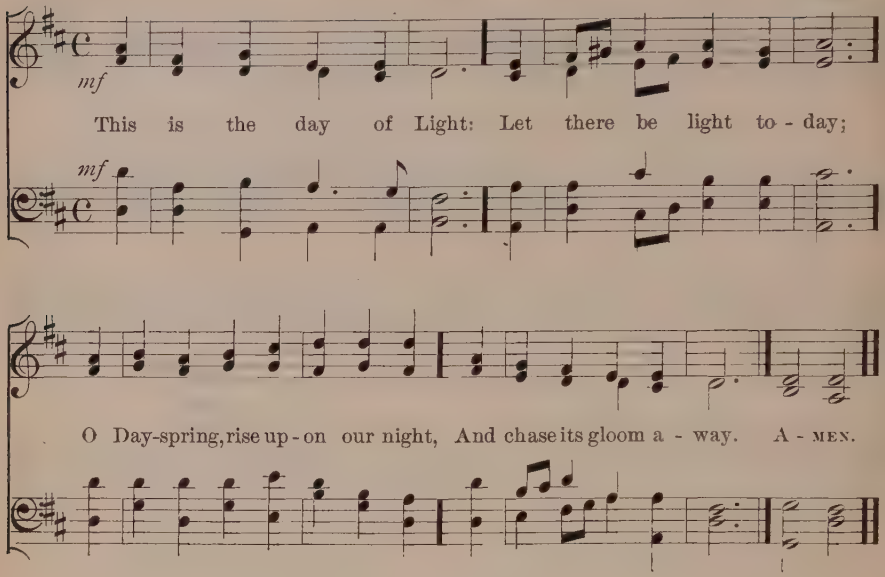
f 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,*
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

I Watts

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. THATCHER *From Handel*



28 S. M. SWABIA *German*



p 2 This is the day of Rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

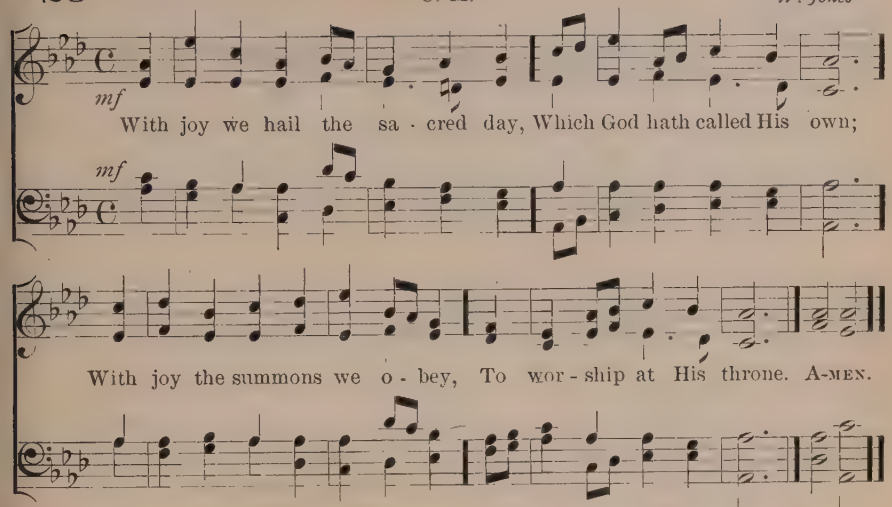
p 3 This is the day of Peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
cr Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
dim The waves of strife be still.

p 4 This is the day of Prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
cr Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

f 5 This is the First of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

J. Ellerton

29 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. ST. STEPHEN *W. Jones*


mf
With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God hath called His own;
mf
With joy the summons we o - bey, To wor - ship at His throne. A-MEN.

mf 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng
dim To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
cr And pour the grateful song.

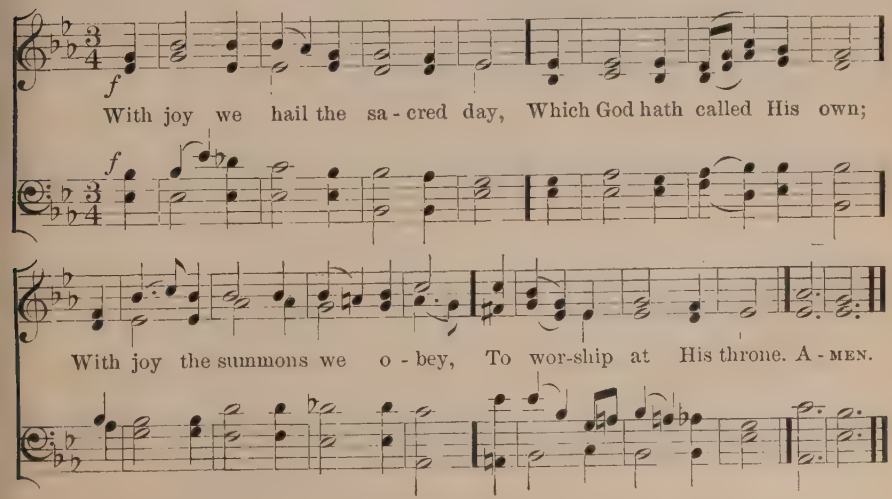
mf 3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below!
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

mf 4 Let peace within her walls be found,
cr Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

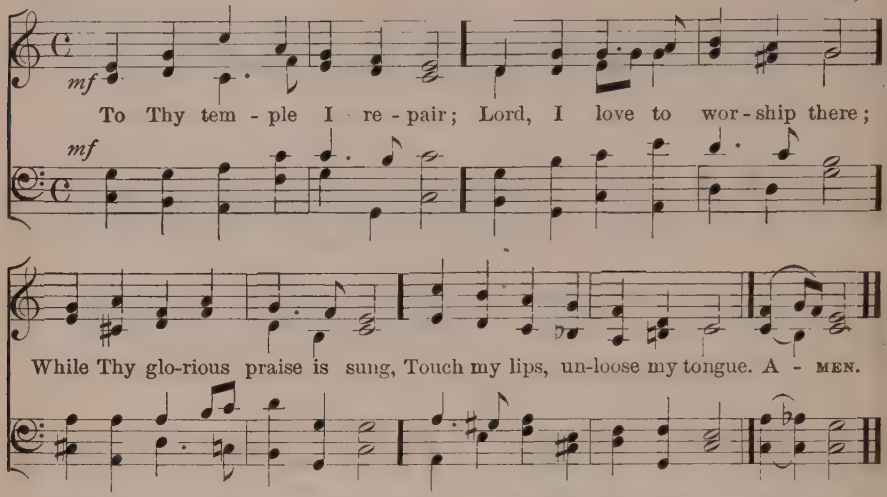
f 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own:
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

H. Auber

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. HERSAL *W. Lockett*



30 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. PRUEN *F. A. G. Ouseley*


mf
To Thy tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor - ship there;
mf
While Thy glo-rious praise is sung, Touch my lips, un-loose my tongue. A - MEN.

p 2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend:
cr Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
p Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

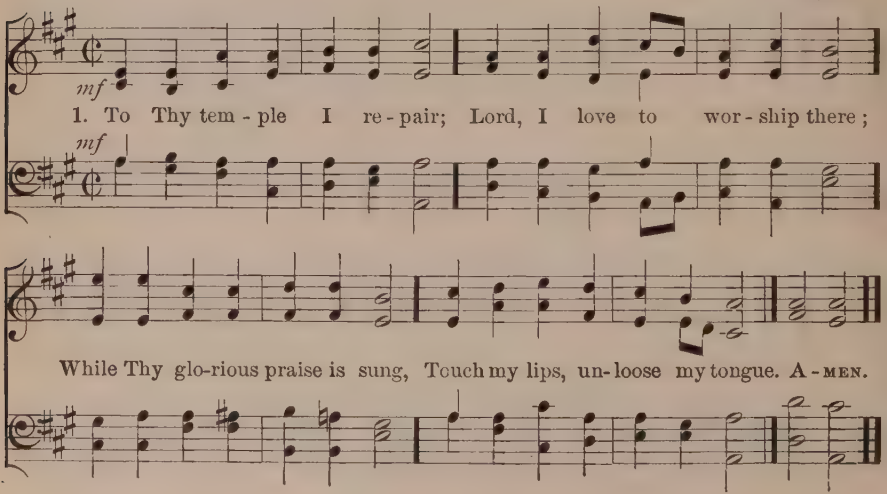
p 3 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
cr Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

mf 4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

mf 5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
dim And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

J. Montgomery

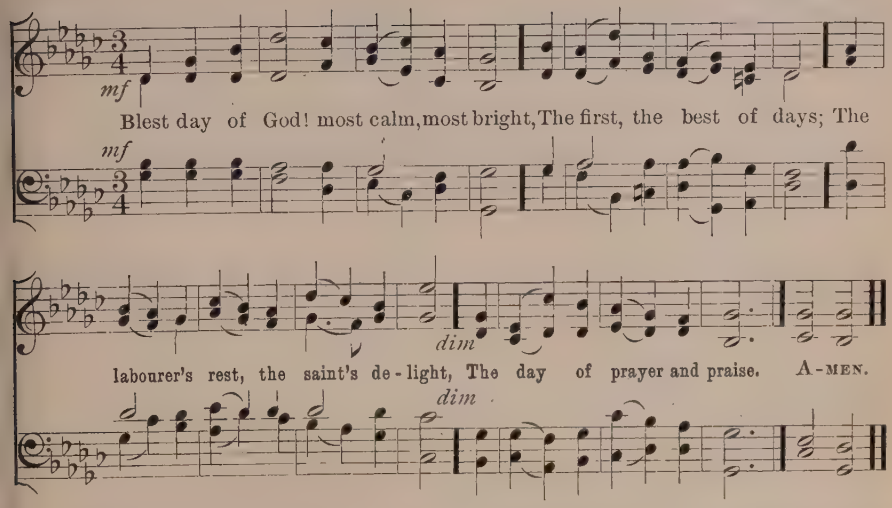
(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. HART *B. Milgrove*


mf
1. To Thy tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor - ship there;
mf
While Thy glo-rious praise is sung, Touch my lips, un-loose my tongue. A - MEN.

31 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

CHESTERFIELD
T. Haweis


mf
Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days; The
mf
dim
labourer's rest, the saint's de-light, The day of prayer and praise. A-MEN.
dim

mf 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

mf 3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

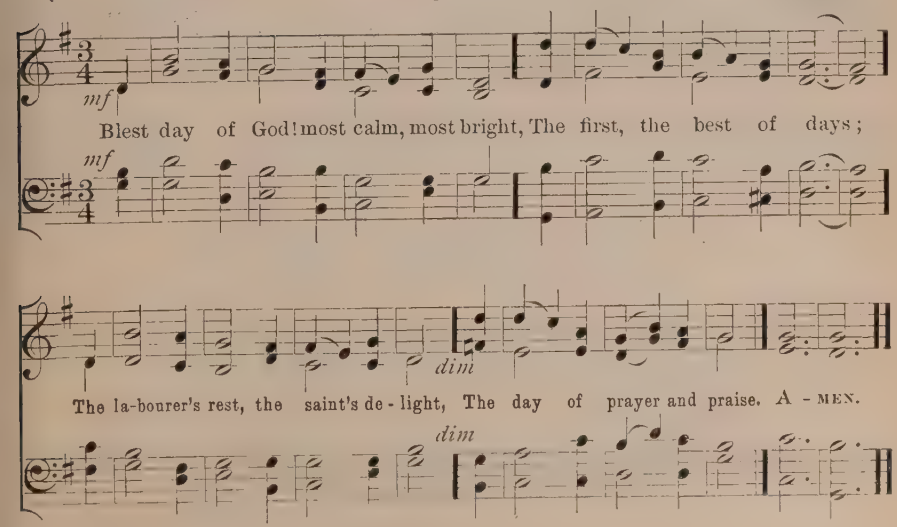
mf 4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

J. Mason

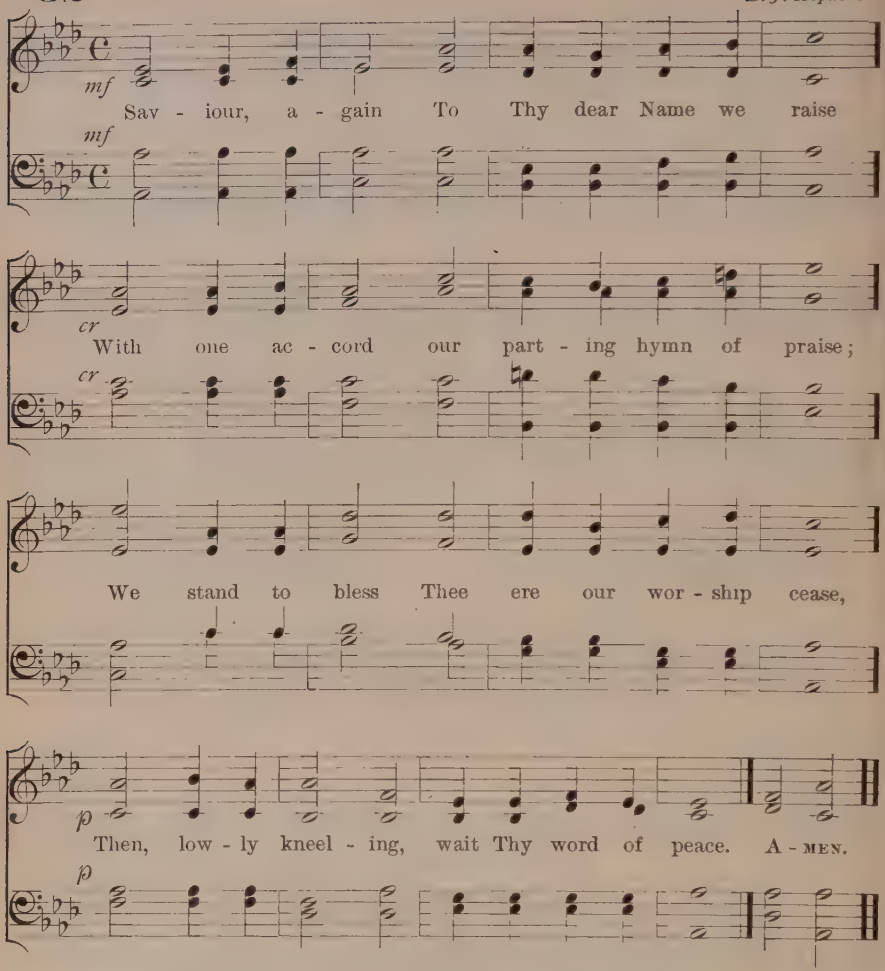
(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

BELMONT
W. Gardiner


mf
Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days;
mf
dim
The la-bourer's rest, the saint's de-light, The day of prayer and praise. A-MEN.
dim

32 (FIRST TUNE) 10. 10. 10. 10. BENEDICTION *E. J. Hopkins*


mf
Sav - iour, a - gain To Thy dear Name we raise
mf
cr
With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;
cr
We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease,
p
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - MEN.
p

p 2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,
cr Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

p 3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
cr With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
p Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

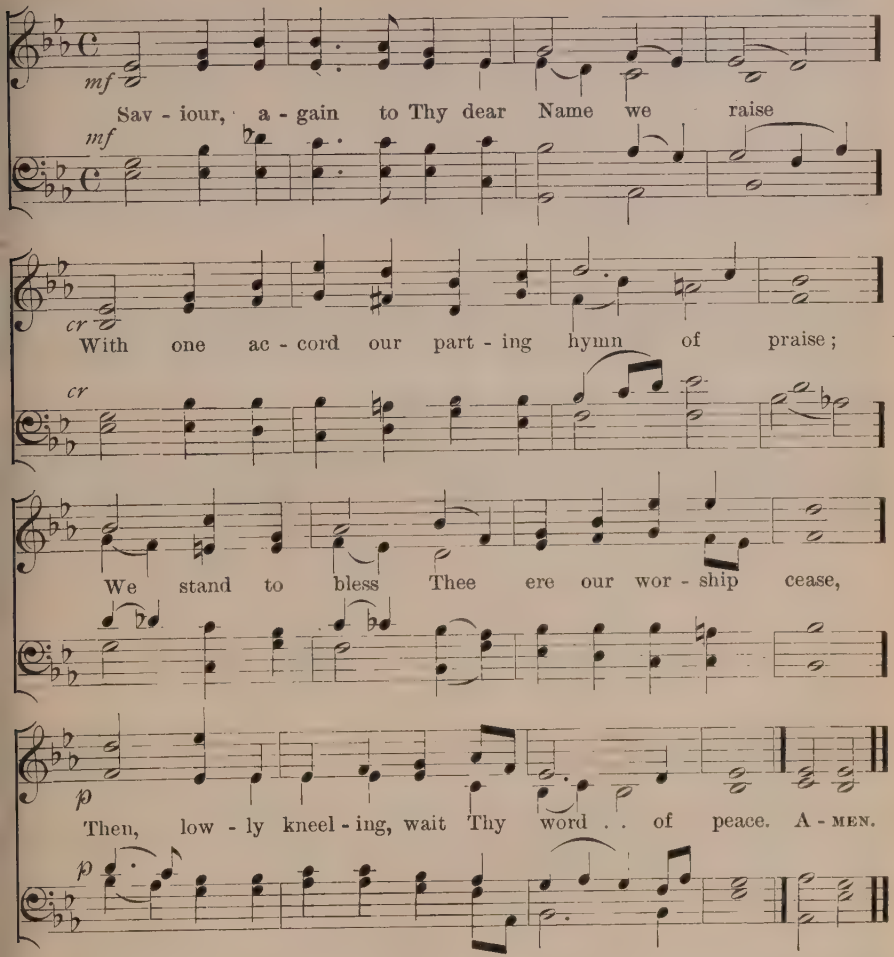
mf 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
cr Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
p Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton

32 (SECOND TUNE)

10. 10. 10. 10.

PAX DEI
J. B. Dykes


mf
Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise
mf
cr
With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;
cr
We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease,
p
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word . . of peace. A - MEN.
p

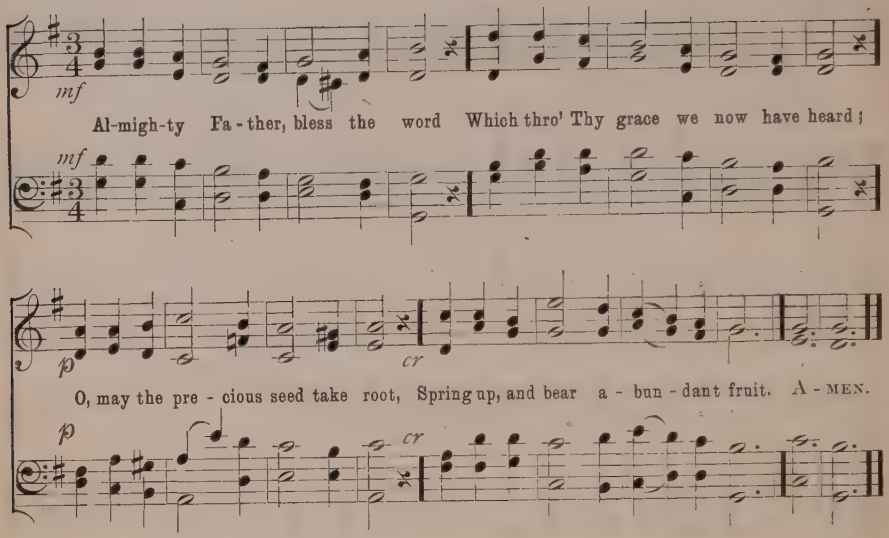
p 2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,
cr Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

p 3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
cr With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
p Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

mf 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
cr Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
p Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton

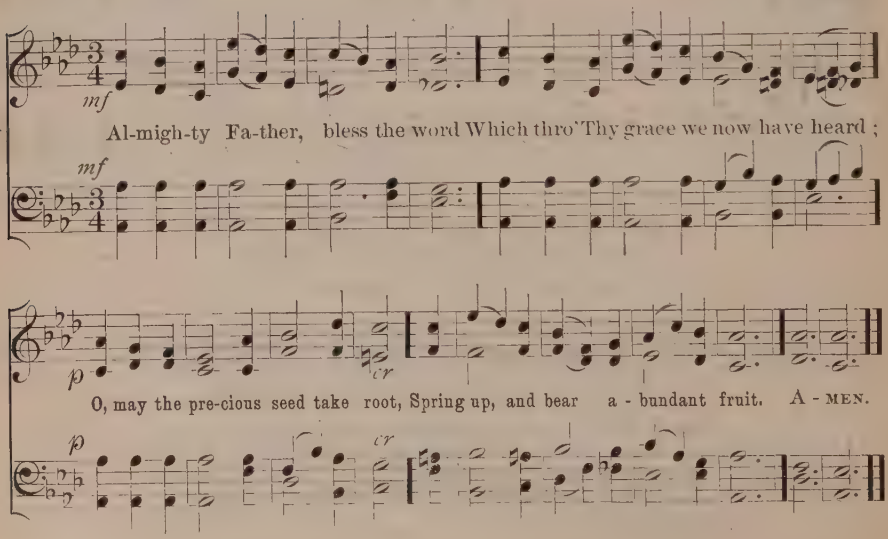
33 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. GRACE CHURCH *I. Pleyel*


mf
Al-migh-ty Fa-ther, bless the word Which thro' Thy grace we now have heard;
p
cr
O, may the pre-cious seed take root, Spring up, and bear a-bun-dant fruit. A-MEN.

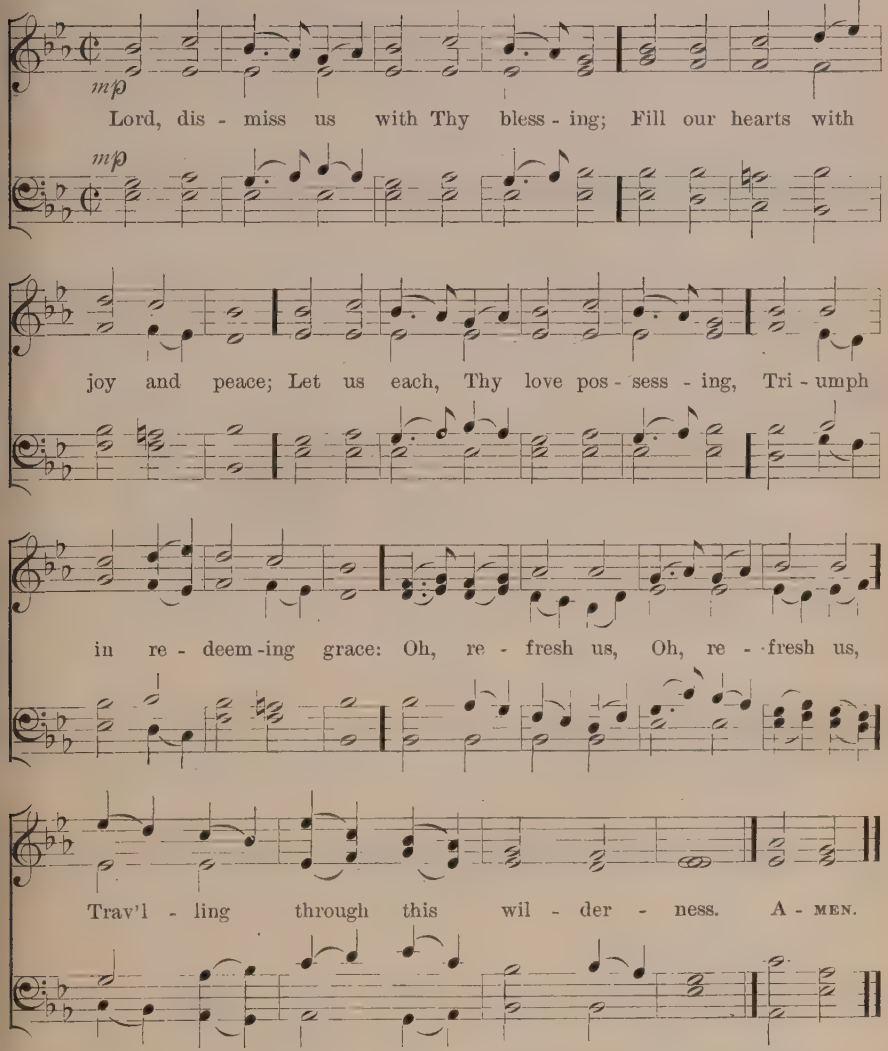
mf 2 We praise Thee for the means of grace,
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face
dim Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at last, in heaven appear.

Anon

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. BRIERLY *W. H. Hart*


mf
Al-migh-ty Fa-ther, bless the word Which thro' Thy grace we now have heard;
p
cr
O, may the pre-cious seed take root, Spring up, and bear a-bundant fruit. A-MEN.

34 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. DISMISSAL *M. Portogallo*


mp
Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with
mp
joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph
in re - deem - ing grace: Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us,
Trav'l - ling through this wil - der - ness. A - MEN.

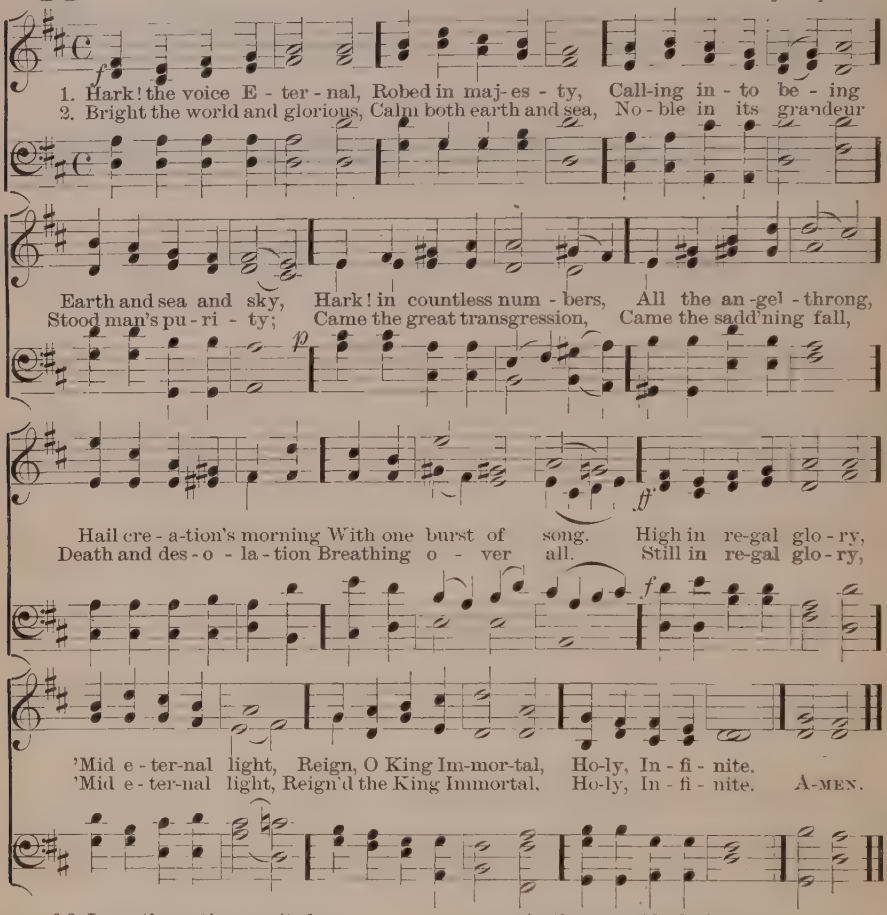
f 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found;

p 3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
cr Fear of death shall not appal us,
Glad Thy summons to obey.
f May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

J. Fawcett

Advent

35 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain DEVA *E. J. Hopkins*


1. Hark! the voice E - ter - nal, Robed in maj-es - ty, Call-ing in - to be - ing
2. Bright the world and glorious, Calm both earth and sea, No - ble in its grandeur
Earth and sea and sky, Hark! in countless num - bers, All the an-gel - throng,
Stood man's pu - ri - ty; Came the great transgression, Came the sadd'ning fall,
Hail cre - a-tion's morning With one burst of song. High in re-gal glo - ry,
Death and des - o - la - tion Breathing o - ver all. Still in re-gal glo - ry,
'Mid e - ter-nal light, Reign, O King Im-mor-tal, Ho-ly, In - fi - nite.
'Mid e - ter-nal light, Reign'd the King Immortal, Ho-ly, In - fi - nite. A-MEN.

mf 3 Long the nations waited,
Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning,
For the promised light.

cr Prophets saw the morning
Breaking far away,

f Minstrels sang the splendour
Of that opening day.

ff Whilst in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

f 4 Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.

pp Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.

ff Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

f 5 Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge Eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to his footstool
Gathered then shall be;
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.

ff Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light
Reign, Thou King Immortal,
Holy Infinite.

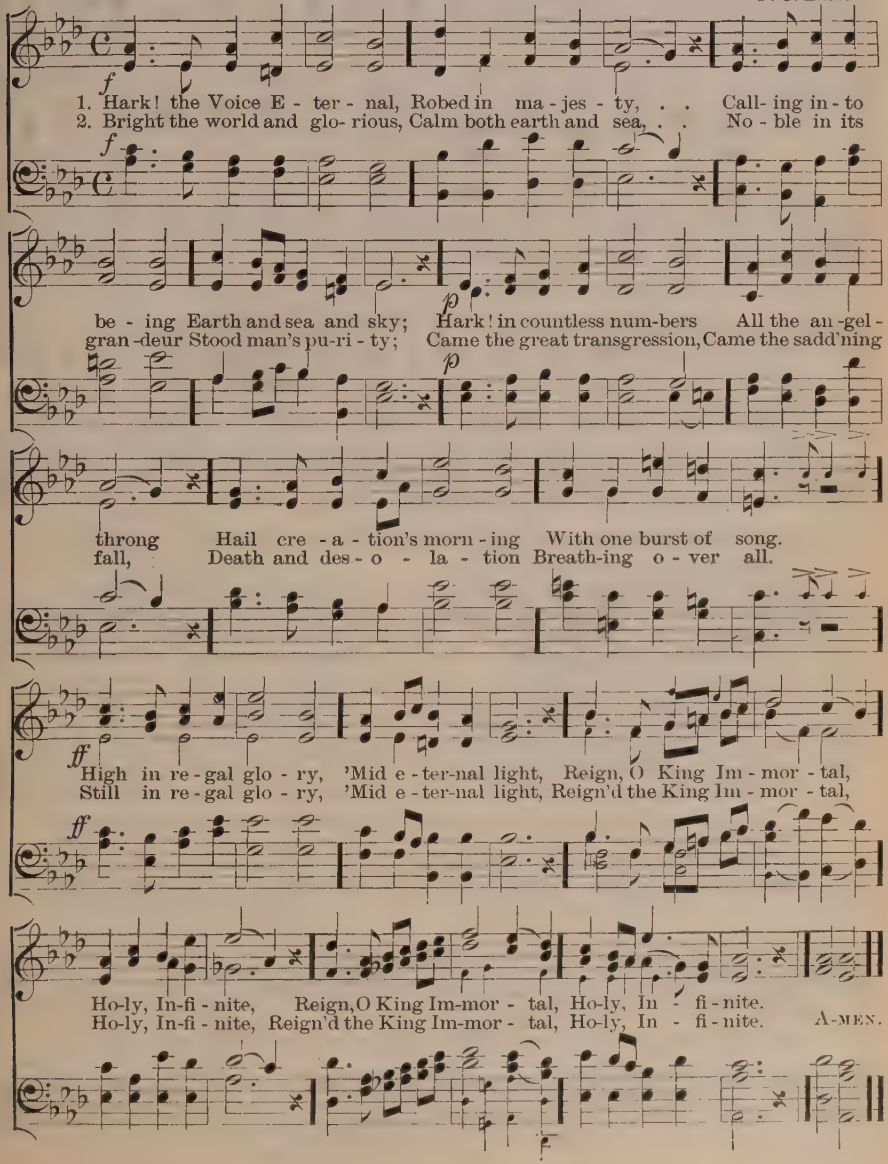
f 6 Jesu! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest and King,
To Thy feet, triumphant,
Hallowed praise we bring.
p Thine the pain and weeping,
cr Thine the victory;
ff Power, and praise, and honour,
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

J. Julian

35 (SECOND TUNE)

6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain

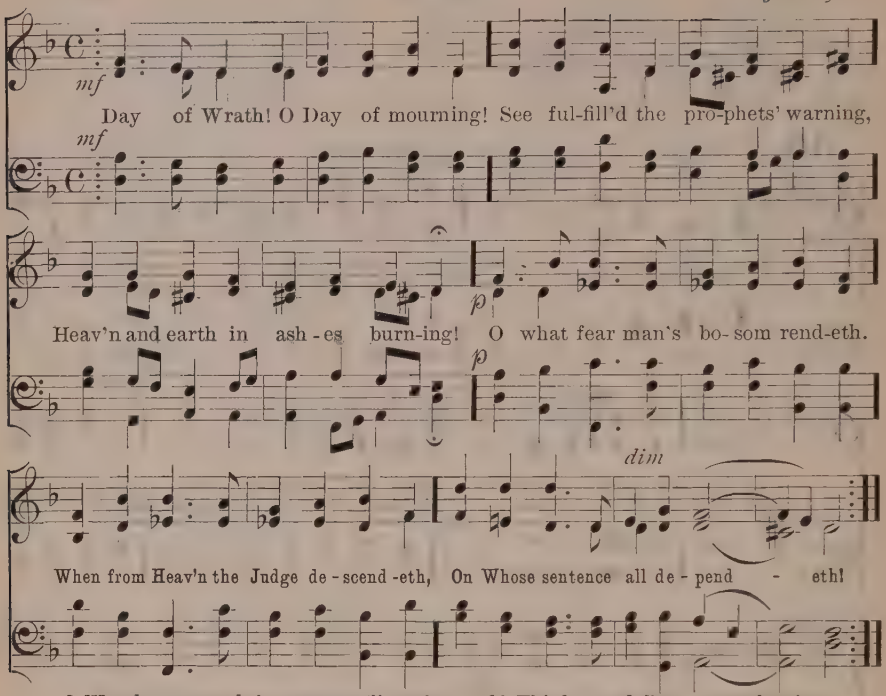
VOX ÆTERNA
P. C. Lutkin


1. Hark! the Voice E - ter - nal, Robed in ma - jes - ty, . . Call- ing in - to
2. Bright the world and glo- rious, Calm both earth and sea, . . No - ble in its
be - ing Earth and sea and sky; Hark! in countless num-bers All the an-gel -
gran-deur Stood man's pu-ri - ty; Came the great transgression, Came the sadd'ning
throng Hail cre - a - tion's morn - ing With one burst of song.
fall, Death and des - o - la - tion Breath-ing o - ver all.
High in re - gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter-nal light, Reign, O King Im - mor - tal,
Still in re - gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter-nal light, Reign'd the King Im - mor - tal,
Ho-ly, In-fi - nite, Reign, O King Im-mor - tal, Ho-ly, In - fi - nite.
Ho-ly, In-fi - nite, Reign'd the King Im-mor - tal, Ho-ly, In - fi - nite.
A-MEN.

Advent

8. 8. 8.

DIES IRAE
J. B. Dykes


mf
Day of Wrath! O Day of mourning! See ful-fill'd the pro-phets' warning,
mf
p
Heav'n and earth in ash-es burn-ing! O what fear man's bo-som rend-eth.
p
dim
When from Heav'n the Judge de-scend-eth, On Whose sentence all de-pend - eth!

ff 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

f 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

mf 5 Lo! the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

mf 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

p 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

f 8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
dim Fount of pity, then befriend us!

mf 9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;
dim Leave me not to reprobation!

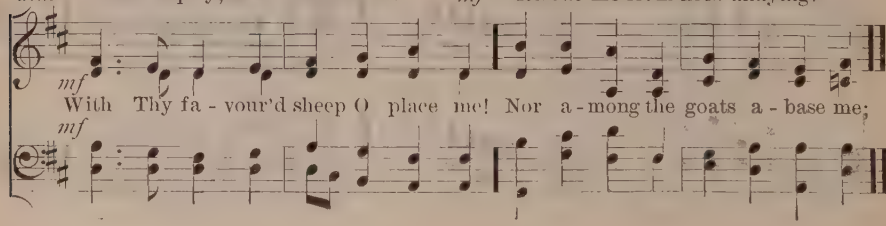
p 10 Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me,
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

mf 11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

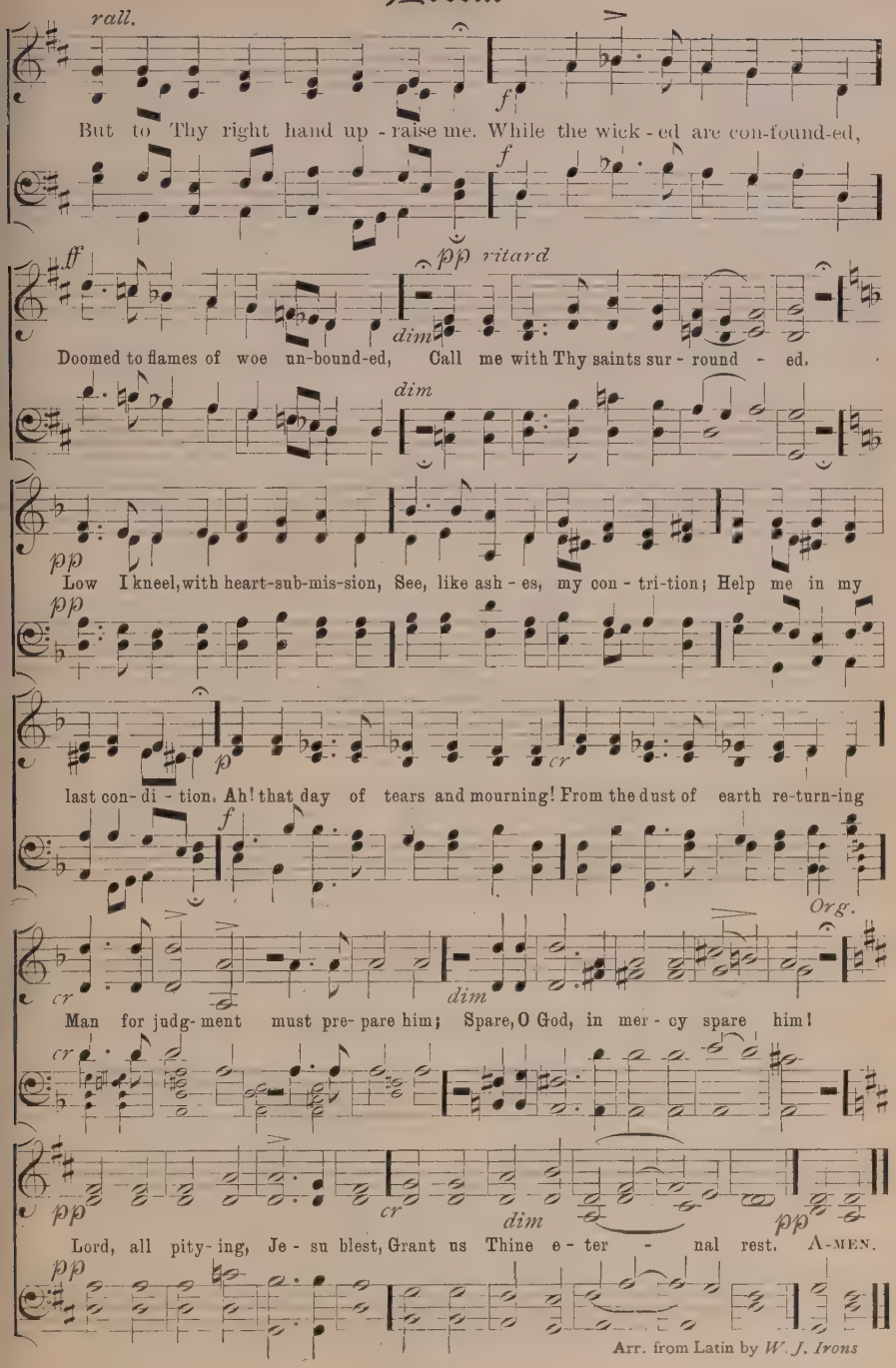
p 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

cr 13 Thou the sinful woman saved'st;
mf Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

p 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
cr Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
mf Rescue me from fires undying!

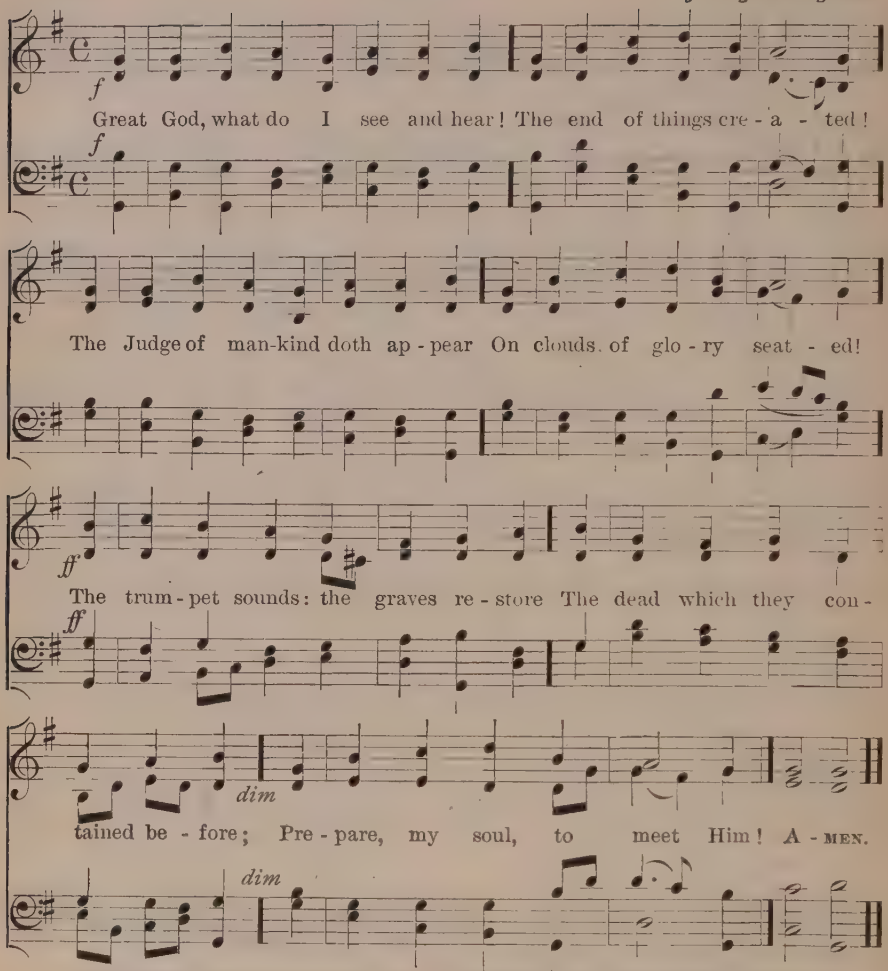


Advent


rall.
But to Thy right hand up - raise me. While the wick - ed are con-found-ed,
ritard
Doomed to flames of woe un-bound-ed, Call me with Thy saints sur - round - ed.
Low I kneel, with heart-sub-mis-sion, See, like ash - es, my con - tri-tion; Help me in my
last con-di - tion. Ah! that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth re-turn-ing
Org.
Man for judg-ment must pre-pare him; Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him!
Lord, all pity-ing, Je - su blest, Grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest. A-MEN.

Arr. from Latin by *W. J. Irons*

37 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. LUTHER'S HYMN
J. Klug's Gesangbuch


f
Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted!
f
The Judge of man-kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed!
ff
The trum - pet sounds: the graves re - store The dead which they con -
ff
dim
tained be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him! A - MEN.
dim

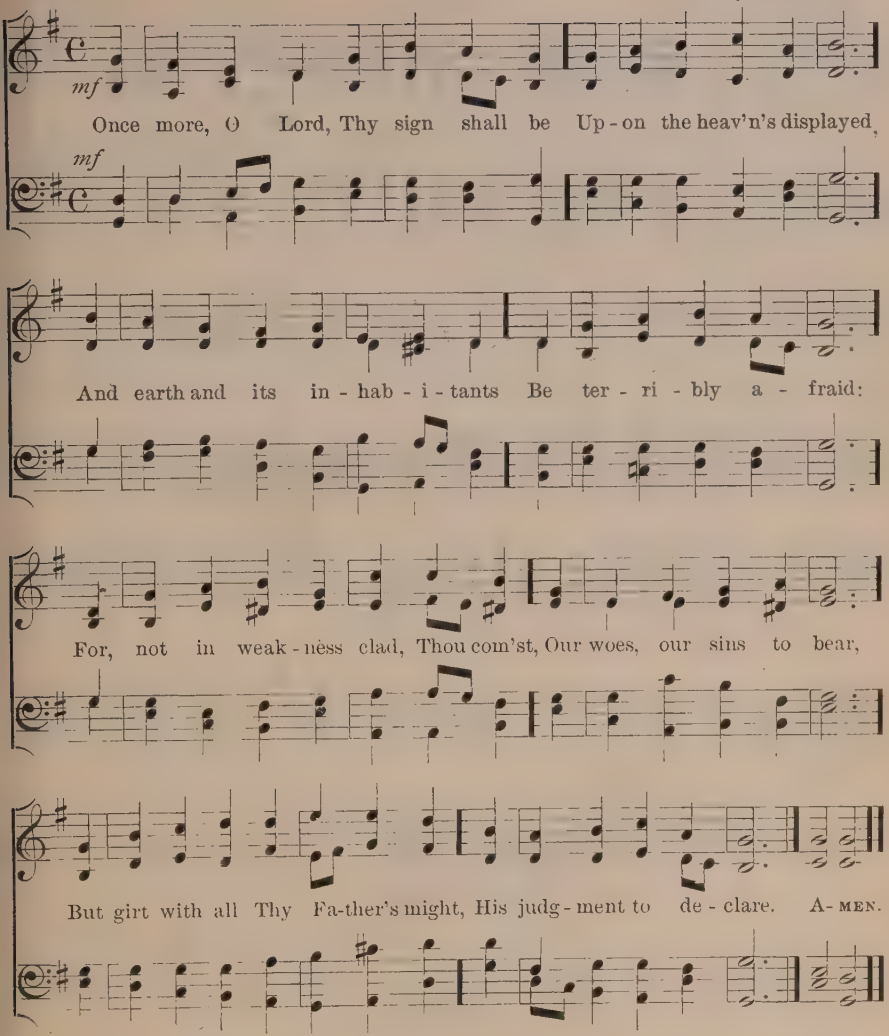
mf 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
cr Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
f With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

mf 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
dim The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling, they stand before the throne,
p All unprepared to meet Him.

mf 4 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,
Thy boundless love declaring;
cr One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
f The Judge my nature wearing.
mf Beneath His Cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
cr And thus prepare to meet Him.

W. B. Collyer and *J. Cotterill*

38 C. M. D. NORWICH (OLD 137TH)
Daye's Psalter

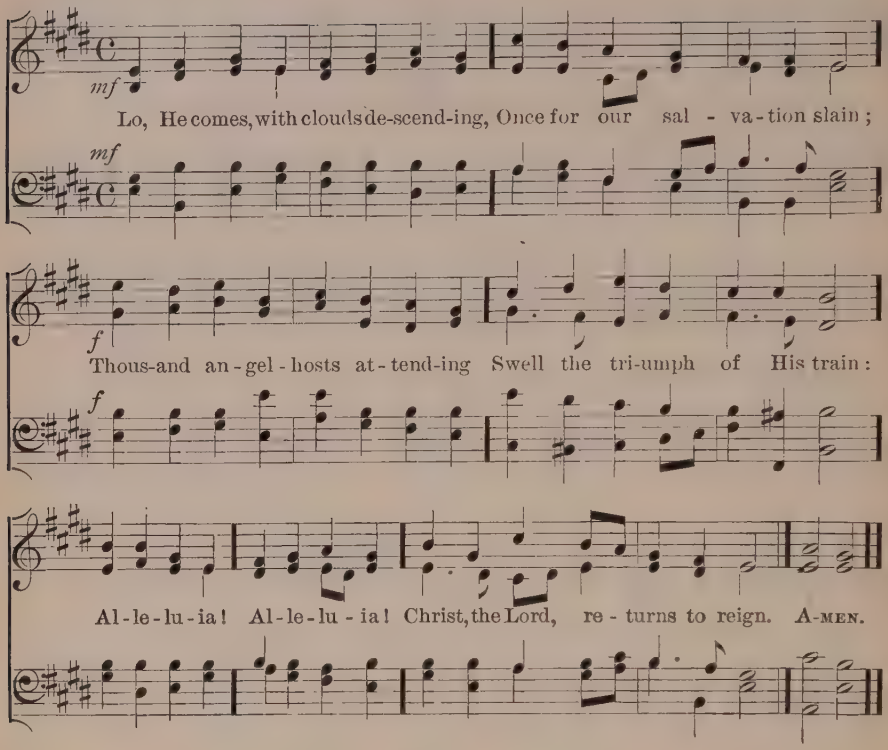

mf
Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be Up - on the heav'n's displayed,
mf
And earth and its in - hab - i - tants Be ter - ri - bly a - fraid:
For, not in weak - ness clad, Thou com'st, Our woes, our sins to bear,
But girt with all Thy Fa-ther's might, His judg - ment to de - clare. A - MEN.

2 The terrors of that awful day
O who can understand?
Or who abide, when Thou in wrath
Shall lift Thy holy hand?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale;
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
Our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven
Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads,
In triumph we may rise,
And enter, with Thine angel-train,
Thy palace in the skies.

G. W. Doane

39 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. ST. THOMAS


mf
Lo, He comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for our sal - va-tion slain;
mf
f
Thous-and an-gel-hosts at-tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of His train:
f
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Christ, the Lord, re-turns to reign. A-MEN.

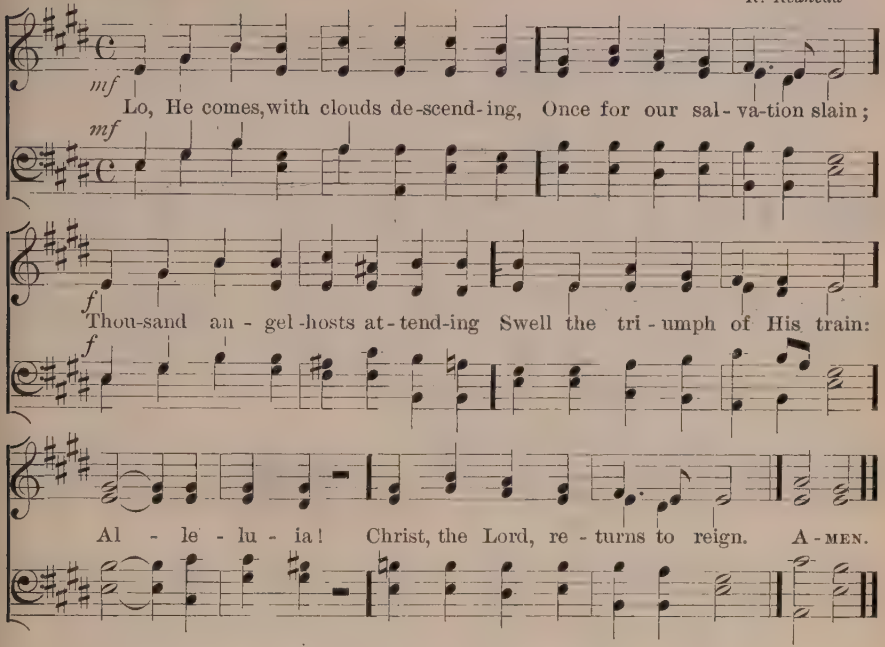
mf 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
p Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to a tree,
pp Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

mf 3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
f Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

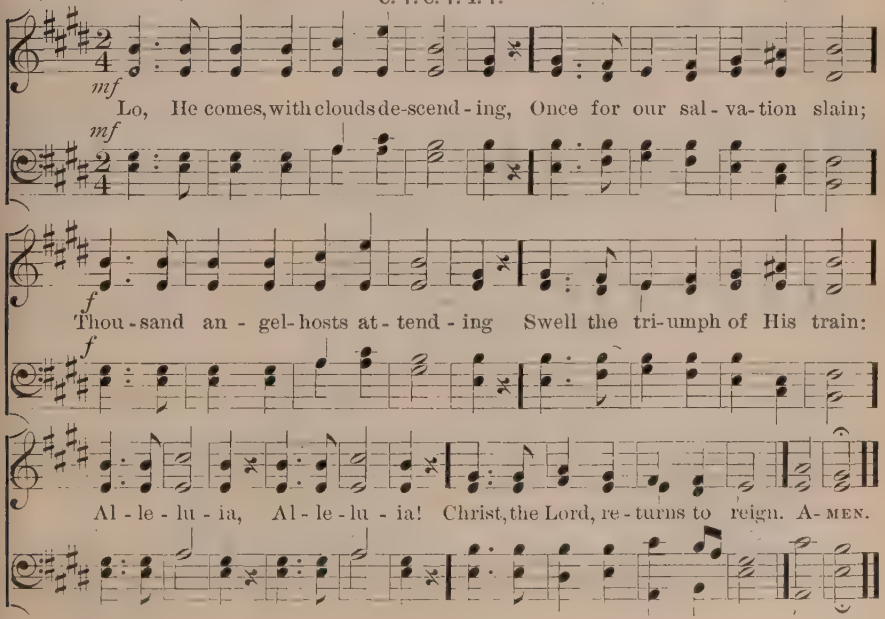
f 4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
ff Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

J. Cennick: C. Wesley and *M. Madan*

39 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. REDHEAD, No. 1
R. Redhead


mf
Lo, He comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for our sal-va-tion slain;
mf
f
Thou-sand an-gel-hosts at-tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of His train:
f
Al-le-lu-ia! Christ, the Lord, re-turns to reign. A-MEN.

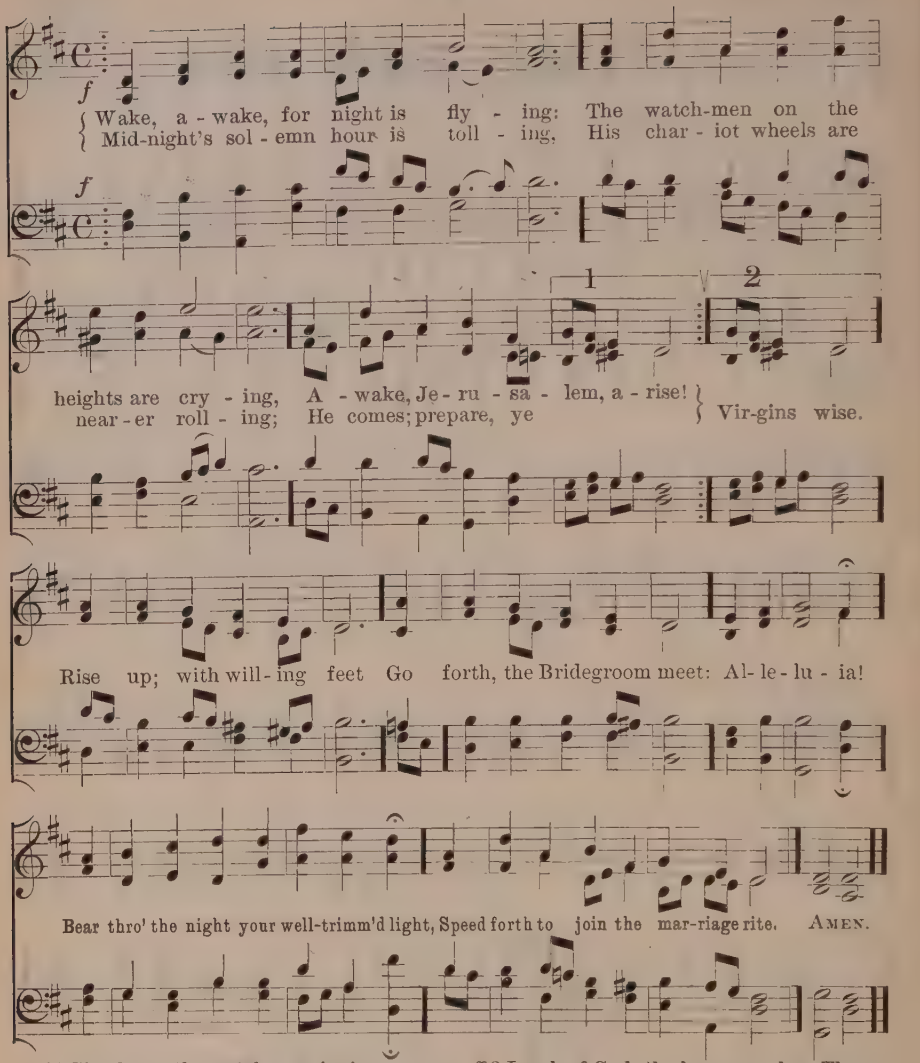
(THIRD TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. ST. ENOCH


mf
Lo, He comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for our sal-va-tion slain;
mf
f
Thou-sand an-gel-hosts at-tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of His train:
f
Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia! Christ, the Lord, re-turns to reign. A-MEN.

Advent

P. M.

SLEEPERS WAKE
Philip Nicolai

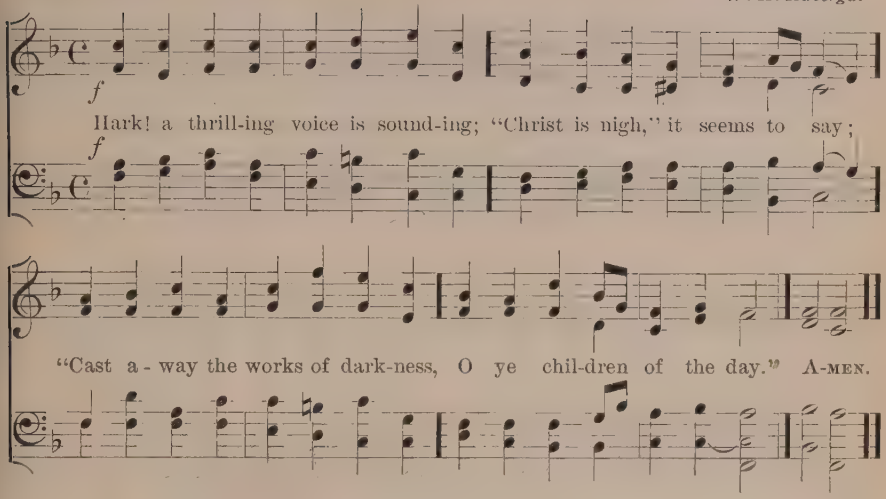

f
Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing: The watch-men on the
Mid-night's sol - emn hour is toll - ing, His char - iot wheels are
f
1
2
heights are cry - ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise!
near - er roll - ing; He comes; prepare, ye Vir-gins wise.
Rise up; with will - ing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom meet: Al- le - lu - ia!
Bear thro' the night your well-trimm'd light, Speed forth to join the mar-riage rite. AMEN.

mf 2 Sion hears the watchmen singing,
Her heart with deep delight is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:
cr Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glorious,
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious;
f Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
All hail, Incarnate Lord,
Our crown, and our reward!
Alleluia!
We haste along, in pomp of song,
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

ff 3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.
mf By the pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.
p No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such bliss and joy:
ff We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along.

P. Nicolai

41 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. HAVERGAL *W. H. Havergal*


Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast a-way the works of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of the day." A-MEN.

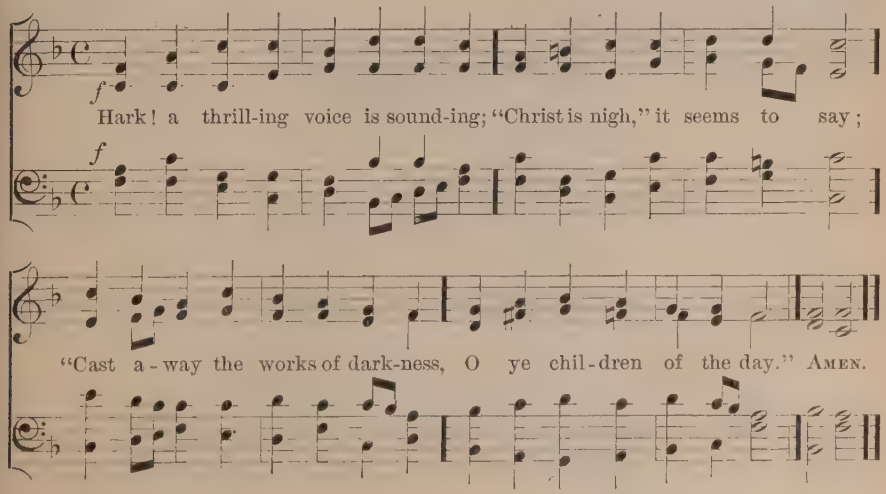
mf 2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth bound soul arise;
cr Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

f 3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
dim Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven;

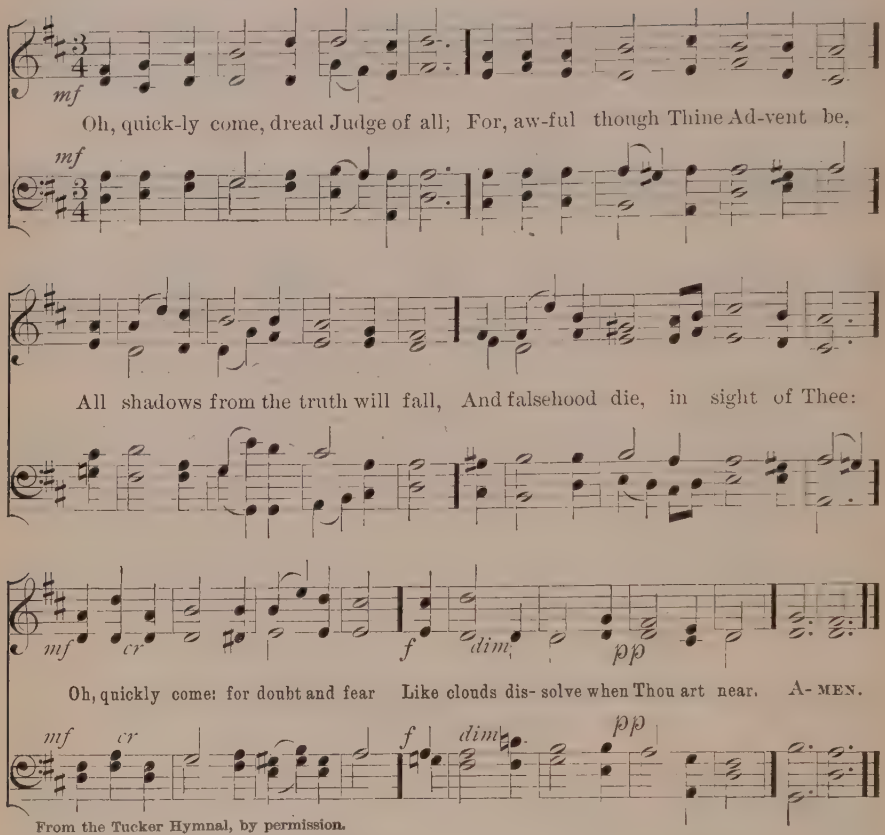
mf 4 So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the world in fear,
cr May He with His mercy shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

TR. by *E. Caswall*

(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. MERTON *W. H. Monk*


Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast a-way the works of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of the day." AMEN.

42 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. ST. JUDE *W. H. Monk*


mf
Oh, quick-ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw-ful though Thine Ad-vent be,
mf
All shadows from the truth will fall, And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
mf cr f dim pp
Oh, quickly come: for doubt and fear Like clouds dis- solve when Thou art near. A- MEN.
mf cr f dim pp

From the Tucker Hymnal, by permission.

mf 2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin;
cr O quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

mf 3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
p For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
cr O quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

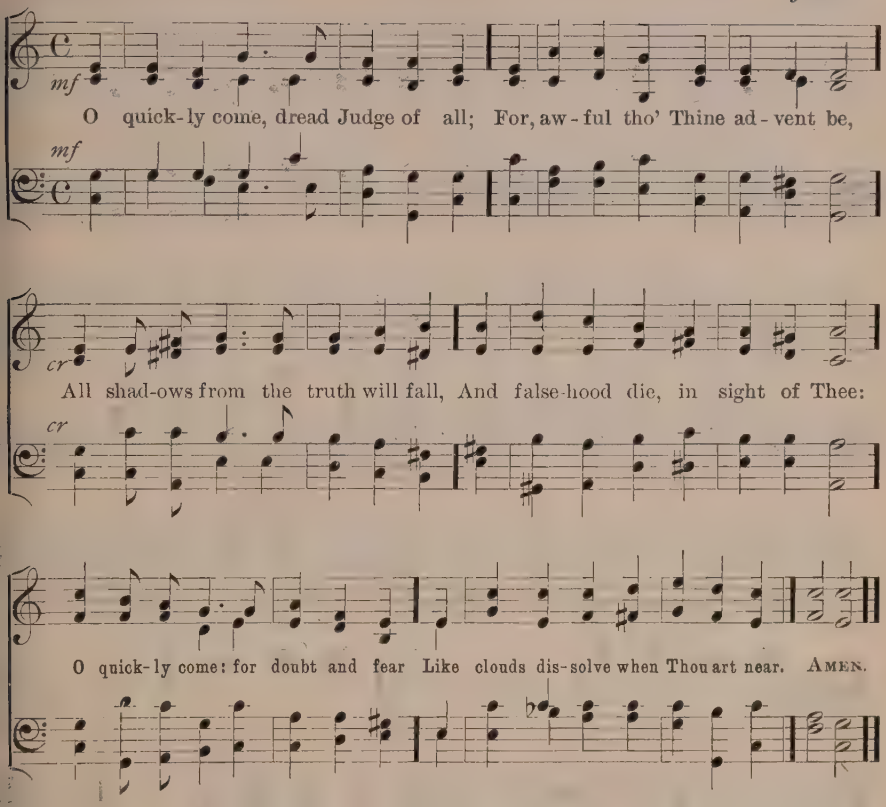
mf 4 O quickly come, sure Light of all,
p For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
cr Come, quickly come: for round Thy throne
f No eye is blind, no night is known.

L. Tuttiett

42 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

PENIEL
J. Booth


mf
O quick-ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw-ful tho' Thine ad-vent be,
mf
cr
All shad-ows from the truth will fall, And false-hood die, in sight of Thee:
cr
O quick-ly come: for doubt and fear Like clouds dis-solve when Thou art near. AMEN.

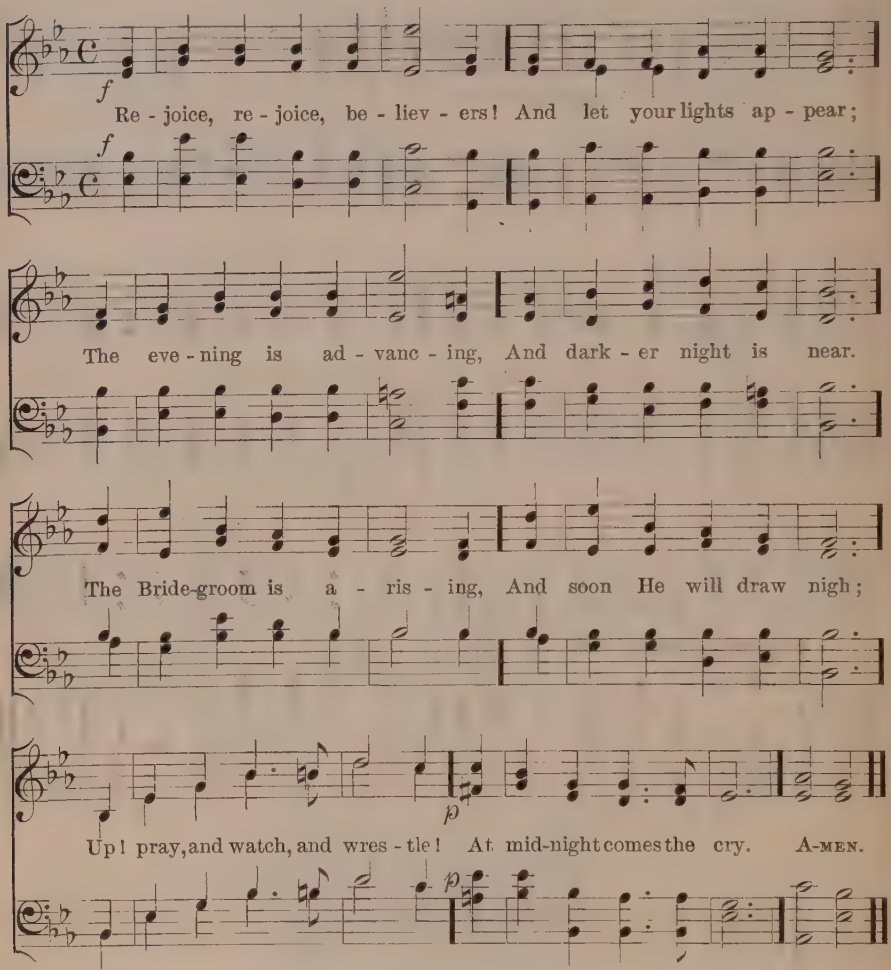
mf 2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin;
cr O quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

mf 3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
p For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
cr O quickly come: for grief and pain
f Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

mf 4 O quickly come, sure Light of all,
p For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
cr Come, quickly come: for round Thy throne
f No eye is blind, no night is known.

L. Tuttiett

43 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. GREENLAND
Lausanne Psalter


f
Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;
The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.
The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh;
p
Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid-night comes the cry. A-MEN.

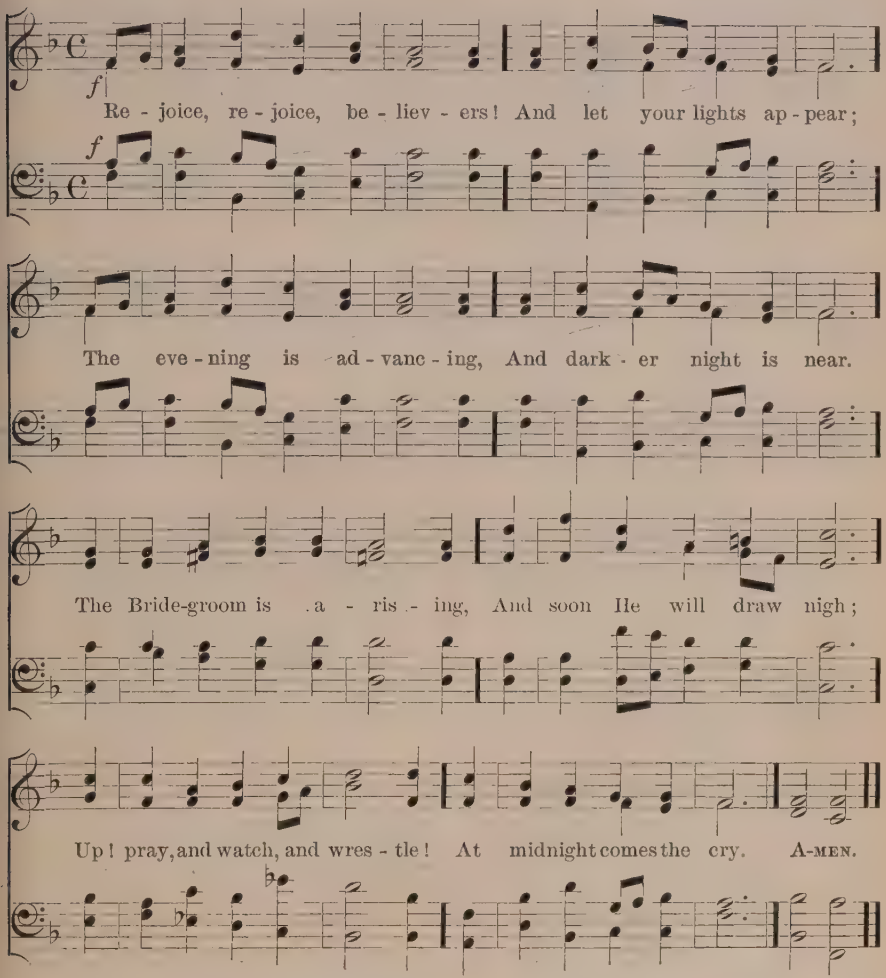
mf 2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
cr Go meet Him as He cometh,
f With alleluias clear.

f 3 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until in songs of triumph
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

mp 4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesu, now appear;
cr Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
f With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee!

L. Laurenti: TR. *S. Findlater*

43 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. MUNICH *German*


f
Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;
The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.
The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh;
Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At midnight comes the cry. A-MEN.

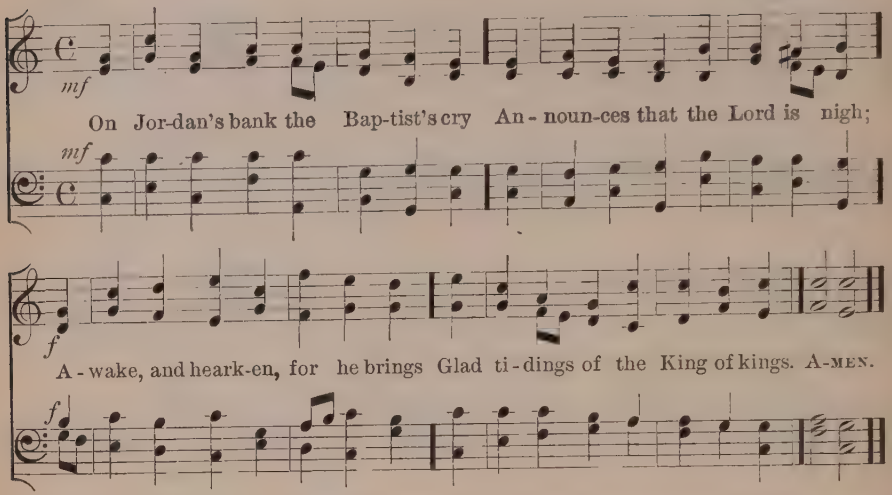
mf 2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
cr Go meet Him as He cometh,
f With alleluias clear.

f 3 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until in songs of triumph
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

mf 4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesu, now appear;
cr Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
f With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee!

L. Laurenti: TR. *S. Findlater*

44 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. WINCHESTER, NEW *Crasselius*


mf
On Jor-dan's bank the Bap-tist's cry An-noun-ces that the Lord is nigh;
mf
f
A-wake, and heark-en, for he brings Glad ti-dings of the King of kings. A-MEN.
f

mf 2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

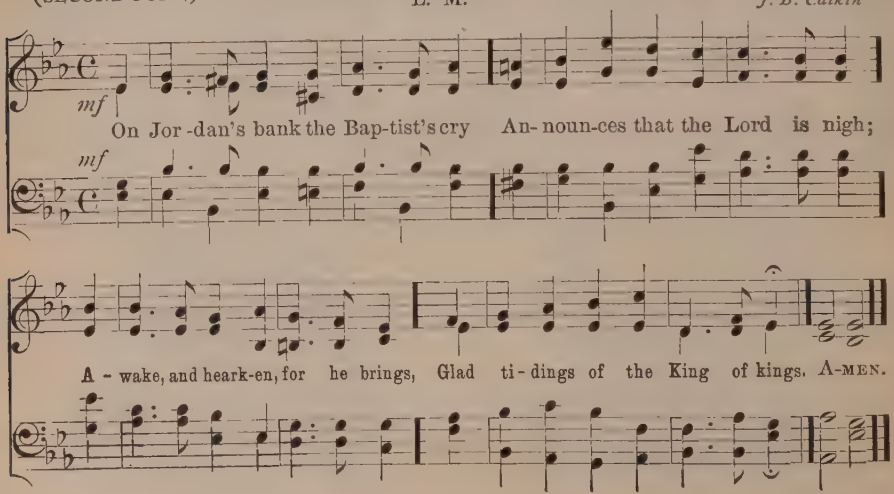
f 3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge and our great Reward;
dim Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

mf 4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
cr Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

f 5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose Advent set Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

C. Coffin: TR. *J. Chandler*

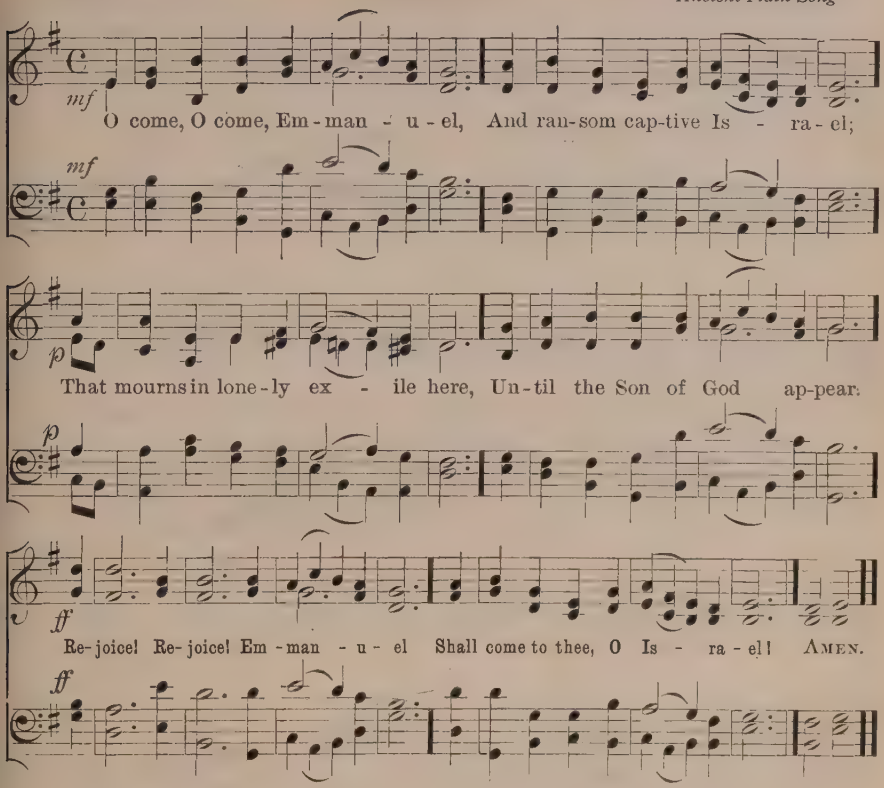
(SECOND TUNE) L. M. CAMDEN *J. B. Calkin*


mf
On Jor-dan's bank the Bap-tist's cry An-noun-ces that the Lord is nigh;
mf
A-wake, and heark-en, for he brings, Glad ti-dings of the King of kings. A-MEN.

45 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

VENI EMMANUEL, No. 1
Ancient Plain Song


mf
O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el;
mf
p
That mourns in lone-ly ex - ile here, Un-til the Son of God ap-pear.
p
ff
Re-joice! Re-joice! Em - man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!
AMEN.
ff

mf 2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
cr And give them victory o'er the grave.
ff Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

mf 3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
ff Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

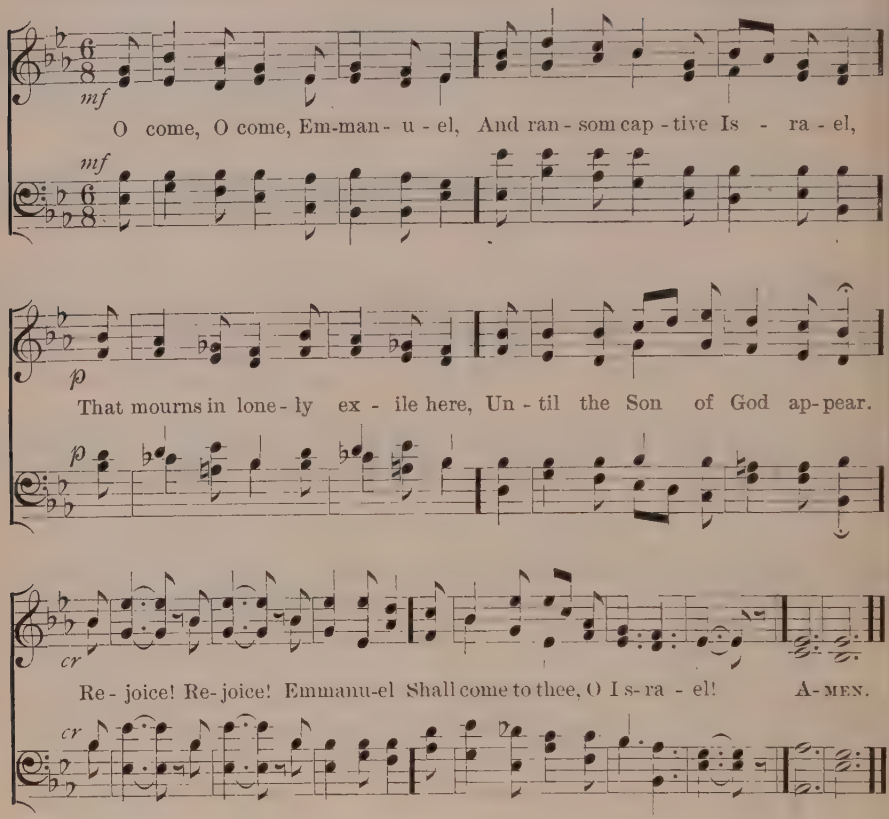
mf 4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
ff Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

mf 5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
ff Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

TR. *J. M. Neale*

This hymn may be sung in HARMONY throughout, or the first four lines of each verse in UNISON, and the last two lines in HARMONY.

45 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. VENI EMMANUEL, No 2
C. Gounod


mf
O come, O come, Em-man- u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el,
mf
p
That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap-pear.
p
cr
Re - joice! Re-joice! Emmanu-el Shall come to thee, O I s-ra - el! A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
cr And give them victory o'er the grave.
ff Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

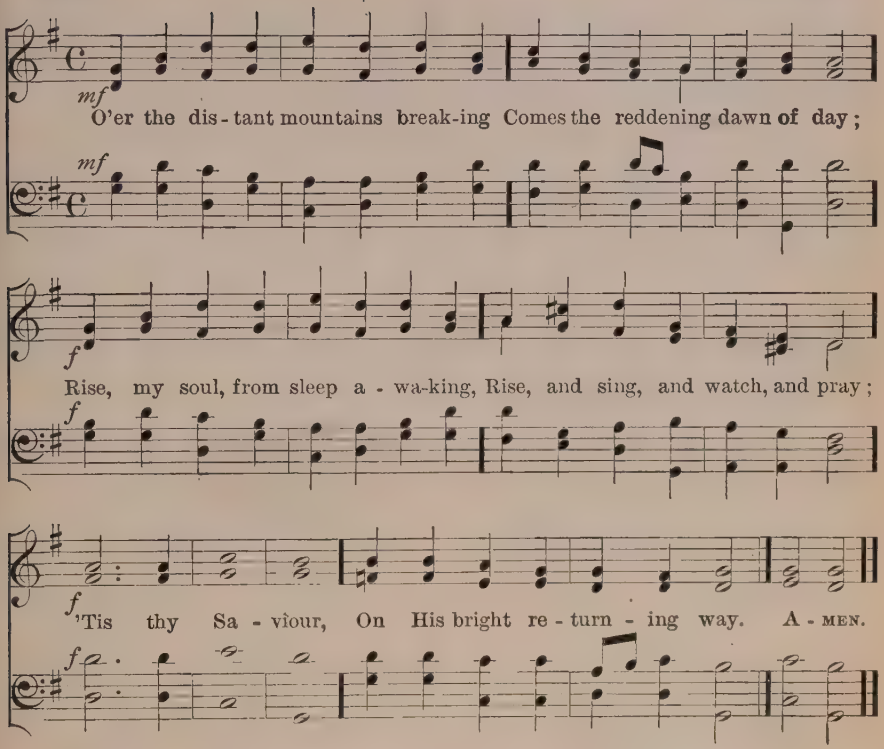
mf 3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
ff Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

mf 4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
ff Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

mf 5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
ff Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

TR. *J. M. Neale*

46 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. SALVATOR AMICUS *G. Hirst*


mf
O'er the dis - tant mountains break-ing Comes the reddening dawn of day;
mf
f
Rise, my soul, from sleep a - wa-king, Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
f
f
'Tis thy Sa - viour, On His bright re - turn - ing way. A - MEN.
f

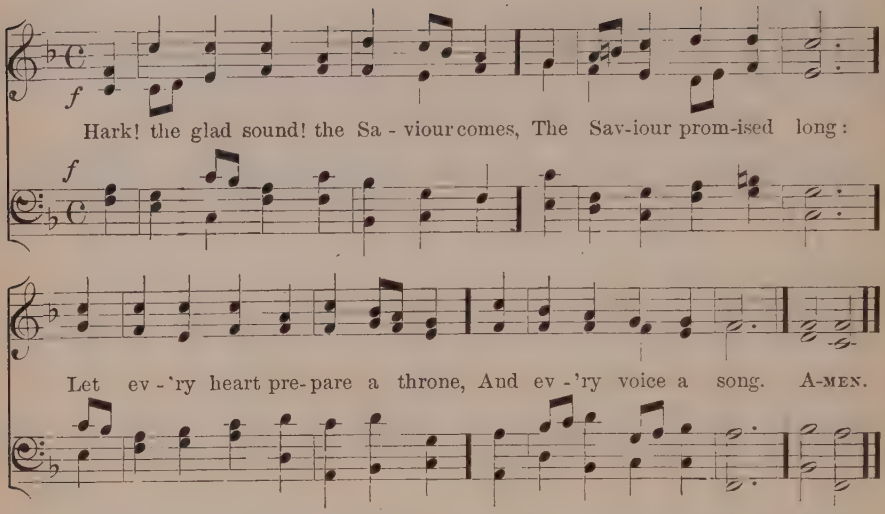
mf 2 O Thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,
p Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

mf 3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
cr Spent the night, the day at hand;
pp Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

mf 4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
cr Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
f Come, my Saviour,
Thou hast promised: quickly come.

I. S. B. Monsell

47 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. HERMANN *N. Hermann*


Hark! the glad sound! the Sa - viour comes, The Sav-iour prom-ised long:
Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song. A-MEN.

f 2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

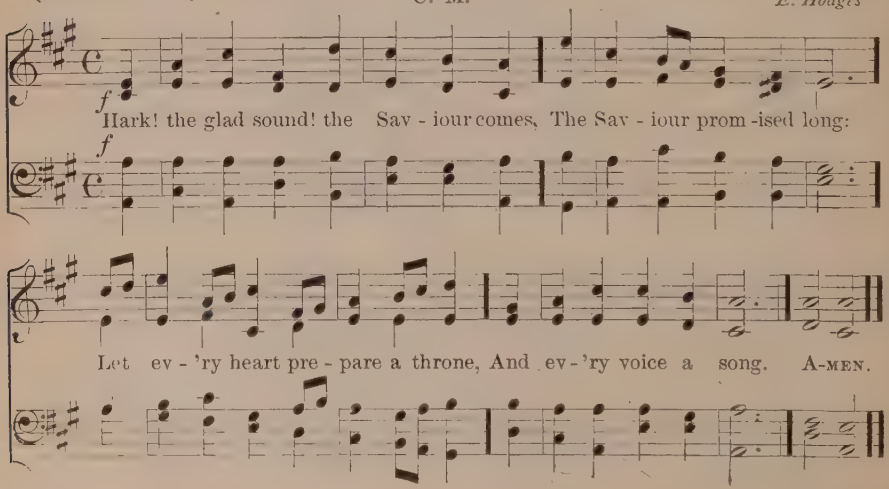
f 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

p 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure:
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

f 5 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
ff And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

P. Doddridge

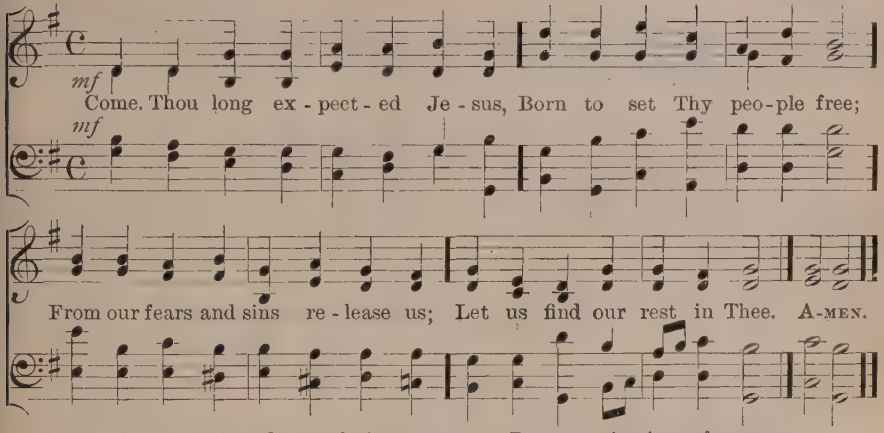
(SECOND TUNE) C. M. BRISTOL *E. Hodges*


Hark! the glad sound! the Sav - iour comes, The Sav - iour prom-ised long:
Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song. A-MEN.

48 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

STUTTGARD
H. L. Hassler


mf
Come. Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
mf
From our fears and sins re - lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee. A-MEN.

mf 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
cr Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

mf 3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

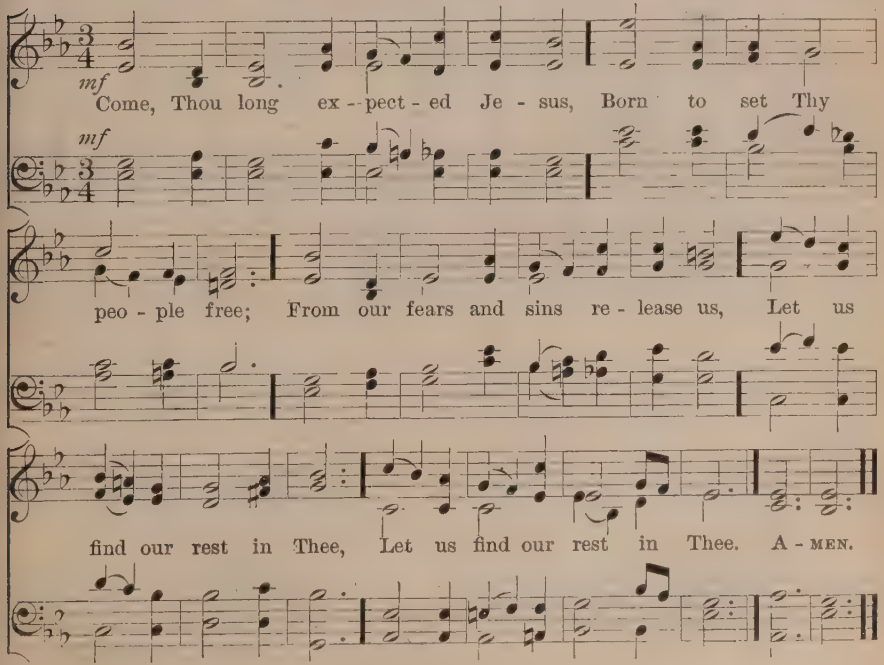
p 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
cr By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

C. Wesley

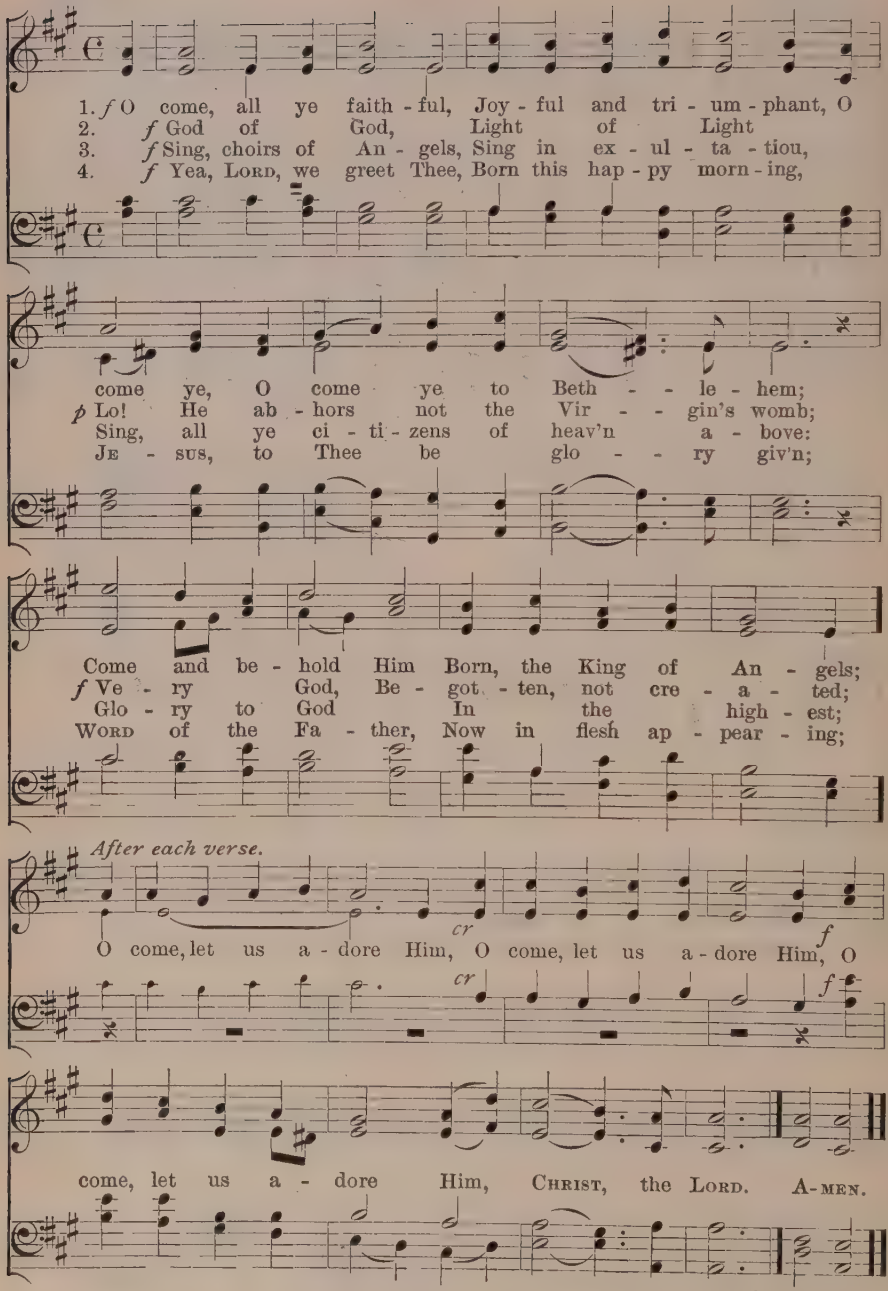
(SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

EXPECTATION
Mendelssohn

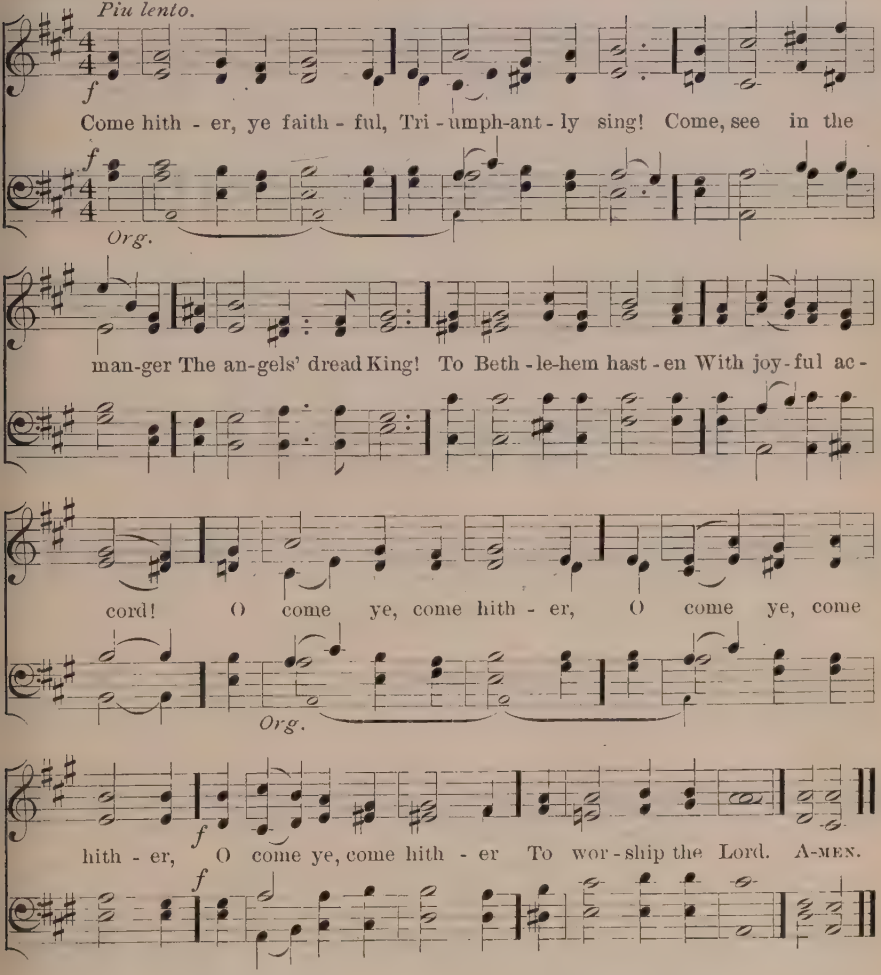

mf
Come, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy
mf
peo - ple free; From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us
find our rest in Thee, Let us find our rest in Thee. A - MEN.

49 P. M. ADESTE FIDELES *J. Reading*


1. f O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O
2. f God of God, Light of Light
3. f Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tiou,
4. f Yea, LORD, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,
come ye, O come ye to Beth - - le - hem;
p Lo! He ab - hors not the Vir - - gin's womb;
Sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of heav'n a - bove:
JE - SUS, to Thee be glo - - ry giv'n;
Come and be - hold Him Born, the King of An - gels;
f Ve - ry God, Be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;
Glo - ry to God In the high - est;
WORD of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;
After each verse.
cr
f
O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O
cr
f
come, let us a - dore Him, CHRIST, the LORD. A-MEN.

TR. *F. Oakeley*

50 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. BARNBY *J. Barnby*


Piu lento.
f
Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, Tri - umph-ant - ly sing! Come, see in the
Org.
man-ger The an-gels' dread King! To Beth - le-hem hast - en With joy - ful ac -
cord! O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come
Org.
hith - er, O come ye, come hith - er To wor - ship the Lord. A-MEN.

mf 2 True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
p To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
cr To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

p 3 Hark! hark to the angels!
All singing in heav'n,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
cr To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

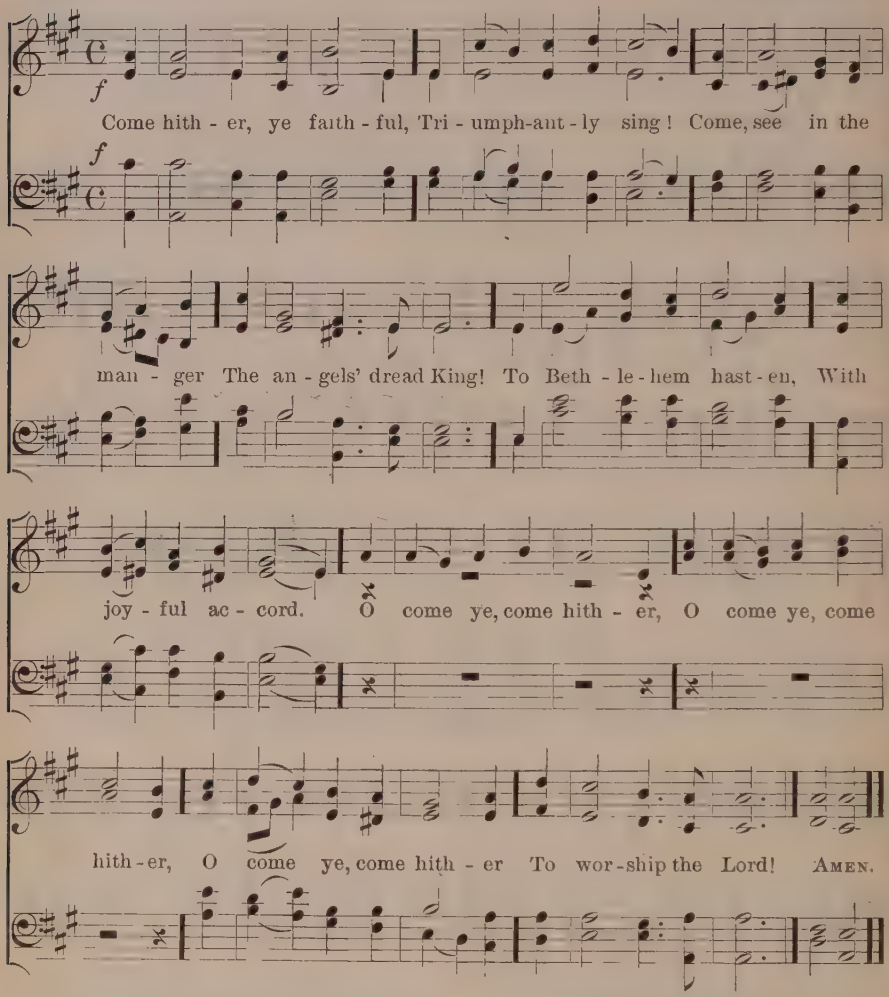
f 4 To Thee, then, O Jesu,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honour
Through heaven and earth;
True Godhead incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten,
O come, let us hasten,
O come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

TR. *E. Caswall*

50 (SECOND TUNE)

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

ADESTE FIDELES
J. Reading


Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, Tri - umph-ant - ly sing! Come, see in the
man - ger The an - gels' dread King! To Beth - le - hem hast - en, With
joy - ful ac - cord. O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come
hith - er, O come ye, come hith - er To wor - ship the Lord! AMEN.

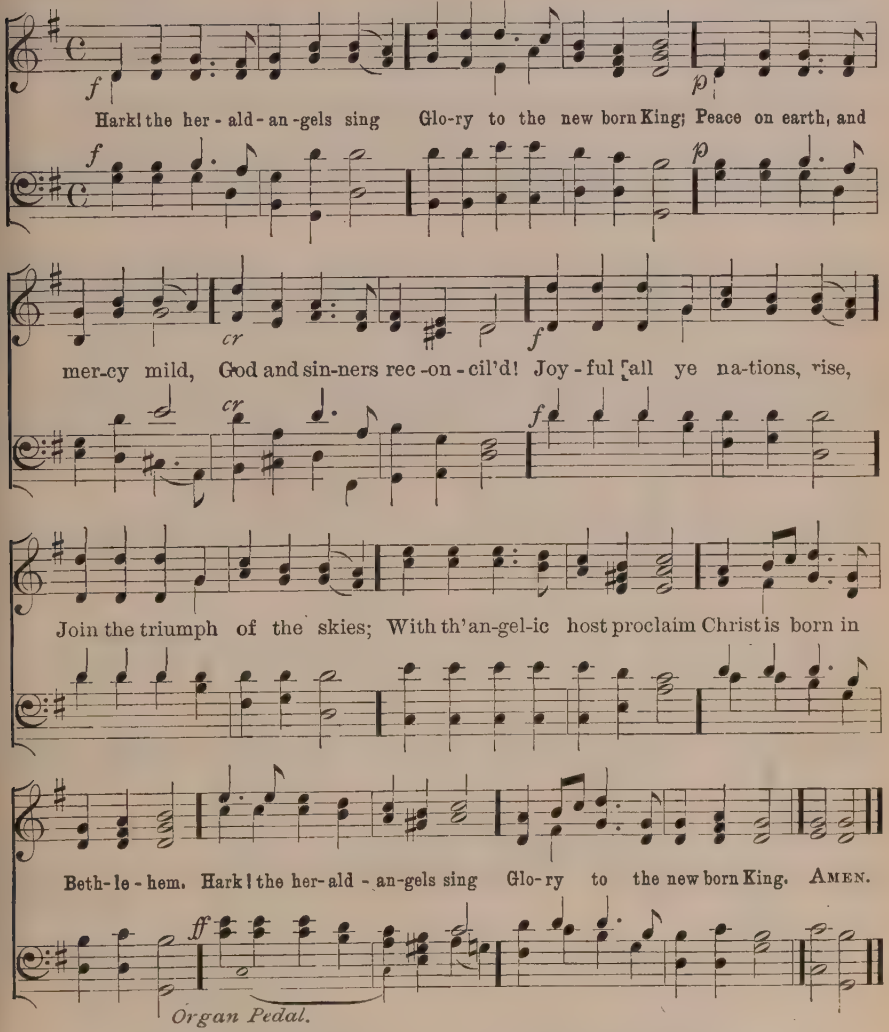
mf 2 True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
p To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
cr To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

p 3 Hark! hark to the angels!
All singing in heav'n,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
cr To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

f 4 To Thee, then, O Jesu,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honour
Through heaven and earth;
True Godhead incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten,
O come, let us hasten,
O come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

TR. *E. Caswall*

51 7. 7. 7. 7. D. With Refrain. MENDELSSOHN *Mendelssohn*


Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new born King; Peace on earth, and
mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - cil'd! Joy - ful all ye na - tions, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies; With th'an - gel - ic host proclaim Christ is born in
Beth - le - hem. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new born King. AMEN.
Organ Pedal.

f 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
dim Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

p 4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
cr Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

mf 5 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

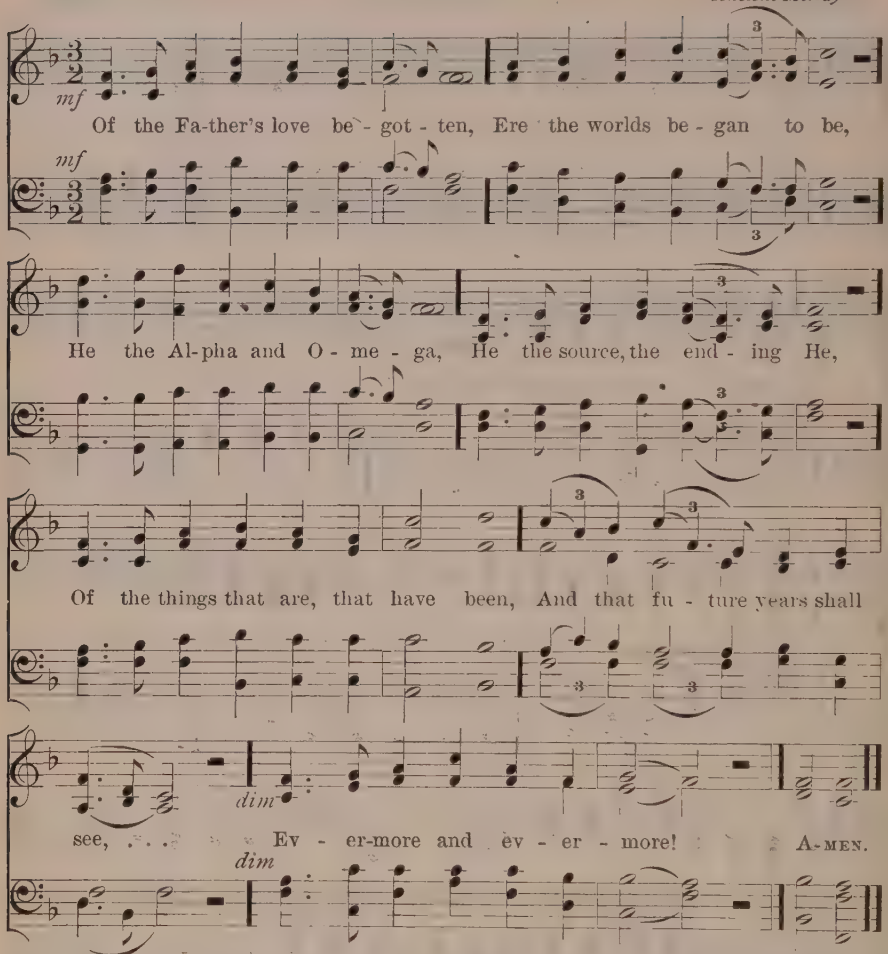
cr 6 Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
f Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

C. Wesley

52

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

CORDE NATUS, No. 1
Ancient Melody


mf
Of the Fa-ther's love be - got - ten, Ere the worlds be - gan to be,
mf
He the Al-pha and O - me - ga, He the source, the end - ing He,
Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu - ture years shall
dim
see, Ev - er-more and ev - er - more! A-MEN.
dim

mf 2 O that ever-blessèd birthday,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
First displayed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

f 3 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens!
Praise Him, angels in the height!
Every power and every virtue
Sing the praise of God aright:
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore!

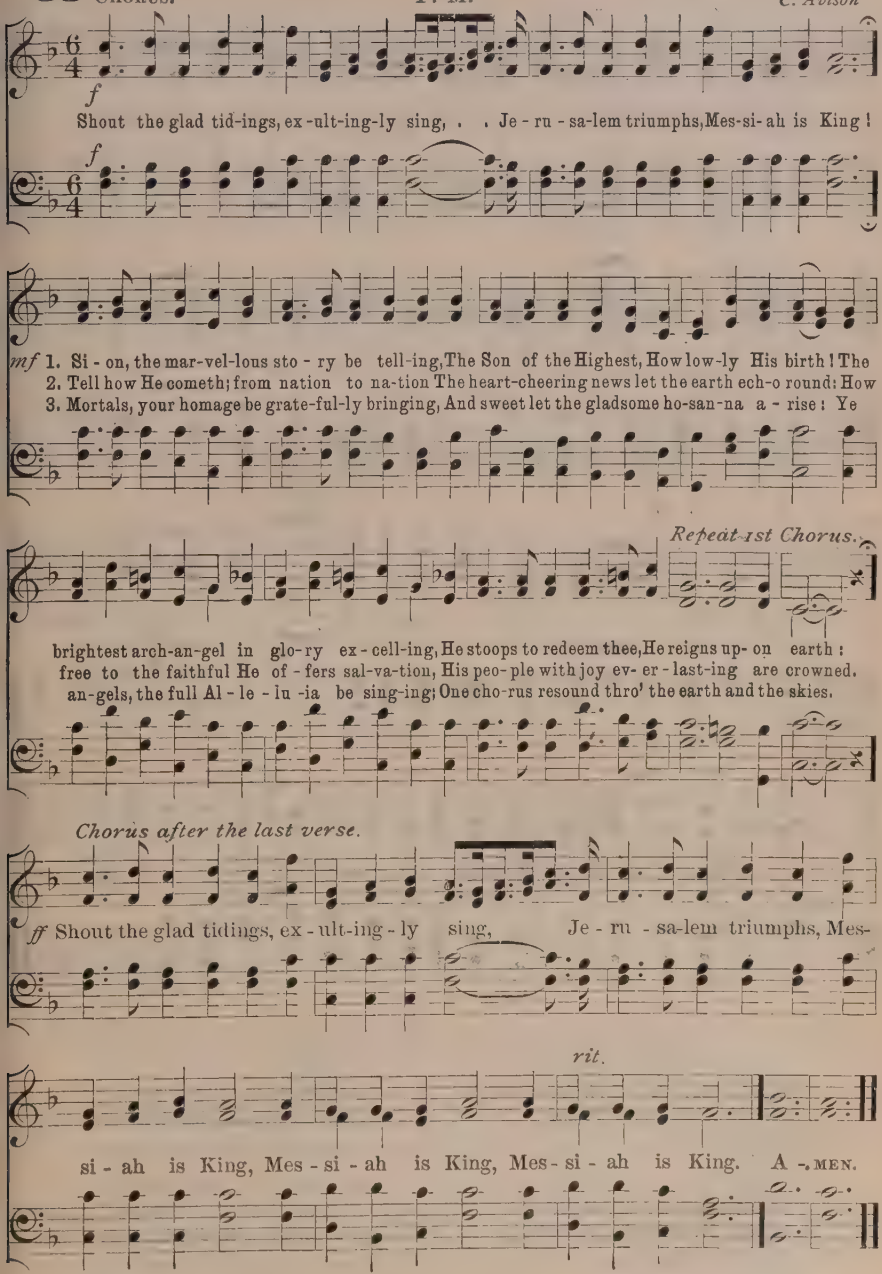
mf 4 Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing;
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering.
Let their guileless song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

f 5 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving.
And unwearied praises be:
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore!

A. C. Prudentius: TR. *J. M. Neale* and *H. W. Baker*

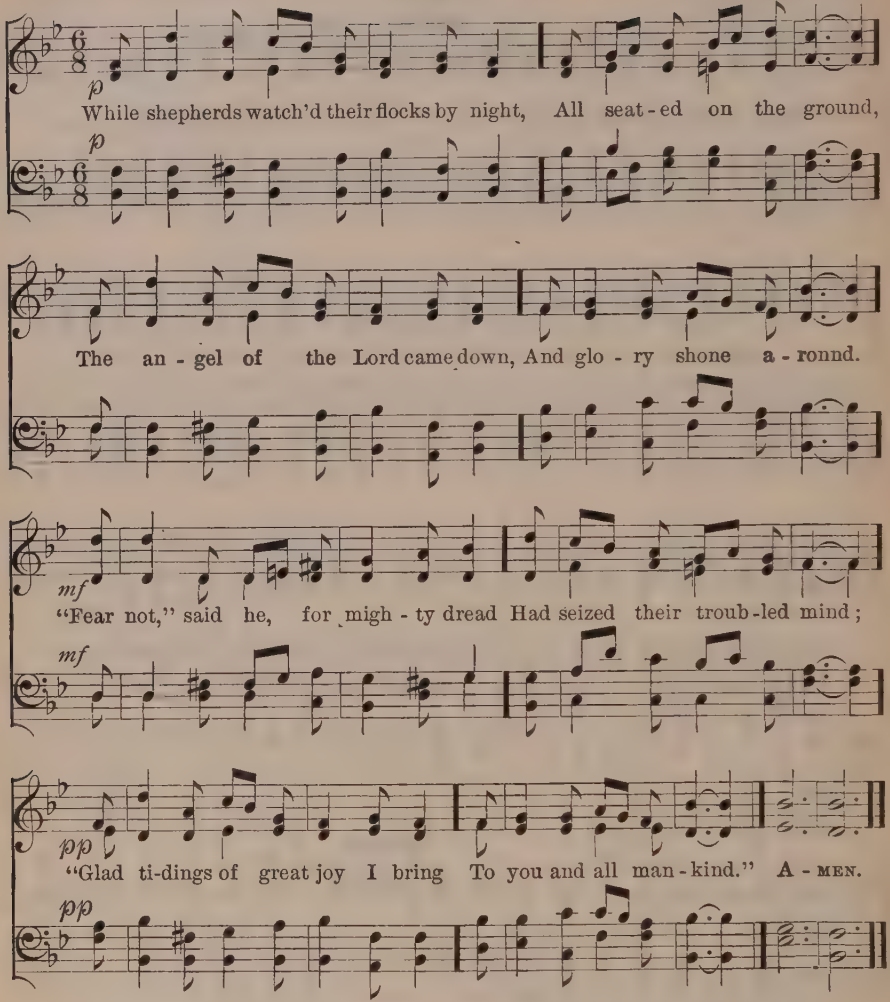
Christmas

53 CHORUS. P. M. AVISON
C. Avison


f
Shout the glad tid-ings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing, . . Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King!
f
mf 1. Si-on, the mar-vel-lous sto-ry be tell-ing, The Son of the Highest, How low-ly His birth! The
2. Tell how He cometh; from nation to na-tion The heart-cheering news let the earth ech-o round: How
3. Mortals, your homage be grate-ful-ly bringing, And sweet let the gladsome ho-san-na a-rise: Ye
Repeat 1st Chorus.
brightest arch-an-gel in glo-ry ex-cell-ing, He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns up-on earth:
free to the faithful He of-fers sal-va-tion, His peo-ple with joy ev-er-last-ing are crowned.
an-gels, the full Al-le-lu-ia be sing-ing; One cho-rus resound thro' the earth and the skies.
Chorus after the last verse.
ff Shout the glad tidings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing, Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-
rit.
si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King. A-MEN.

W. A. Muhlenberg

54 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. D. CAROL *R. S. Willis*


p
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,
The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-ronnd.
mf
"Fear not," said he, for migh-ty dread Had seized their troub-led mind;
pp
"Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind." A-MEN.

mf 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:"

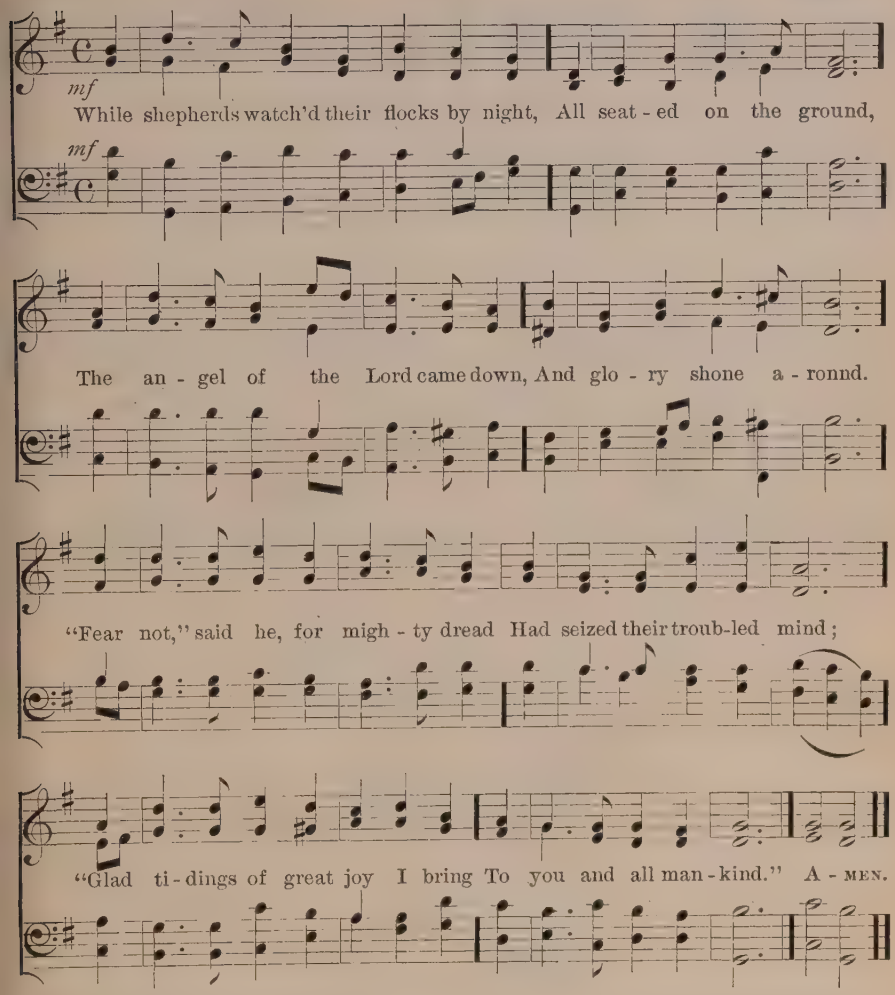
mf 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

mf 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
cr Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

f 6 "All glory be to God on high,
dim And to the earth be peace; [men
cr Good-will henceforth from heaven to
f Begin and never cease."

N. Tate

54 (SECOND TUNE) C. M. D. ST. URSULA *F. Westlake*


mf
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
mf
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - ronnd.
"Fear not," said he, for migh - ty dread Had seized their troub-led mind;
"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind." A - MEN.

mf 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:"

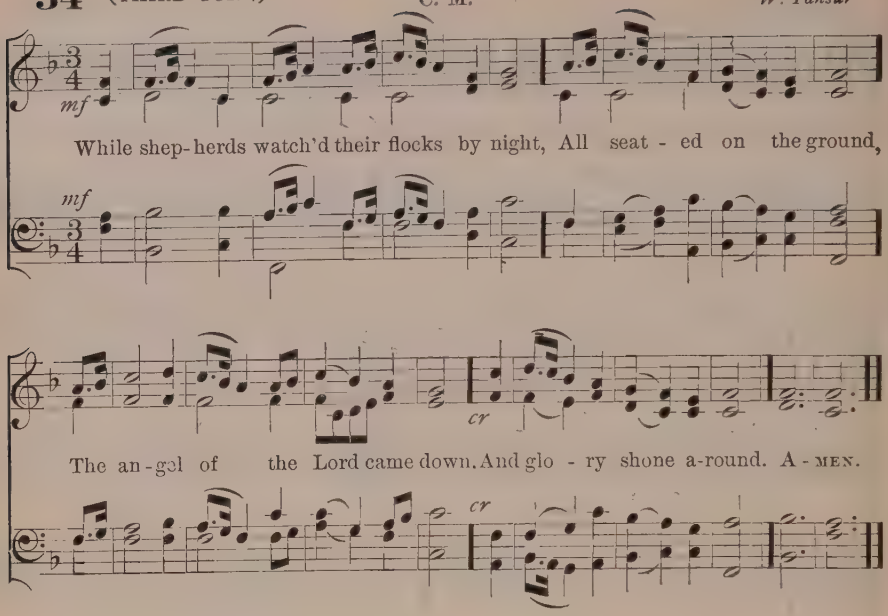
mf 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

mf 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

f 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace; [men
Good-will henceforth from heaven to
Begin and never cease."

N. Tate

54 (THIRD TUNE) C. M. ST. MARTIN'S *W. Tansur*


mf
While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
mf
cr
The an-gel of the Lord came down. And glo - ry shone a-round. A - MEN.
cr

mf 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:"

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

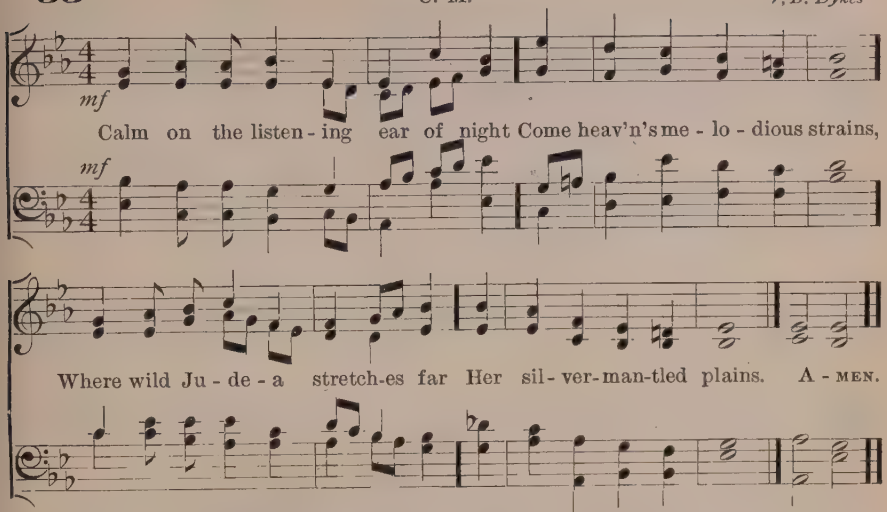
6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease." Amen.

N. Tate

55 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

ELVET
J. B. Dykes


mf
Calm on the listen - ing ear of night Come heav'n's me - lo - dious strains,
mf
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch-es far Her sil - ver-man-tled plains. A - MEN.

2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

mf 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
cr And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-Spring from on high.

mf 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
cr And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

f 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
p "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

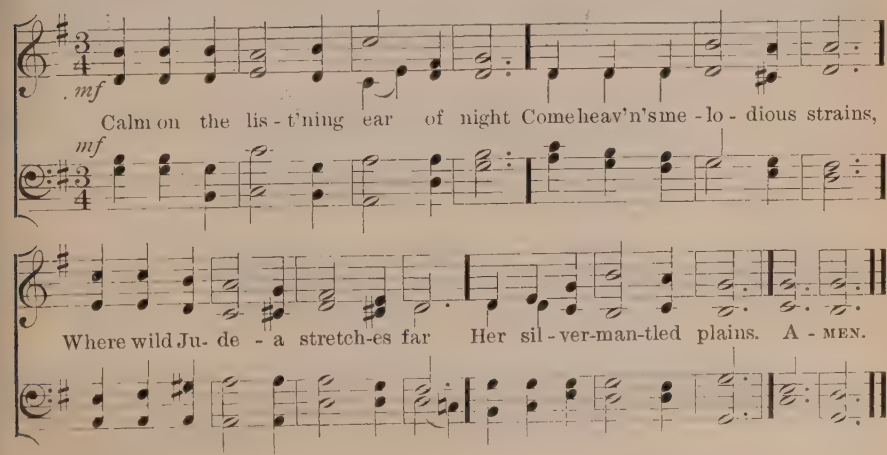
mf 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born: [plains
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. Sears

(SECOND TUNE)

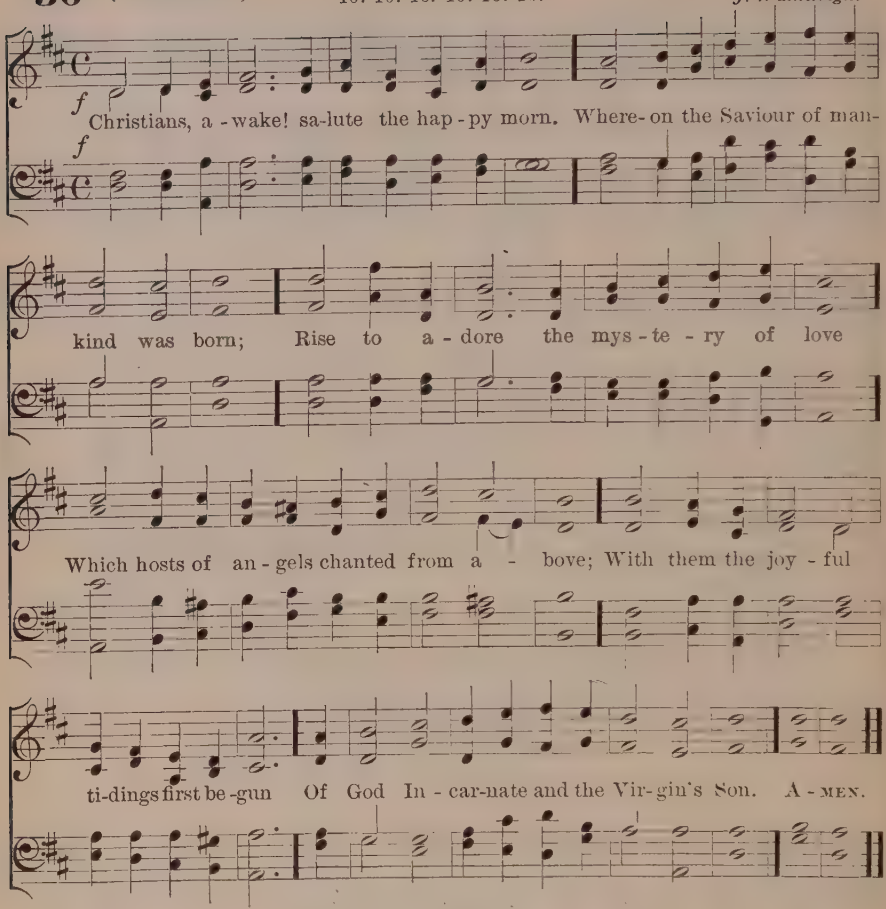
C. M.

ST. AGNES
J. B. Dykes


mf
Calm on the lis - t'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me - lo - dious strains,
mf
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch-es far Her sil - ver-man-tled plains. A - MEN.

56 (FIRST TUNE) 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

YORKSHIRE
J. Wainwright


f
Christians, a - wake! sa-lute the hap - py morn. Where-on the Saviour of man-
kind was born; Rise to a - dore the mys - te - ry of love
Which hosts of an - gels chanted from a - bove; With them the joy - ful
ti-dings first be-gun Of God In - car-nate and the Vir-gin's Son. A - MEN.

mf 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

mf 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
cr In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
f And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
dim Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

mf 4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
dim To see the wonder God had wrought for man:
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid.

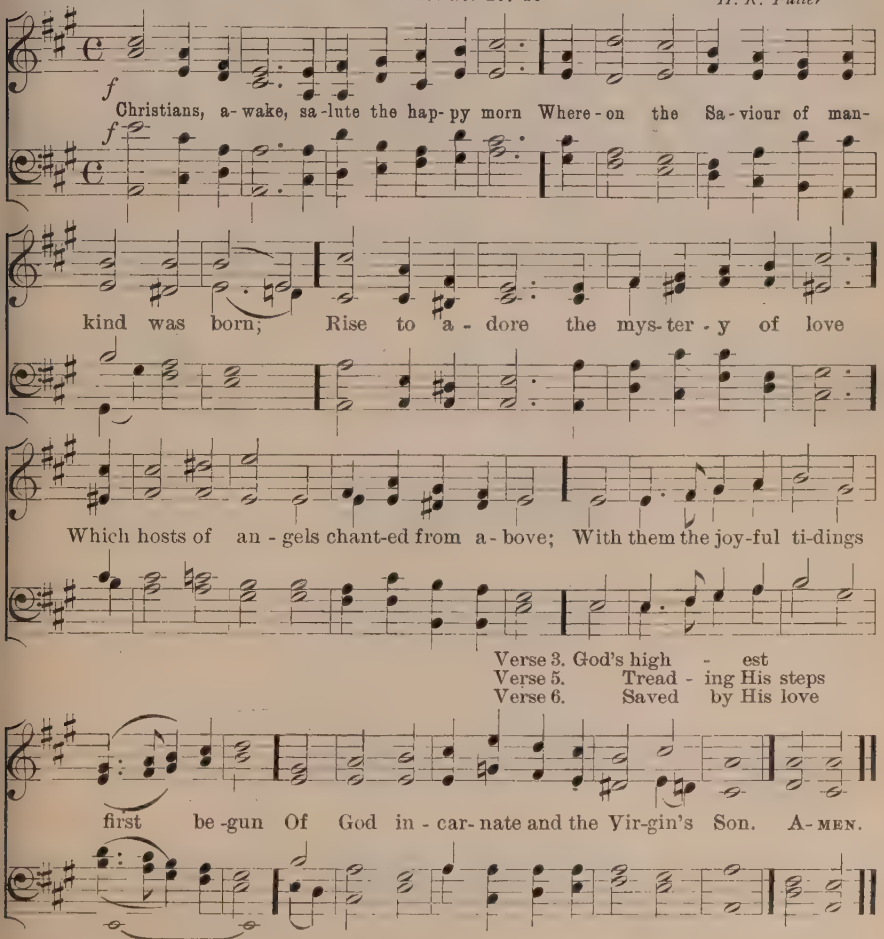
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
cr Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.

mf 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

cr 6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
f To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

J. Byrom

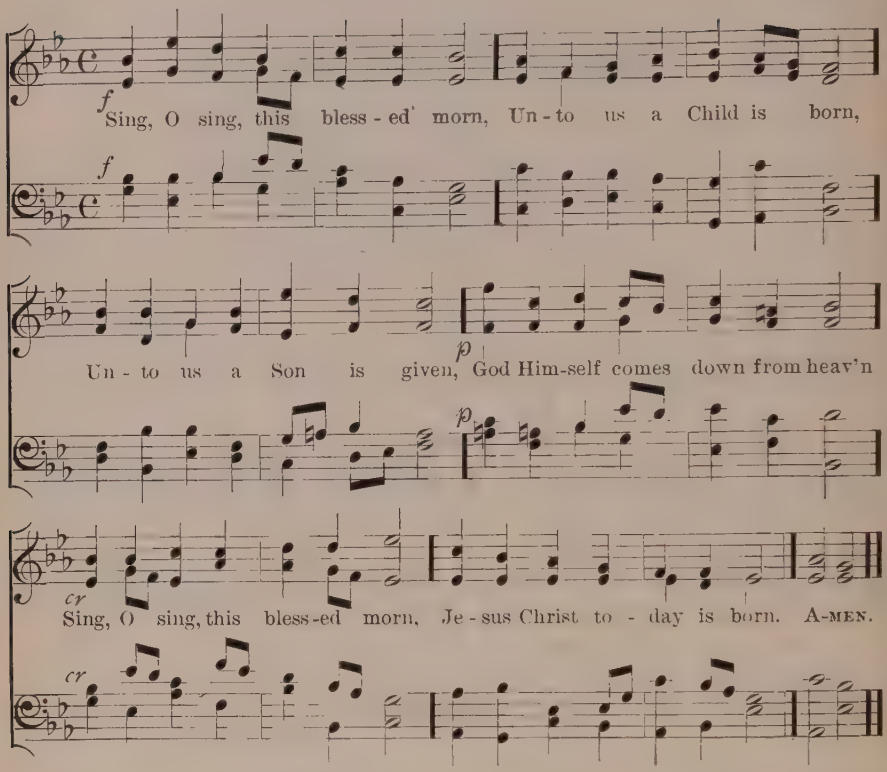
56 (SECOND TUNE) 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. CHRISTIANS, AWAKE *H. K. Fuller*


f
Christians, a-wake, sa-lute the hap-py morn Where-on the Sa-viour of man-
kind was born; Rise to a-dore the mys-ter-y of love
Which hosts of an-gels chant-ed from a-bove; With them the joy-ful ti-dings
Verse 3. God's high - est
Verse 5. Tread - ing His steps
Verse 6. Saved by His love
first be-gun Of God in-car-nate and the Vir-gin's Son. A-MEN.

By permission of C. L. Hutchins.

57 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. With Refrain.

HEATHLANDS
H. Smart


f
Sing, O sing, this bless - ed morn, Un - to us a Child is born,
f
p
Un - to us a Son is given, God Him-self comes down from heav'n
p
cr
Sing, O sing, this bless-ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born. A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, O sing, etc.

mf 3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fullness of His grace.
cr Sing, O sing, etc.

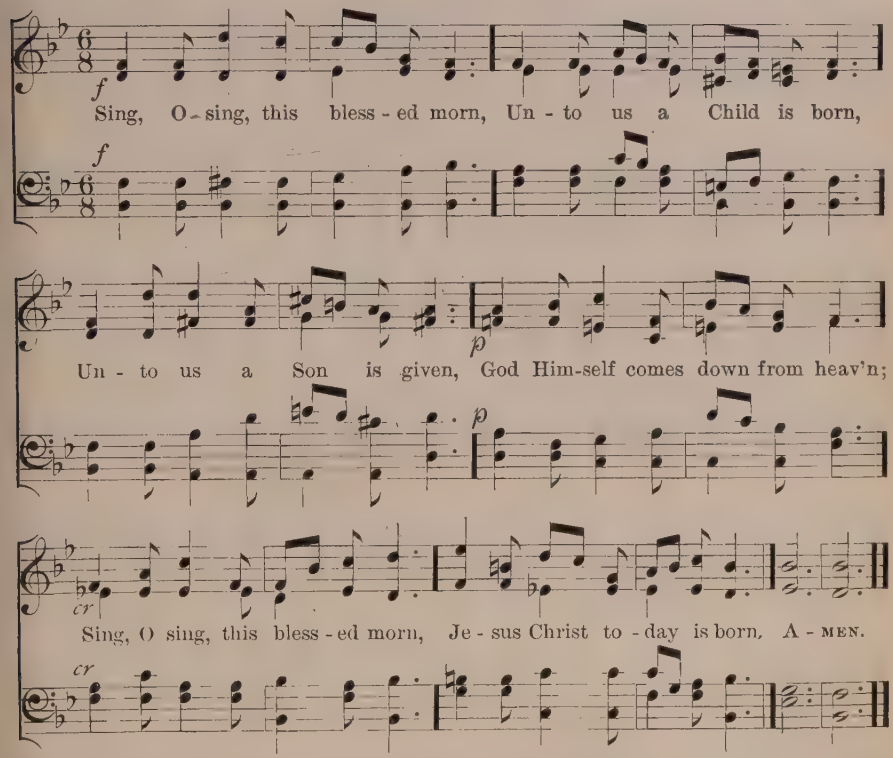
mf 4 God comes down that man may rise,
cr Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, O sing, etc.

mf 5 O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
f Sing, O sing, etc.

C. Wordsworth

57 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. With Refrain.

BLESSED MORN
C. F. Roper


f
Sing, O - sing, this bless - ed morn, Un - to us a Child is born,
p
Un - to us a Son is given, God Him-self comes down from heav'n;
cr
Sing, O sing, this bless - ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born, A - MEN.

mf 2 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, O sing, etc.

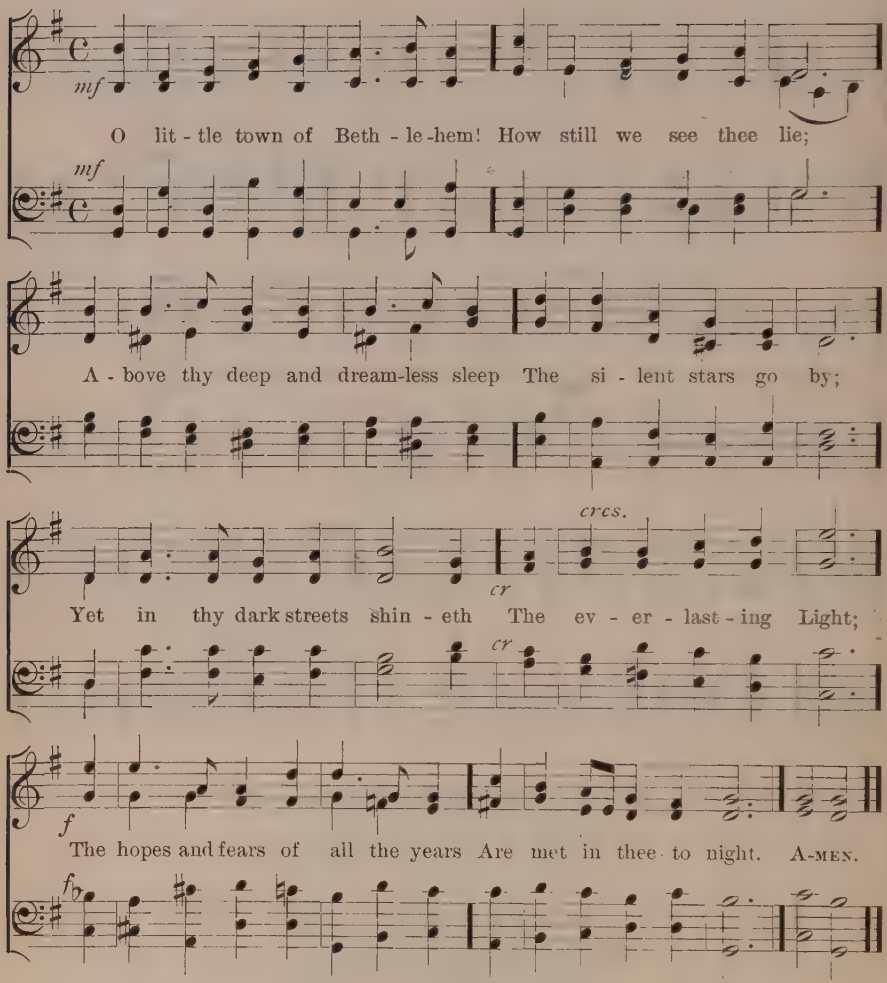
mp 3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fullness of His grace.
cr Sing, O sing, etc.

mf 4 God comes down that man may rise,
cr Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, O sing, etc.

mf 5 O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
f Sing, O sing, etc.

C. Wordsworth

58 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 8. 6. D. BETHLEHEM *I. Barnby*


mf
O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
mf
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
cres.
cr
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
cr
f
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to night. A-MEN.

mf 2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
f O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

mp 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
p No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

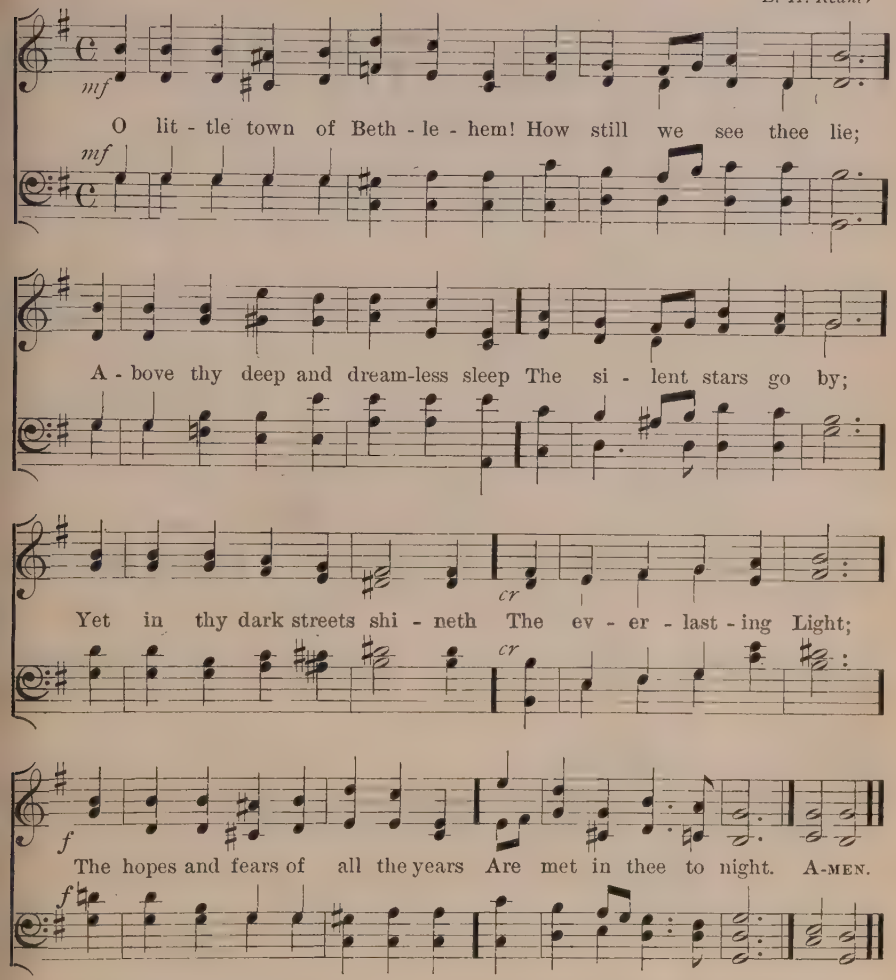
mf 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
cr Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
f We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Phillips Brooks

58 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 6. 8. 6. D.

ST. LOUIS
L. H. Redner


mf
O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
mf
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
cr
Yet in thy dark streets shi - neth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
cr
f
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to night. A-MEN.
f

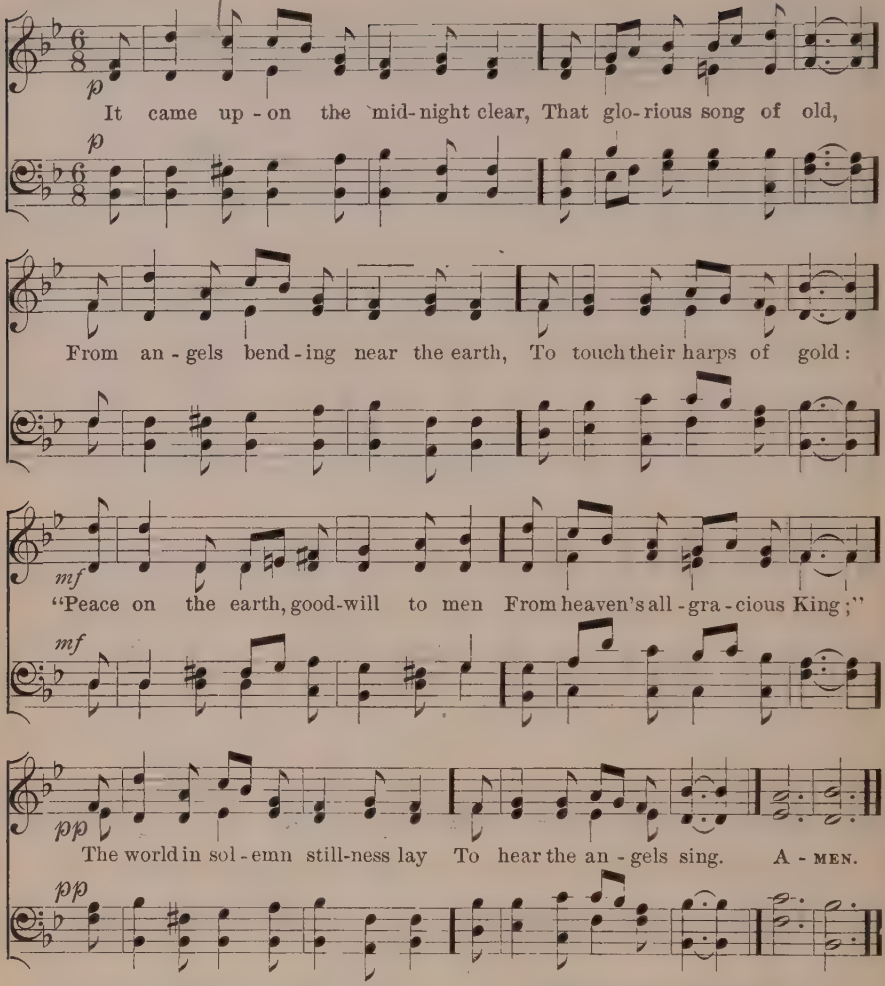
mf 2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
f O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

mp 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
p No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

mf 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
cr Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
f We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Phillips Brooks

59 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. D. CAROL *R. S. Willis*


p
It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
p
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
mf
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heaven's all - gra - cious King;"
mf
pp
The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing. A - MEN.
pp

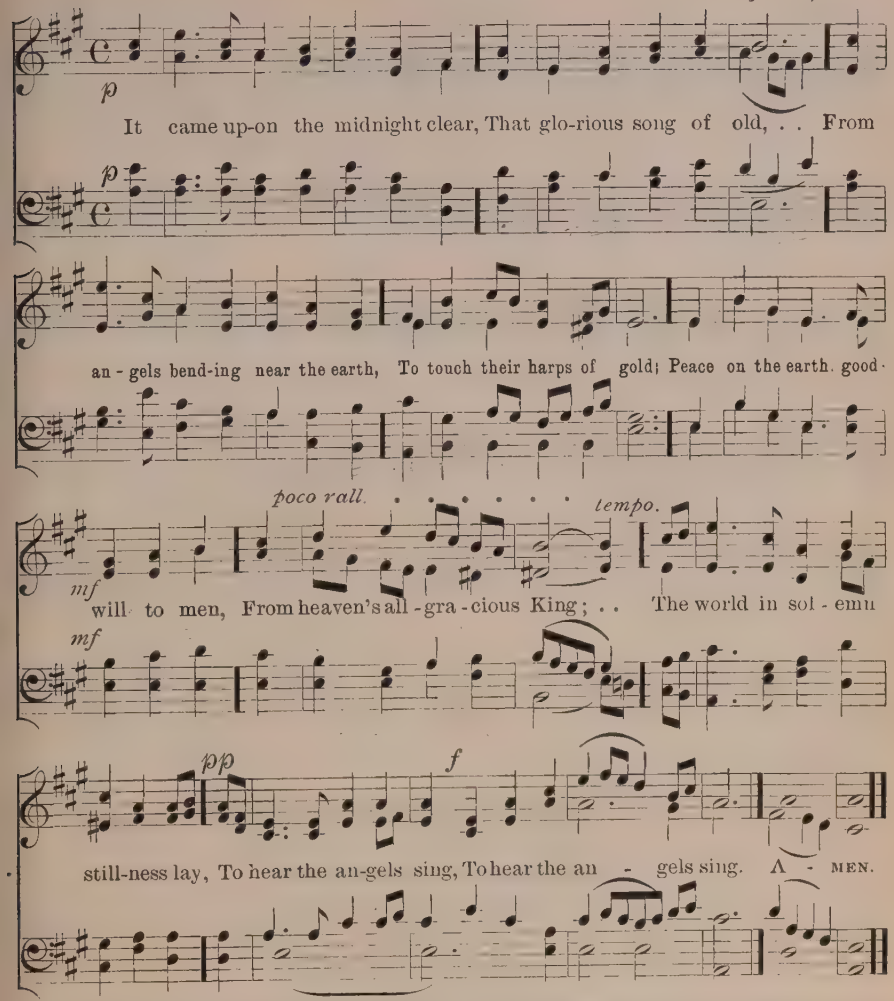
mf 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
dim Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
p The blessèd angels sing.

p 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
cr Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
dim O rest beside the weary road,
pp And hear the angels sing.

mf 4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold, [own
f When the new heaven and earth shall
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears

59 (SECOND TUNE) C. M. D. PRINCE OF PEACE *J. B. Dykes*


p
It came up-on the midnight clear, That glo-rious song of old, . . From
p
an - gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold; Peace on the earth, good-
poco rall. . . . . tempo.
mf
will to men, From heaven's all - gra - cious King; . . The world in sol - emn
mf
pp
f
still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing, To hear the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

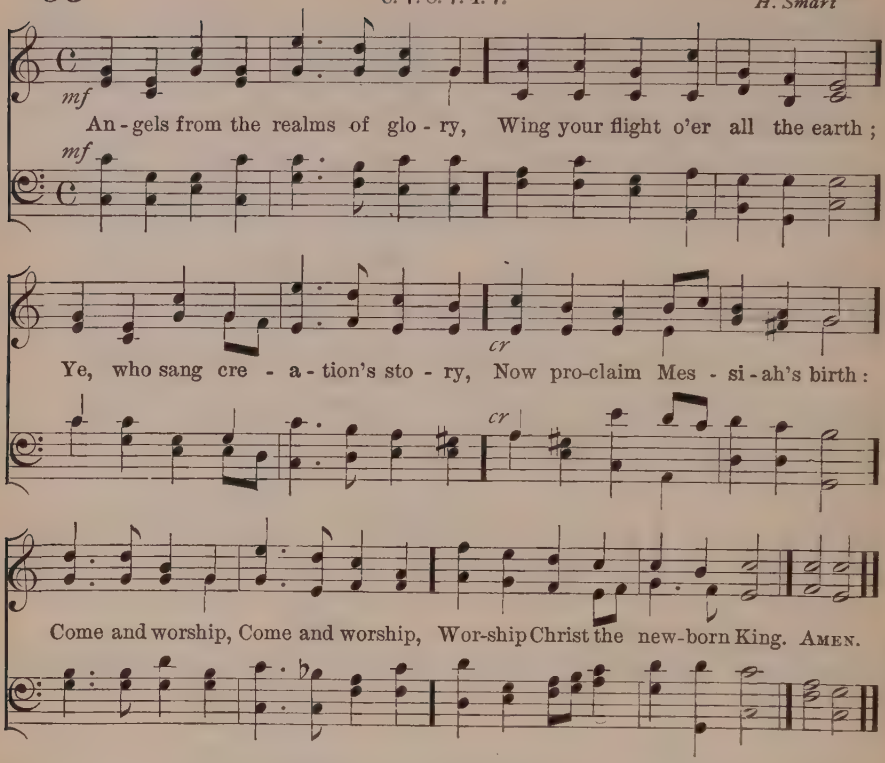
mf 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
dim Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
p The blessèd angels sing.

p 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
cr Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
dim O rest beside the weary road,
pp And hear the angels sing.

mf 4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold, [own
f When the new heaven and earth shall
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears

60 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. REGENT SQUARE *H. Smart*


mf
An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
mf
cr
Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth:
cr
Come and worship, Come and worship, Wor-ship Christ the new-born King. AMEN.

mf 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
f Come and worship,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King.

mf 3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
cr Come and worship,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King.

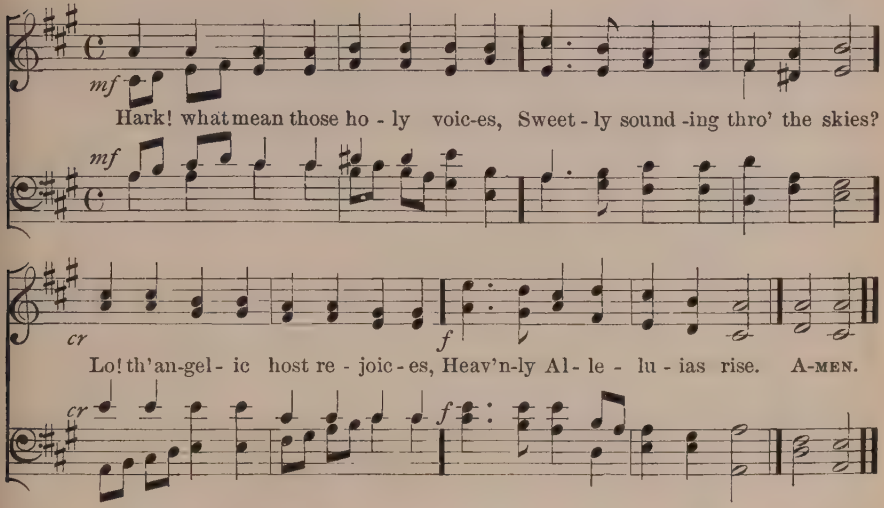
mf 4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
cr Come and worship,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. Montgomery

61 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

HOLY VOICES
G. J. Geer


mf
Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic-es, Sweet - ly sound -ing thro' the skies?
mf
cr
f
Lo! th'an-gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'n-ly Al - le - lu - ias rise. A-MEN.
cr
f

mf 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

f 4 "Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

p 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
cr Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
f Loud our golden harps shall sound.

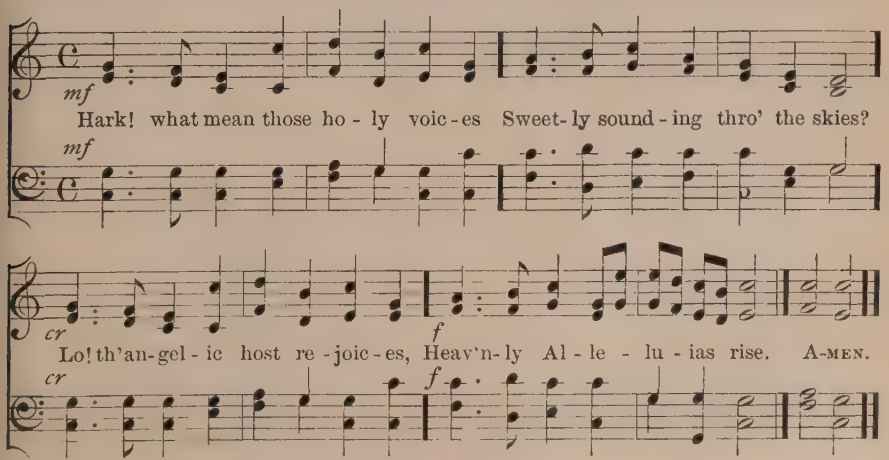
mf 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name to magnify,
cr Till in heaven ye sing before Him:
Glory be to God most high!"

J. Cawood

(SECOND TUNE)

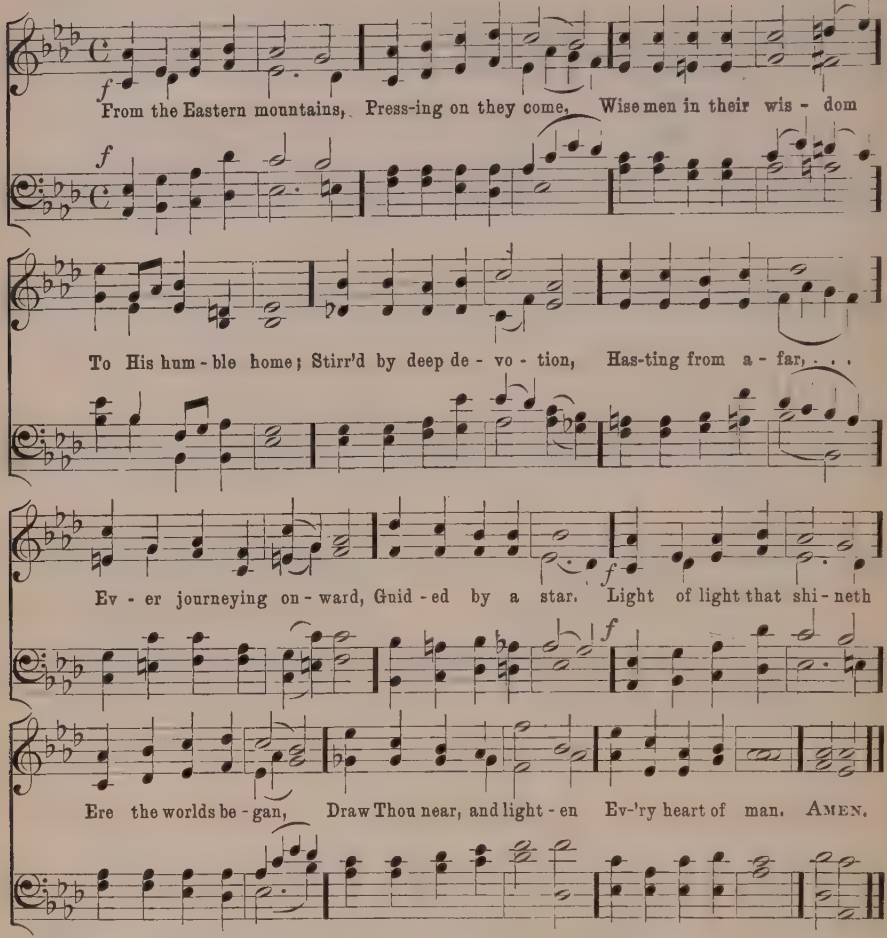
8. 7. 8. 7.

SIBERIA


mf
Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies?
mf
cr
f
Lo! th'an-gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'n - ly Al - le - lu - ias rise. A-MEN.
cr
f

62 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain

VALOUR
A. H. Mann


f
From the Eastern mountains, Press-ing on they come, Wise men in their wis - dom
f
To His hum - ble home; Stirr'd by deep de - vo - tion, Has-ting from a - far, . . .
Ev - er journeying on - ward, Guid - ed by a star. Light of light that shi - neth
f
Ere the worlds be - gan, Draw Thou near, and light - en Ev-'ry heart of man. AMEN.

mf 2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
cr Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
f As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.
f Light of Light, etc.

p 3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
f Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
mf Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
f Light of Light, etc.

mf 4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
cr Lead them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
f Light of Light, etc.

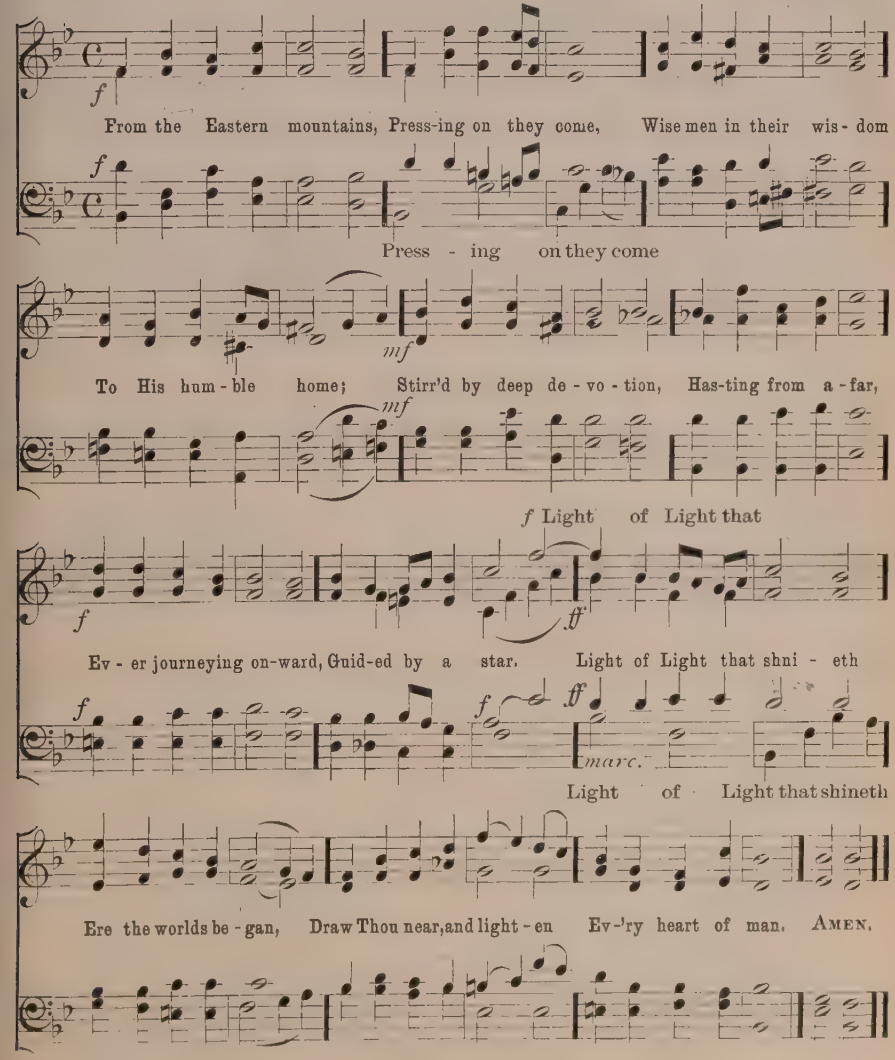
p 5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
cr Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
mf Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star:—
f Light of Light, etc.

cr 6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
ff To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
f Light of Light, etc.

G. Thring

62 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

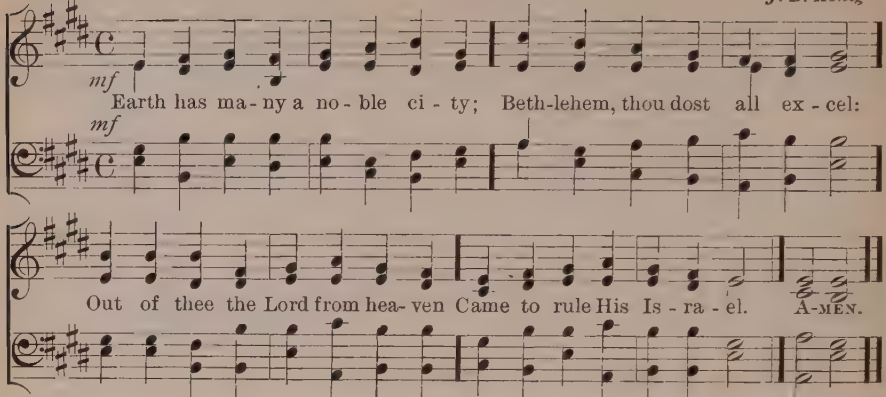
BRIGHTLY GLEAMS
H. J. Storer


From the Eastern mountains, Press-ing on they come, Wise men in their wis-dom
Press - ing on they come
To His hum-ble home; Stirr'd by deep de-vo-tion, Has-ting from a-far,
Light of Light that
Ev-er journeying on-ward, Guid-ed by a star. Light of Light that shni-eth
Light of Light that shineth
Ere the worlds be-gan, Draw Thou near, and light-en Ev-'ry heart of man. AMEN.

63

8. 7. 8. 7.

BATTY
J. B. Konig


mf
Earth has ma - ny a no - ble ci - ty; Beth-lehem, thou dost all ex - cel:
mf
Out of thee the Lord from hea - ven Came to rule His Is - ra - el. A-MEN.

f 2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

mf 3 Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

mf 4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
cr Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
dim Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

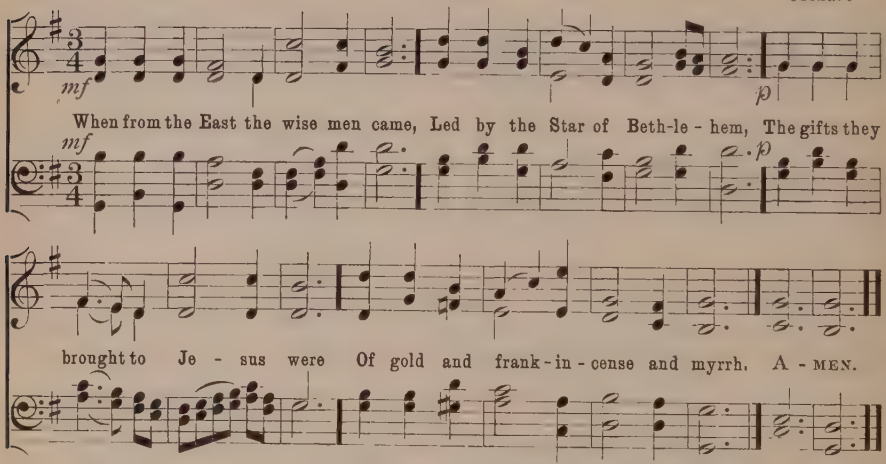
f 5 Jesu, Whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be.

A. C. Prudentius: TR. *E. Caswall*

64

L. M.

ST. MARK
Mozart


mf
When from the East the wise men came, Led by the Star of Beth-le - hem, The gifts they
mf
p
brought to Je - sus were Of gold and frank - in - cense and myrrh. A - MEN.

f 2 Bright gold of Ophir, passing fine,
Proclaims a King of royal line;
For David's son in David's town,
Is born the heir of David's crown.

mf 3 The incense-clouds, with fragrance rare,
The presence of a God declare;
Lo! kings in adoration fall,
For Mary's Son is Lord of all.

dim 4 The myrrh, with bitter taste, foreshows
A life of sorrows, wounds and woes;—
p The deadly cup, that overran
With anguish for the Son of Man.

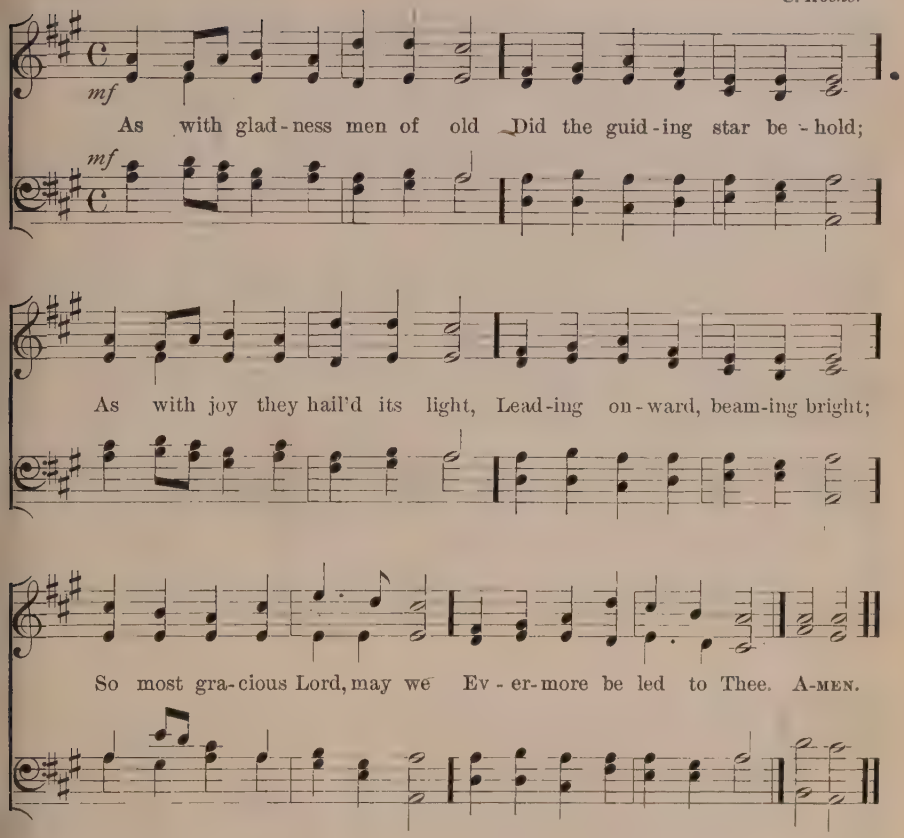
mf 5 Our gold upon Thine altar lies;
Our prayers to Thee, as incense, rise;
p Accept as myrrh our tears and sighs:
cr O King, O God, O Sacrifice.

J. H. Hopkins

65

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

DIX
C. Kocher


mf
As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;
mf
As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;
So most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-MEN.

mf 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth
cr So may we with willing feet [adore;
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

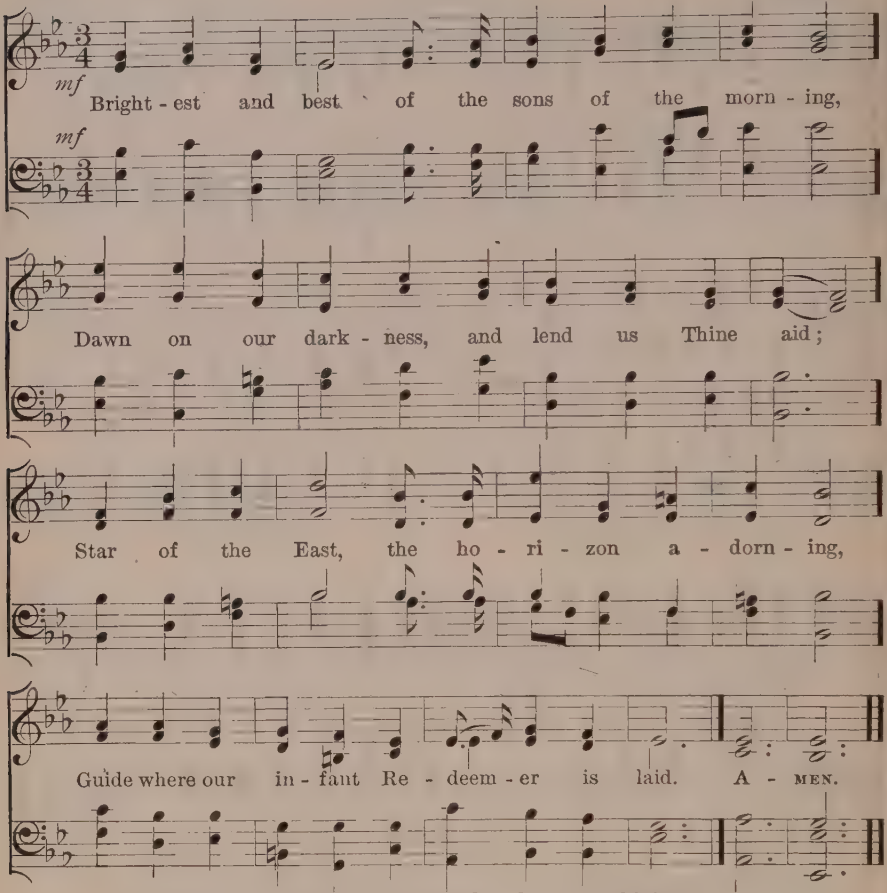
mf 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

p 4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
cr And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
mf Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

f 5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
ff There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

W. C. Dix

66 (FIRST TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 10. WEBBE *Samuel Webbe*


mf
Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,
mf
Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,
Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A - MEN.

p 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
cr Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

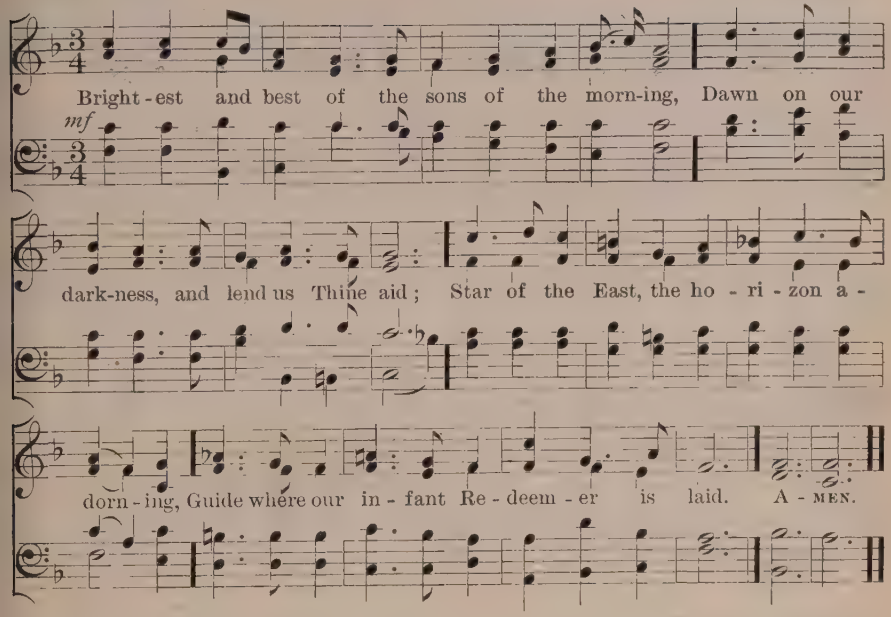
mf 3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

p 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
cr Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

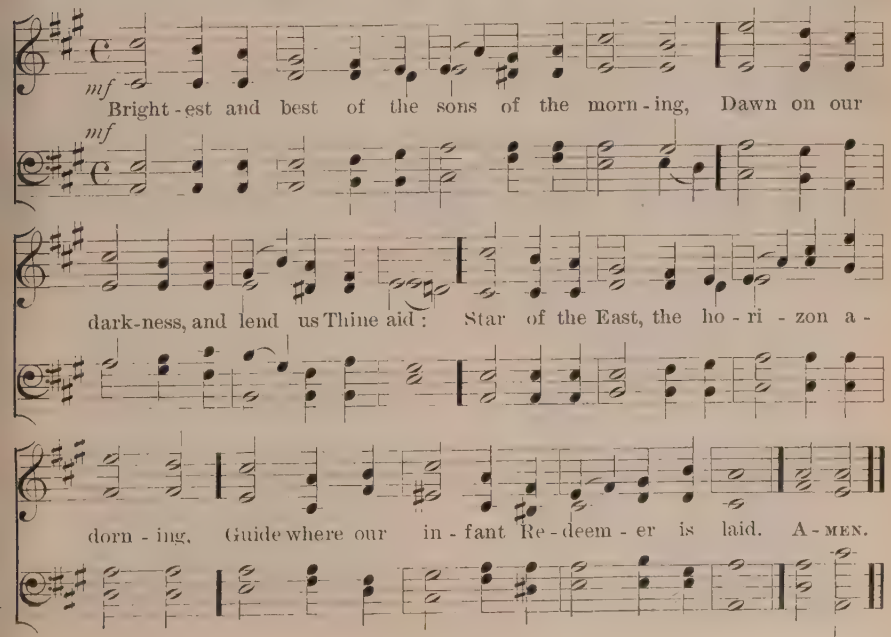
mf 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
cr Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

R. Heber

66 (SECOND TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 10. SANTA LAURA *W. A. Barrett*

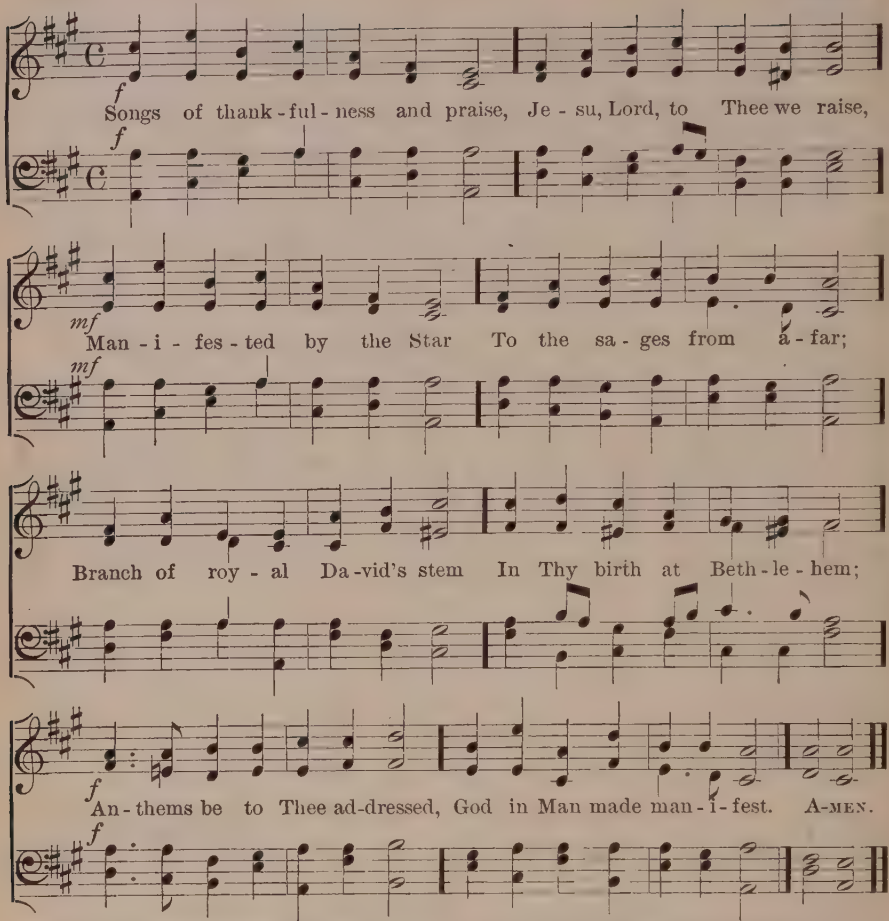

Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
mf
dark-ness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-
dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-MEN.

(THIRD TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 10. MORNING STAR *J. P. Harding*


mf
Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
mf
dark-ness, and lend us Thine aid: Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-
dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-MEN.

Epiphany

67 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. D. ST. EDWARD *C. Steggall*


f
Songs of thank-ful-ness and praise, Je-su, Lord, to Thee we raise,
mf
Man-i-fes-ted by the Star To the sa-ges from a-far;
Branch of roy-al Da-vid's stem In Thy birth at Beth-le-hem;
f
An-thems be to Thee ad-dressed, God in Man made man-i-fest. A-MEN.

mf 2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana, wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine;
f Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

mf 3 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
f Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

p 4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee:
cr Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign:
f All will then the trumpet hear;
dim All will see the Judge appear;
cr Thou by all wilt be confessed,
f God in Man made manifest.

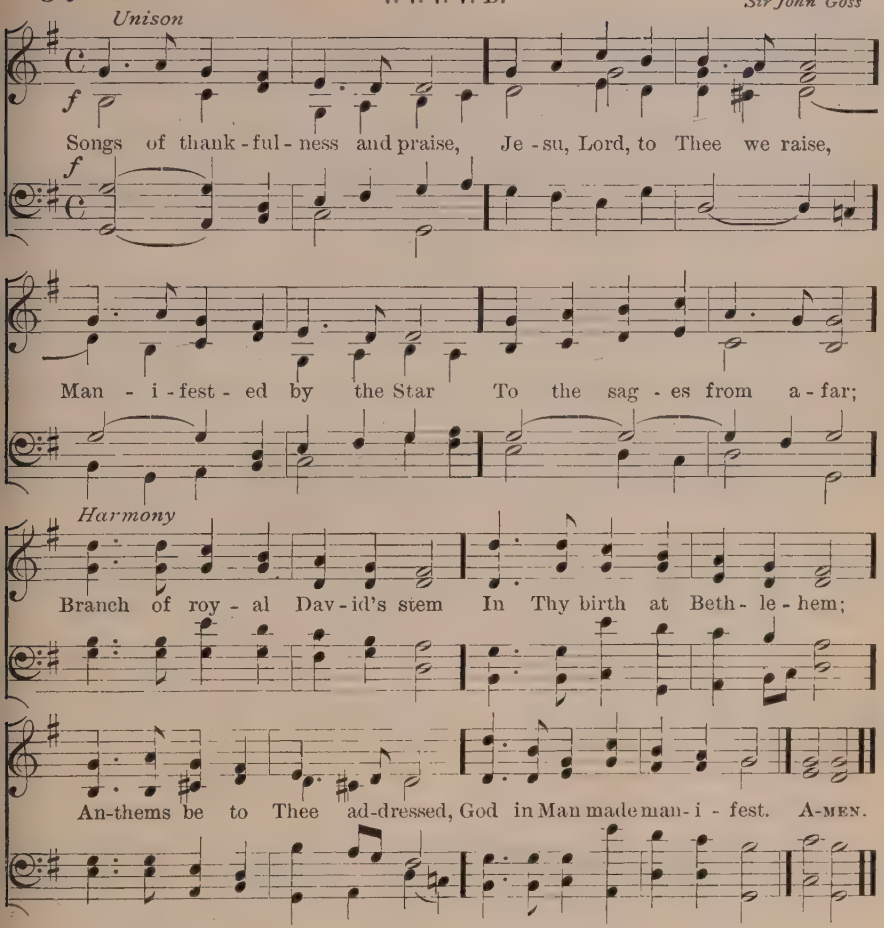
mf 5 Grant us grace to see Thee Lord,
Present in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
cr That we like to Thee may be
f At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest.

C. Wordsworth

67 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Goss
Sir John Goss


Unison
f
Songs of thank-ful-ness and praise, Je-su, Lord, to Thee we raise,
f
Man-i-fest-ed by the Star To the sag-es from a-far;
Harmony
Branch of roy-al Dav-id's stem In Thy birth at Beth-le-hem;
An-thems be to Thee ad-dressed, God in Man made man-i-fest. A-MEN.

mf 2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana, wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine;
f Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

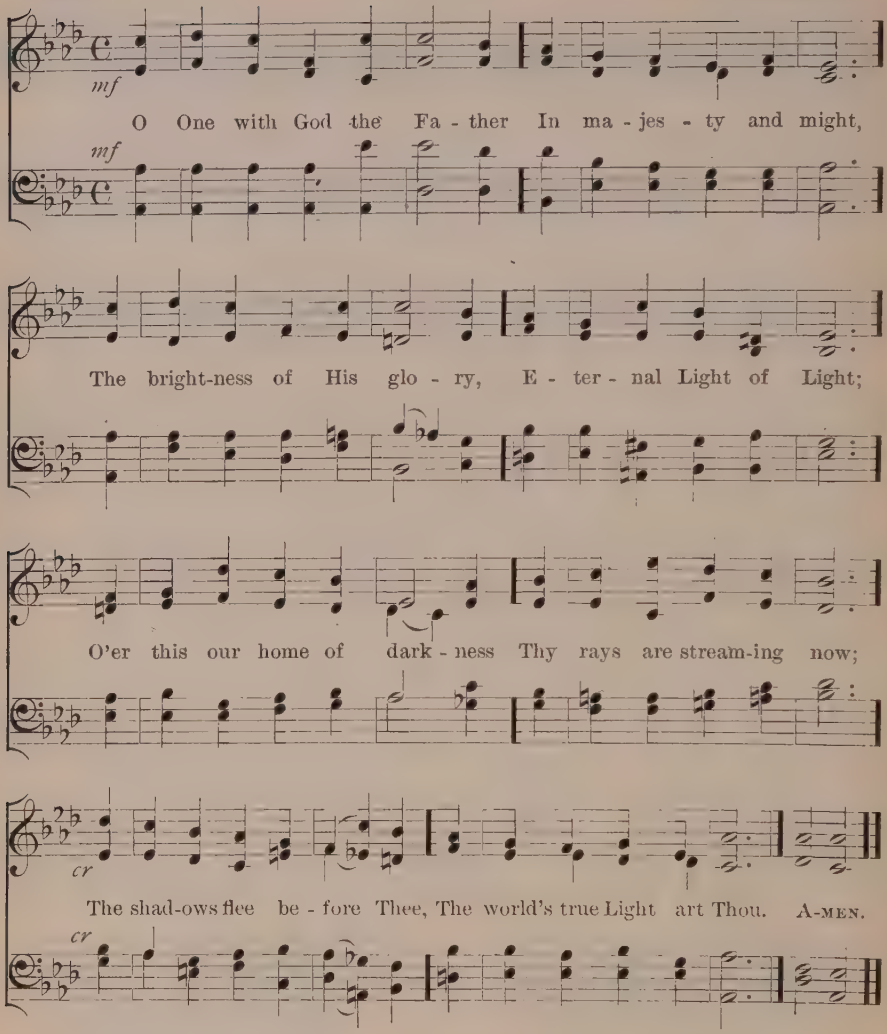
mf 3 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
f Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

p 4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee;
cr Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign:
f All will then the trumpet hear;
dim All will see the Judge appear;
cr Thou by all wilt be confessed,
f God in Man made manifest.

mf 5 Grant us grace to see Thee Lord,
Present in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
cr That we like to Thee may be
f At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest.

C. Wordsworth

68 7. 6. 7. 6. D. WESTWOOD *R. H. McCartney*


mf
O One with God the Fa - ther In ma - jes - ty and might,
mf
The bright-ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of Light;
O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are stream-ing now;
cr
The shad-ows flee be - fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou. A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly Light, arise!
cr Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod:
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee, our God.

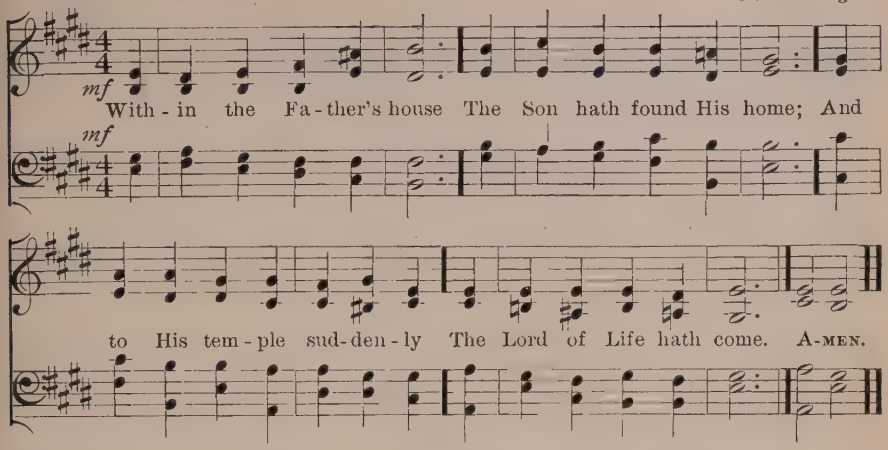
mf 3 O Jesu, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesu, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness.

W. W. How

69 (FIRST TUNE)

S. M.

MOCCAS
A. R. Reinagle



mf 2 The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous Child,
And marvel at His gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.

mf 3 Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the earthly veil which hides
Incarnate God below.

p 4 The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full Epiphany.

mf 5 Lord, visit Thou our souls
And teach us by Thy grace,
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace;

cr 6 Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansed soul shall burst
The everlasting day;

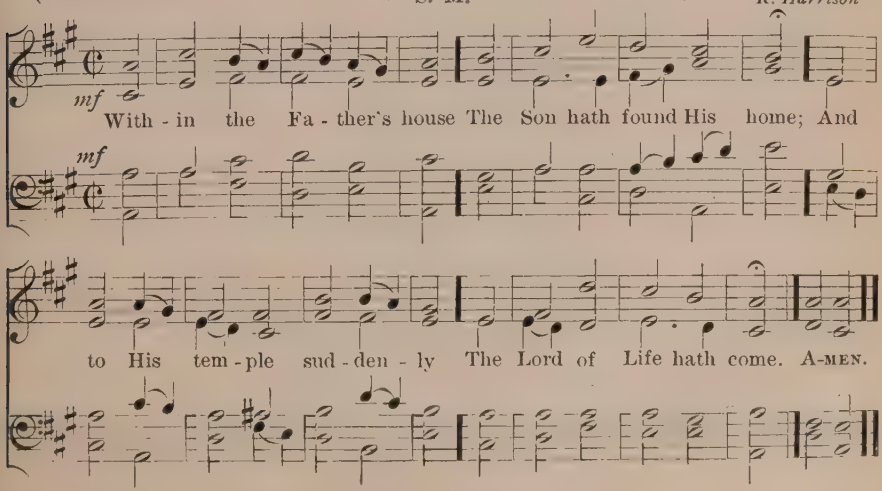
f 7 Till we behold Thy face,
And know, as we are known,
Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Co-equal Three in One.

J. R. Woodford

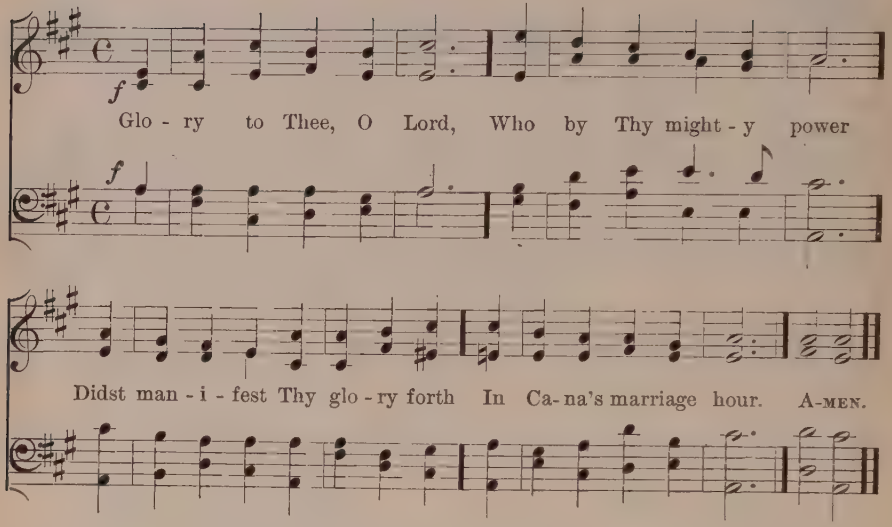
(SECOND TUNE)

S. M.

CAMBRIDGE
R. Harrison



70 S. M. St. Michael *Day's Psalter*



f 2 Thou spakest: it was done:
Obedient to Thy word,
The water reddening into wine
Proclaimed the present Lord.

mf 3 Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of Thy works,
That kindled faith in Thee.

mp 4 And blessèd they who know
Thine unseen presence true,
When in the kingdom of Thy grace
Thou makest all things new.

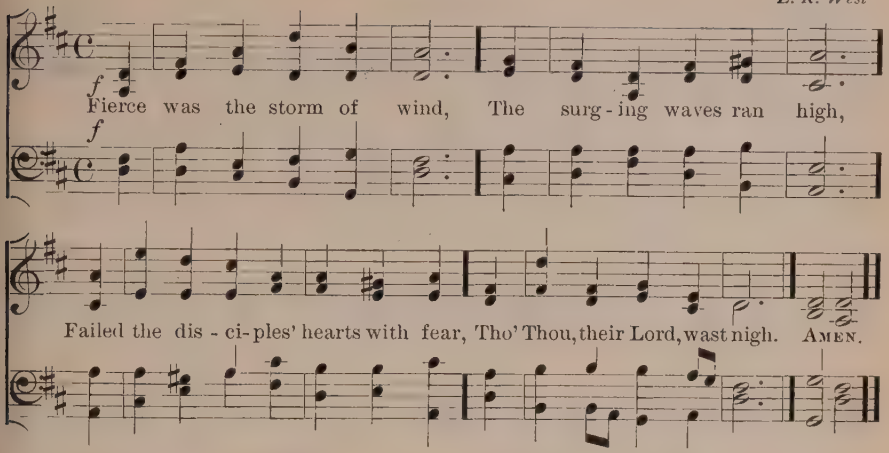
mf 5 For by Thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed;
Thine is the Cup of blessing, Lord,
And Thou the heavenly Bread.

mf 6 O may that grace be ours,
Ever in Thee to live,
And drink of those refreshing streams,
Which Thou alone canst give:

cr 7 So, led from strength to strength,
Grant us, O Lord, to see
The marriage supper of the Lamb,
Thy great Epiphany.

H. W. Beadon

71 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. MORAVIA *L. R. West*


f
Fierce was the storm of wind, The surg - ing waves ran high,
f
Failed the dis - ci - ples' hearts with fear, Tho' Thou, their Lord, wast nigh. AMEN.

dim 2 But at the stern rebuke
Of Thy almighty word,
The wind was hush'd, the billows ceas'd,
And owned Thee God and Lord.

p 3 So, now, when depths of sin
Our souls with terrors fill,
Arise, and be our Helper, Lord,
And speak Thy "Peace, be still."

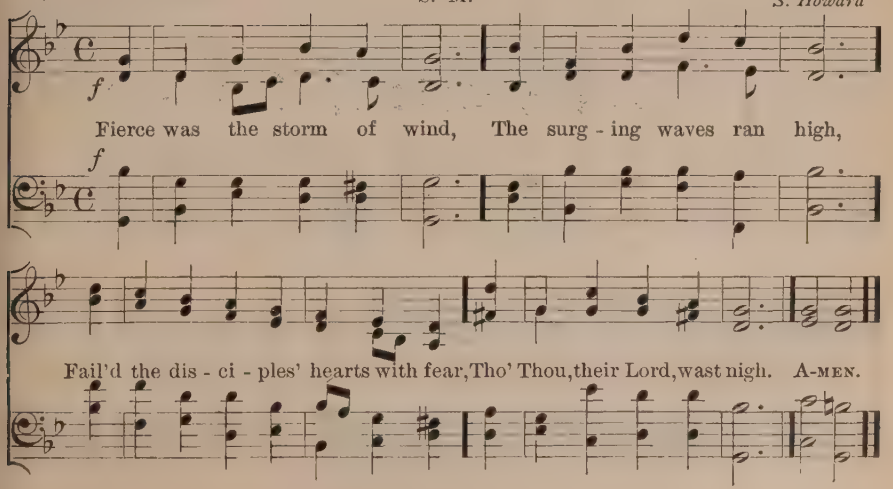
pp 4 When death's dark sea we cross,
Be with us in Thy power,
Nor let the water-floods prevail
In that dread trial-hour.

p 5 And, when amid the signs,
Which speak Thine Advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves
Fill faithless hearts with fear;

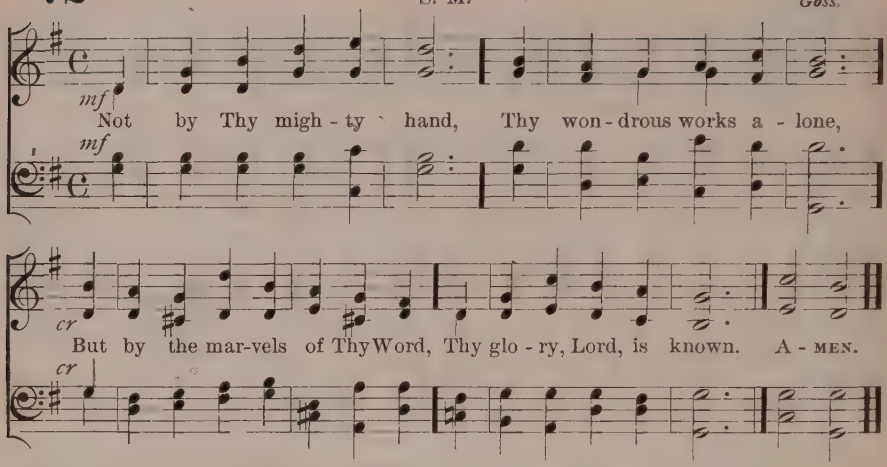
cr 6 May we all undismayed
The raging tempest see,
f Lift up our heads and hail with joy
Thy great Epiphany.

H. W. Beadon

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. ST. BRIDE *S. Howard*


f
Fierce was the storm of wind, The surg - ing waves ran high,
f
Fail'd the dis - ci - ples' hearts with fear, Tho' Thou, their Lord, wast nigh. A-MEN.

72 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. CHRISMATA *Goss.*



mf 2 Forth from the eternal gates,
Thine everlasting home,
To sow the seed of truth below,
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.

mf 3 And still from age to age,
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been
The Bearer forth of goodly seed,
The Sower still unseen.

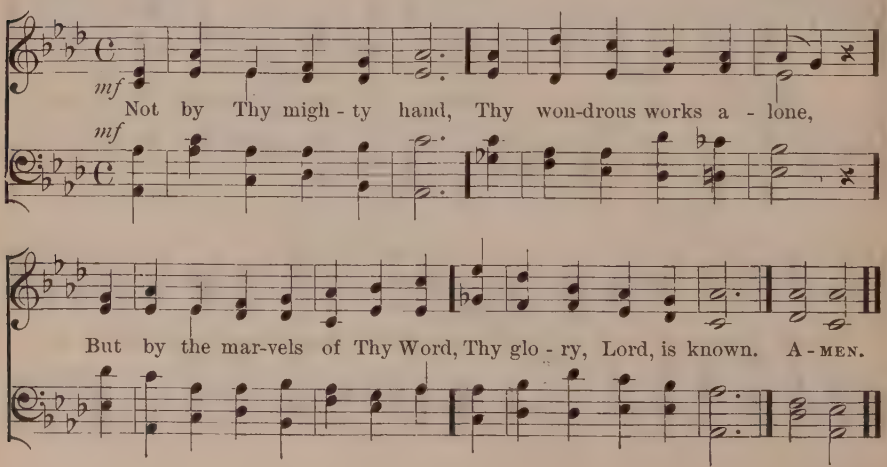
p 4 And Thou wilt come again,
And heaven beneath the bow,
To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,
Sower and Reaper Thou.

mf 5 Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field,
With Thine unsleeping eye,
The children of the Kingdom keep
To Thy Epiphany;

p 6 That, when in Thy great day
The tares shall severed be,
cr We may be surely gathered in
With all Thy saints to Thee.

I. R. Woodford

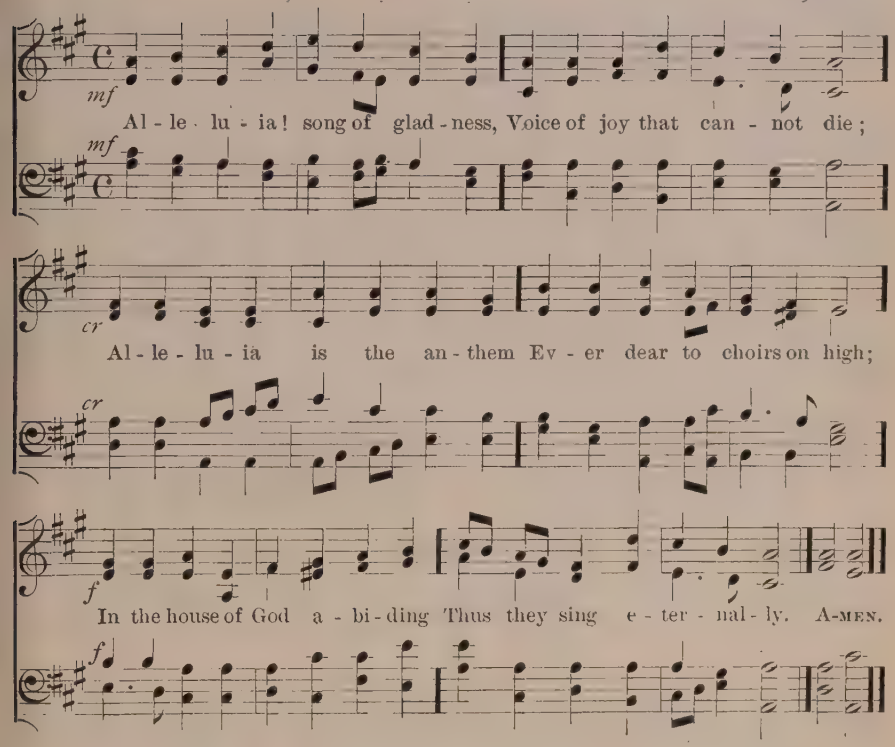
(SECOND TUNE) S. M. SCHUMANN *R. Schumann*



73

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

DULCE CARMEN
Haydn


mf
Al - le - lu - ia! song of glad - ness, Voice of joy that can - not die;
cr
Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them Ev - er dear to choirs on high;
f
In the house of God a - bi - ding Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly. A-MEN.

f 2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
p But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

mf 3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
dim Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
p For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

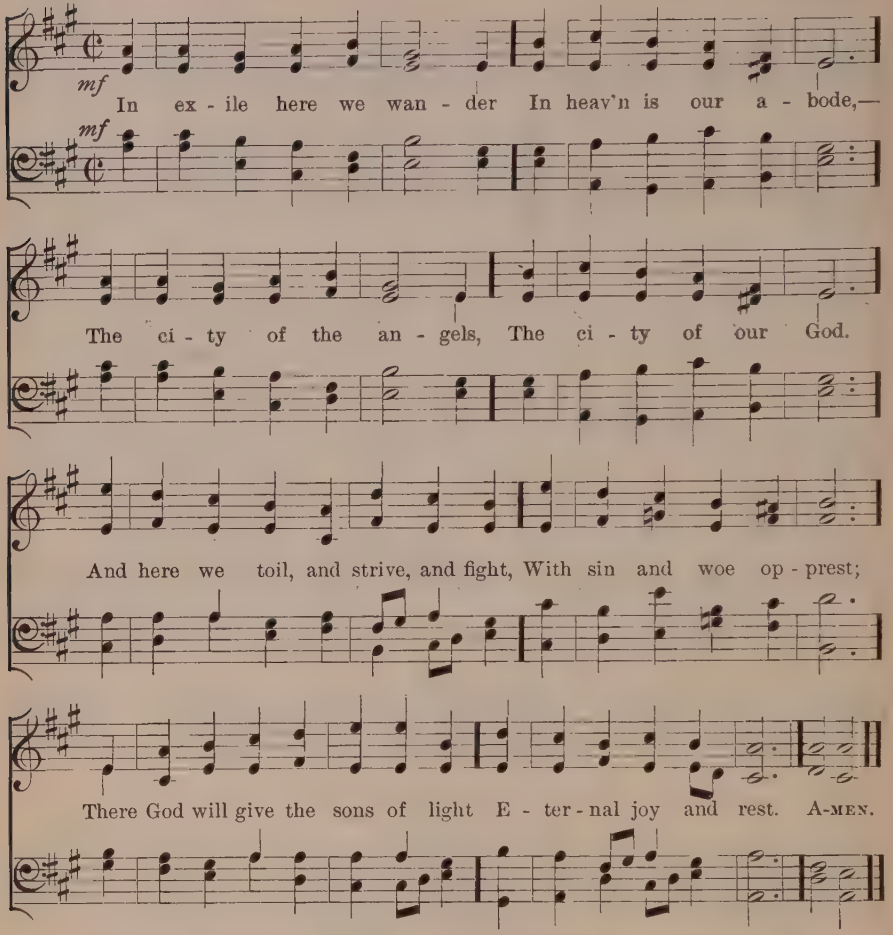
mf 4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us blessèd Trinity,
cr At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
f There to Thee for ever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

74

7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

KREUZNACH
German


mf
In ex - ile here we wan - der In heav'n is our a - bode,—
mf
The ci - ty of the an - gels, The ci - ty of our God.
And here we toil, and strive, and fight, With sin and woe op - prest;
There God will give the sons of light E - ter - nal joy and rest. A-MEN.

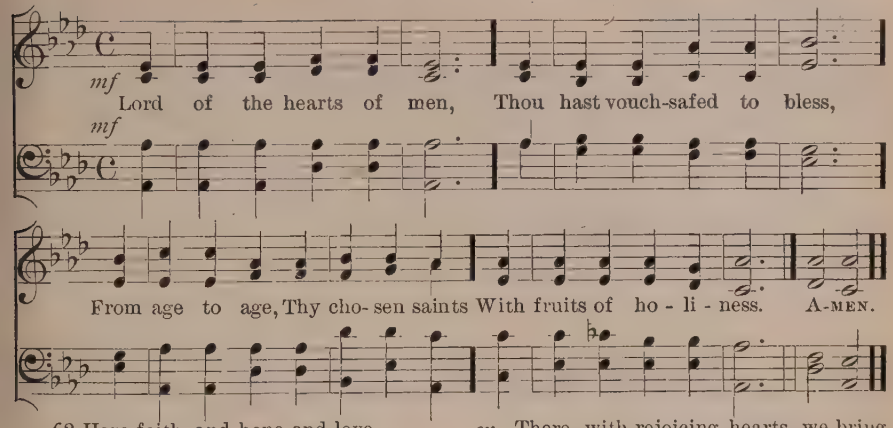
p 2 Through many sore temptations,
By many sorrows torn,
cr We strive to win the glory;
dim Our many falls we mourn.
cr But faith holds out the vision bright
Of our eternal home;
f And hope assures that realm of light,
When we have overcome.

mf 3 Jesu, our joy and gladness.
To Thee for aid we flee:
Give tears of true contrition;
Our souls from guilt set free:—
cr And we shall rise in that great day,
In bodies like to Thine,
f And with Thy saints, in bright array,
Shall in Thy glory shine.

f 4 There we, as children dwelling,
mf Who here as exiles groan,
cr God's praises shall be telling
f Before His glorious throne:
There in our endless home shall rest,
From strife and sorrow free,
ff And join the anthem of the blest,
For ever, Lord, to Thee.

W. Cooke

75 S. M. BEETHOVEN *From Beethoven*


mf
Lord of the hearts of men, Thou hast vouch-safed to bless,
mf
From age to age, Thy cho-sen saints With fruits of ho-li-ness. A-MEN.

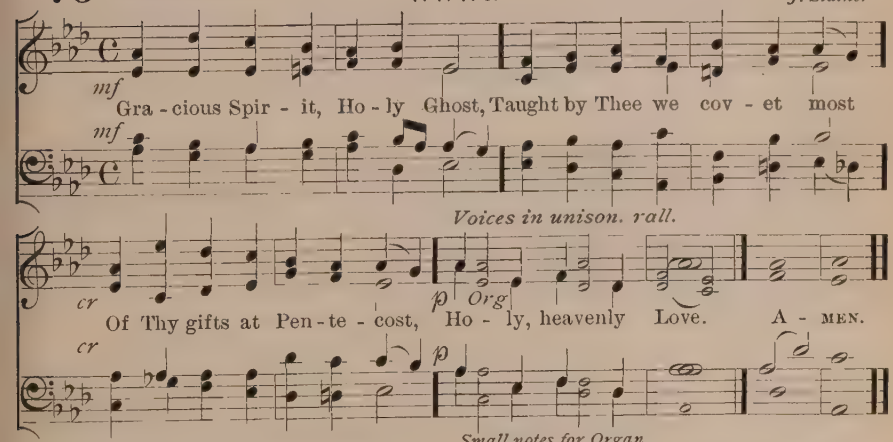
mf 2 Here faith, and hope and love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall love alone abide.

p 3 Here, bearing the good seed,
'Mid cares and tears we come;
cr There, with rejoicing hearts, we bring
Our harvest-treasures home.

mf 4 O give us, mighty Lord,
The fruits Thyself dost love;
Soon shalt Thou from Thy judgment
Crown Thine own gifts above. [seat

C. Coffin: TR. *J. R. Woodford*

76 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 5. CHARITY *J. Stainer*



Small notes for Organ.

mf 2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
cr Love than death itself more strong;
f Therefore, give us Love.

mf 3 Prophecy will fade away,
dim Melting in the light of day;
cr Love will ever with us stay;
mf Therefore, give us Love.

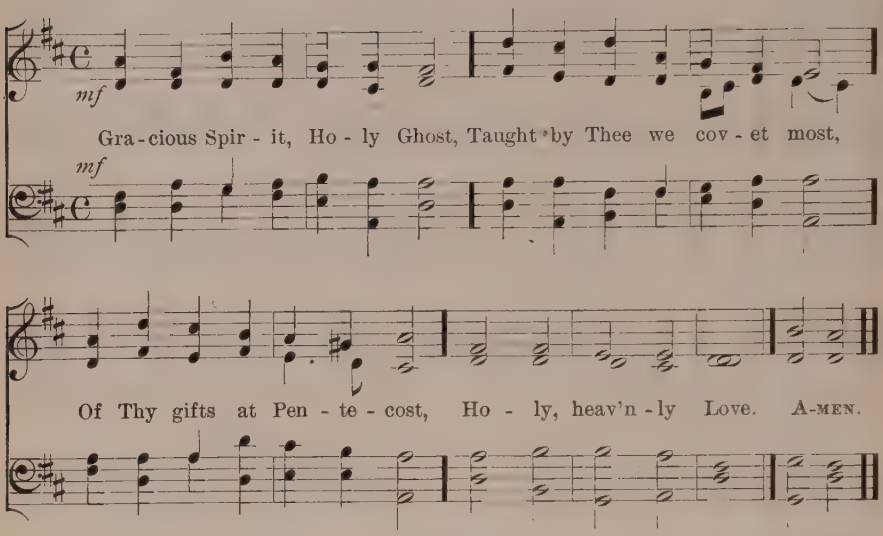
mf 4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
cr Love in heaven will shine more bright;
f Therefore, give us Love.

mf 5 Faith and Hope and Love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
cr But the greatest of the three,
f And the best, is Love.

mf 6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly Love.

C. Wordsworth

76 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 5. CAPETOWN *F. Filitz*



mf 2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
cr Love than death itself more strong;
f Therefore, give us Love.

mf 3 Prophecy will fade away,
dim Melting in the light of day;
cr Love will ever with us stay;
mf Therefore, give us Love.

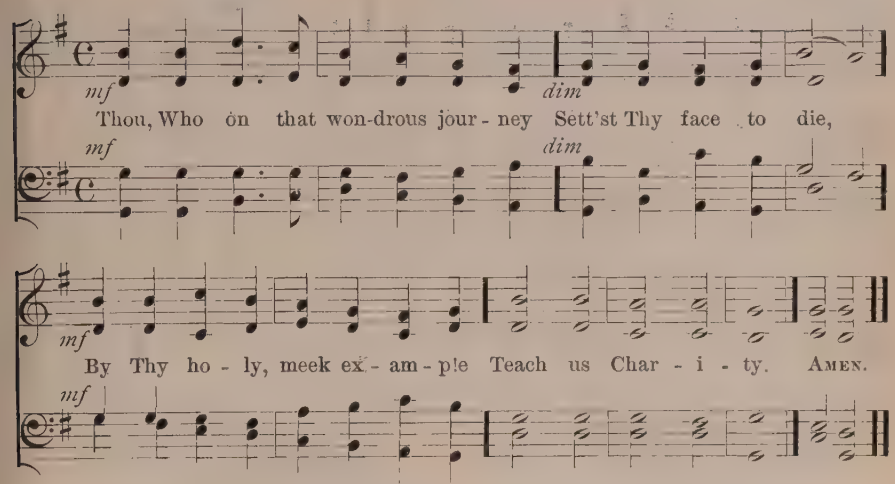
mf 4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
cr Love in heaven will shine more bright;
f Therefore, give us Love.

mf 5 Faith and Hope and Love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
cr But the greatest of the three,
f And the best, is Love.

mf 6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly Love.

C. Wordsworth

77 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 5. 8. 5. CAIRNBROOK *E. Prout*



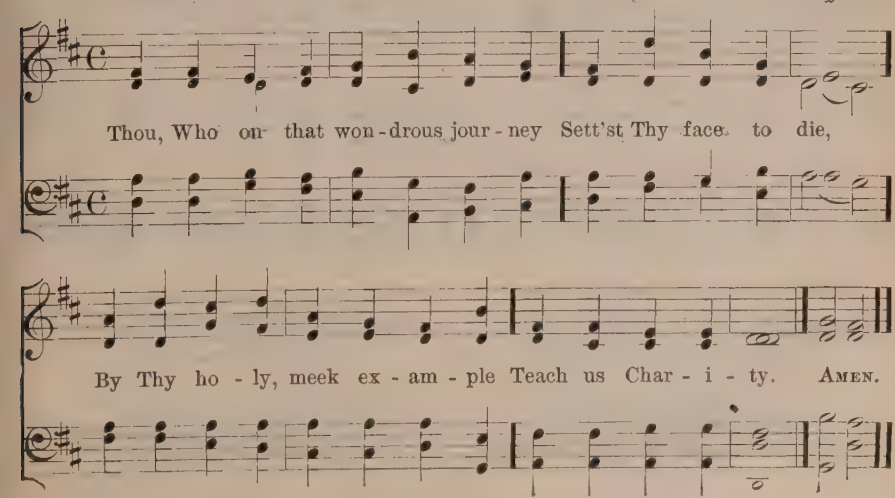
p 2 Thou, Who that dread cup of suffering
Didst not put from Thee;
cr O most Loving of the loving,
mf Give us Charity!

f 3 Thou, Who reignest, bright in glory,
On God's throne on high,
mf O that we may share Thy triumph,
Grant us Charity!

mf 4 Send us Faith, that trusts Thy promise;
cr Hope, with upward eye;
f But more blest than both, and greater,
mf Send us Charity!

H. Alford

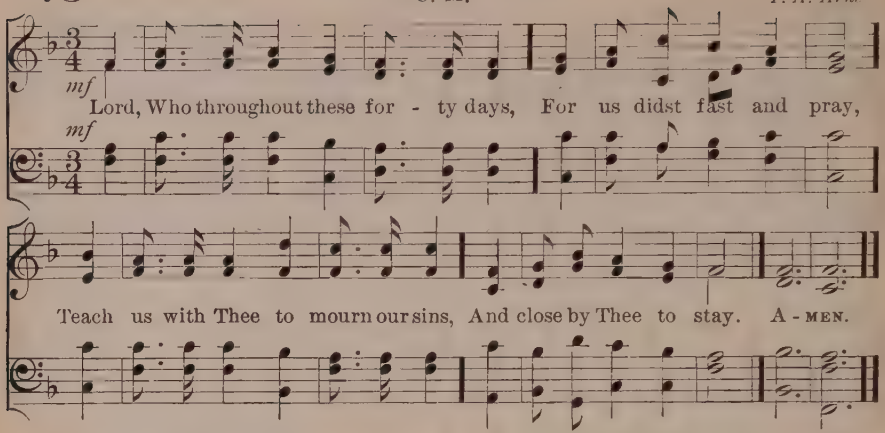
(SECOND TUNE) 8. 5. 8. 5. CUTTLE MILLS *W. Griffith*



78

C. M.

ARLINGTON
T. A. Arne


mf
Lord, Who throughout these for - ty days, For us didst fast and pray,
mf
Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins, And close by Thee to stay. A - MEN.

mf 2 As Thou with Satan didst contend,
And didst the victory win,
cr O give us strength in Thee to fight,
In Thee to conquer sin.

p 3 As Thou didst hunger bear and thirst,
So teach us, gracious Lord,
To die to self, and chiefly live
By Thy most holy Word.

p 4 And through these days of penitence,
And through Thy Passion-tide,
Yea, evermore, in life and death,
Jesu! with us abide.

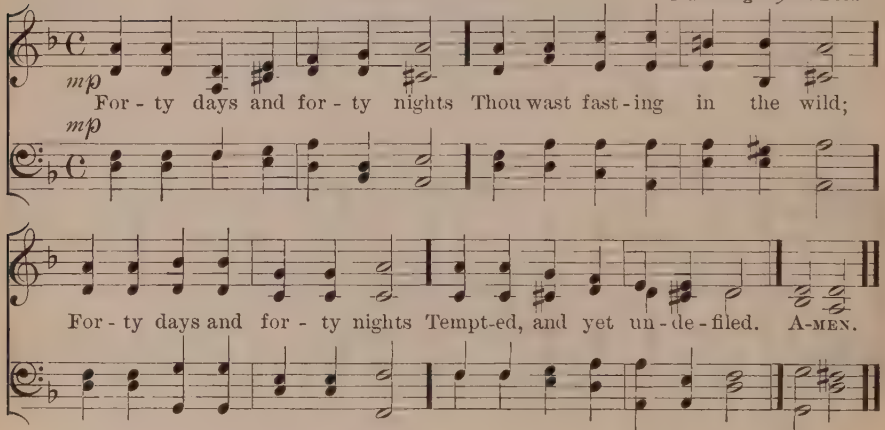
cr 5 Abide with us, that so, this life
Of suffering overpast,
An Easter of unending joy
We may attain at last!

C. F. Hernaman

79

7. 7. 7. 7.

HEINLEN
Nurnberg Hymn Book


mp
For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast - ing in the wild;
mp
For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempt-ed, and yet un - de - filed. A-MEN.

mf 2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
dim Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

p 3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
cr Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

p 4 So shall we have peace divine:
Holier gladness ours shall be;
cr Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

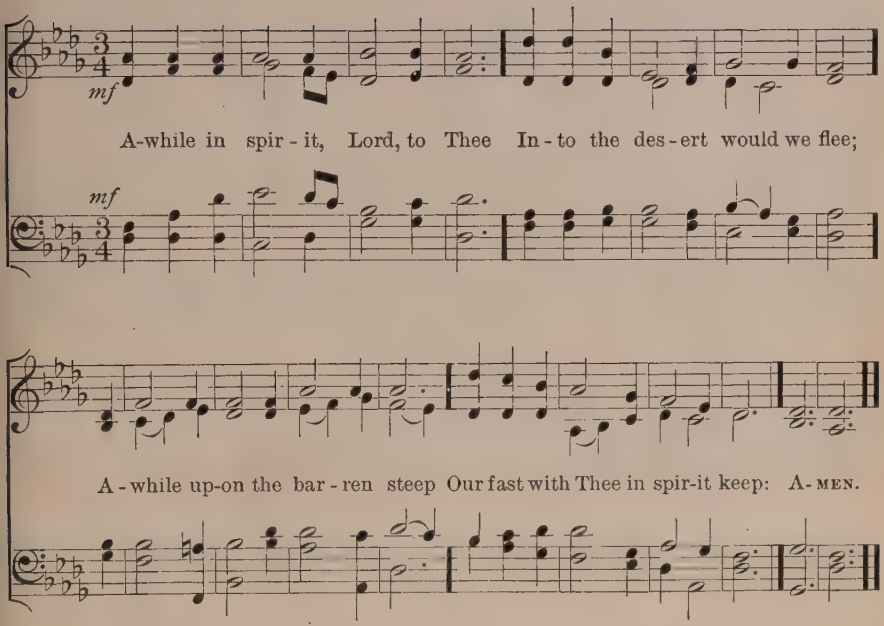
mf 5 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
cr That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Easter-tide.

G. H. Smyttan

80

L. M.

RIVAULX
J. B. Dykes


mf
A-while in spir - it, Lord, to Thee In - to the des - ert would we flee;
mf
A - while up-on the bar - ren steep Our fast with Thee in spir-it keep: A - MEN.

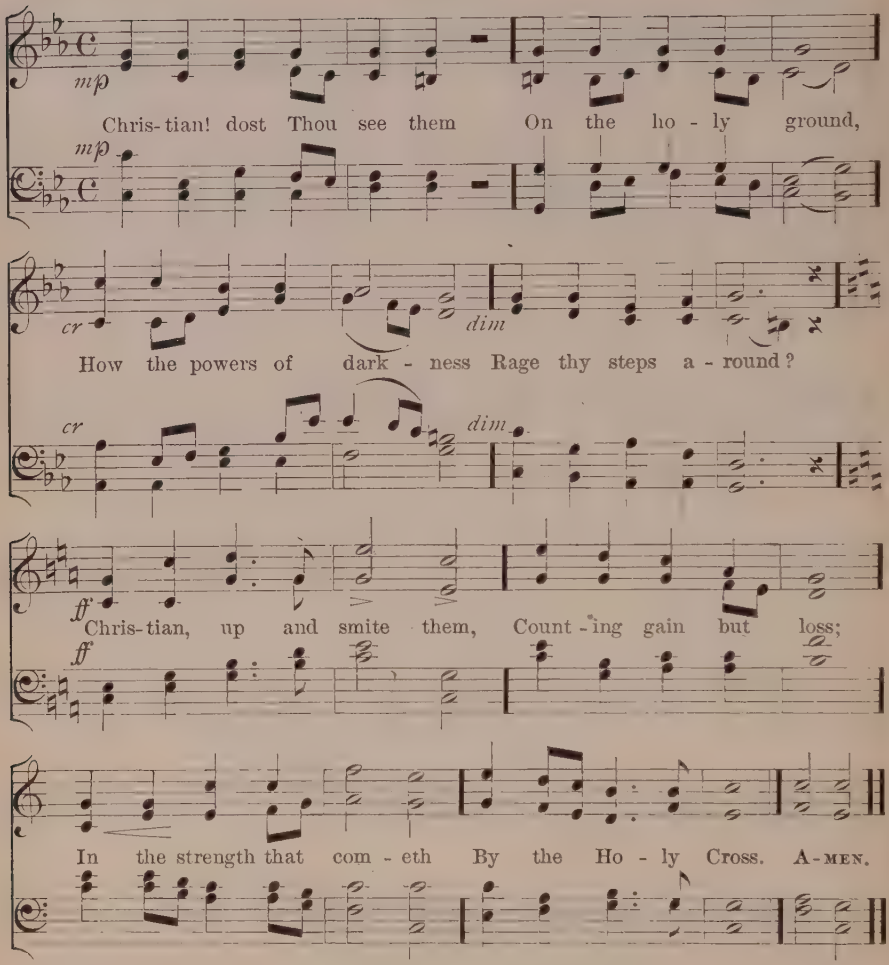
mf 2 Awhile from Thy temptation learn
False Satan's wileful lures to spurn,
And in our hearts to feel and own
"Man liveth not by bread alone."

p 3 O Thou once tempted like as we,
Thou knowest our infirmity;
Be Thou our Helper in the strife,
cr Be Thou our true, our inward Life.

mf 4 And while at Thy command we pray
"Give us our bread from day to day,"
May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,
Thou Word of God, Thou living Bread.

J. F. Thrupp

81 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. ST. ANDREW OF CRETE *J. B. Dykes*


mp
Chris-tian! dost Thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
mp
cr
dim
How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?
cr
dim
ff
Chris-tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
ff
In the strength that com - eth By the Ho - ly Cross. A-MEN.

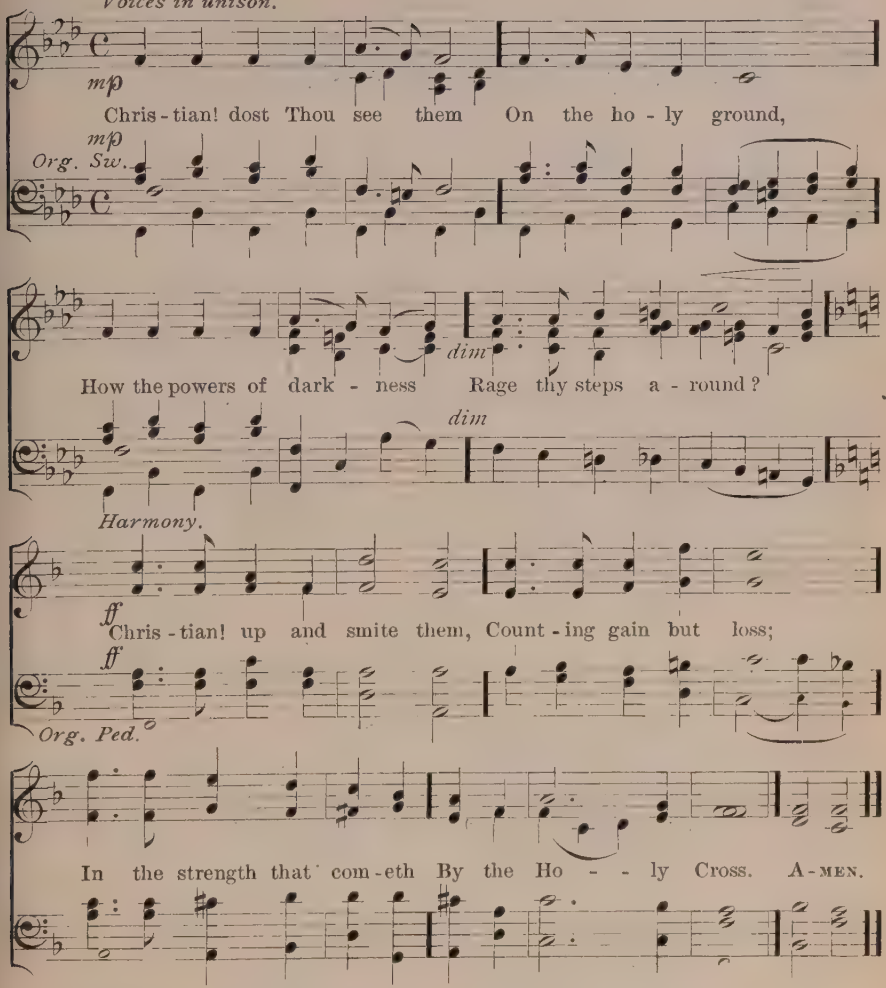
p 2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
cr Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
f Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

p 3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
cr "Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
ff Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
dim Peace shall follow battle,
cr Night shall end in day.

mf 4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
p Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
f But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
ff Shall be near My throne."

St. Andrew of Crete: TR. *J. M. Neale*

81 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. HOLY WAR *J. Booth*


Voices in unison.
mp
Chris - tian! dost Thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
Org. Sw.
How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?
dim
Harmony.
ff
Chris - tian! up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
Org. Ped.
In the strength that com - eth By the Ho - - ly Cross. A - MEN.

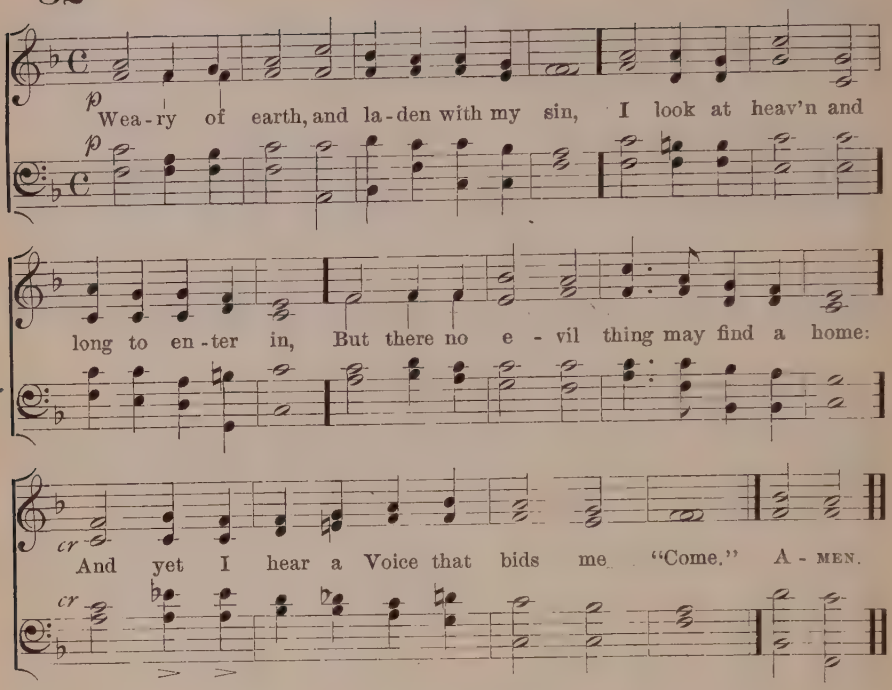
p 2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
cr Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
f Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

p 3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
cr "Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
ff Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
dim Peace shall follow battle,
cr Night shall end in day.

mf 4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
p Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
f But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
ff Shall be near My throne."

St. Andrew of Crete: TR. *J. M. Neale*

82 10. 10. 10. 10. LANGRAN *J. Langran*


p
Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at heav'n and
long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil thing may find a home:
cr
And yet I hear a Voice that bids me "Come." A - MEN.

p 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
cr Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near.

p 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way
Evil is ever with me day by day;
cr Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
f "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

f 4 It is the Voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

mp 5 'T was He Who found me on the deathly wild,
cr And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

mf 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
cr That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
f May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

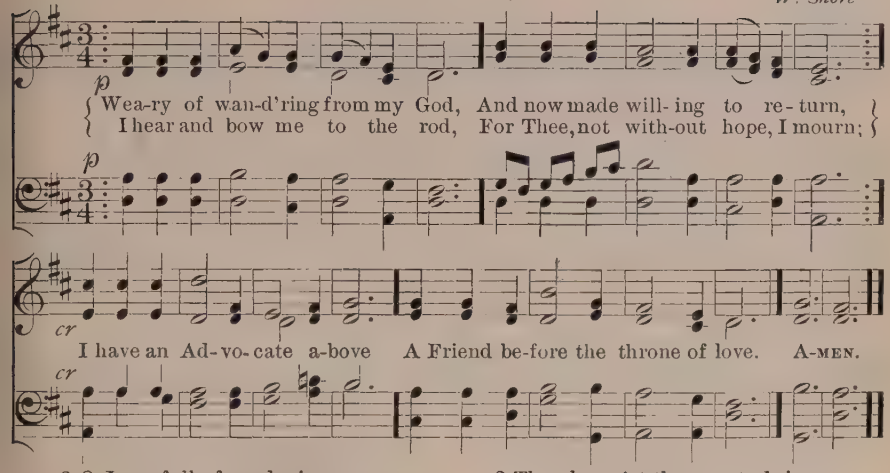
mf 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
p Thine the sharp thorns, (*cr*) and mine the golden crown;
f Mine the life won, (*p*) and Thine the life laid down.

S. J. Stone

83

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

WAVERTREE
W. Shore


p
Wea-ry of wan-d'ring from my God, And now made will-ing to re-turn,
I hear and bow me to the rod, For Thee, not with-out hope, I mourn;
p
cr
I have an Ad-vo-cate a-bove A Friend be-fore the throne of love. A-MEN.
cr

mp 2 O Jesu, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face:
Open Thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

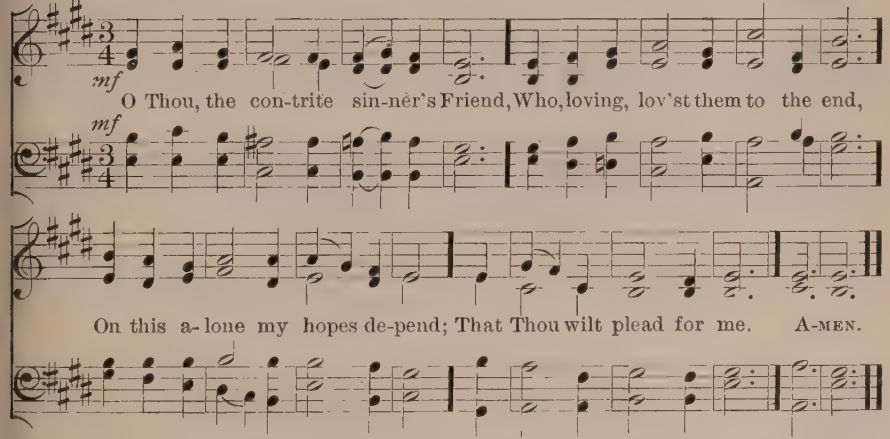
cr 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me
My fallen spirit to restore; [back,
dim O for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
cr The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

C. Wesley

84 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 6.

AGNUS DEI
W. Blow


mf
O Thou, the con-trite sin-ner's Friend, Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
mf
On this a-lone my hopes de-pend; That Thou wilt plead for me. A-MEN.

mf 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
dim Then, Saviour, plead for me.

p 3 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

p 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
cr Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
f And plead, O plead for me!

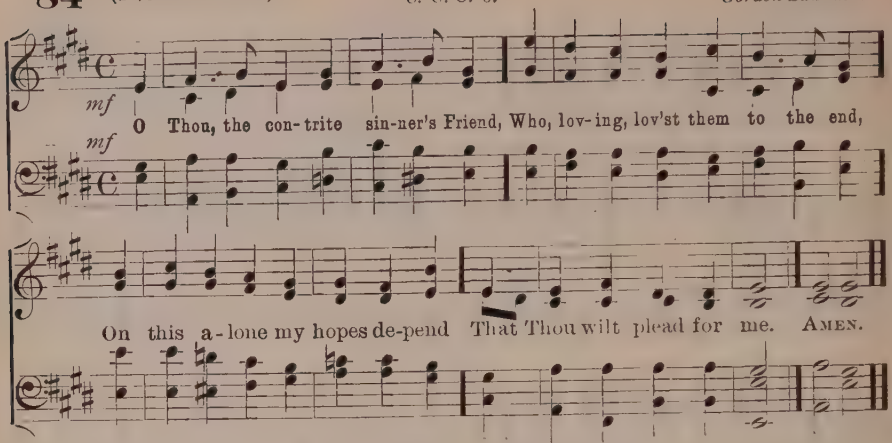
pp 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with sorrow, pain, and fear,
cr Then to my fainting sight appear,
mf Pleading in heaven for me.

C. Elliott

84 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 6.

ST. CECILIA
Gordon Saunders


mf
O Thou, the con-trite sin-ner's Friend, Who, lov-ing, lov'st them to the end,
On this a-lone my hopes de-pend That Thou wilt plead for me. AMEN.

mf 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
dim Then, Saviour, plead for me.

p 3 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

p 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
cr Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
f And plead, O plead for me!

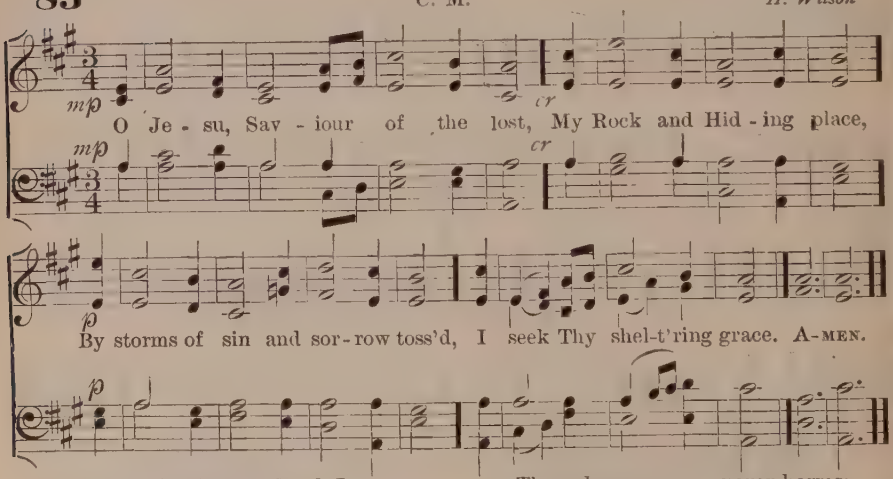
pp 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with sorrow, pain, and fear,
cr Then to my fainting sight appear,
mf Pleading in heaven for me.

C. Elliott

85

C. M.

MARTYRDOM
H. Wilson



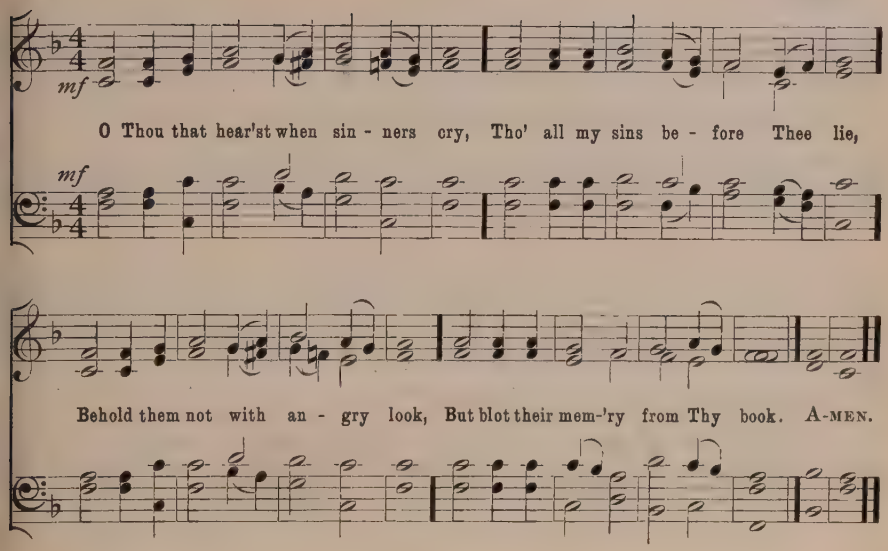
p 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

mf 3 Once safe in Thine Almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

p 4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

E. H. Bickersteth

86 L. M. HAMBERG *Lowell Mason*


mf
O Thou that hear'st when sin - ners cry, Tho' all my sins be - fore Thee lie,
mf
Behold them not with an - gry look, But blot their mem-'ry from Thy book. A-MEN.

mf 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

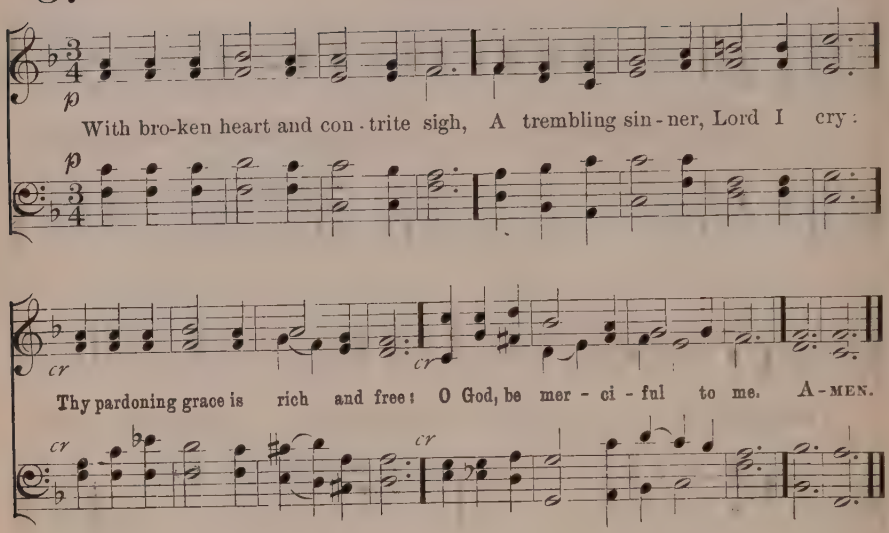
p 3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight:
cr Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

p 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

mf 5 O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song:
cr And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

I. Watts

87 L. M. PENITENCE *C. Elven*


With bro-ken heart and con-trite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer-ci-ful to me. A-MEN.

p 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and concious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His Cross my only plea:
cr O God, be merciful to me.

p 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
cr O God, be merciful to me.

mf 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
p To Calvary alone I flee:
cr O God, be merciful to me.

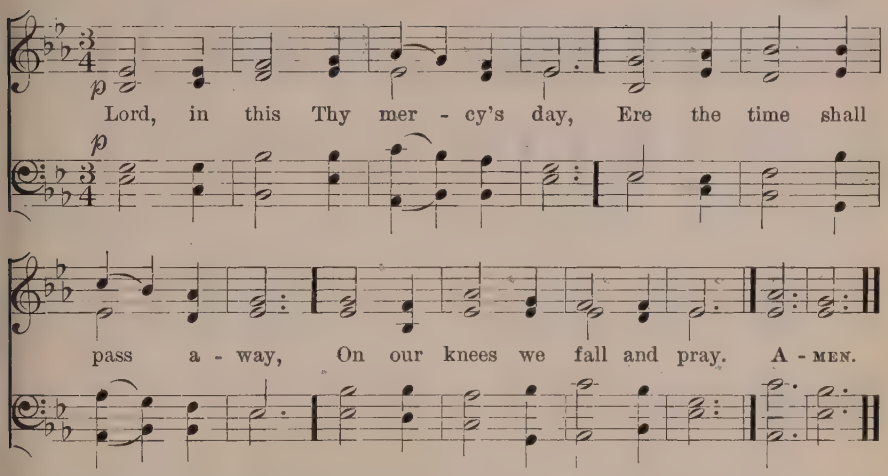
p 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
cr With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
f My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

C. Elven.

88 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7.

St. Philip
W. H. Monk



p 2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

cr 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
dim Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

pp 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die.

p 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy-love forego.

cr 6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

mf 7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
f By the pardon'd, round Thy throne.

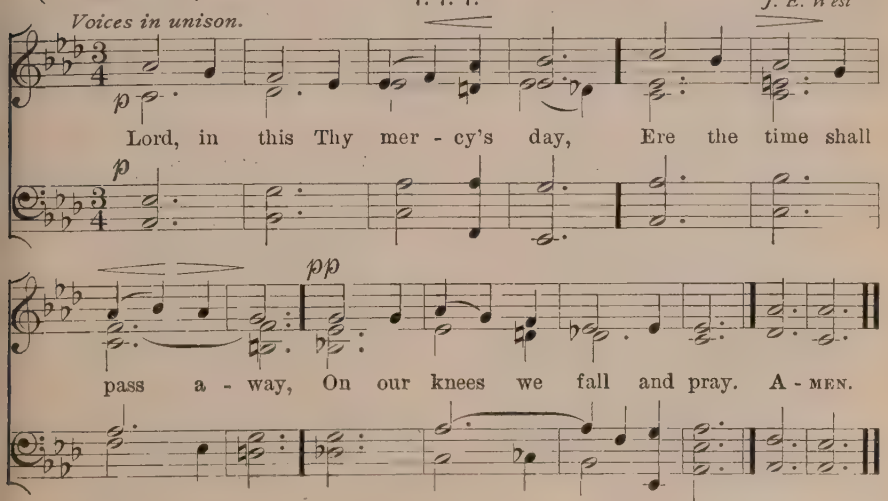
I. Williams

(SECOND TUNE)

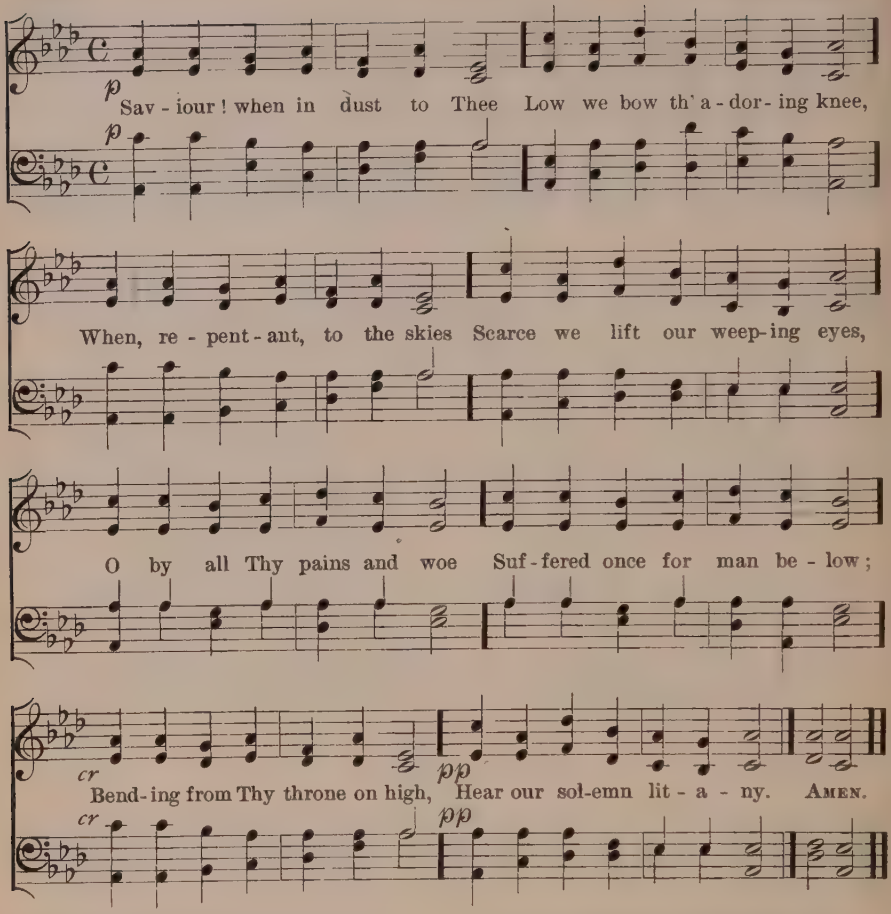
7. 7. 7.

Holy Cross
J. E. West

Voices in unison.



89 7. 7. 7. 7. D. SPANISH CHANT


p
Sav - iour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th' a - dor - ing knee,
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,
O by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low;
cr
pp
Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny. AMEN.

p 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread permitted hour
Of the mighty tempter's power:
cr Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

p 3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
cr From Thy seat above the sky,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

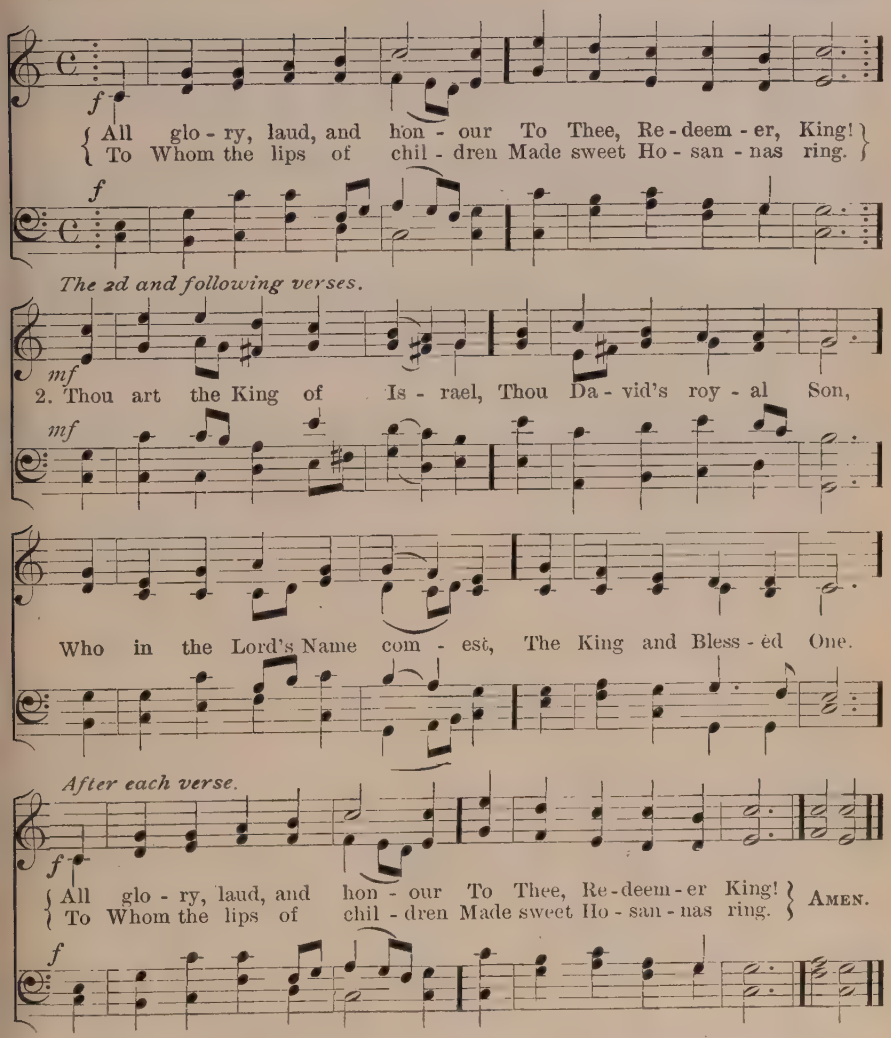
p 4 By the burthen Thou didst bear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
pp By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
cr By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the deadful Sacrifice;
dim Listen to our humble cry,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

p 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
cr By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
f O from earth to heaven restored,
ff Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
dim Listen, listen to the cry
pp Of our solemn litany!

R. Grant

90 7. 6. 7. 6. With Refrain

ST. THEODULPH
M. Teschner


f
All glo - ry, laud, and hon - our To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!
To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring.
f
The 2d and following verses.
mf
2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
mf
Who in the Lord's Name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.
After each verse.
f
All glo - ry, laud, and hon - our To Thee, Re - deem - er King!
To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring.
AMEN.
f

mf 3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
f All glory, etc.

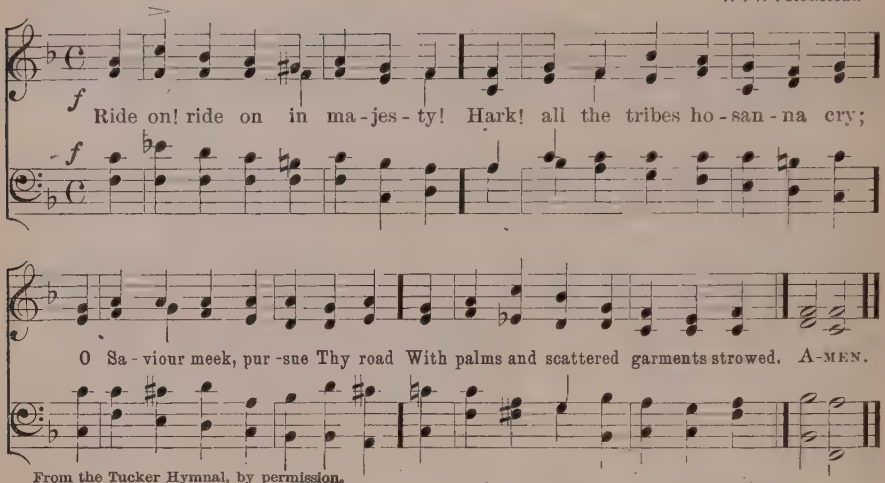
mf 4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
f All glory, etc.

mf 5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
cr To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
f All glory, etc.

mf 6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
f All glory, etc.

St. Theodulph: TR. *J. M. Neale*

91 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. ROUSSEAU *W. W. Rousseau*


f
Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! Hark! all the tribes ho-san-na cry;
f
O Sa-viour meek, pur-sue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed. A-MEN.

From the Tucker Hymnal, by permission.

f 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
dim In lowly pomp ride on to die:
cr O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

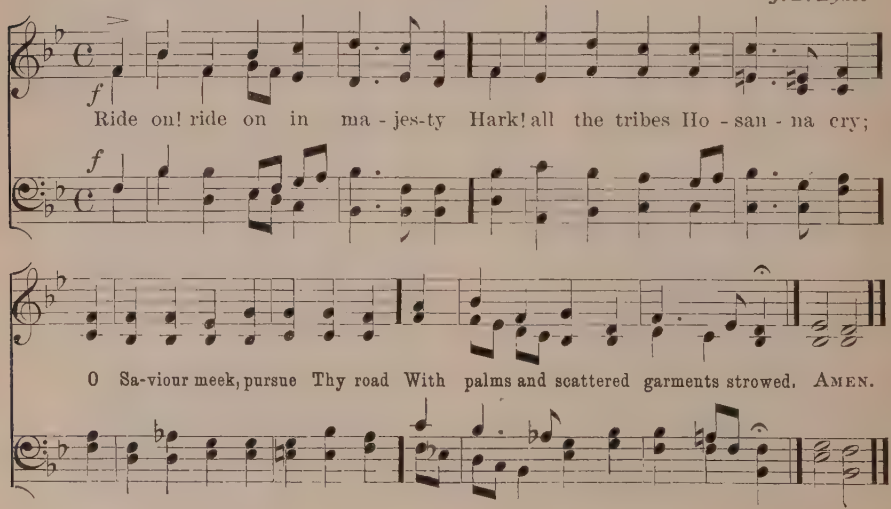
f 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
dim Look down with sad and wondering
To see the approaching sacrifice. [eyes *cr*

mf 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

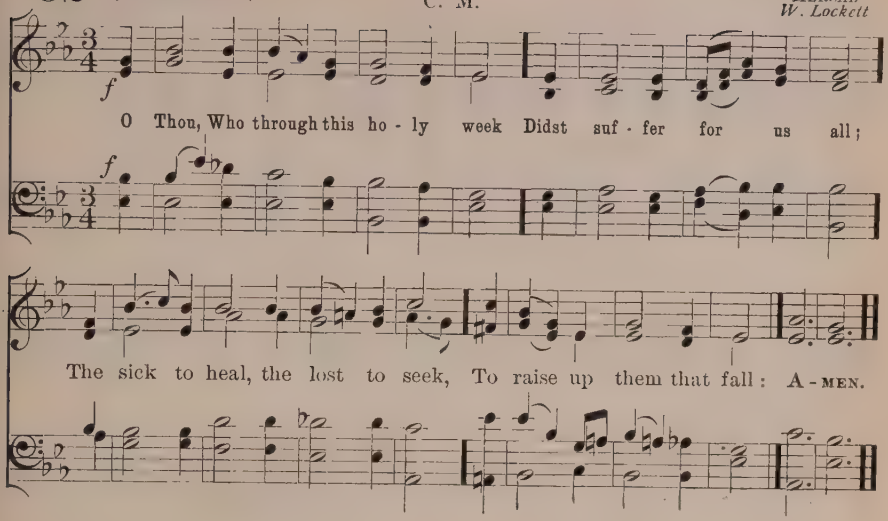
p 5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

H. H. Milman

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. ST. DROSTANE *J. B. Dykes*


f
Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty Hark! all the tribes Ho-san-na cry;
f
O Sa-viour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed. AMEN.

92 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. HERSAL *W. Lockett*



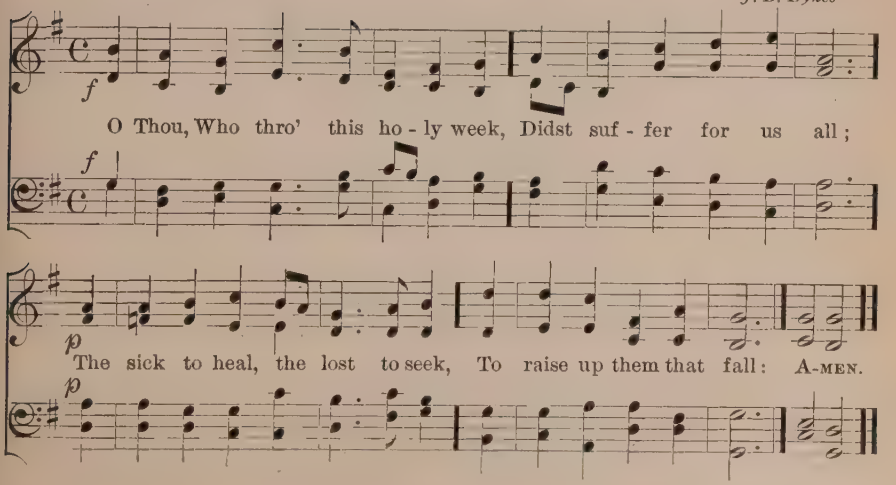
mp 2 We cannot understand the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear:
cr O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there.

p 3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod
cr Thy hand the victory won:
mf What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

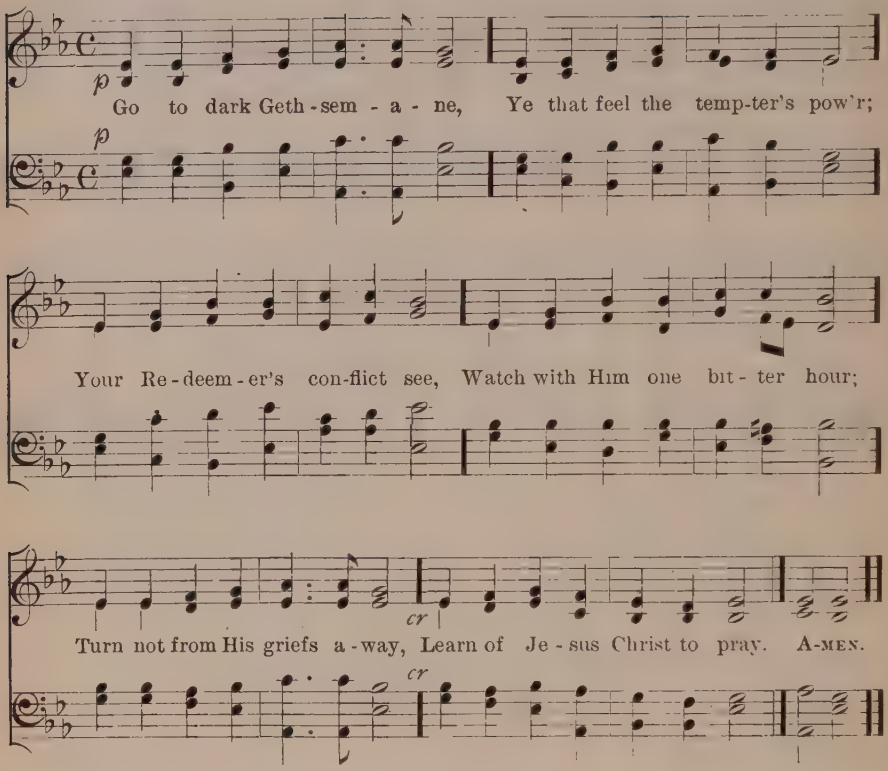
f 4 To God, the Blessèd Three in One,
All praise and glory be:
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won
The victory through Thee.

J. M. Neale

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. DULCIS MEMORIA *J. B. Dykes*



93 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. REDHEAD. No. 76
R. Redhead

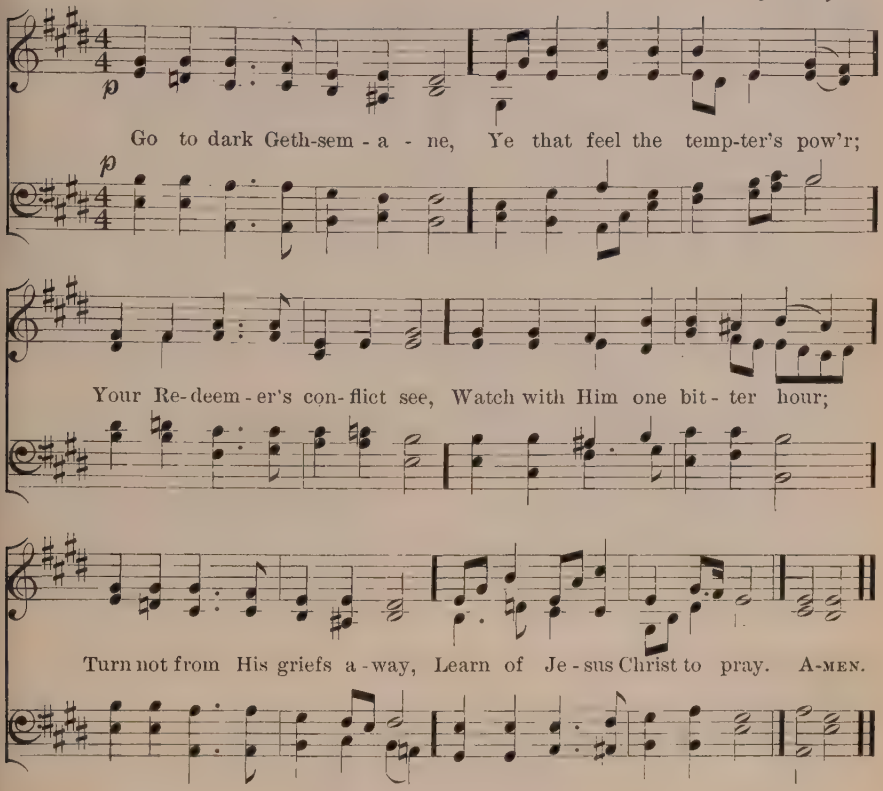

p
Go to dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Ye that feel the temp-ter's pow'r;
Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see, Watch with Him one bit-ter hour;
cr
Turn not from His griefs a-way, Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray. A-MEN.

p 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
cr Learn of Him to bear the cross.

p 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
cr There, adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time.
God's own sacrifice complete;
p "It is finished!" hear Him cry;
mf Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

J. Montgomery

93 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. FAITH *J. B. Dykes*


Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the temp-ter's pow'r;
Your Re-deem - er's con- flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;
Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A-MEN.

p 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
cr Learn of Him to bear the cross.

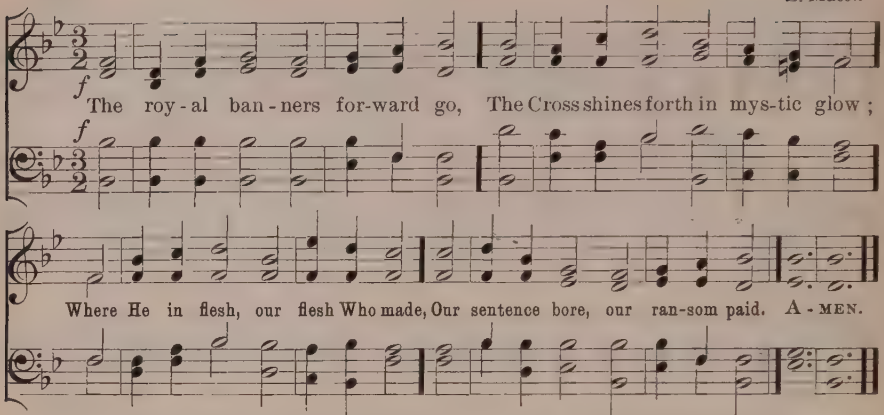
p 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
cr There, adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
p "It is finished!" hear Him cry;
mf Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

J. Montgomery

94

L. M.

HEBRON
L. Mason


f
The roy - al ban - ners for-ward go, The Cross shines forth in mys-tic glow;
f
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made, Our sentence bore, our ran-som paid. A - MEN.

mf 2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

mf 3 Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be;
f For God is reigning from the Tree.

mf 4 O Tree of glory, Tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
dim The purple of a Saviour's blood!

mf 5 Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
f And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

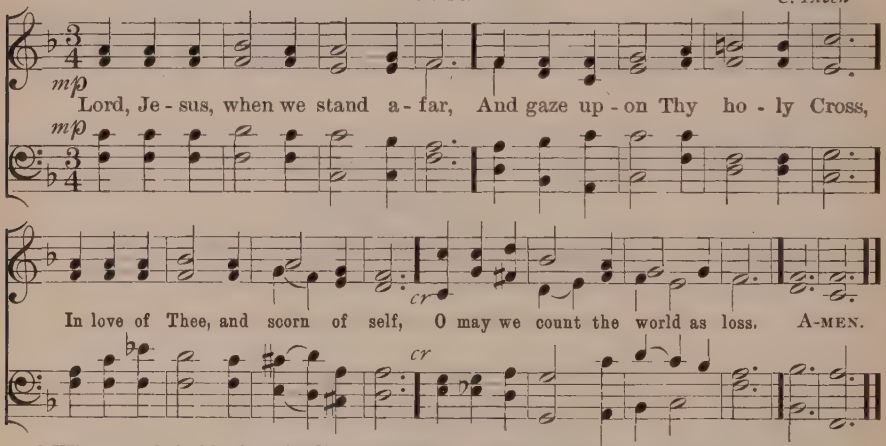
f 6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

V. Fortunatus: TR. *J. M. Neale*

95

L. M.

PENITENCE
C. Elven


mp
Lord, Je - sus, when we stand a - far, And gaze up - on Thy ho - ly Cross,
mp
cr
In love of Thee, and scorn of self, O may we count the world as loss. A-MEN.
cr

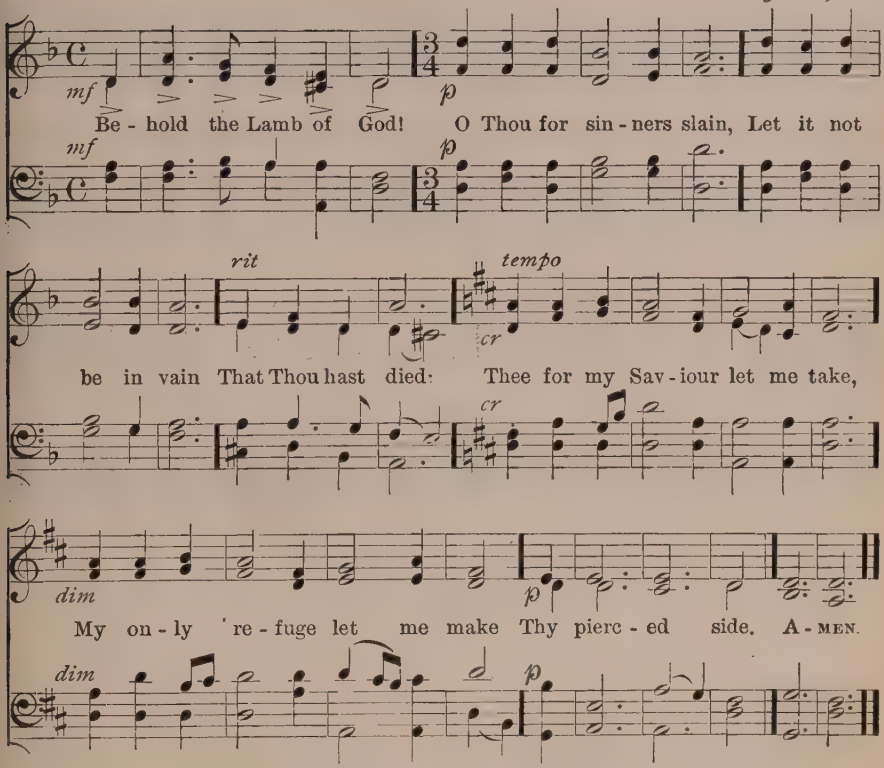
p 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

p 3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe
cr Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;

mf 4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see:
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

W. W. How

96 6. 6. 6. 4. 8. 8. 4. St. John *J. B. Dykes*


mf
Be - hold the Lamb of God! O Thou for sin - ners slain, Let it not
p
rit
tempo
cr
be in vain That Thou hast died: Thee for my Sav - iour let me take,
dim
My on - ly re - fuge let me make Thy pierc - ed side. A - MEN.

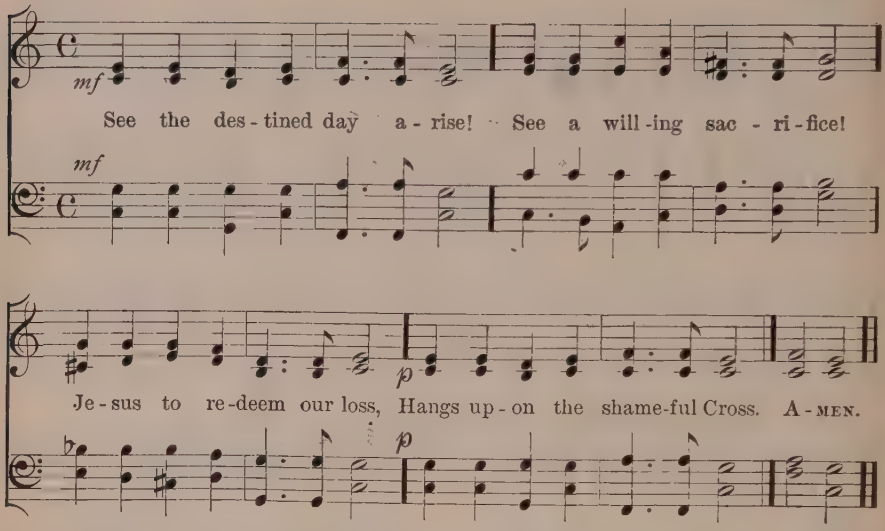
mf 2 Behold the Lamb of God!
p Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
mf Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

mf 3 Behold the Lamb of God!
cr All hail, incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessèd saints,
Eternal rest.

mf 4 Behold the Lamb of God!
f Worthy is He alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All light and love.

M. Bridges

97 7. 7. 7. 7. REDHEAD, No. 47
R. Redhead



p 2 Jesu, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that Tree of scorn,
pp Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

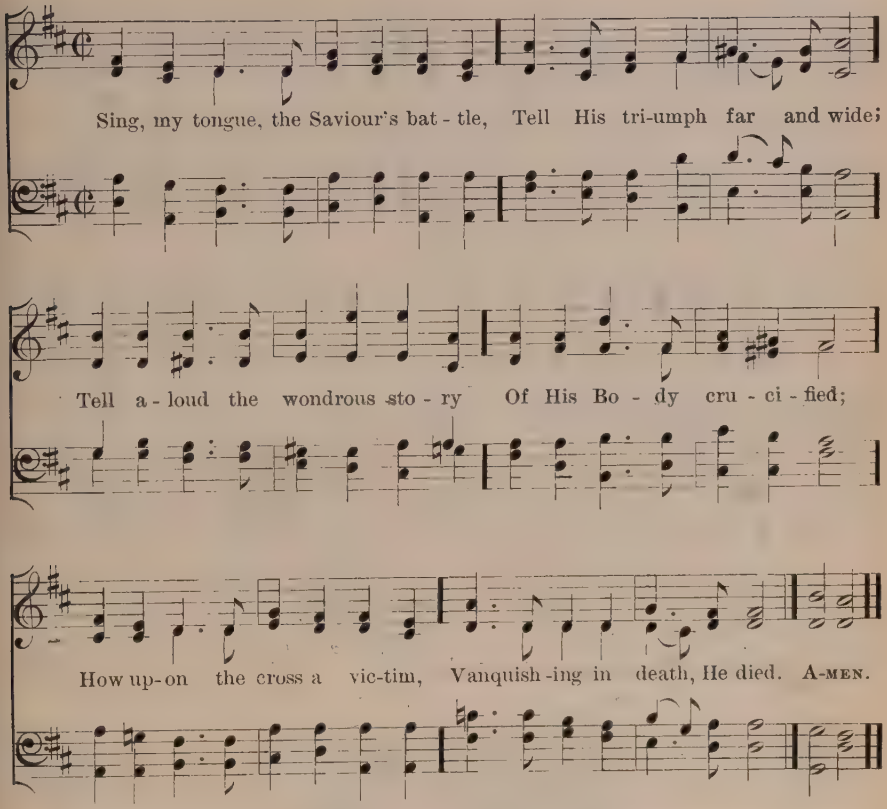
p 3 Who but Thou had dared to drain
Steeped in gall the cup of pain,
pp And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

mf 4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
pp Mingled from Thy Side with blood;
cr Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished Sacrifice.

mf 5 Holy Jesu, grant us grace
In that Sacrifice to place
cr All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

V. Fortunatus: PAR *R. Mant*

98 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. PROELIUM *H. Lahee*


Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's bat - tle, Tell His tri-umph far and wide;
Tell a - loud the wondrous sto - ry Of His Bo - dy cru - ci - fied;
How up-on the cross a vic-tim, Vanquish-ing in death, He died. A-MEN.

mf 2 Eating of the tree forbidden,
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,
When our pitying Creator
Did this second Tree prepare,
Destined, many ages later,
That first evil to repair.

mf 3 So, when now at length the fulness
Of the time foretold drew nigh,
God the Son, the world's Creator,
Left His Father's throne on high,
dim From the Virgin's womb appearing
Clothed in our humanity.

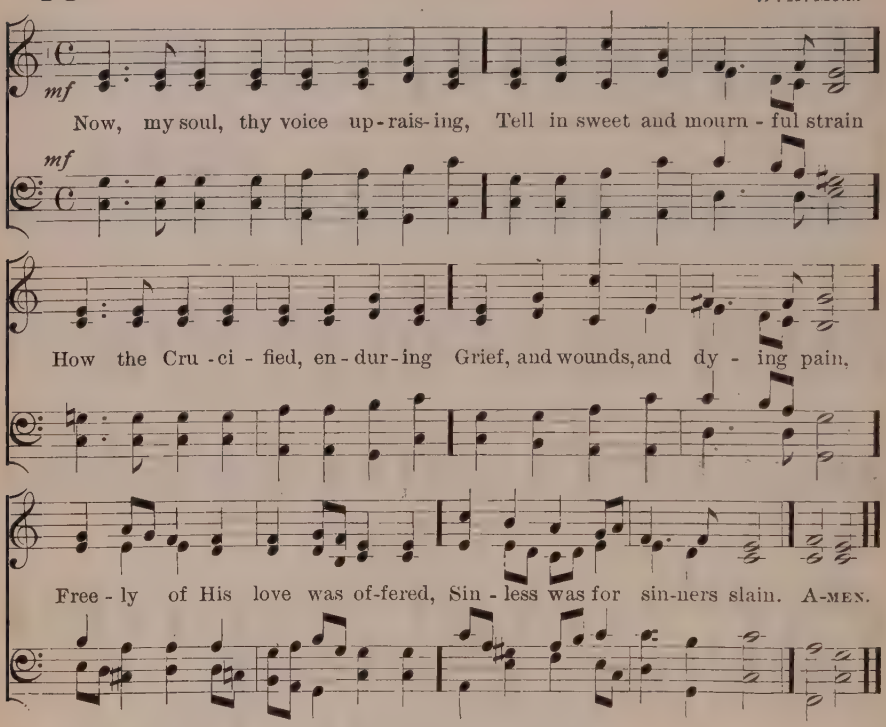
mf 4 Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
In our mortal flesh attain;
Then of His free choice He goeth
To a death of bitter pain;
p He, the Lamb upon the altar
Of the Cross, for us was slain.

p 5 Lo! with gall His thirst He quenches,
See the thorns upon His brow;
pp Nails His tender flesh are rending;
See, His side is pierced now;
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation
Streams of blood and water flow.

mf 6 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
ff Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be:
Honour, glory and dominion
And eternal victory.

V. Fortunatus: TR. *E. Caswall*

99 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. ST. DENYS *W. H. Monk*


mf
Now, my soul, thy voice up-rais-ing, Tell in sweet and mourn-ful strain
How the Cru-ci-fied, en-dur-ing Grief, and wounds, and dy-ing pain,
Free-ly of His love was of-fered, Sin-less was for sin-ners slain. A-MEN.

p 2 Scourged with unrelenting fury,
For the sins which we deplore,
By His livid stripes He heals us,
Raising us to fall no more;
All our bruises gently soothing,
Binding up the bleeding sore.

mf 3 See! His hands and feet are fastened;
So He makes His people free;
Not a wound whence blood is flowing
But a fount of grace shall be:
Yea, the very nails which nail Him
Nail us also to the Tree.

mf 4 Through His heart the spear is piercing,
Though His foes have see Him die;
Blood and water thence are streaming
In a tide of mystery;
cr Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
Blood to win us crowns on high.

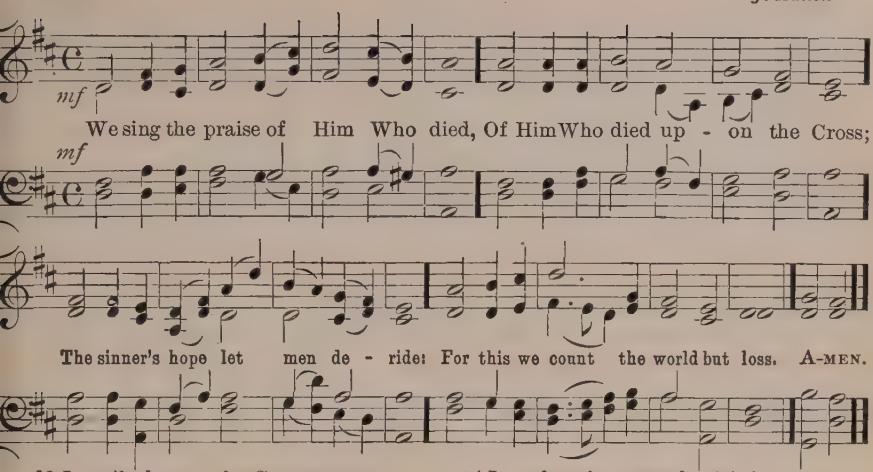
mf 5 Jesu, may those precious fountains
Drink to thirsting souls afford:
Let them be our present healing,
And at length our great reward;
f So a ransomed world shall ever
Praise Thee, its redeeming Lord.

C. de Santeuil : TR. *H. W. Baker*

100

L. M.

DUKE STREET
J. Hatton


mf
We sing the praise of Him Who died, Of Him Who died up - on the Cross;
mf
The sinner's hope let men de - ride: For this we count the world but loss. A-MEN.

mf 2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, God is love:
He bears our sins upon the Tree:
He brings us mercy from above.

mp 3 The Cross—it takes our guilt away;
cr It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

f 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

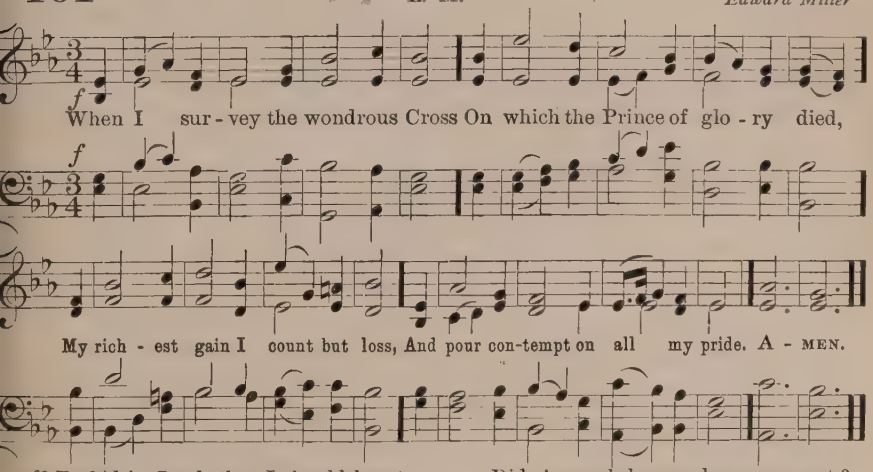
mf 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
cr The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

T. Kelly

101

L. M.

ROCKINGHAM
Edward Miller


f
When I sur - vey the wondrous Cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
f
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride. A - MEN.

mf 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

p 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

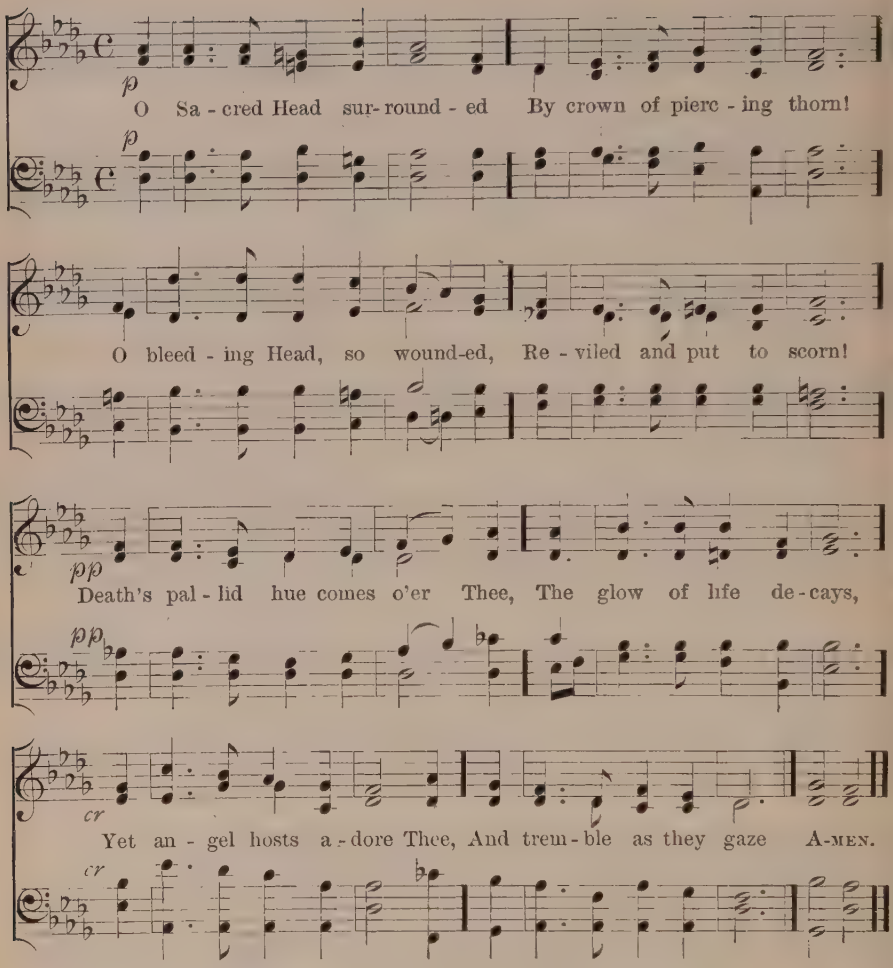
cr Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

mf 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
f Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

I. Watts

102 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

St. Christopher
F. C. Maker


p
O Sa - cred Head sur - round - ed By crown of pierc - ing thorn!
p
O bleed - ing Head, so wound-ed, Re - viled and put to scorn!
pp
Death's pal - lid hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of life de - cays,
pp
cr
Yet an - gel hosts a - dore Thee, And trem - ble as they gaze A-MEN.
cr

p 2 I see Thy strength and vigour,
All fading in the strife,
dim And death with cruel rigour,
Bereaving Thee of life;
pp O agony and dying!
cr O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me.

mf 3 In this, Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be
Beneath Thy Cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
cr In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

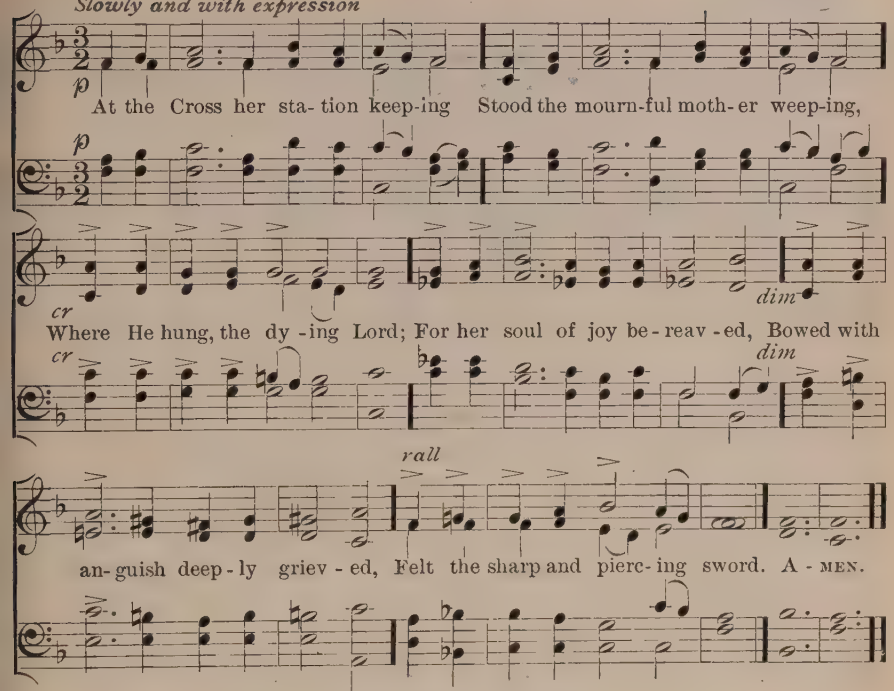
p 4 Be near when I am dying.
O show Thy Cross to me:
cr And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
mf These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

St. Bernard: Tr. *H. W. Baker*

103 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 8. 7. 8. 8 7.

STABAT MATER. No. 1
J. B. Dykes


Slowly and with expression
p
At the Cross her sta- tion keep-ing Stood the mourn-ful moth- er weep-ing,
p
cr
dim
Where He hung, the dy -ing Lord; For her soul of joy be- reav -ed, Bowed with
cr
dim
rall
an- guish deep- ly griev - ed, Felt the sharp and pierc- ing sword. A - MEN.

p 2 O how sad and sore distressèd
cr Now was she, that mother blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One,
p Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

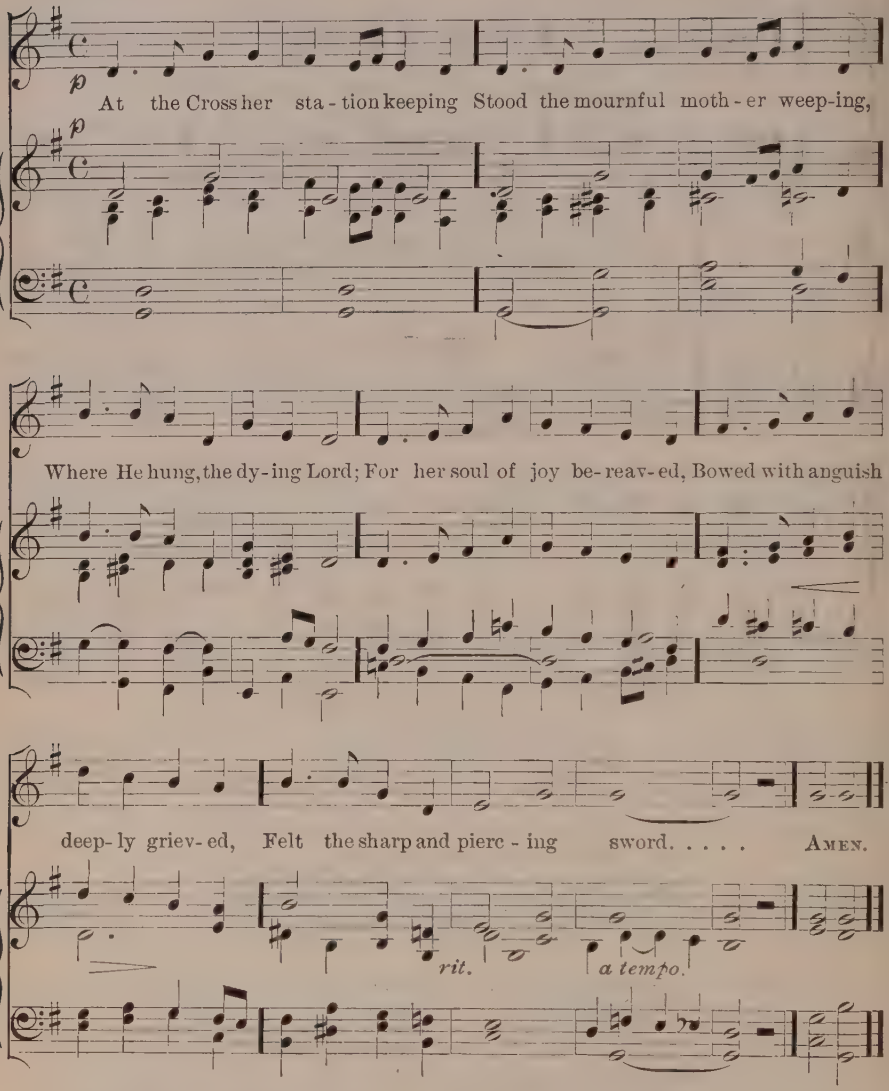
mf 3 Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,
dim Pierced by anguish so amazing,
p Born of woman, would not weep?
mf Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,
dim Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
p Would not share her sorrows deep?

p 4 For His people's sins chastisèd,
She beheld her Son despisèd,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
dim And in death by all forsaken,
pp Till His spirit He resigned.

mf 5 Jesu, may her deep devotion,
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind;
cr That my heart fresh ardour gaining,
f And a purer love attaining,
dim May with Thee acceptance find.

LATIN. TR. *R. Mant* and *E. Caswall*

103 (SECOND TUNE) 8.8.7.8.8.7. BONAR *S. B. Calkin*


p
At the Cross her sta - tion keeping Stood the mournful moth - er weep-ing,
p
Where He hung, the dy-ing Lord; For her soul of joy be-reav-ed, Bowed with anguish
deep-ly griev-ed, Felt the sharp and pierc - ing sword. . . . . AMEN.
rit.
a tempo.

p 2 O how sad and sore distressèd
cr Now was she, that mother blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One,
p Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

mf 3 Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,
dim Pierced by anguish so amazing,
p Born of woman, would not weep?
mf Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,
dim Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
p Would not share her sorrows deep?

p 4 For His people's sins chastisèd,
She beheld her Son despisèd,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
dim And in death by all forsaken,
pp Till His spirit He resigned.

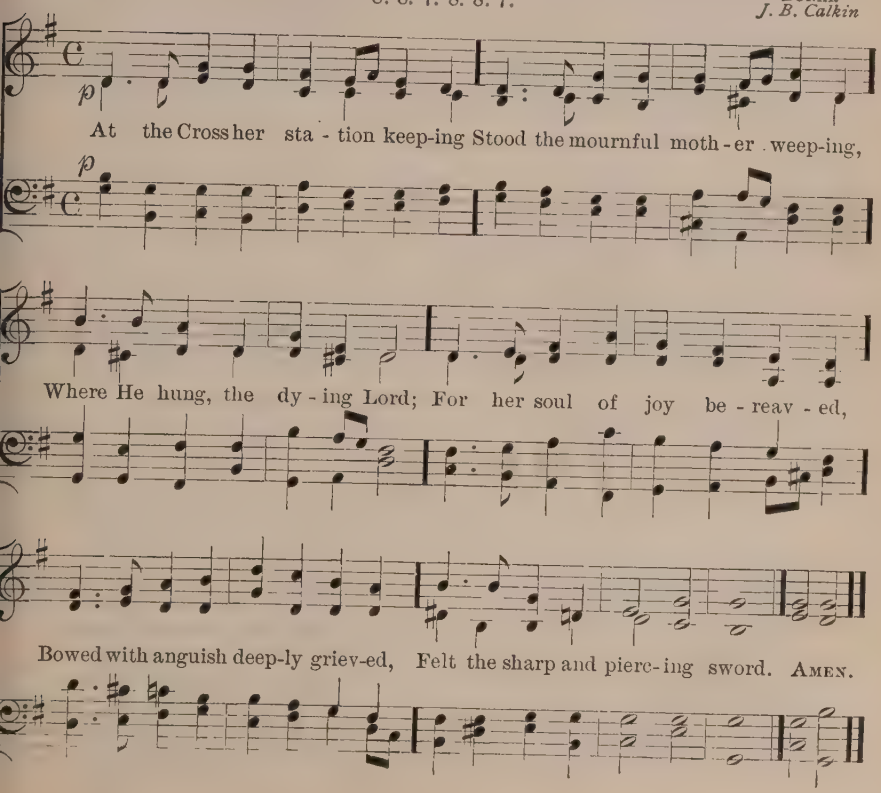
mf 5 Jesu, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind;
cr That my heart fresh ardour gaining,
f And a purer love attaining,
dim May with Thee acceptance find.

LATIN. TR. *R. Mant* and *E. Caswall*

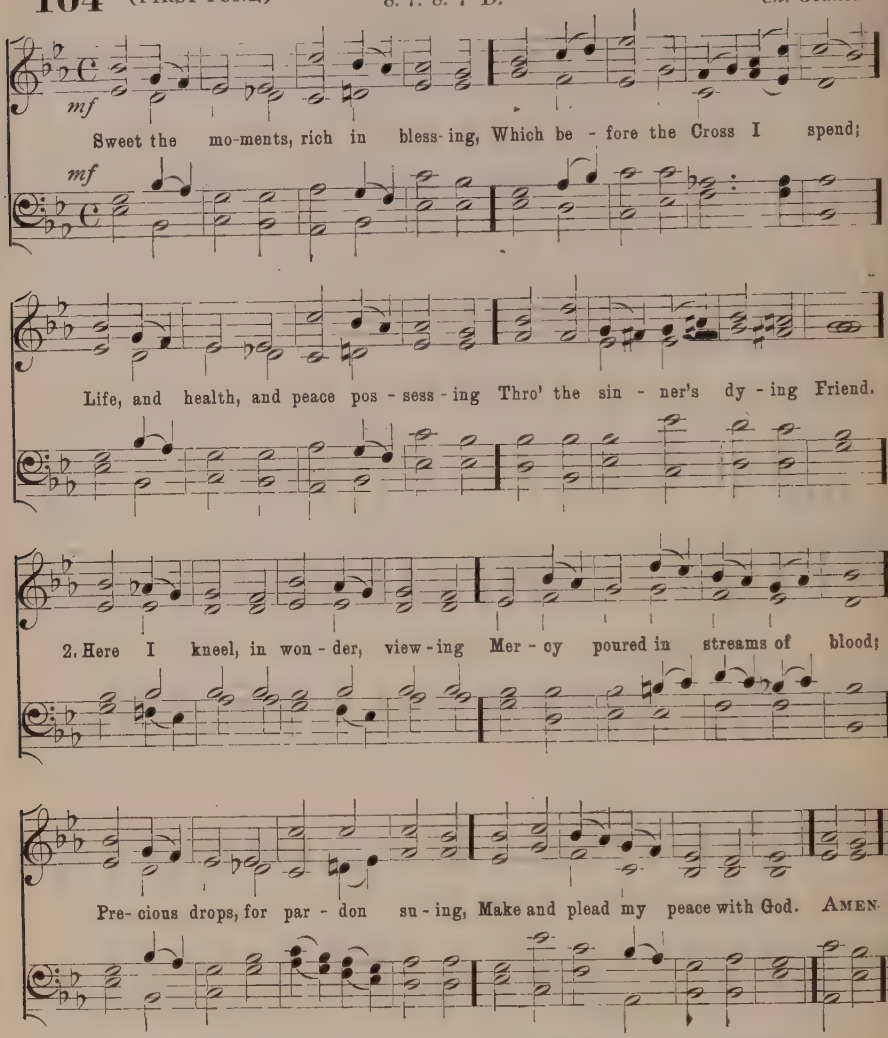
103

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

BONAR
J. B. Calkin


p
At the Cross her sta - tion keep-ing Stood the mournful moth - er weep-ing,
p
Where He hung, the dy - ing Lord; For her soul of joy be - reav - ed,
Bowed with anguish deep-ly griev-ed, Felt the sharp and pierc-ing sword. AMEN.

104 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7 D. AVE VERUM *Ch. Gounod*


mf
Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the Cross I spend;
mf
Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing Thro' the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
2. Here I kneel, in won-der, view-ing Mer-cy poured in streams of blood;
Pre-cious drops, for par-don su-ing, Make and plead my peace with God. AMEN.

mf 3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His dying eye.

cr 4 Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Loving much, and much forgiven,
cr Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

mf 5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
cr Till I taste Thy full salvation,
f And Thine unveiled glories see.

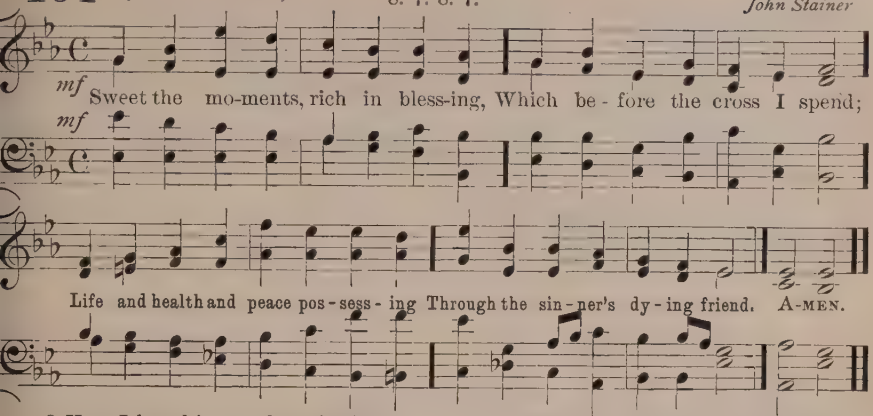
mf 6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
dim Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase.

W. Shirley

104 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

WYCLIFFE
John Stainer


mf
Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
mf
Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing friend. A-MEN.

mp 2 Here I kneel in wonder, viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops for pardon suing,
Make and plead my peace with God.

mf 3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His dying eye.

cr 4 Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much, and much forgiven,
cr Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

mf 5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
cr Till I taste Thy full salvation,
f And Thine unveiled glories see.

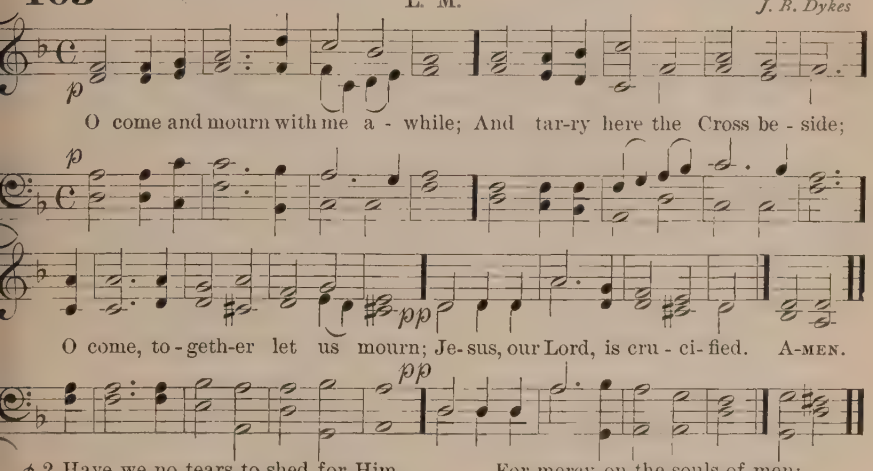
mf 6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
dim Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase.

W. Shirley

105

L. M.

ST. CROSS
J. B. Dykes


p
O come and mourn with me a - while; And tar-ry here the Cross be - side;
p
pp
O come, to-geth-er let us mourn; Je-sus, our Lord, is cru - ci-fied. A-MEN.
pp

p 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

mf 3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
dim And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

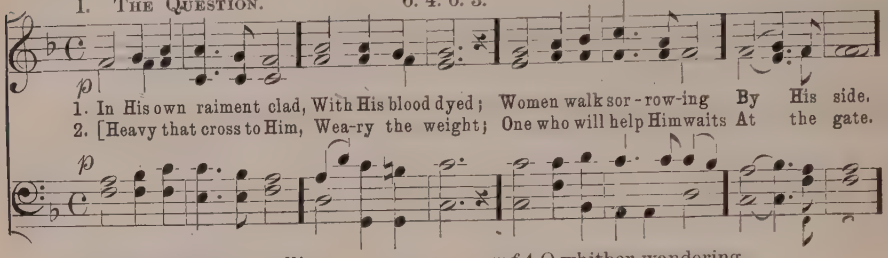
mf 4 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
cr And victory remains with love;
dim For Thou, our Lord, art crucified!

F. W. Faber

THE STORY OF THE CROSS

106 (FIRST TUNE) CRUX *T. C. Lewis*

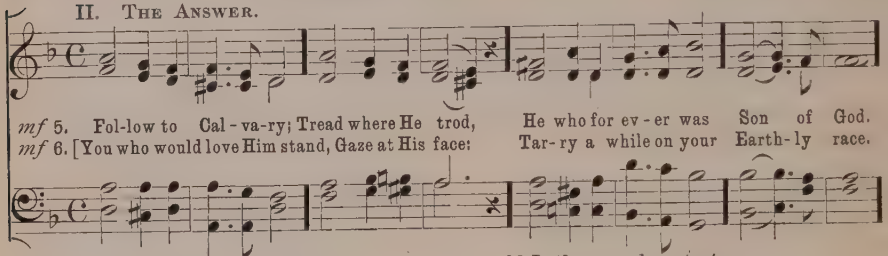
I. THE QUESTION. 6. 4. 6. 3.


p
1. In His own raiment clad, With His blood dyed; Women walk sor-row-ing By His side.
2. [Heavy that cross to Him, Wea-ry the weight; One who will help Him waits At the gate.
p

mf 3 See! they are travelling
On the same road;
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.]

mf 4 O whither wandering
Bear they that tree?
He Who first carries it,
Who is He?

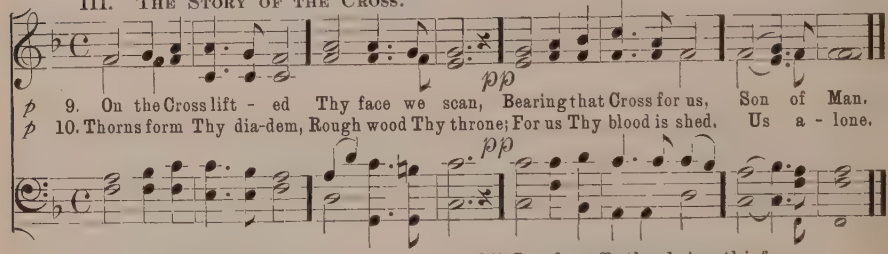
II. THE ANSWER.


mf 5. Fol-low to Cal-va-ry; Tread where He trod, He who for ev-er was Son of God.
mf 6. [You who would love Him stand, Gaze at His face: Tar-ry a while on your Earth-ly race.

mf 7 As the swift moments fly
Through the blest week,
Read the great story the
Cross will teach.]

mf 8 Is there no beauty to
You who pass by,
In that lone figure which
Marks that sky?

III. THE STORY OF THE CROSS.


pp
p 9. On the Cross lift-ed Thy face we scan, Bearing that Cross for us, Son of Man.
p 10. Thorns form Thy dia-dem, Rough wood Thy throne; For us Thy blood is shed, Us a-lone.
pp

p 11 No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy head;
dim Only the splintered Cross
Is Thy bed.

pp 12 [Nails pierced Thy hands and feet,
Thy side the spear;
No voice is nigh to say
Help is near.

p 13 Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day:
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
Far away.

p 14 Loud is Thy bitter cry;
Sunk on Thy breast
pp Hangeth Thy bleeding head
Without rest.

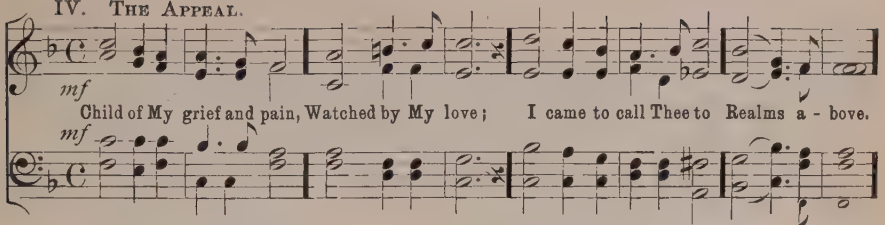
mf 15 Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee:
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me?

mf 16 Gazing, afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers Thou
Callest Thine own.

mf 17 I see Thy title, Lord,
Inscribed above;
"Jesus of Nazareth,"
King of Love.]

mf 18 What, O my Saviour,
Here didst Thou see,
dim Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me?

IV. The Appeal.

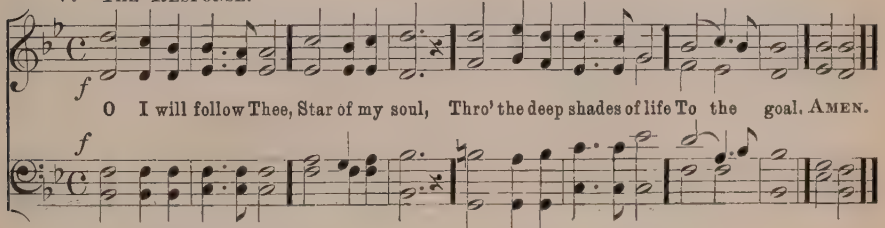


mf 20 I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me:
In love I seek for thee;
Do not flee.

p 21 For thee My blood I shed,
For thee alone;
I came to purchase thee,
For Mine own.

mf 22 Weep thou not for My grief,
Child of My love:
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.]

V. The Response.



f 24 Yea, let Thy cross be borne
Each day by me;
Mind not how heavy, if
But with Thee.

mf 25 Lord, if Thou only wilt,
Make us Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

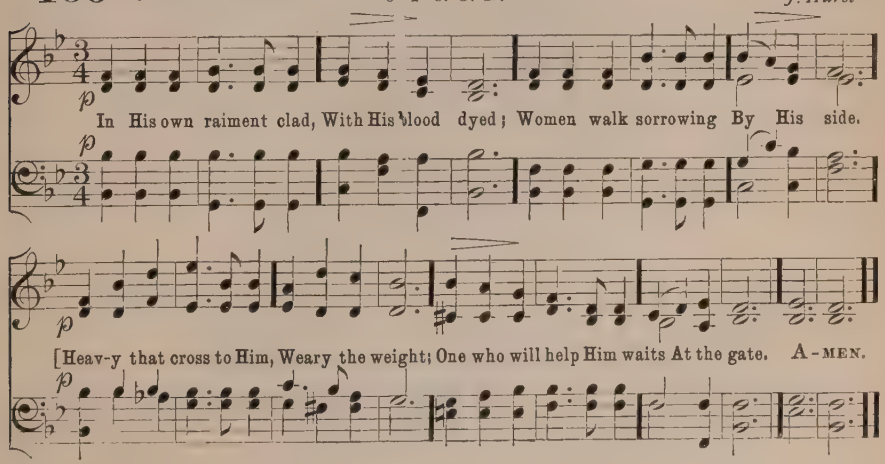
mf 26 Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee;
cr With Thee, when morning breaks
Ever to be.

E. Monroe

The hymn can be shortened by omitting the bracketed verses.

106 (SECOND TUNE) 6 4 6. 3. D.

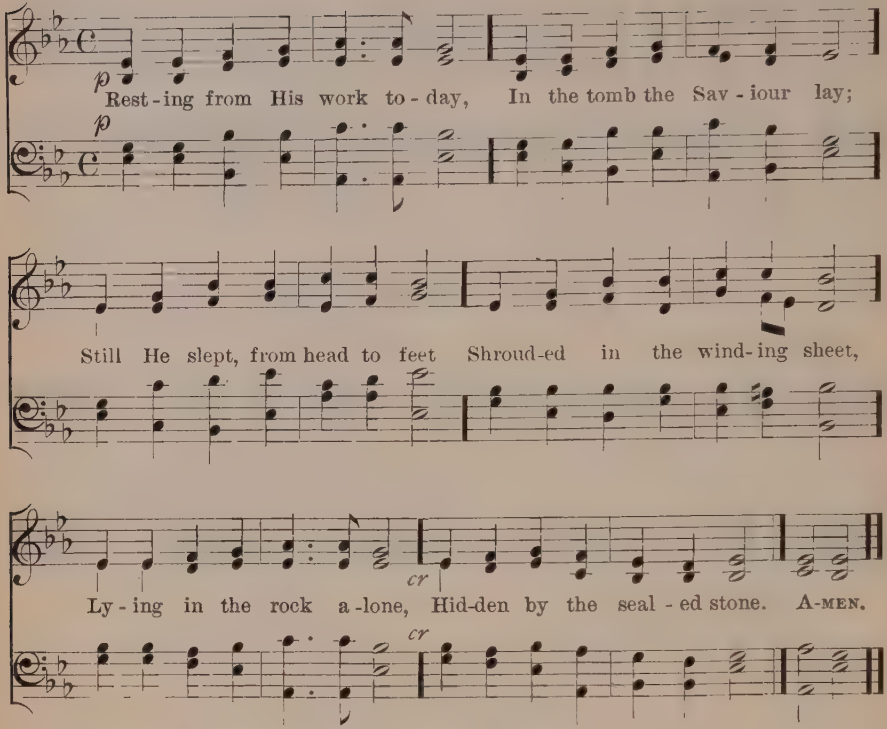
Calvary
J. Hurst


p
In His own raiment clad, With His blood dyed; Women walk sorrowing By His side.
p
p
[Heav-y that cross to Him, Weary the weight; One who will help Him waits At the gate. A-men.
p

Easter Even

107 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

REDHEAD, No. 76
R. Redhead


p
Rest-ing from His work to-day, In the tomb the Sav-iour lay;
p
Still He slept, from head to feet Shroud-ed in the wind-ing sheet,
cr
Ly-ing in the rock a-lone, Hid-den by the seal-ed stone. A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
p Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

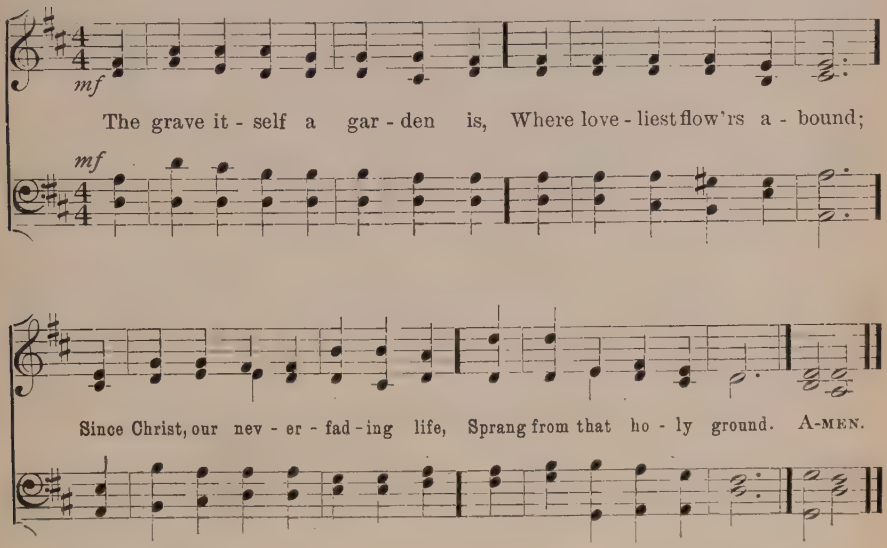
mf 3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

mf 4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
p Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
cr Till my Lord appear again.

F. Whytehead

Easter Even

108 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. ST. MARK *H. J. Gauntlett*


mf
The grave it - self a gar - den is, Where love - liest flow'rs a - bound;
mf
Since Christ, our nev - er - fad - ing life, Sprang from that ho - ly ground. A-MEN.

mf 2 O give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest in Thee,
A Sabbath in the grave.

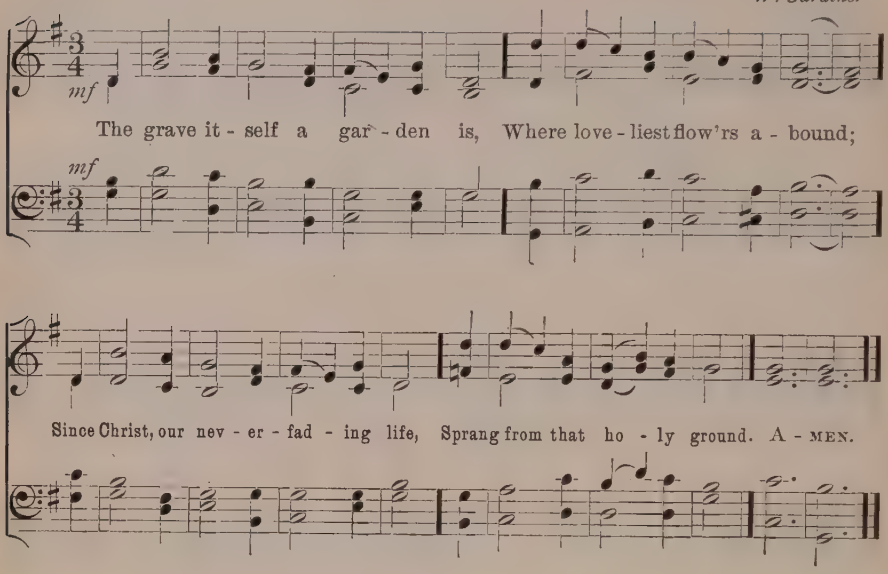
mp 3 Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own blood,
p And buried in the grave,
cr Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.

mf 4 Baptized into Thy death we died,
And buried were with Thee,
cr That we might live with Thee to God,
And ever blest might be.

mf 5 Lord, through the grave and gate of death
May we, with Thee, arise
f To an eternal Easter-day
Of glory in the skies!

C. Wordsworth

108 (SECOND TUNE) C. M. BELMONT *W. Gardiner*


mf
The grave it - self a gar - den is, Where love - liest flow'rs a - bound;
mf
Since Christ, our nev - er - fad - ing life, Sprang from that ho - ly ground. A - MEN.

mf 2 O give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest in Thee,
A Sabbath in the grave.

mp 3 Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own blood,
p And buried in the grave,
cr Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.

mf 4 Baptized into Thy death we died,
And buried were with Thee,
cr That we might live with Thee to God,
And ever blest might be.

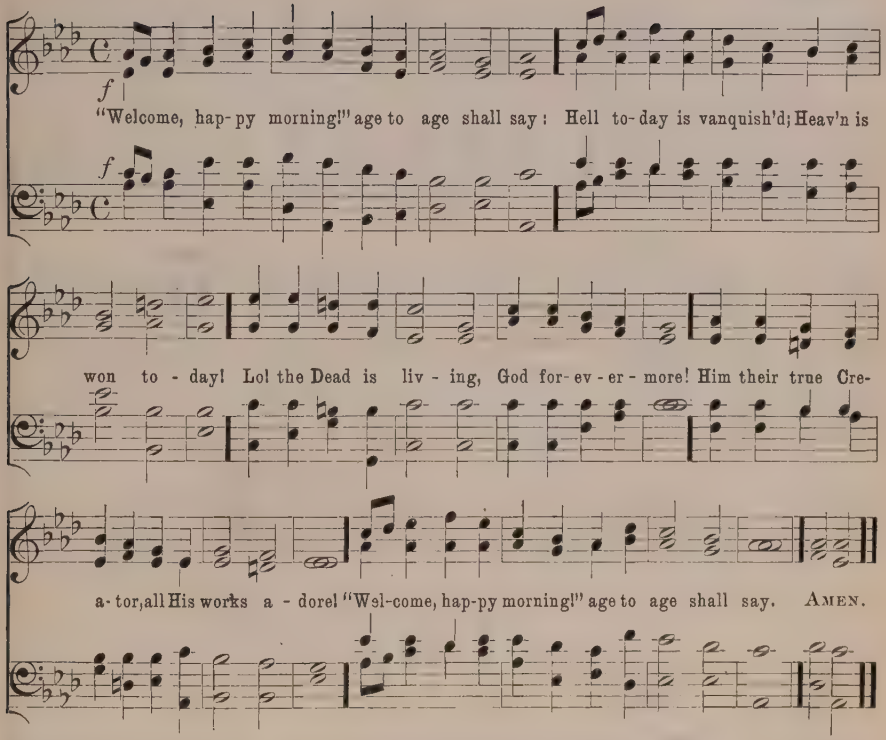
mf 5 Lord, through the grave and gate of death
May we, with Thee, arise
f To an eternal Easter-day
Of glory in the skies!

C. Wordsworth

109

11. 11. 11. 11. 11.

FORTUNATUS
A. S. Sullivan


f
"Welcome, hap-py morning!" age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquish'd; Heav'n is
won to-day! Lo! the Dead is liv-ing, God for-ev-er-more! Him their true Cre-
a-tor, all His works a-dore! "Wel-come, hap-py morning!" age to age shall say. AMEN.

f 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

f 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

mf 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all.
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

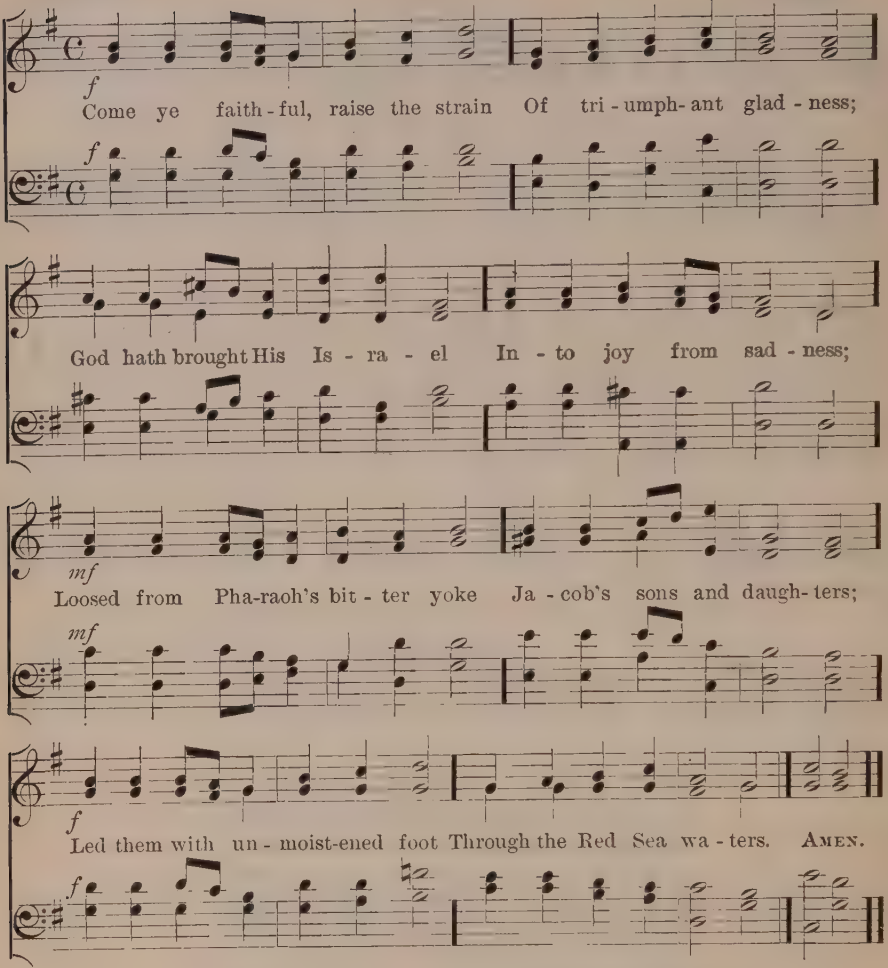
p 5 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
cr Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word,
f 'Tis Thine own third morning! rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

mf 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
cr Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
f Bring again our day-light: day returns with Thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

V. Fortunatus: TR. *J. Ellerton*

110 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

St. Kevin
A. S. Sullivan


f
Come ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness;
God hath brought His Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness;
mf
Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters;
f
Led them with un-moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa-ters. Amen.

f 2 'T is the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
p All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, (*cr·*) is flying
f From His light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

f 3 Now the Queen of seasons bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

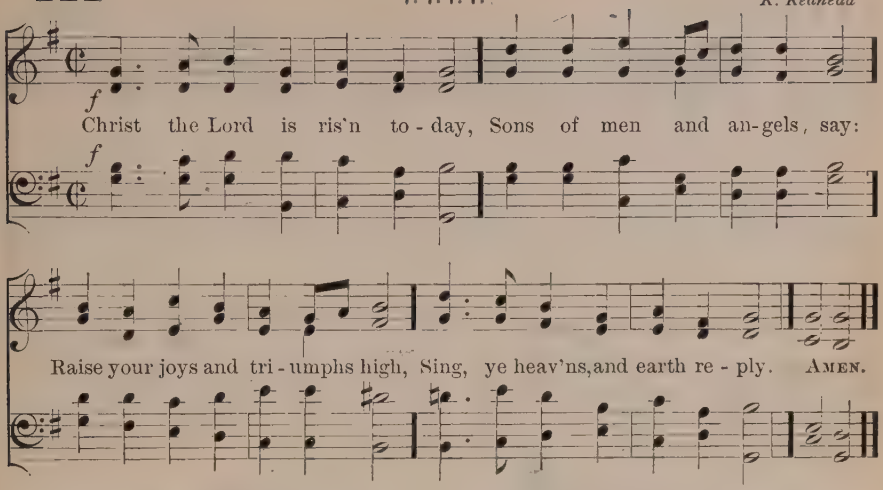
f 4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

Greek: Tr. *J. M. Neale*

111 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

REDHEAD. 45
R. Redhead


f
Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an-gels, say:
f
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. AMEN.

f 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

f 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

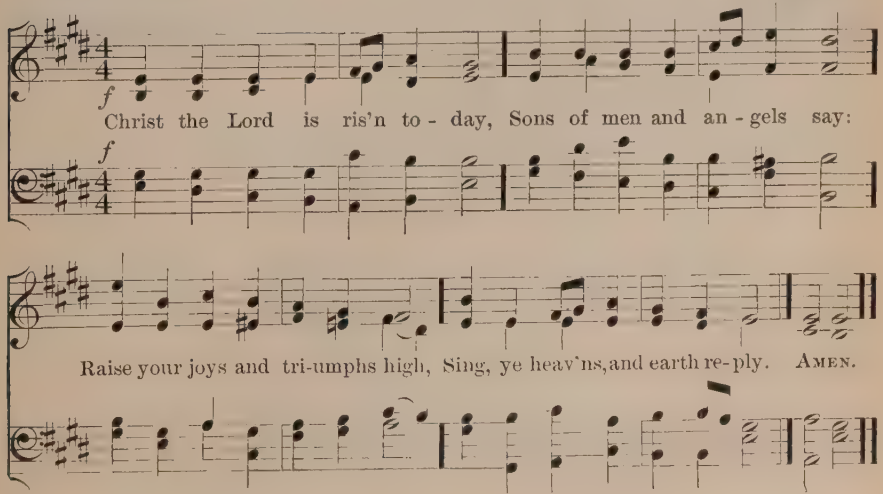
mf 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
cr Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

C. Wesley

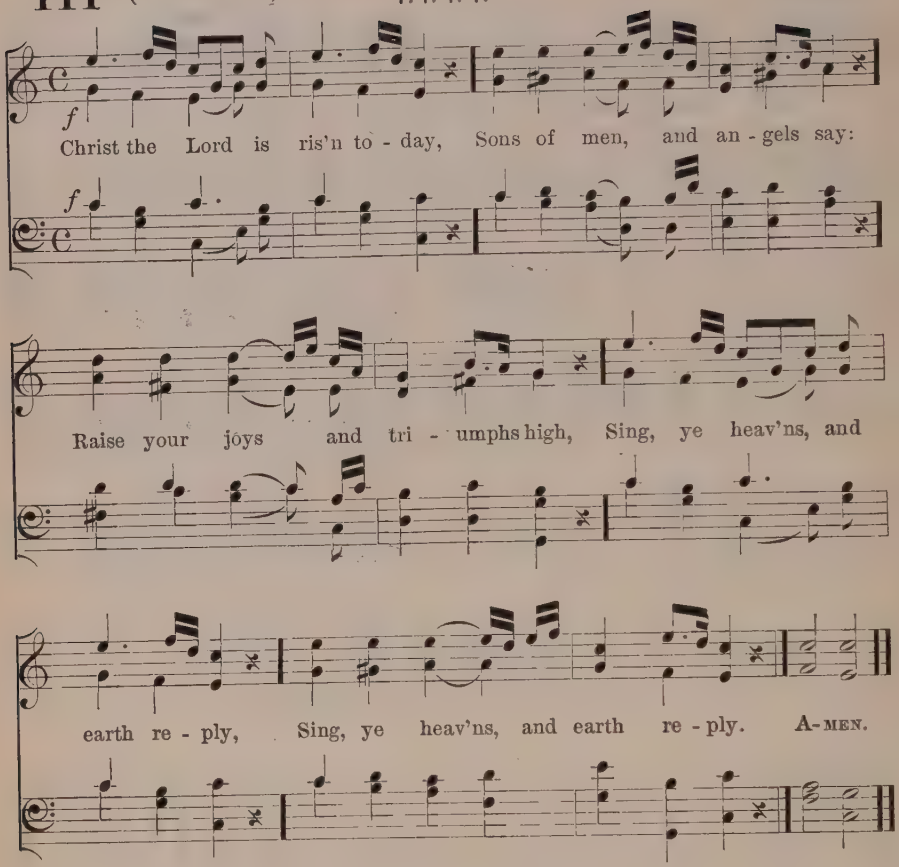
(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

POSEN
G. C. Stratiner


f
Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
f
Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re-ply. AMEN.

111 (THIRD TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. MOZART *Mozart*


f
Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men, and an - gels say:
f
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and
earth re - ply, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. A-MEN.

f 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

f 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

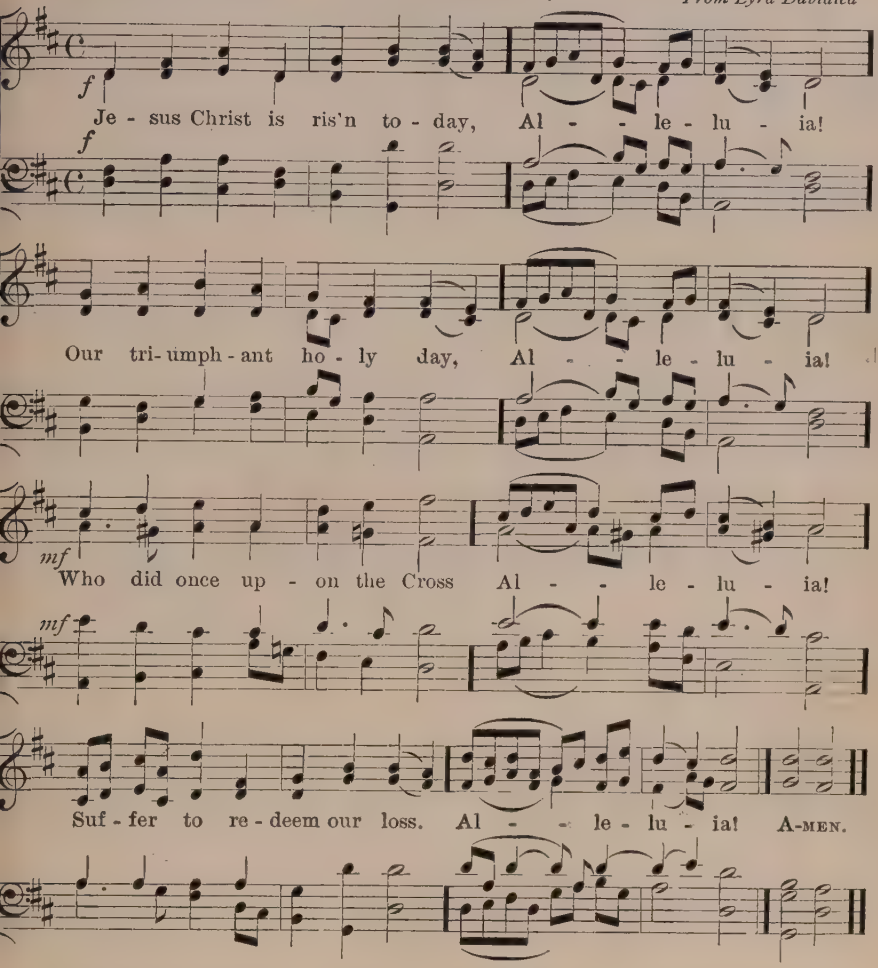
mf 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
cr. Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

C. Wesley

112 (FIRST TUNE)

7.7.7.7. With Alleluia.

WORGAN
From Lyra Davidica


f
Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
f
Our tri-umph-ant ho - ly day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
mf
Who did once up - on the Cross Al - - le - lu - ia!
mf
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

f 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
mf Who endured the Cross and grave,
cr Sinners to redeem and save.
f Alleluia!

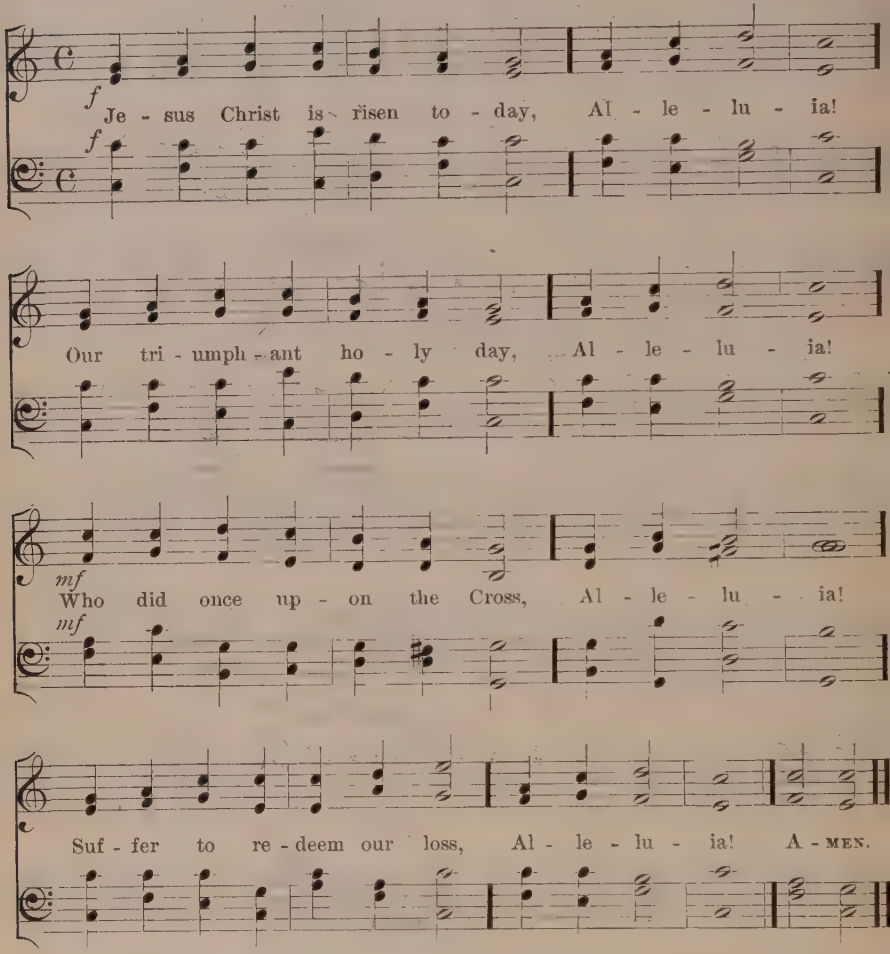
mp 3 But the pains which He endured,
cr Our salvation have procured;
f Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
f Alleluia!

ff 4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!

Latin: Tate and *Brady*

112 (SECOND TUNE) 7.7.7.7. With Alleluia.

EASTER HYMN
W. H. Monk


f
Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!
mf
Who did once up - on the Cross, Al - le - lu - ia!
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

f 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
mf Who endured the Cross and grave,
cr Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

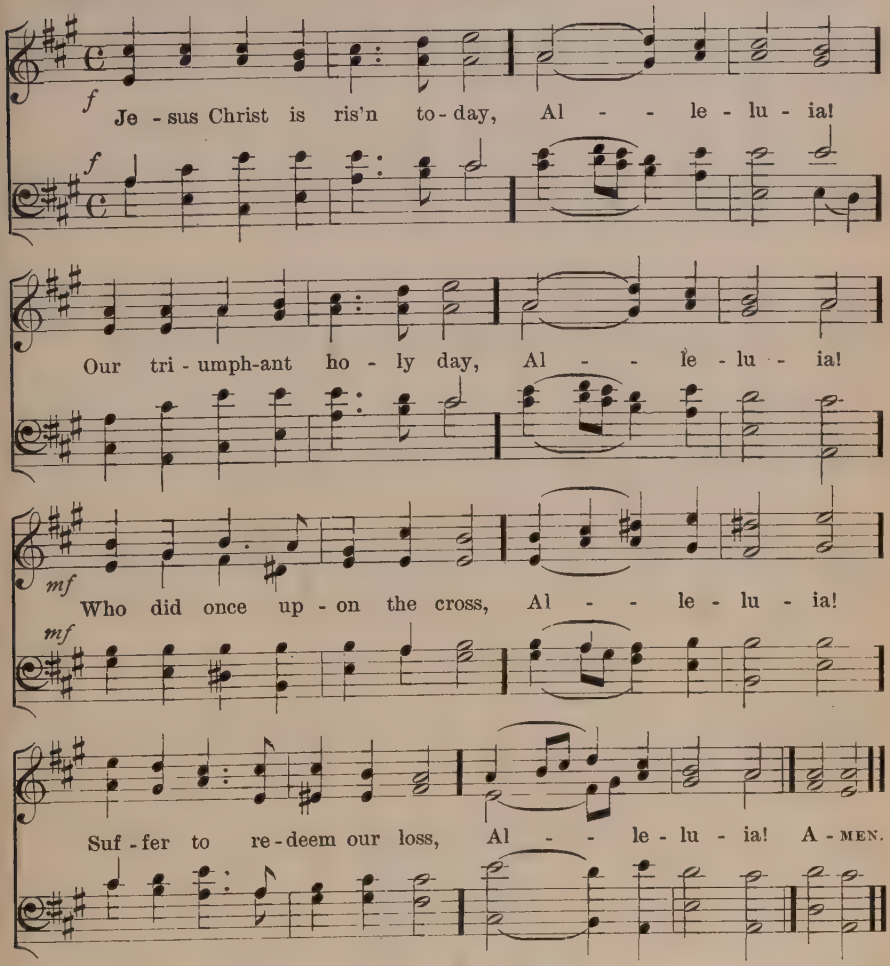
mf 3 But the pains which He endured,
cr Our salvation have procured;
f Now above the sky He's King;
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

ff 4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Alleluia!

Latin. *Tate* and *Brady*

112 (THIRD TUNE) 7.7.7.7. With Alleluia.

PASCHAL
J. S. B. Hodges


f
Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Our tri - umph-ant ho - ly day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
mf
Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Al - - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

f 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
mf Who endured the Cross and grave,
cr Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

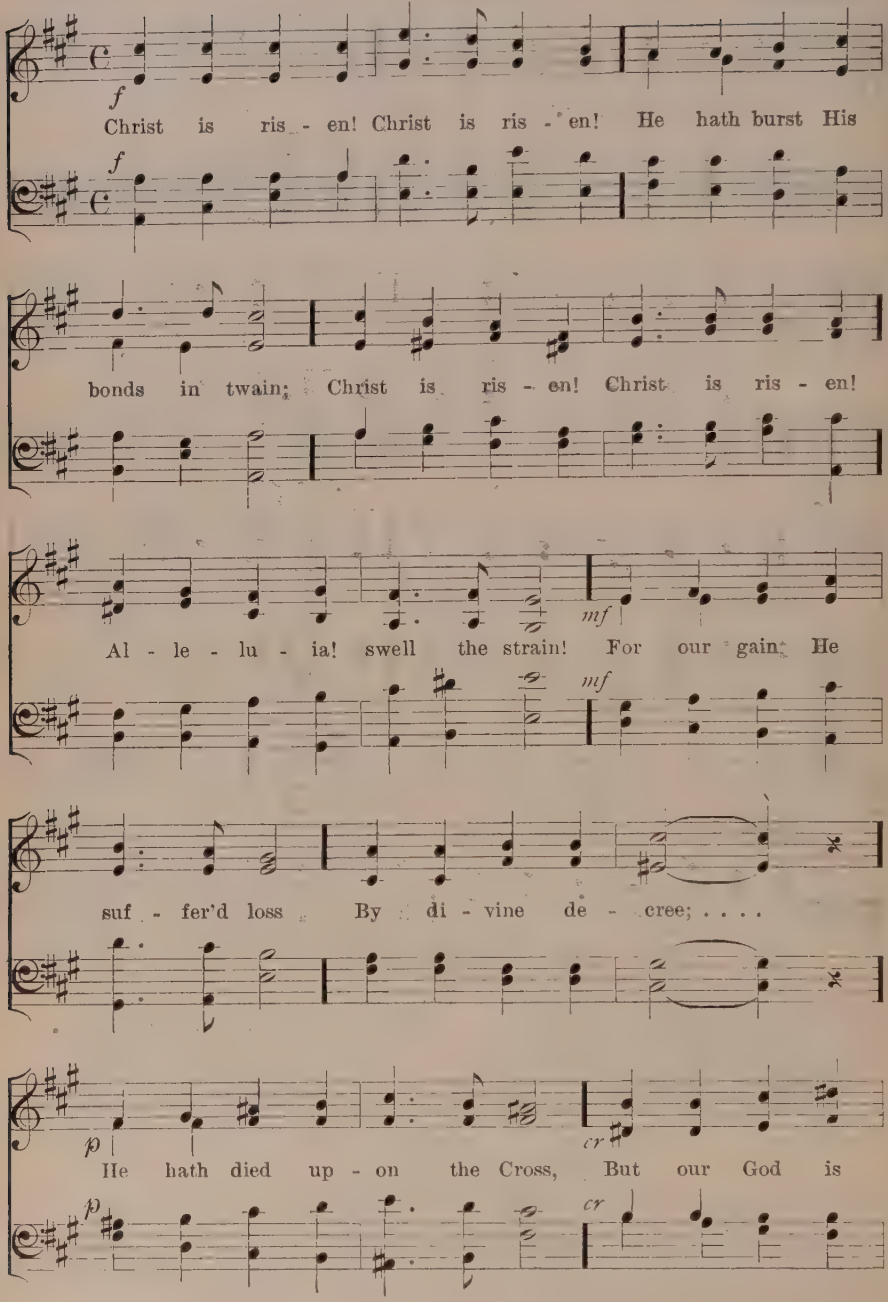
mf 3 But the pains which He endured,
cr Our salvation have procured;
f Now above the sky He's King;
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

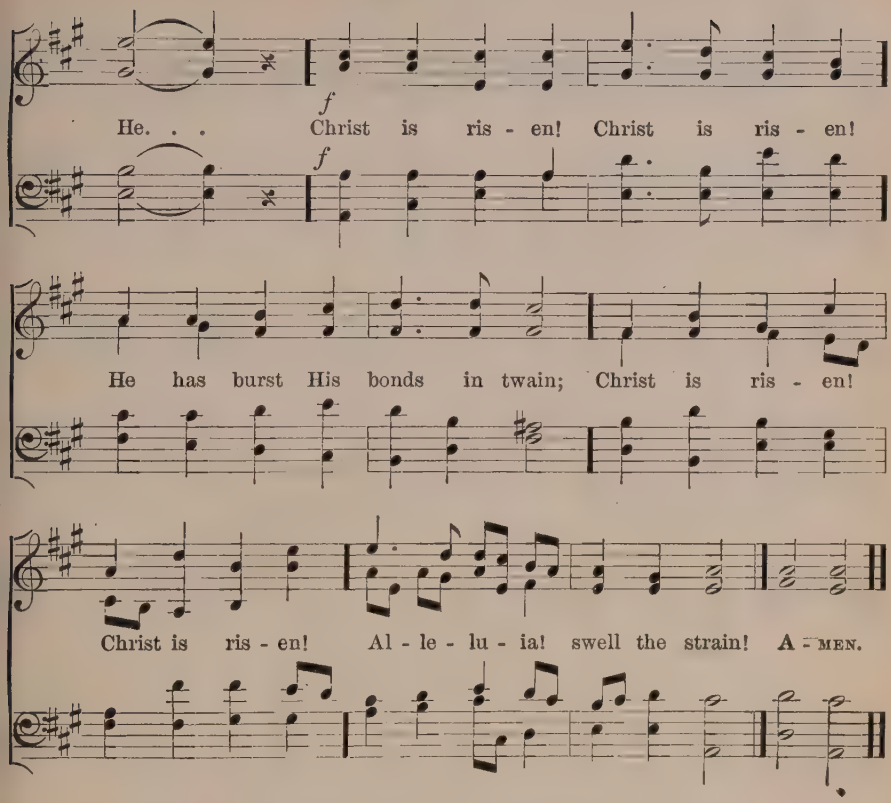
ff 4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Alleluia!

Latin. *Tate* and *Brady*

113 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 5. 7. 5. 8. 7. 8. 7.

RESURREXIT
A. S. Sullivan


f
Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His
bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en!
mf
Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain! For our gain He
suf - fer'd loss By di - vine de - cree; . . . .
p
cr
He hath died up - on the Cross, But our God is

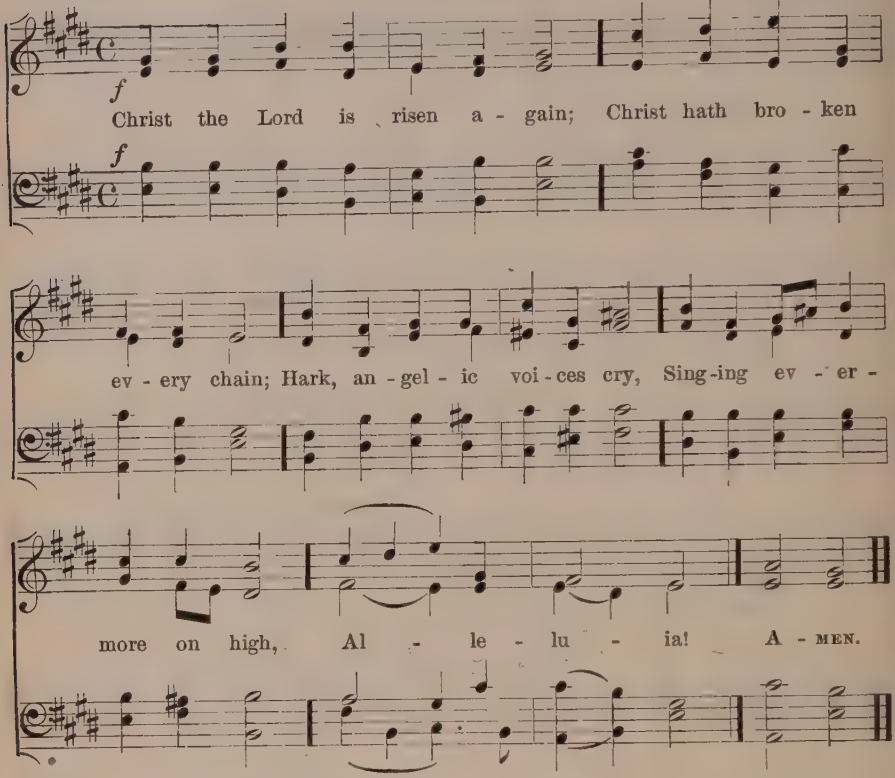

f
He. . . Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en!
f
He has burst His bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en!
Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain! A - MEN.

mf 2 See, the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love;
cr He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.
f Christ is risen! Christ is risen! etc.

mf 3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
cr Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
f "Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All creation, find a voice:
He o'er all shall reign."
ff Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign.

A. T. Gurney

114 7. 7. 7. 7. With Alleluia. WIRTEMBURG *German*


f
Christ the Lord is risen a - gain; Christ hath bro - ken
f
ev - ery chain; Hark, an - gel - ic voi - ces cry, Sing-ing ev - er -
more on high, Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

mf 2 He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
cr We too sing for joy and say,
f Alleluia!

p 3 He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
cr Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;
f Alleluia!

p 4 He Who slumbered in the grave
cr Is exalted now to save;
f Now through Christendom it rings
ff That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!

mf 5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven,
f Alleluia!

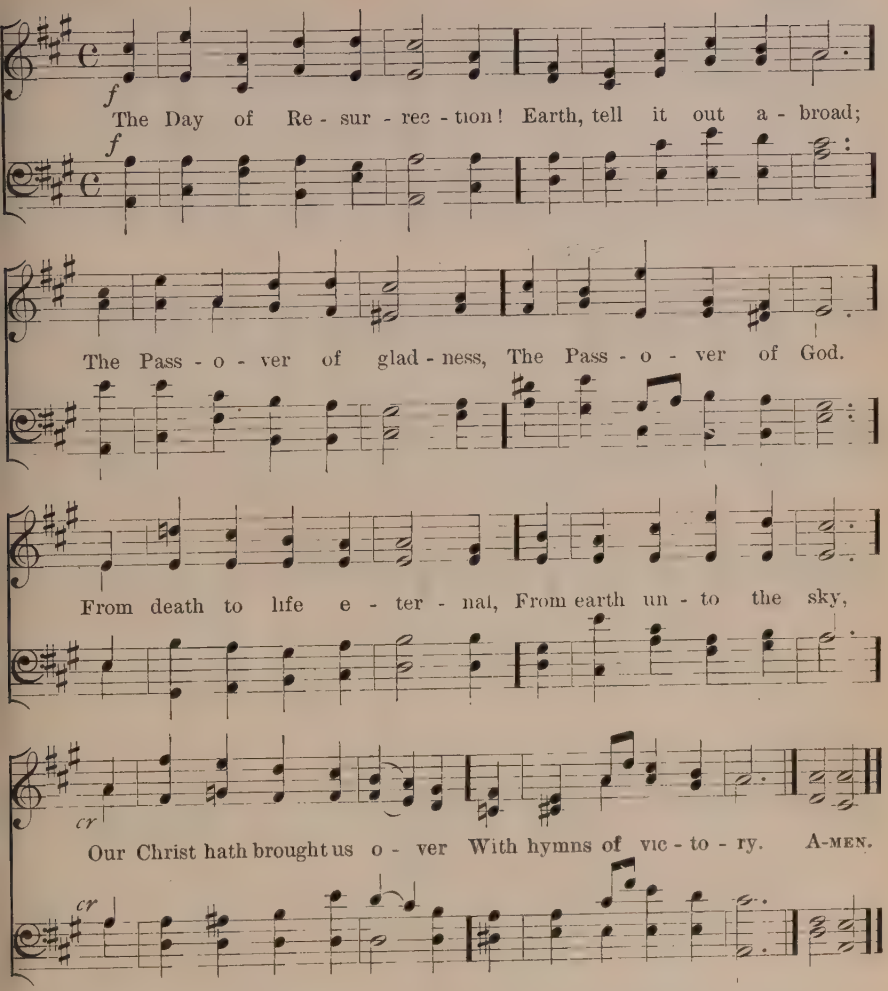
mf 6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
cr Let us sing, by night and day,
f Alleluia!

M. Weiss: TR. *C. Winkworth*

115 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ROTTERDAM
B. Tours

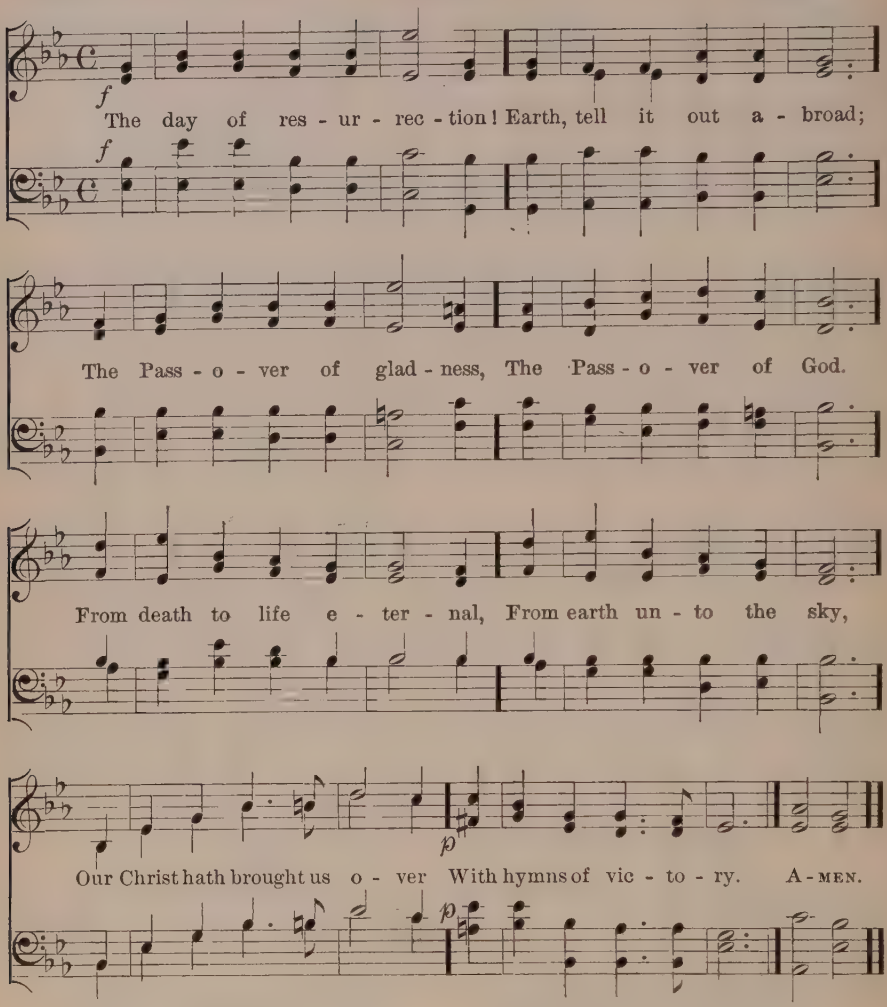

f
The Day of Re - sur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;
f
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
cr
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
cr His own "All hail," and hearing,
f May raise the victor strain.

f 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
ff For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

115 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. GREENLAND
Lausanne Psalter


f
The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
p
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - MEN.

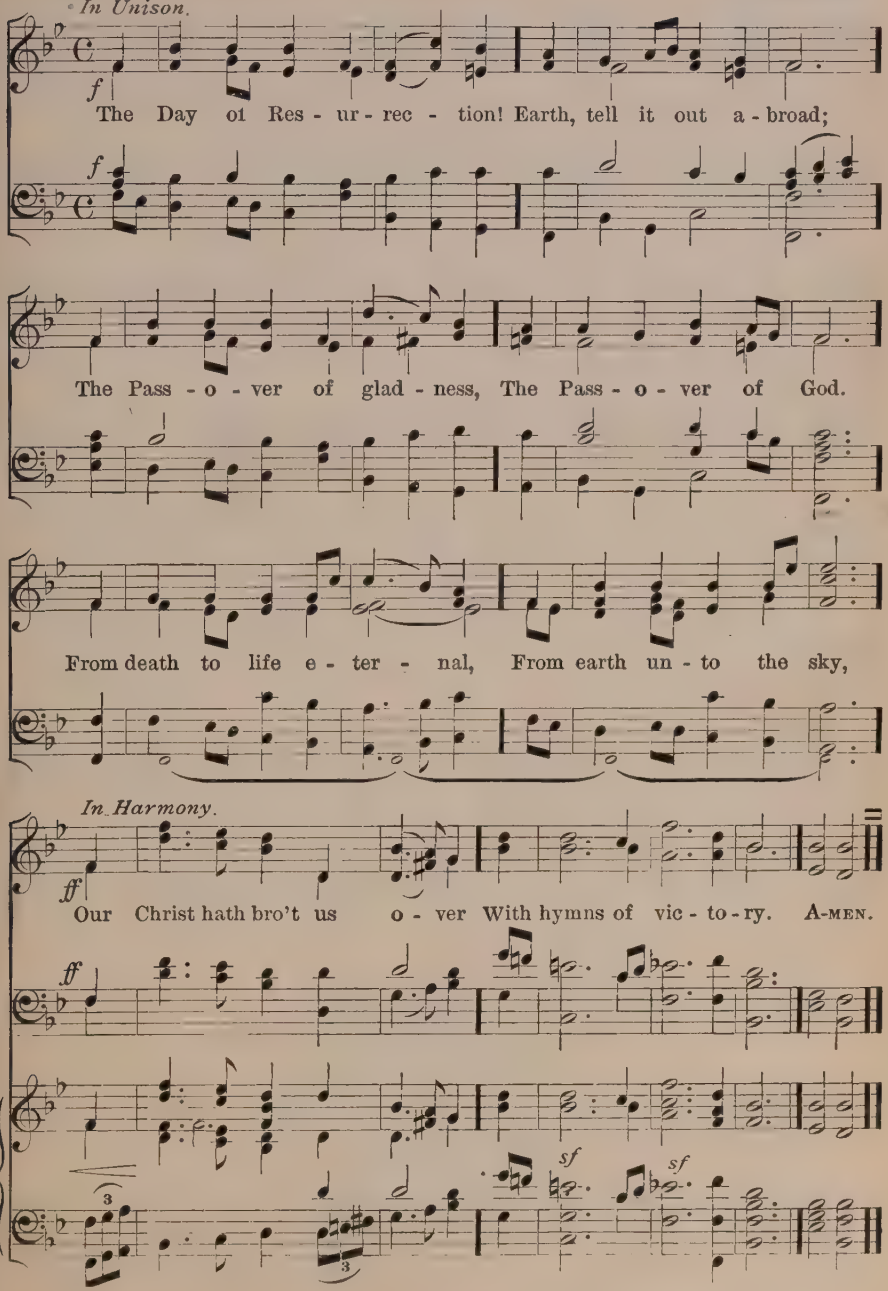
mf 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
cr His own "All hail," and hearing,
f May raise the victor strain.

f 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
ff For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

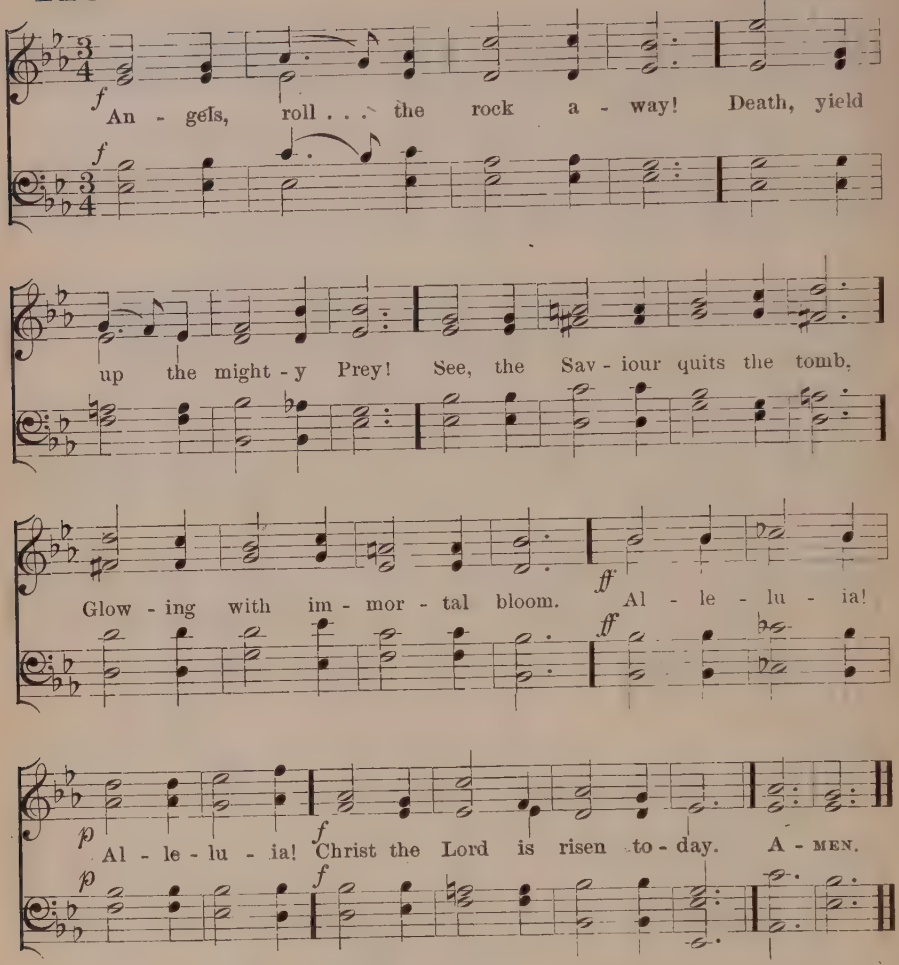
115 (THIRD TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. ALL HALLOW'S *G. C. Martin*

In Unison.


f
The Day of Res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
In Harmony.
ff
Our Christ hath bro't us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-MEN.
sf
sf

116 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 7.

ARIMATHEA
C. F. Roper

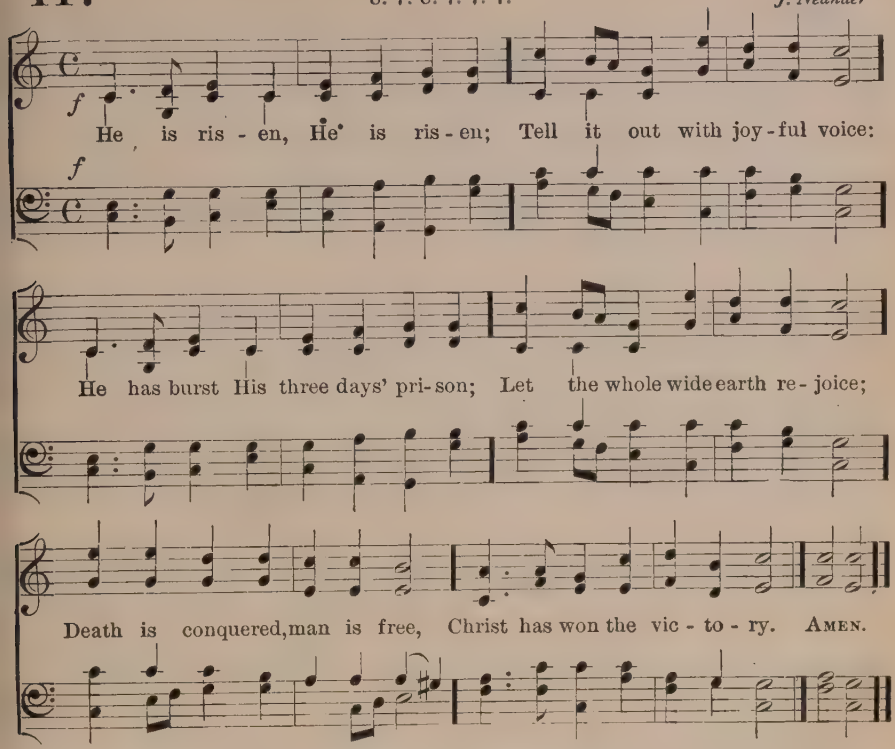

f
An - gels, roll . . . the rock a - way! Death, yield
f
up the might - y Prey! See, the Sav - iour quits the tomb,
Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.
ff
Al - le - lu - ia!
ff
p
Al - le - lu - ia!
f
Christ the Lord is risen to - day. A - MEN.
p
f

f 2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
ff Alleluia, (♪) alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

mf 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.
ff Alleluia! (♪) alleluia!
f Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

T. Scott and *T. Gibbons*

117 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. PARAN *J. Neander*


f
He is ris - en, He is ris - en; Tell it out with joy - ful voice:
f
He has burst His three days' pri - son; Let the whole wide earth re - joice;
Death is conquered, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry. AMEN.

mf 2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed;
All His woes are over now,
p And the passion that He bore:
cr Sin and pain can vex no more.

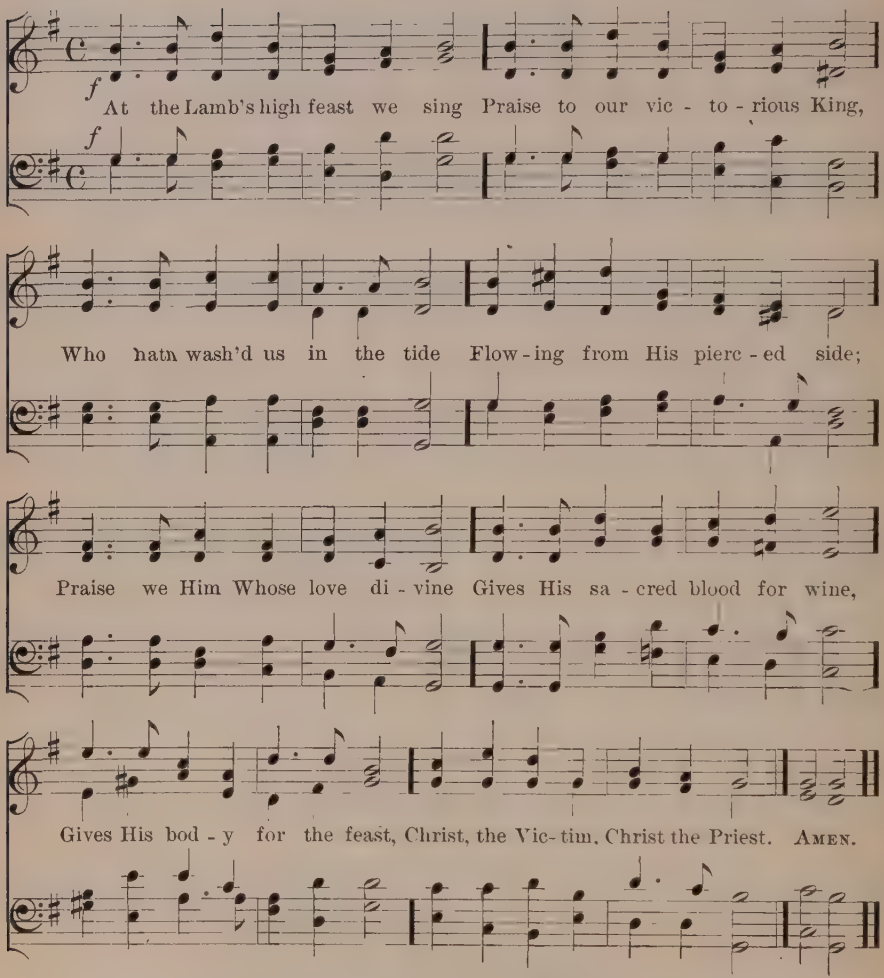
f 3 Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple East,
Symbol of our Easter feast.

f 4 He is risen, He is risen;
He hath opened heaven's gate:
cr We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
mf And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

C. F. Alexander

118 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

St. George's, Windsor
G. J. Elvey


f
At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,
Who hath wash'd us in the tide Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side;
Praise we Him Whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine,
Gives His bod - y for the feast, Christ, the Vic - tim, Christ the Priest. Amen.

f 2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

f 3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appall
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

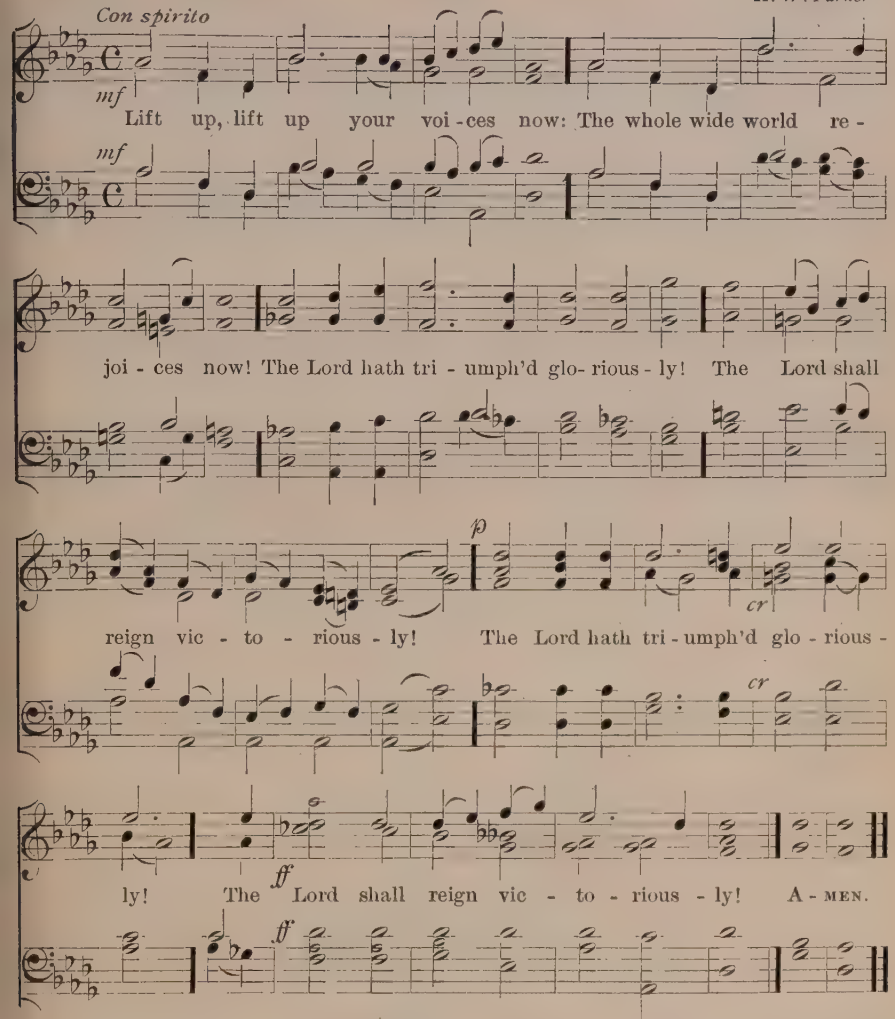
f 4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
mf Sin alone can this destroy;
cr From sin's power do Thou set free
f Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
ff Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

Latin: Tr. *R. Campbell*

119 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

COURAGE
H. W. Parker


Con spirito
mf
Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now: The whole wide world re -
joi - ces now! The Lord hath tri - umph'd glo- rious - ly! The Lord shall
reign vic - to - rious - ly! The Lord hath tri - umph'd glo - rious -
ly! The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious - ly! A - MEN.

mf 2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
cr Majestic from the spoilèd tomb,
f In pomp of triumph Christ is come!

mf 3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe,
f And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

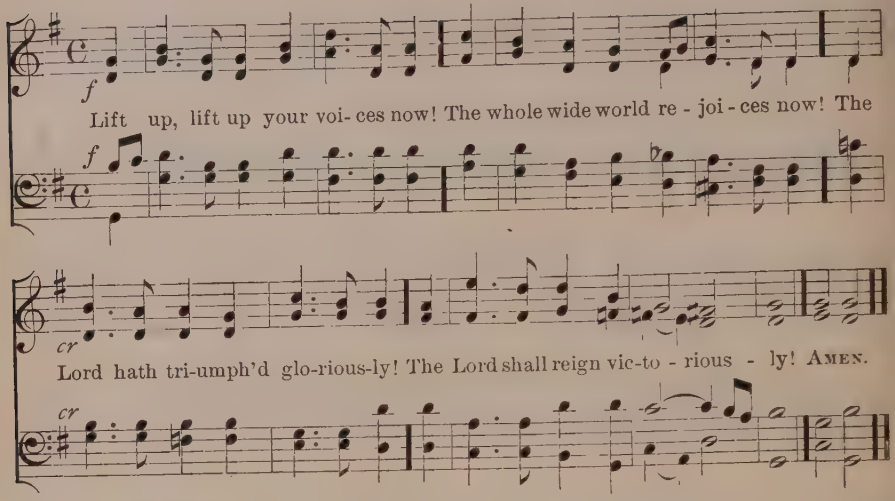
mp 4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
cr And hope and joy and peace begin,
f For Christ has won, and man shall win.

f 5 O Victor, aid us in the fight, [light;
mf And lead through death to realms of
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

f 6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free
cr Glad Alleluias raise to Thee;
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Anon

119 (SECOND TUNE) L. M. LIFT UP *J. Naylor*


f
Lift up, lift up your voi- ces now! The whole wide world re - joi - ces now! The
f
cr
Lord hath tri-umph'd glo-rious-ly! The Lord shall reign vic-to - rious - ly! AMEN.
cr

mf 2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
cr Majestic from the spoilèd tomb,
f In pomp of triumph Christ is come!

mf 3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe,
f And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

mp 4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
cr And hope and joy and peace begin,
f For Christ has won, and man shall win.

f 5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
mf And lead through death to realms of light;
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

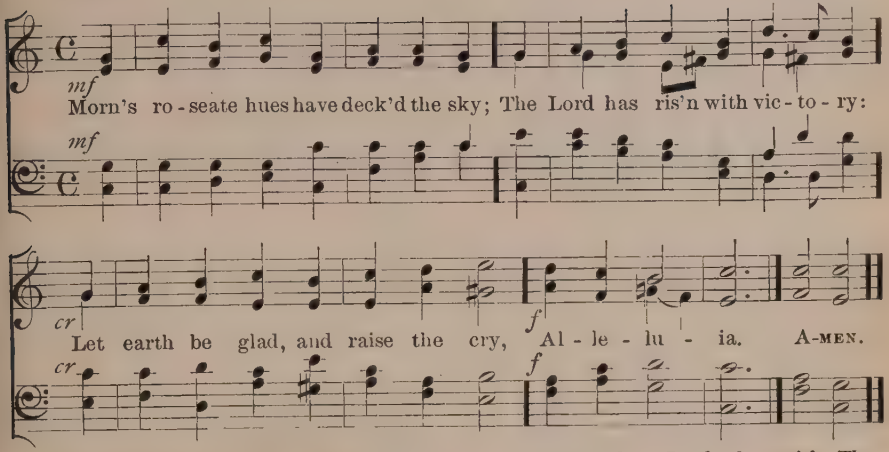
f 6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
cr Glad Alleluias raise to Thee;
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Anon

120 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 4.

REDCLIFF
E. J. Hopkins


mf
Morn's ro - seate hues have deck'd the sky; The Lord has ris'n with vic - to - ry:
mf
cr
f
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry, Al - le - lu - ia. A-MEN.
cr
f

f 2 The Prince of Life with death has striven,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given:
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven:
Alleluia!

f 3 And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,
Has given a glorious harvest birth:
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth
Alleluia!

mf 4 Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
cr Are sown to rise to heavenly day;
f For He by rising burst the way:
Alleluia!

p 5 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,
cr In body, like to Thine, shall rise:
f Alleluia!

p 6 O grant us, then, with Thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
cr And love the things above the sky:
Alleluia!

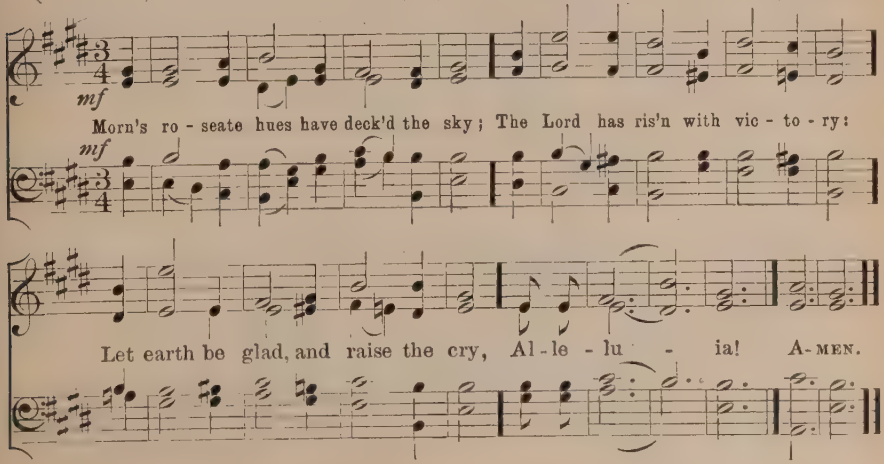
f 7 O praise the Father and the Son,
Who has for us the triumph won,
And Holy Ghost,—the Three in One:
Alleluia!

Latin: TR. *W. Cooke*

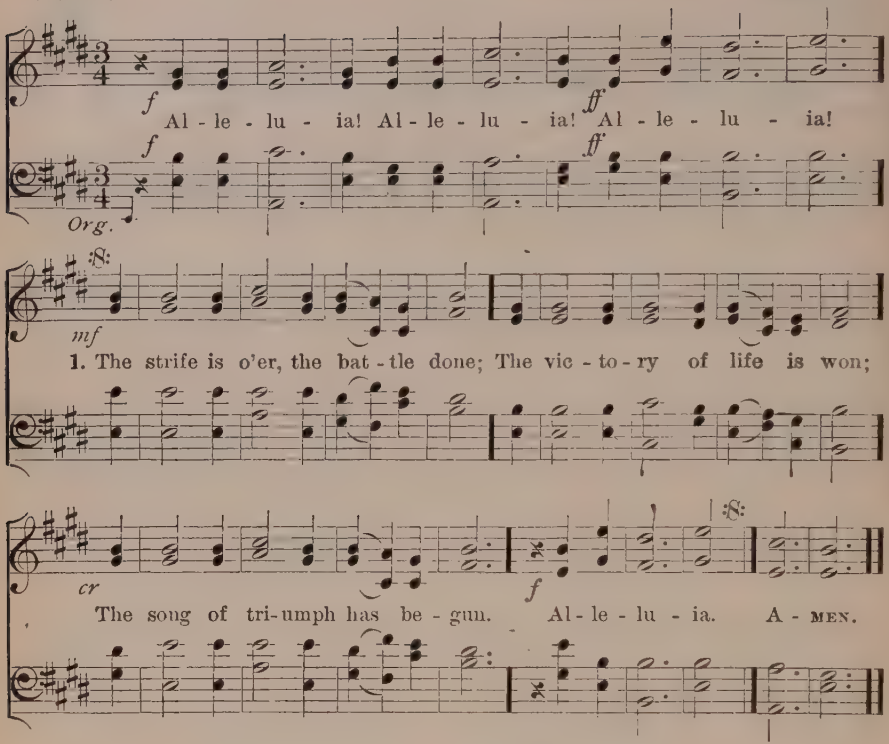
(SECOND TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 4.

SOUTHPORT
G. Lomas


mf
Morn's ro - seate hues have deck'd the sky; The Lord has ris'n with vic - to - ry:
mf
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry, Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

121 8. 8. 8. 4. VICTORY *From Palestrina*


f
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
ff
Al - le - lu - ia!
Org.
mf
1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;
cr
f
The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia. A - MEN.

f 2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
ff Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

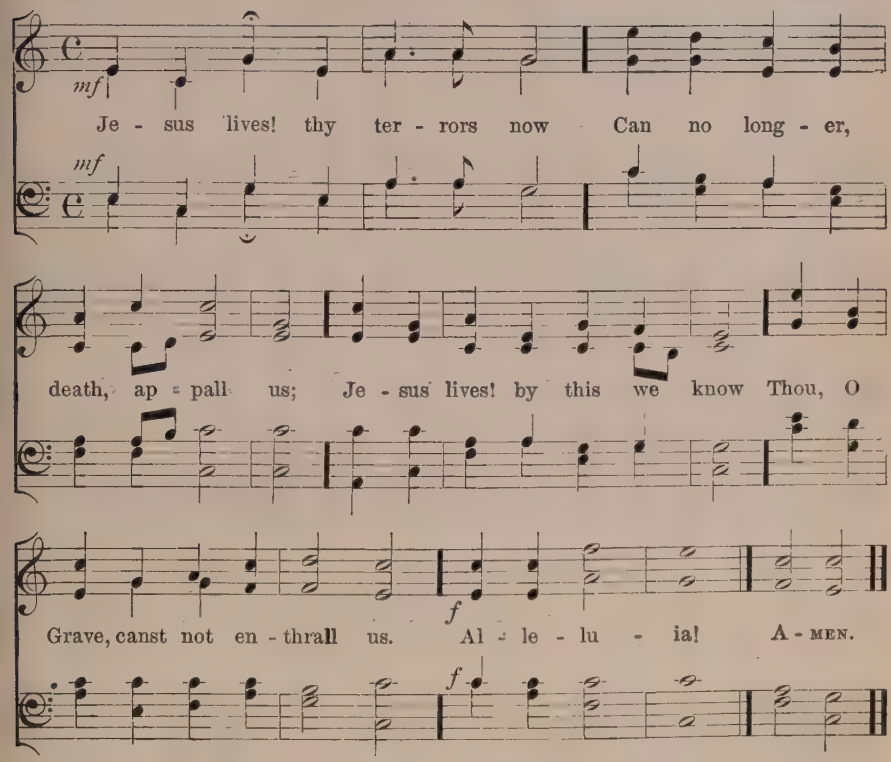
f 3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

f 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

p 5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
f That we may live and sing to Thee.
ff Alleluia! AMEN.

Latin: TR. *F. Pott*

122 7. 8. 7. 8. With Alleluia. ST. ALBINUS *H. J. Gauntlett*


mf
Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can no long - er,
mf
death, ap - pall us; Je - sus lives! by this we know Thou, O
f
Grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.
f

mf 2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
dim This shall calm our trembling breath;
When we pass its gloomy portal.
f Alleluia!

mf 3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living.
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
f Alleluia!

mf 4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
cr Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
f Alleluia!

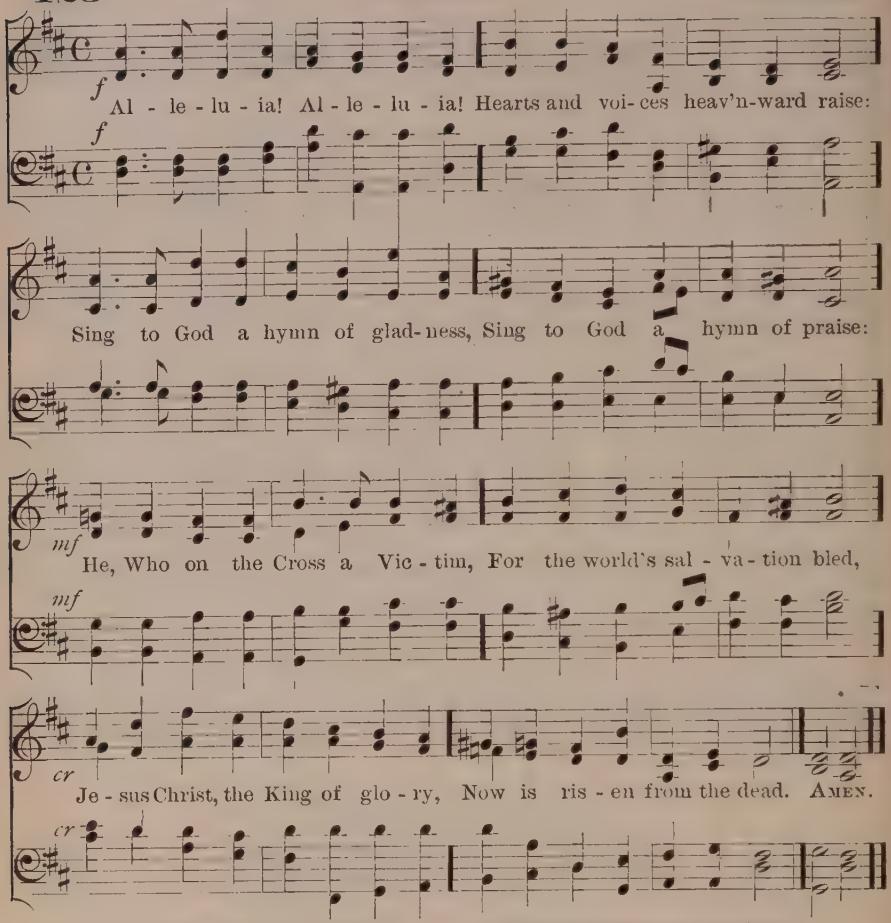
f 5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
cr Over all the world is given:
mf May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
f Alleluia!

C. F. Gellert: TR. *F. E. Cox*

123 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

LUX EOI
A. S. Sullivan


f
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voi-ces heav'n-ward raise:
f
Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise:
mf
He, Who on the Cross a Vic - tim, For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
mf
cr
Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. AMEN.
cr

f 2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

f 3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

f 4 Christ is risen, we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face:
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

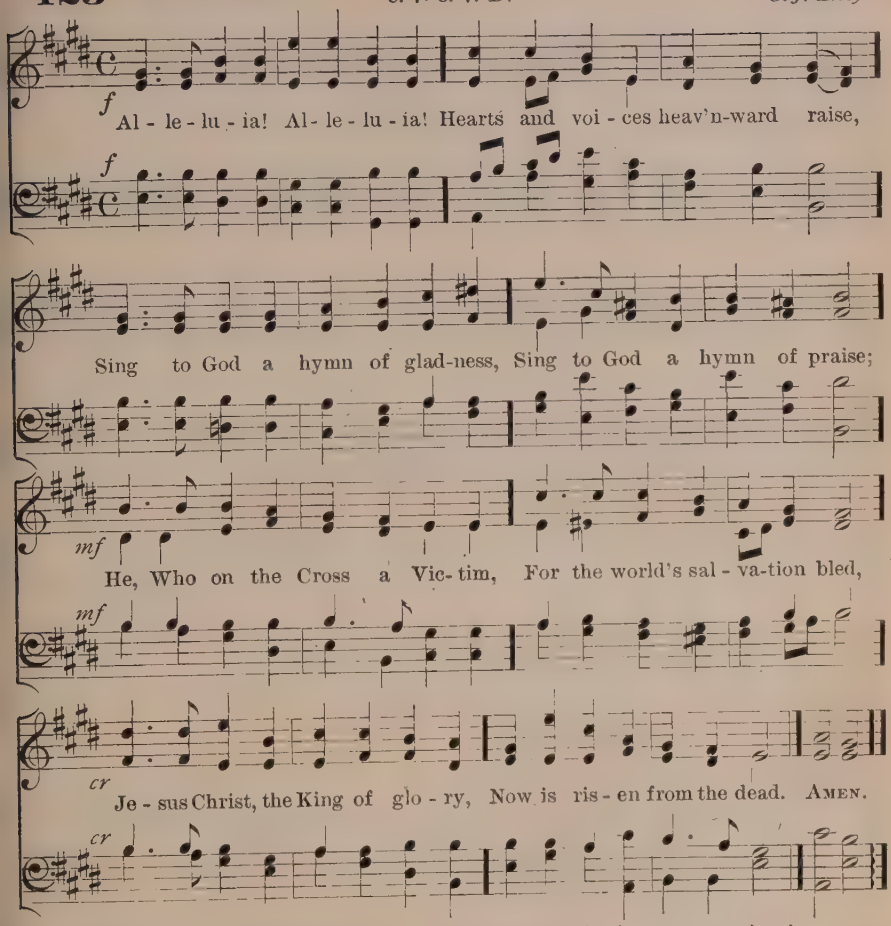
f 5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

C. Wordsworth

123 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

ADORATION
G. J. Elvey


f
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voi - ces heav'n-ward raise,
Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;
mf
He, Who on the Cross a Vic-tim, For the world's sal - va-tion bled,
cr
Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. AMEN.

f 2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

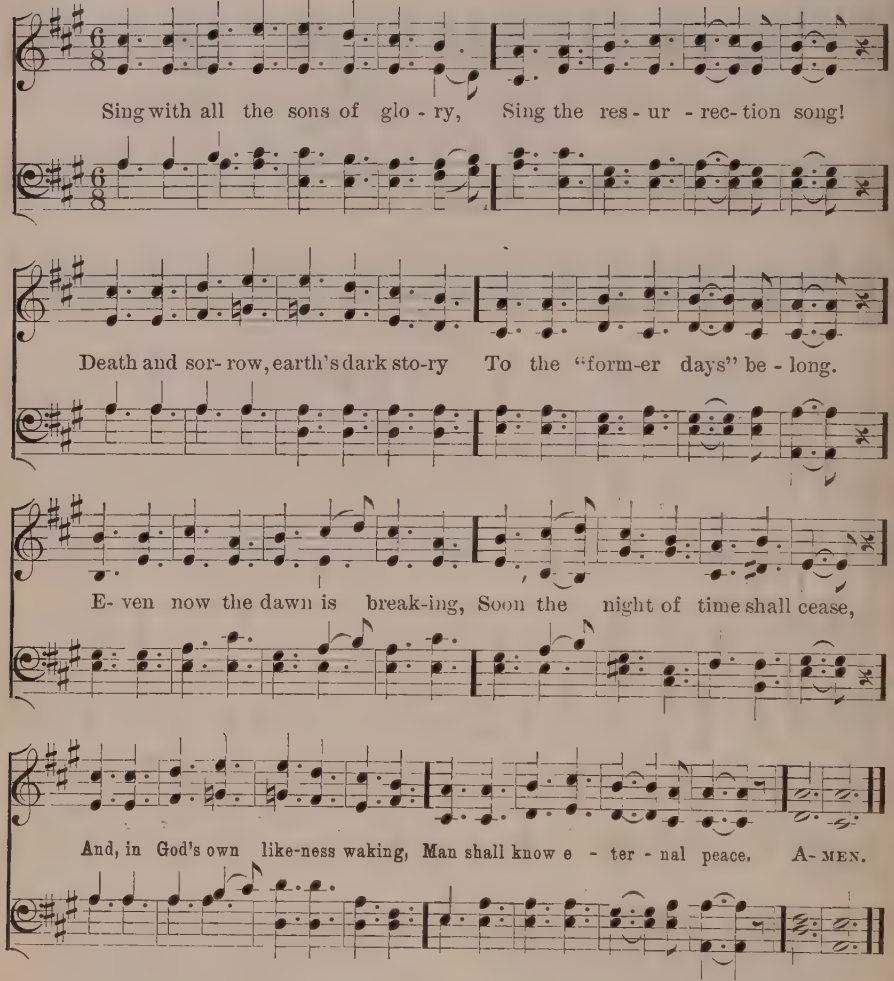
f 3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

f 4 Christ is risen, we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face:
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

f 5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

C. Wordsworth

124 8. 7. 8. 7. D. SCHILLER *Beethoven*


Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song!
Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto-ry To the "form-er days" be - long.
E- ven now the dawn is break-ing, Soon the night of time shall cease,
And, in God's own like-ness waking, Man shall know e - ter - nal peace. A- MEN.

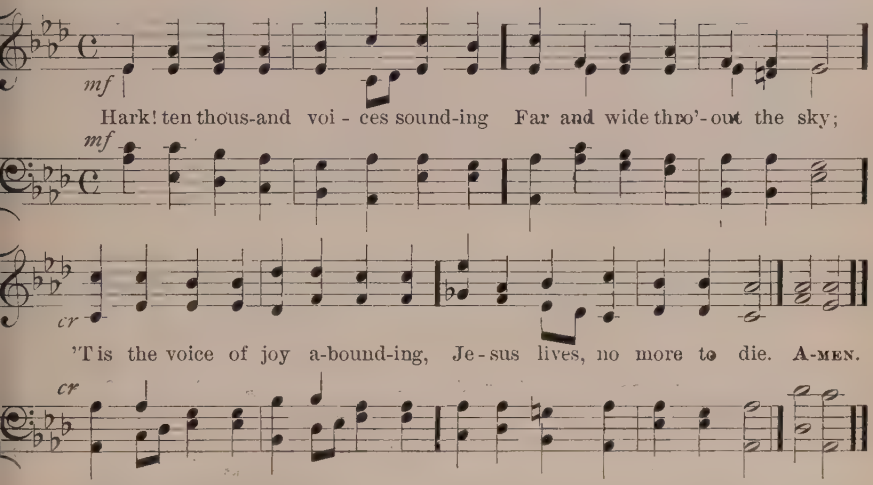
f 2 O what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it;
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

f 3 "Life eternal!" Heaven rejoices:
Jesus lives Who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices;
Child of God, lift up thy head.
Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmist, seers, and sages,
All await the glory given.

f 4 "Life eternal!" O what wonders
Crowd on faith—what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders
Saints shall stand before the throne!
O to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God Immortal,
"Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent!"

W. J. Irons

125 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. ARUNDEL *J. B. Dykes*


mf
Hark! ten thous-and voi - ces sound-ing Far and wide thro'-out the sky;
mf
cr
'T is the voice of joy a-bound-ing, Je - sus lives, no more to die. A-MEN.
cr

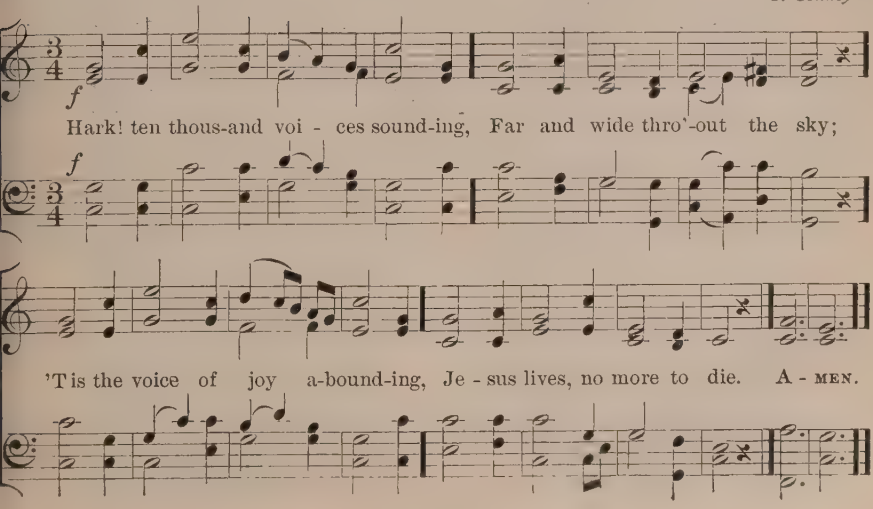
f 2 Jesus lives, His conflict over,
Lives to claim His great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.

mf 3 Yonder throne for Him erected
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected,
Angels worship at His feet!

f 4 All the powers of heav'n adore Him,
All obey His sovereign word;
dim Day and night they cry before Him,
p "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

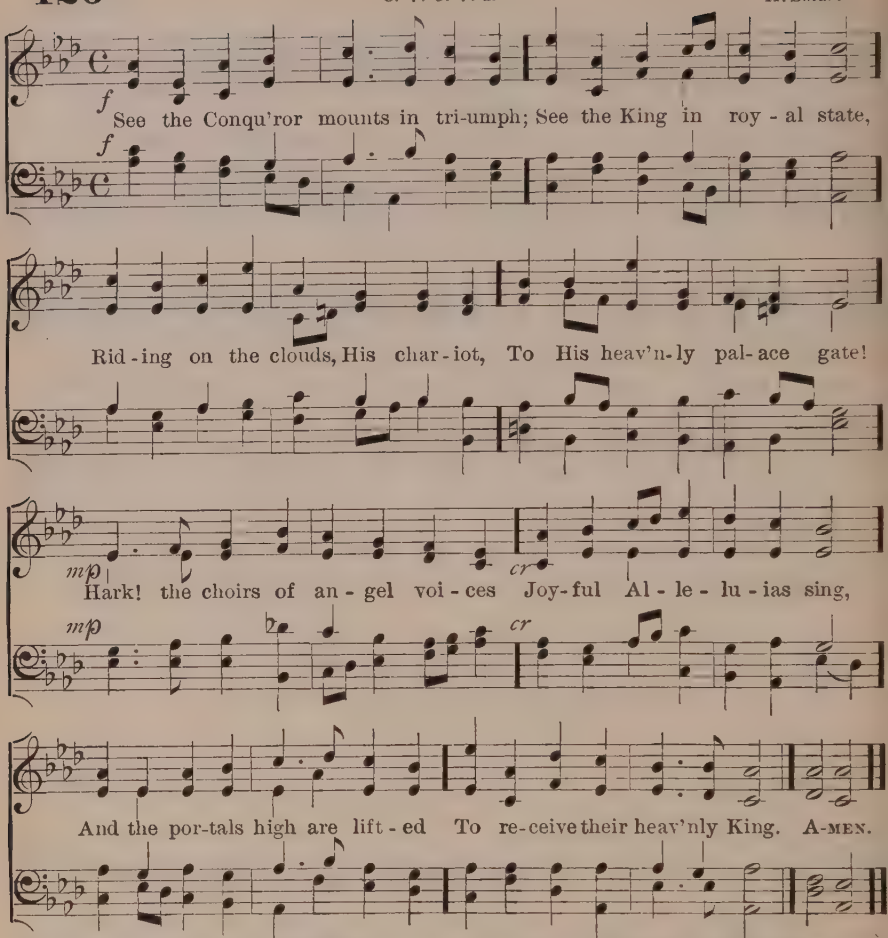
T. Kelly

(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. RATHBUN *I. Conkey*


f
Hark! ten thous-and voi - ces sound-ing, Far and wide thro'-out the sky;
f
'T is the voice of joy a-bound-ing, Je - sus lives, no more to die. A - MEN.

126 8. 7. 8. 7. D

REX GLORIAE
H. Smart


f
See the Conqu'ror mounts in tri-umph; See the King in roy - al state,
Rid - ing on the clouds, His char - iot, To His heav'n-ly pal-ace gate!
mp
cr
Hark! the choirs of an - gel voi - ces Joy-ful Al - le - lu - ias sing,
And the por-tals high are lift - ed To re-ceive their heav'nly King. A-MEN.

mf 2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory!
p He Who on the Cross did suffer,
He Who from the grave arose,
cr He has vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death has spoiled His foes.

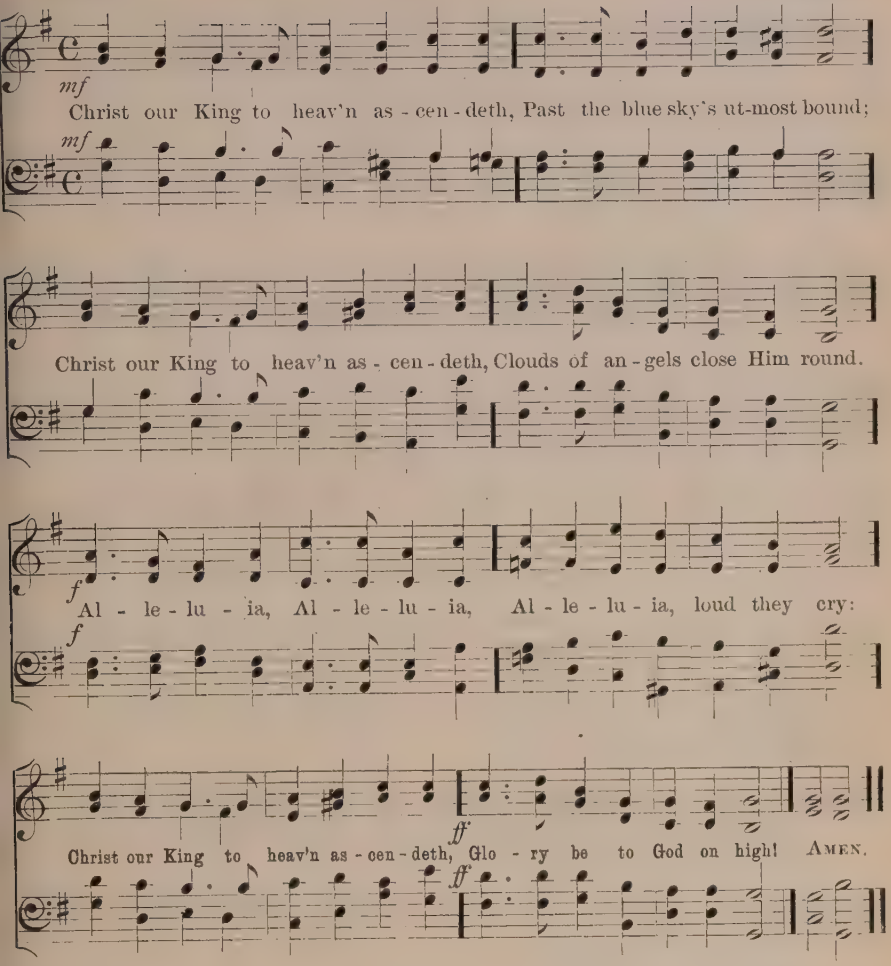
mf 3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends; (Him,
He Who walked with God and pleased
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated,
To His everlasting home.

mf 4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

cr 5 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
f Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

C. Wordsworth

127 8. 7. 8. 7. D. FALFIELD *A. S. Sullivan*


mf
Christ our King to heav'n as - cen - deth, Past the blue sky's ut-most bound;
mf
Christ our King to heav'n as - cen - deth, Clouds of an - gels close Him round.
f
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, loud they cry:
f
ff
Christ our King to heav'n as - cen - deth, Glo - ry be to God on high! AMEN.
ff

mf 2 Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,
Lo! the Lamb, as it were slain!
Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,
On God's throne He lives again;
mp Pleads His sacrifice of wonder,
Claims the fruit of all His pain:
cr Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.

mf 3 Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,
Cloven tongues of fire appear.
cr Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,
Lo! the rushing wind is here!

f Mighty armies forth with banners
Conquering and to conquer go:
Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,
He shall reign o'er all below.

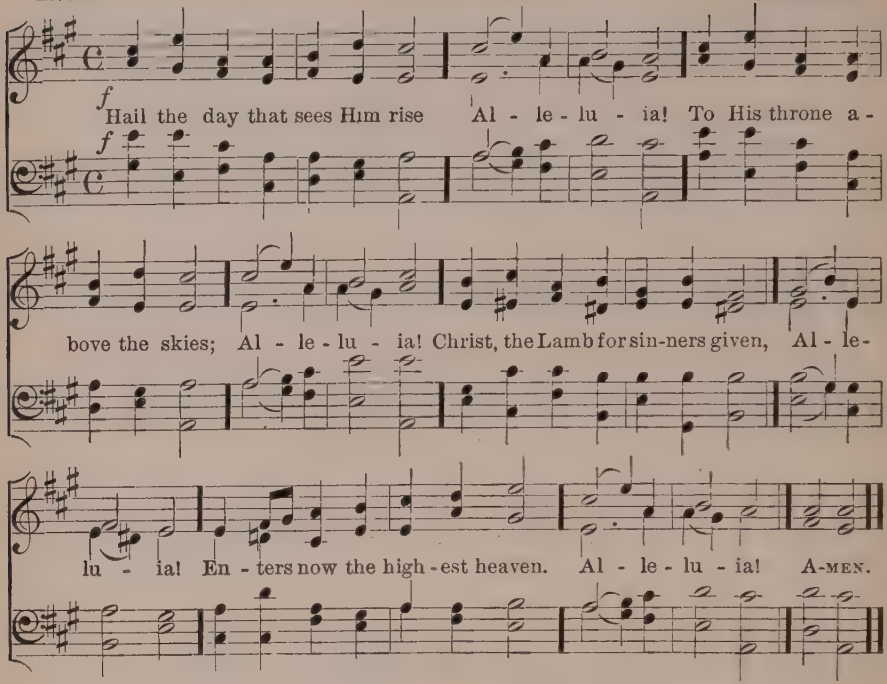
f 4 Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
All His foes before Him fall;
Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
He shall triumph over all.
King of kings shall men behold Him,
Lord of lords for evermore:
ff *dim* Christ now reigns the King of glory,
Bow before Him, and adore!

J. H. Hopkins

128 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. With Alleluia.

ASCENSION
W. H. Monk


f
Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia! To His throne a -
bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lamb for sin-ners given, Al - le -
lu - ia! En - ters now the high - est heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

ff 2 There for Him high triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
He hath conquered death and sin;
Take the King of glory in.
Alleluia!

mf 3 Lo! the heaven its Lord receives,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
f Alleluia!

mf 4 See! He lifts His hands above;
See! He shows the prints of love;
cr Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.
f Alleluia!

mf 5 Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads,
Near Himself prepares our place,
cr He the first-fruits of our race.
f Alleluia!

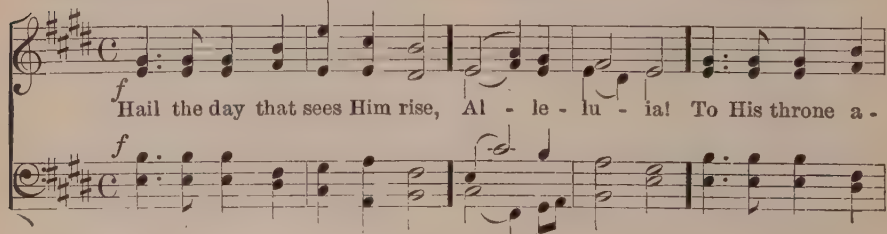
p 6 Lord, though parted from our sight
Far above the starry height,
cr Grant our hearts may thither rise,
f Seeking Thee above the skies.
Alleluia!

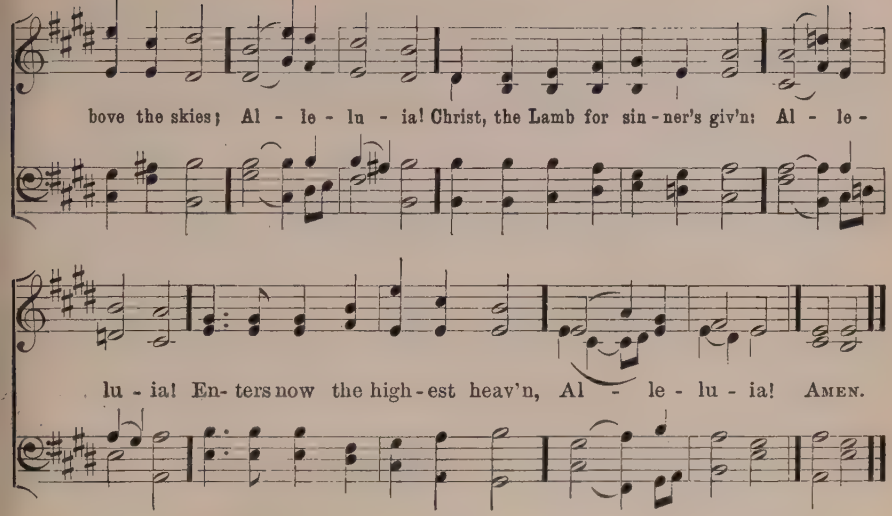
C. Wesley

(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. With Allelaia

LAUS SEMPITERNA
S. Reay

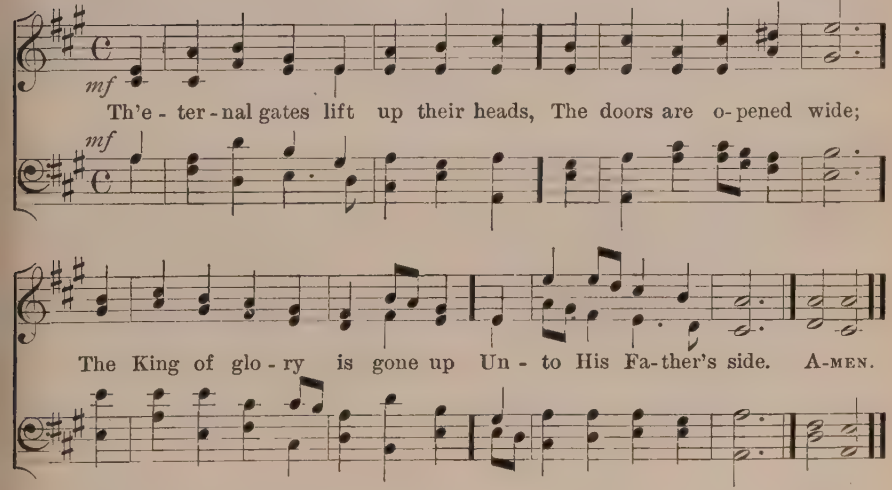




129

C. M.

ST. MAGNUS
J. Clark



mf 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

mf 3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the clouds
That veil Thee from our eyes.

cr 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our hearts may be in heaven;

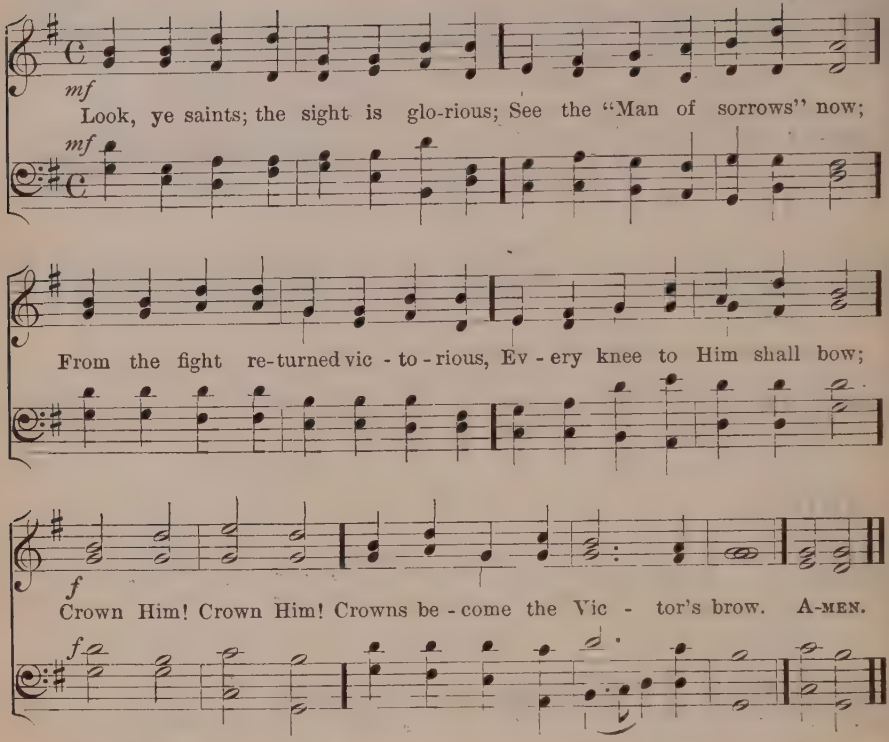
mf 5 That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore with Thee.

C. F. Alexander

130

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

CORONÆ
W. H. Monk


mf
Look, ye saints; the sight is glo-rious; See the "Man of sorrows" now;
From the fight re-turned vic - to - rious, Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow;
f
Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow. A-MEN.

f 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of pow'r enthrone Him!
While the vault of heaven rings;
ff Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

p 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
cr Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
f Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

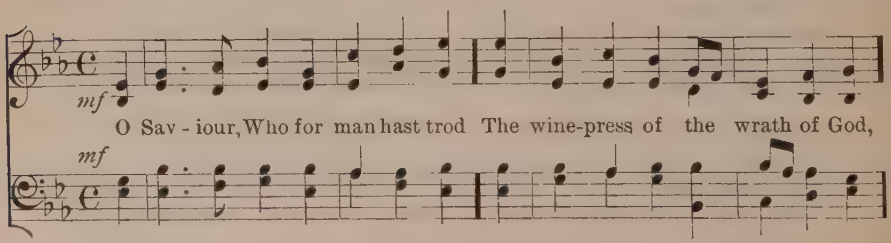
p 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
cr Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
f Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
ff Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

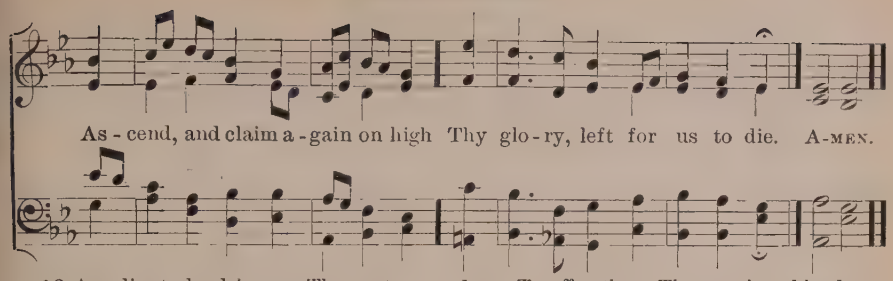
T. Kelly

131

L. M.

SAMSON
Handel





mf 2 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet;
cr Ten thousand thousands round Thee [sing,
And share the triumph of their King.

f 3 The angel-host enraptured waits:
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God and Man! the Father's throne
Is now for evermore Thine own.

mf 4 Our great High-Priest and Shepherd, Thou
Within the veil art entered now,
dim To offer there Thy precious blood
p Once poured on earth, a cleansing flood.

mf 5 And thence the Church, Thy chosen bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

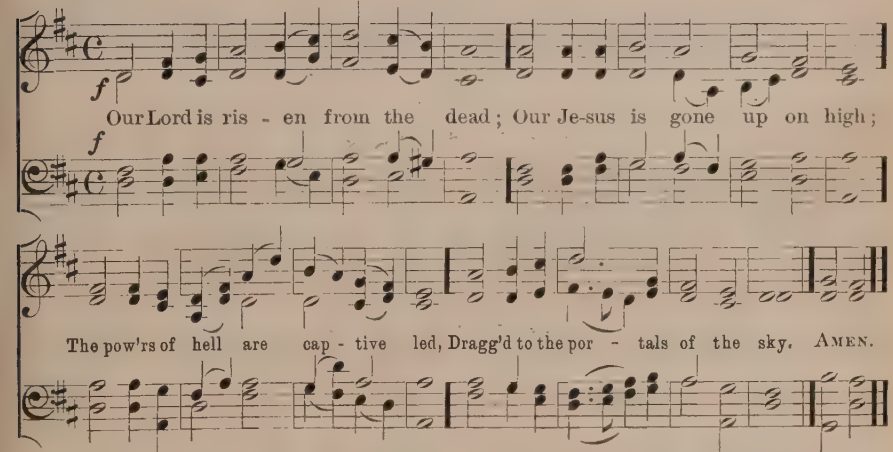
mf 6 O Christ our Lord, of Thy dear care
dim Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
cr With Thee for evermore to reign.

C. Coffin: TR *J. Chandler*

132

L. M.

DUKE STREET
J. Hatton


Our Lord is ris - en from the dead; Our Je-sus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the sky. AMEN.

f 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
ff "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

f 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.

mf 4 Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
cr The world, sin, death, and hell o'er-threw;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

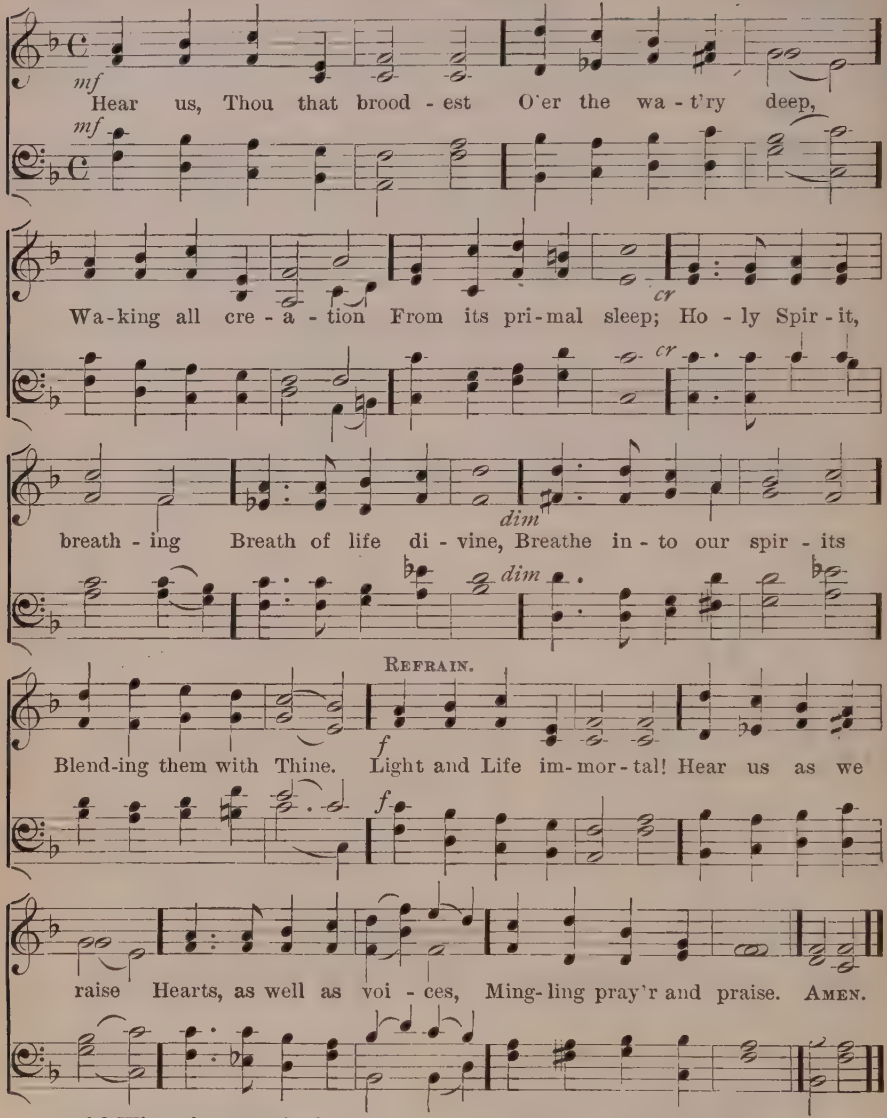
f 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
ff "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

mf 6 Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord, of boundless pow'r possess'd
The King of saints and angels too,
ff God, over all, for ever blest.

C. Wesley

133 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

KING'S COLLEGE
A. H. Mann


mf
Hear us, Thou that brood - est O'er the wa - t'ry deep,
mf
Wa-king all cre - a - tion From its pri-mal sleep; Ho - ly Spir - it,
cr
cr
breath - ing Breath of life di - vine, Breathe in - to our spir - its
dim
dim
REFRAIN.
f
Blend-ing them with Thine. Light and Life im-mor-tal! Hear us as we
f
raise Hearts, as well as voi - ces, Ming-ling pray'r and praise. AMEN.

mf 2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
f Perfecting Thy will.
Light and Life immortal! etc,

f 3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
dim Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet;
mf There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
cr There to fight the battle,
Till the battle's won.
f Light and Life immortal! etc.

p 4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
pp Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
cr May Thy love in mercy,
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
dim O'er our evening sky.
f Light and Life immortal! etc.

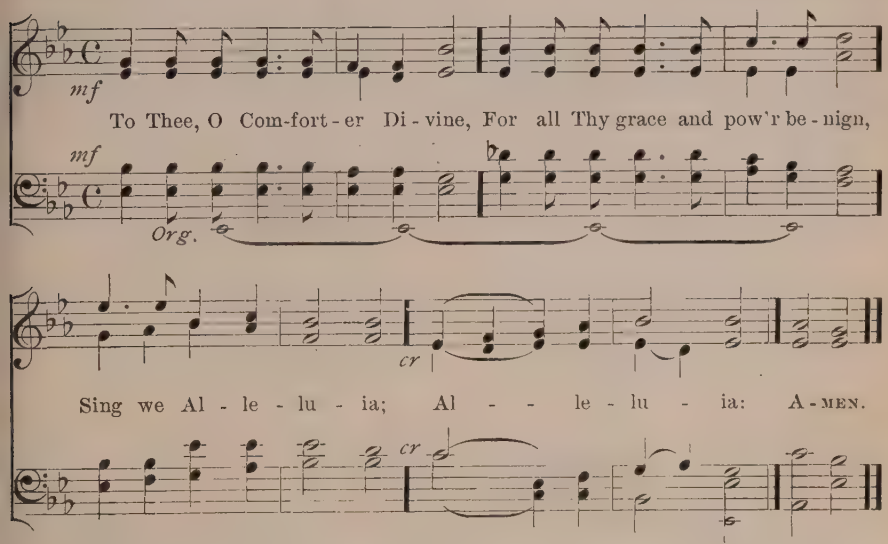
mf 5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
cr Quickening life in Thee:
f Life that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love,
Life, that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.
f Light and Life immortal! etc.

G. Thring

134

8. 8. 6.

COMFORTER DIVINE
S. Reay



mf 2 To Thee, Whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
f Sing we Alleluia;

mp 3 To Thee, Whose faithful voice doth win
The wand'ring from the ways of sin,
f Sing we Alleluia;

mf 4 To Thee, Whose faithful pow'r doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
f Sing we Alleluia;

mf 5 To Thee, Whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
f Sing we Alleluia;

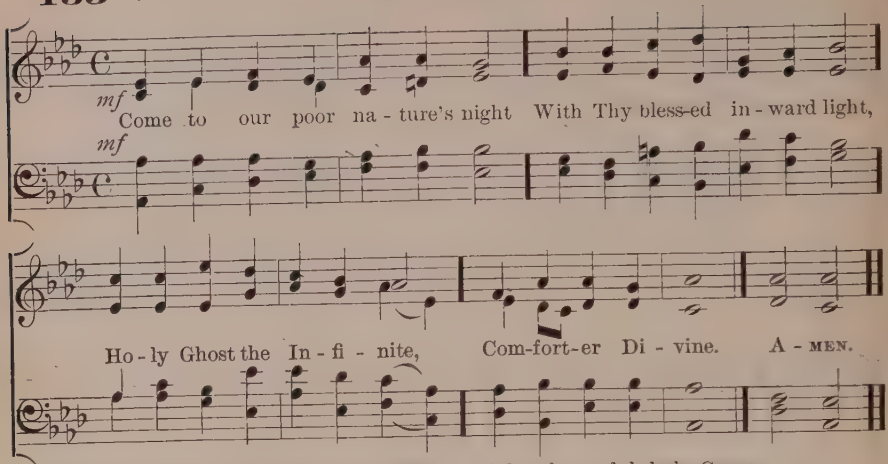
mf 6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
f Sing we Alleluia;

mf 7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
f Sing we Alleluia:

f 8 To Thee Who art with God the Son,
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia!

F. R. Havergal

135 (FIRST TUNE) 7.7.7.5. IRENE *C. C. Scholefield*



p 2 We are sinful, (*mf*) cleanse us, Lord;
p Sick and faint, (*mf*) Thy strength afford;
p Lost, (*cr*) until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

p 3 Orphan are our souls and poor;
cr Give us from Thy heavenly store
f Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

mf 4 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

p 5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
cr There Thy presence be confest,
Comforter Divine.

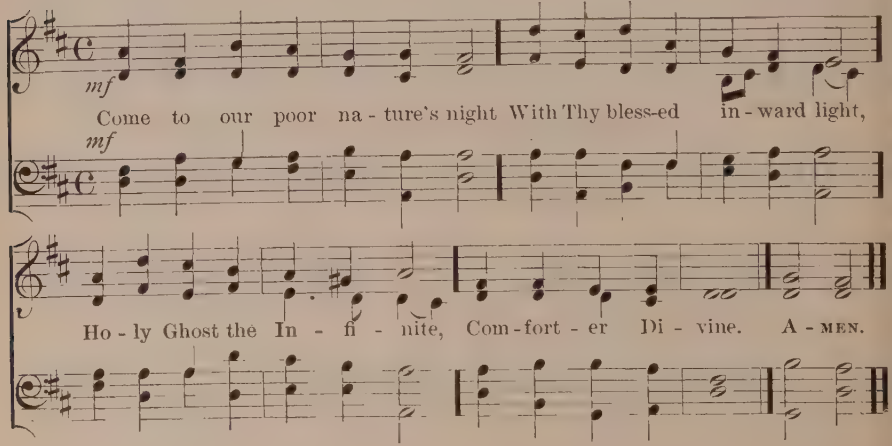
p 6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

mf 7 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
cr Earnest of the bliss on high,
f Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

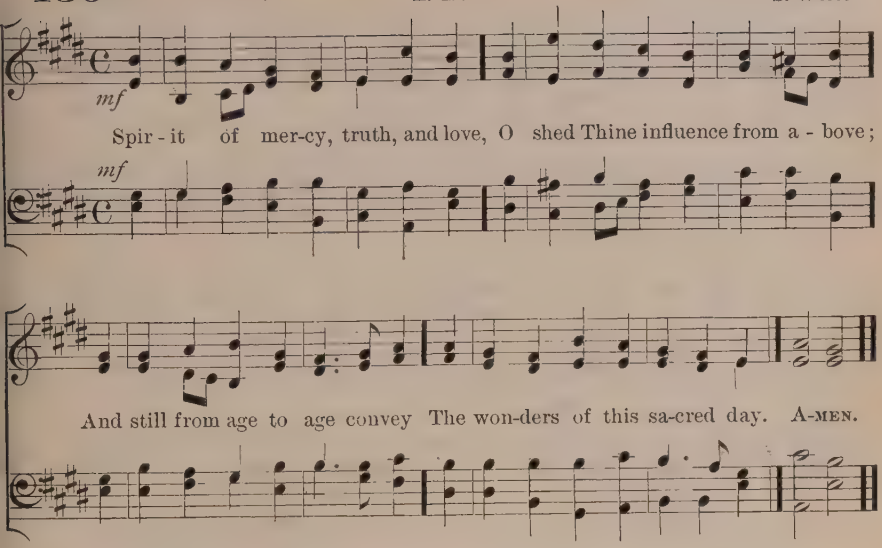
mf 8 Search for us the depths of God;
cr Upwards, by the starry road,
f Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

G. Rawson

(SECOND TUNE) 7.7.7.5. CAPETOWN *Freidrich Filitz*



136 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. MELCOMBE *S. Webbe*

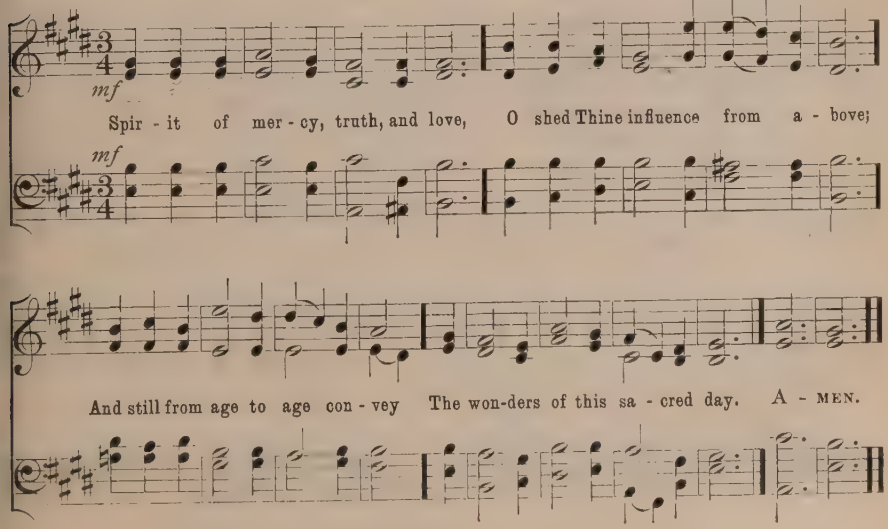

mf
Spir - it of mer-cy, truth, and love, O shed Thine influence from a - bove;
mf
And still from age to age convey The won-ders of this sa-cred day. A-MEN.

f 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.

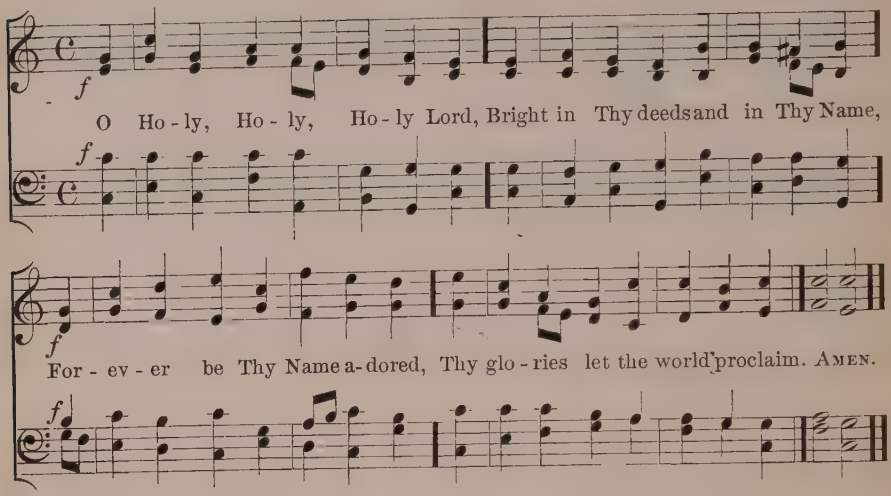
p 3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
cr Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
f Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

Anon

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. MARYTON *H. Percy Smith*


mf
Spir - it of mer - cy, truth, and love, O shed Thine influence from a - bove;
mf
And still from age to age con - vey The won-ders of this sa - cred day. A - MEN.

137 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. WINCHESTER, NEW *Crasselius*


f
O Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord, Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name,
f
For - ev - er be Thy Name a-dored, Thy glo - ries let the world proclaim. AMEN.

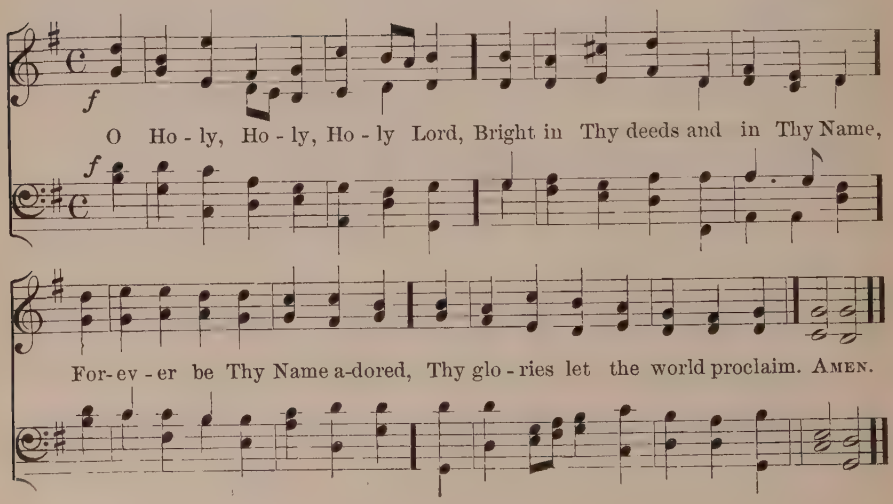
p 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
cr Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

mp 3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
f Thy praises ring thro' earth and heav'n.

mf 4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

J. W. Eastburn

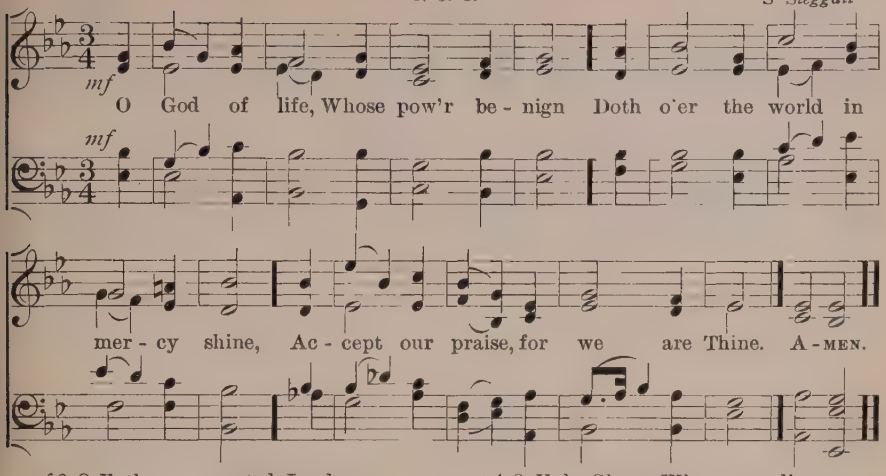
(SECOND TUNE) L. M. YARMOUTH *H. Carey*


f
O Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord, Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name,
f
For-ev - er be Thy Name a-dored, Thy glo - ries let the world proclaim. AMEN.

138

8. 8. 8.

WEARMOUTH
S. Steggall



mf 2 O Father, uncreated Lord,
cr Be Thou in every land adored,
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

p 3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain
cr For us did endless life regain.

mp 4 O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

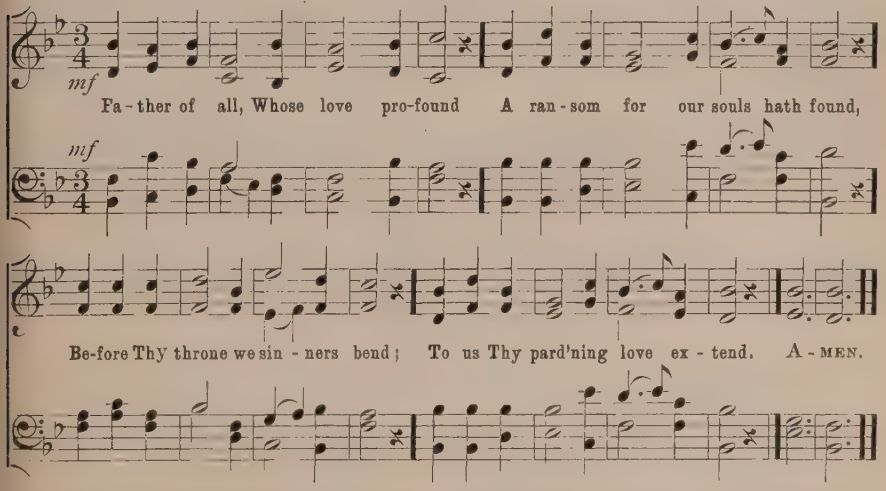
mf 5 O Holy, Blessèd Trinity,
p With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
cr In us, O God, exalted be.

A. T. Russell

139

L. M.

MENDON
German


mf
Fa - ther of all, Whose love pro-found A ran - som for our souls hath found,
mf
Be-fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us Thy pard'ning love ex - tend. A - MEN.

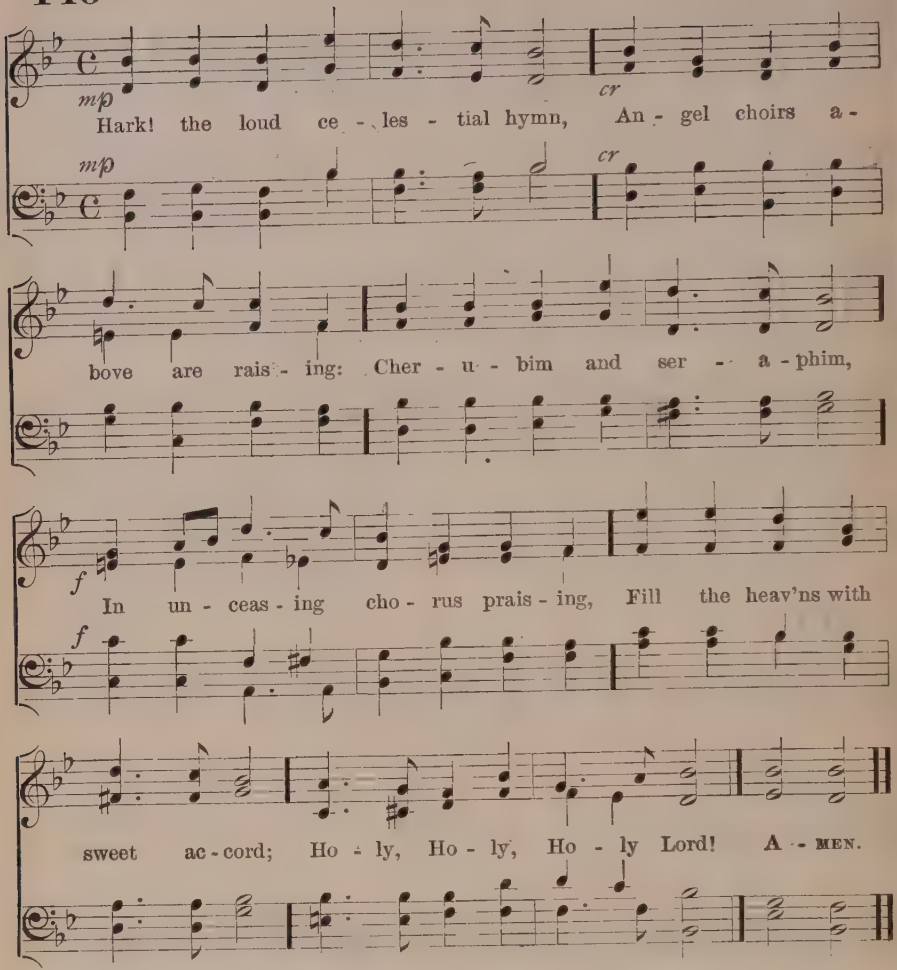
mf 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord.
dim Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
cr To us Thy saving grace extend.

mf 3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
dim Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
cr To us Thy quickening power extend.

f 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
dim Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
f Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

E. Cooper

140 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. TRIBUTE *E. J. Hopkins*


mp
Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a -
cr
bove are rais - ing: Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim,
f
In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, Fill the heav'ns with
sweet ac - cord; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord! A - MEN.

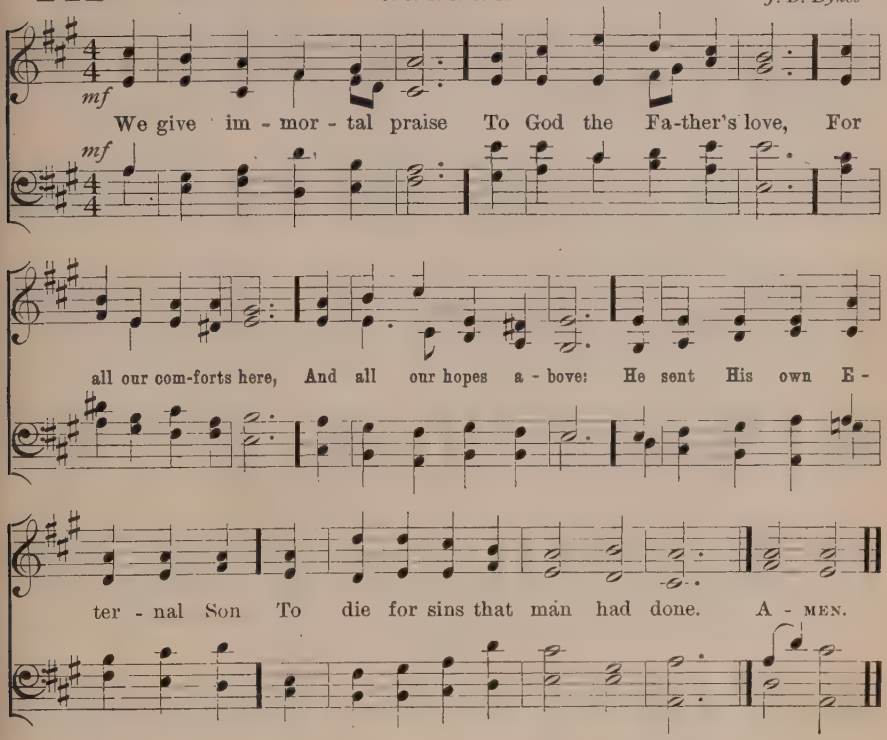
mf 2 Lo! the apostolic train
Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!
cr Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed martyrs follow;
f And from morn to set of sun,
Through the Church the song goes on.

mf 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee;
While in essence only One,
Undivided God, we claim Thee;
dim And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

mf 4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray.
dim By a thousand snares surrounded:
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
cr Lo! I put my trust in Thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me.

C. A. Walworth

141 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. ST. GODRIC *J. B. Dykes*


mf
We give im - mor - tal praise To God the Fa-ther's love, For
mf
all our com-forts here, And all our hopes a - bove: He sent His own E -
ter - nal Son To die for sins that man had done. A - MEN.

mf 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
dim Who saved us by His blood
From everlasting woe:
cr And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

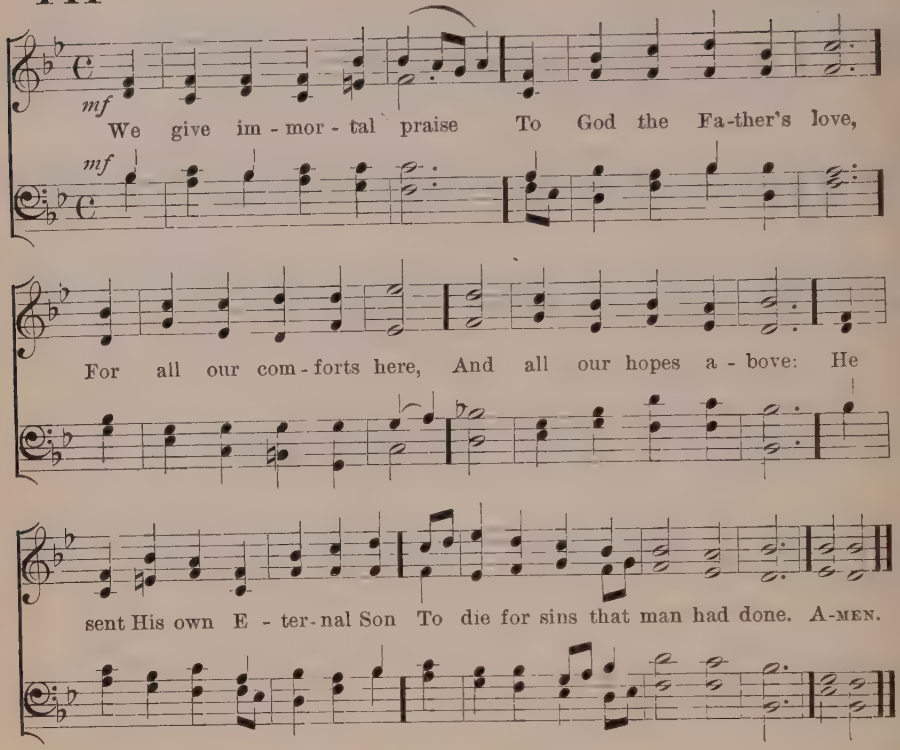
mf 3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

f 4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

I. Watts

141 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

ST. PETER'S
R. R. Ross


mf
We give im - mor - tal praise To God the Fa-ther's love,
mf
For all our com - forts here, And all our hopes a - bove: He
sent His own E - ter - nal Son To die for sins that man had done. A-MEN.

mf 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
dim Who saved us by His blood
From everlasting woe:
cr And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

mf 3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

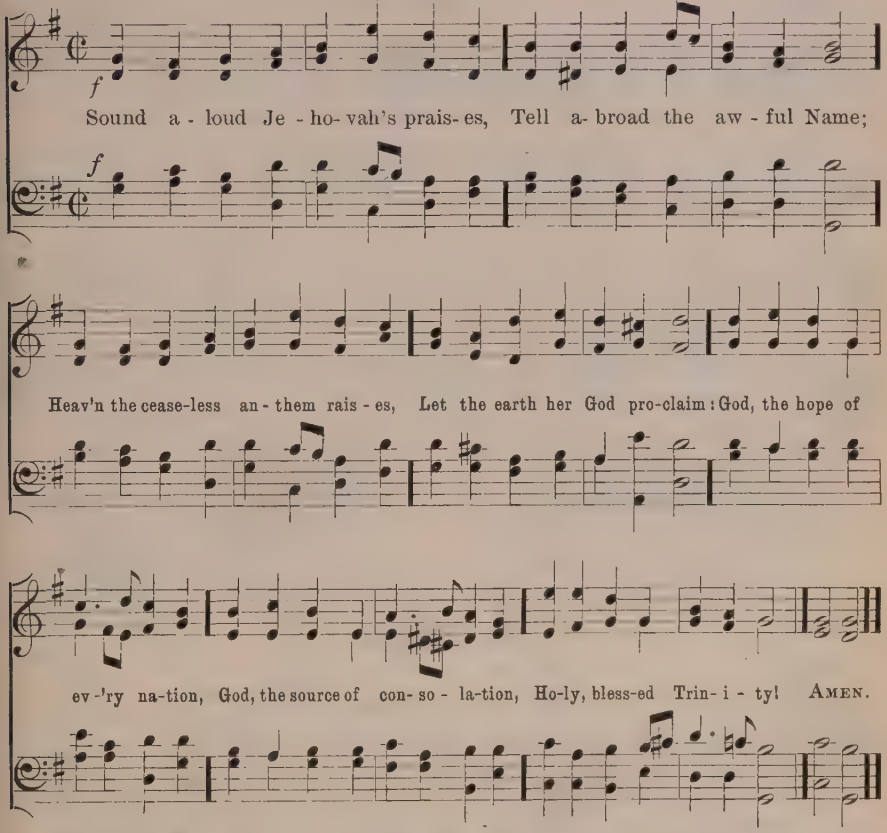
f 4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

I. Watts

142

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

FIDES
C. C. Scholefield


Sound a - loud Je - ho- vah's prais- es, Tell a- broad the aw - ful Name;
Heav'n the cease-less an - them rais - es, Let the earth her God pro-claim: God, the hope of
ev -'ry na-tion, God, the source of con- so - la-tion, Ho-ly, bless-ed Trin- i - ty! AMEN.

mf 2 This the Name from ancient ages
Hidden in its dazzling light;
This the Name that kings and sages
Pray'd and strove to know aright,
p Through God's wondrous Incarnation
cr Now revealed the world's salvation,
Ever blessèd Trinity!

mf 3 Into this great Name and holy,
We all tribes and tongues baptize;
Thus the Highest owns the lowly,
Homeward, heav'nward, bids them
Gathers them from every nation, [rise;
cr Bids them join in adoration
Of the blessèd Trinity!

mf 4 In this Name the heart rejoices,
Pouring forth its secret prayer:
cr In this Name we lift our voices,
And our common faith declare;
Off'ring humble supplication,
f Thanks, and praise, and veneration
To the blessèd Trinity!

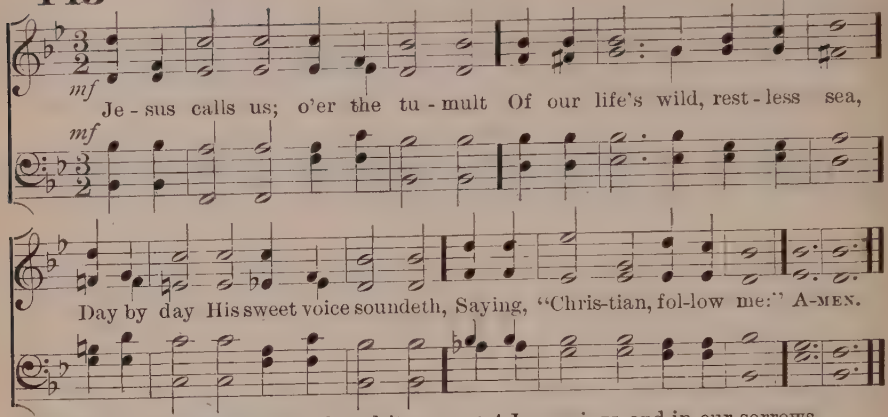
f 5 Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One,
Praise from all in earth and heaven
Unto Thee be ever given,
Holy, blessèd Trinity!

H. A. Martin

Other Feasts and Fasts

St. Andrew

143 8. 7. 8. 7. GALILEE *W. H. Jude*


mf
Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea,
mf
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Chris-tian, fol-low me:" A-MEN.

mf 2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

mf 3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

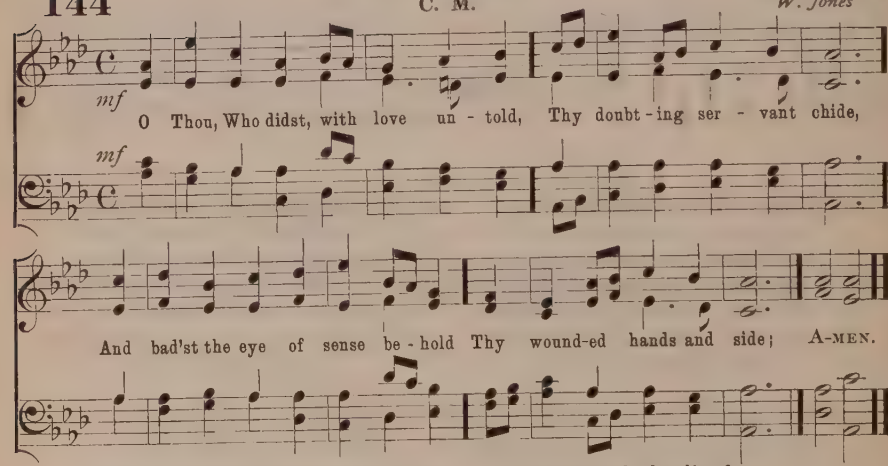
p 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

mf 5 Jesus calls us: (*p*) by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
cr Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

C. F. Alexander

St. Thomas

144 C. M. ST. STEPHEN *W. Jones*


mf
O Thou, Who didst, with love un - told, Thy doubt - ing ser - vant chide,
mf
And bad'st the eye of sense be - hold Thy wound-ed hands and side; A-MEN.

mf 2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own Thee God and Lord,
And from this hour of darkness draw
A fuller faith's reward.

mf 3 And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,

p O let us only lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear;

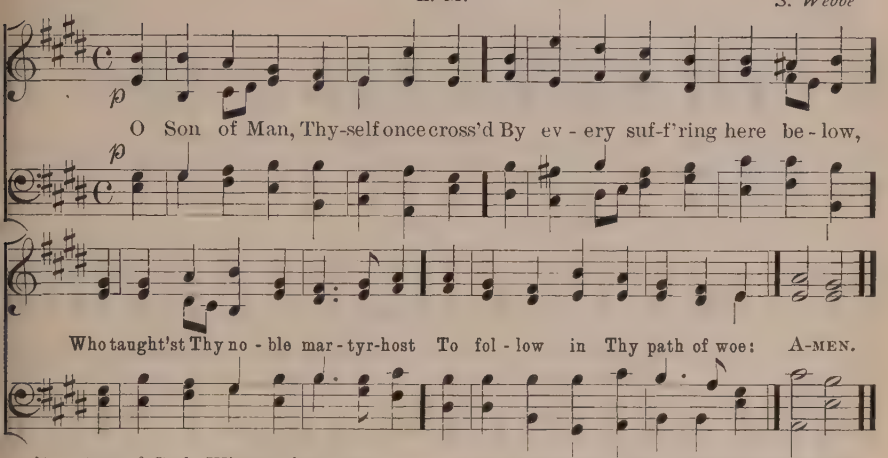
mp 4 And pray that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve;
cr But at the last their blessings share
Who see not, yet believe!

E. Toke

Other Feasts and Fasts

St. Stephen

145 L. M. MELCOMBE *S. Webbe*


O Son of Man, Thy-self once cross'd By ev - ery suf-f'ring here be - low,
Who taught'st Thy no - ble mar - tyr-host To fol - low in Thy path of woe: A-MEN.

mf 2 O Son of God, Whose glory cast
Its light upon Thy champion's face,
Revealing to his eyes at last
The marvels of the holiest place:

mf 3 Be ours the faith that sees Thee stand
Beside the throne of God on high,
To succour with Thy strong right hand
Thy soldiers when to Thee they cry.

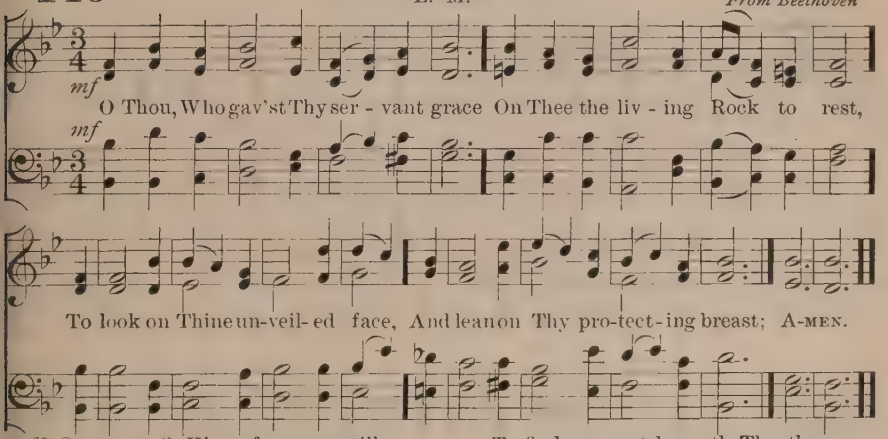
mp 4 Be ours the hope, resigned and meek,
That trusts the spirit to Thy care,
That longs Thy face in heaven to seek,
And dwell with Thee in glory there.

f 5 Be ours the love, divine and free,
dim. Which asks forgiveness for our foes;
Which draws, in life, its life from Thee,
p And, dying, finds in Thee repose.

J. F. Thrupp

St. John the Evangelist

146 L. M. GERMANY *From Beethoven*


O Thou, Who gav'st Thy ser - vant grace On Thee the liv - ing Rock to rest,
To look on Thine un-veil-ed face, And lean on Thy pro-tect-ing breast; A-MEN.

mf 2 Grant us, O King of mercy, still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy word and in Thy will
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love:

f 3 And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy just decree,
cr To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look in certain hope to Thee.

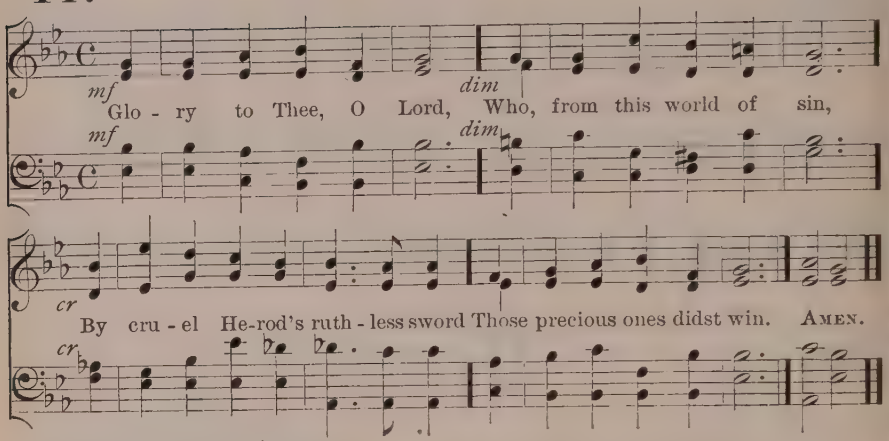
f 4 To Thee, O Jesus, Light of Light,
Whom as their King the saints adore,
Thou strength and refuge in the fight,
Be laud and glory evermore.

R. Heber

Other Feasts and Fasts

Th Holy Innocents

147 S. M. ST. ANDREW *J. Barnby*


mf
dim
Glo - ry to Thee, O Lord, Who, from this world of sin,
mf
dim
cr
By cru - el He-rod's ruth - less sword Those precious ones didst win. AMEN.
cr

p 2 Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
cr And safely gained the shore.

mf 3 Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land.

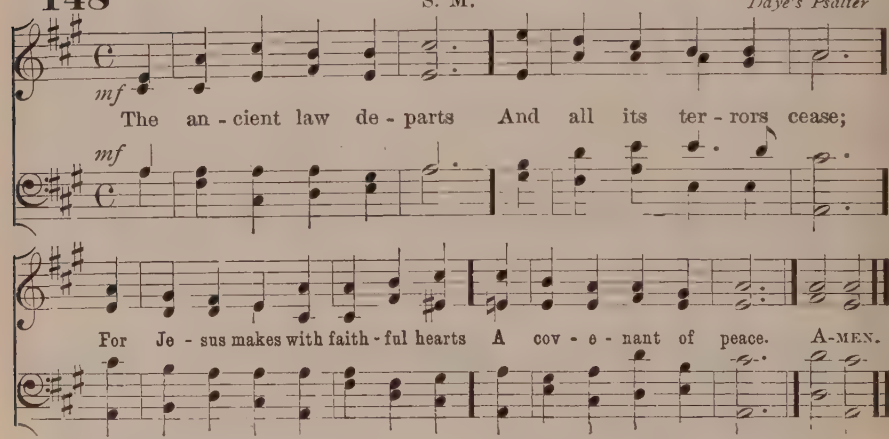
mf 4 O that our hearts within,
Like their's, were pure and bright;
O that as free from deeds of sin
We shrank not from Thy sight.

mf 5 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
cr In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name.

E. Toke

The Circumcision

148 S. M. ST. MICHAEL *Daye's Psalter*

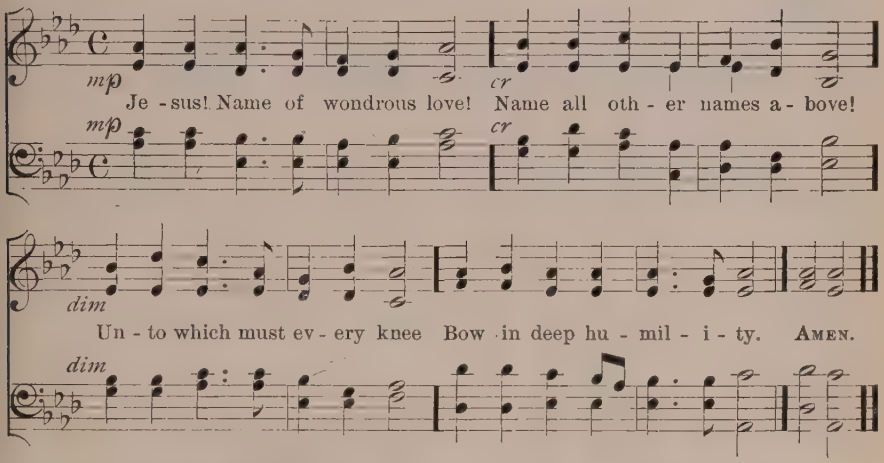


mf 2 The Light of Light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless Child.

mf 3 To-day the Name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, Child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be.

Bernault: TR. *Compilers Hys. A. and M.*

149 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. ST. BEES *J. B. Dykes*



mf 2 Jesus! Name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

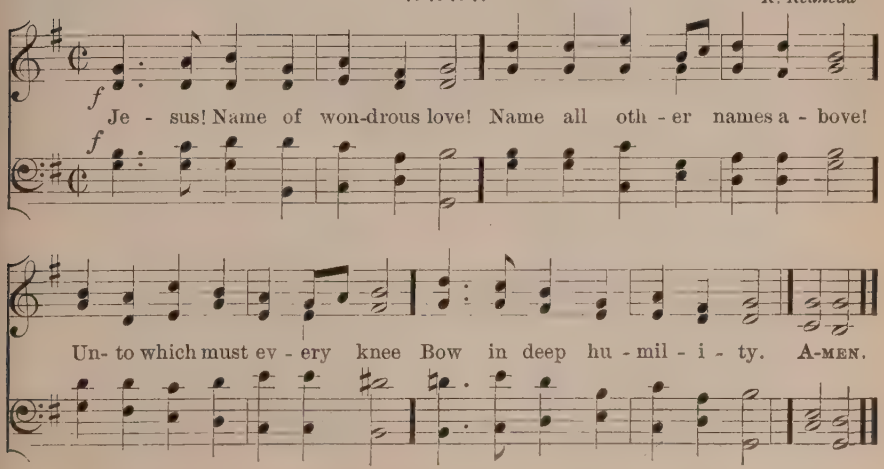
mf 3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."

p 4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
dim When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

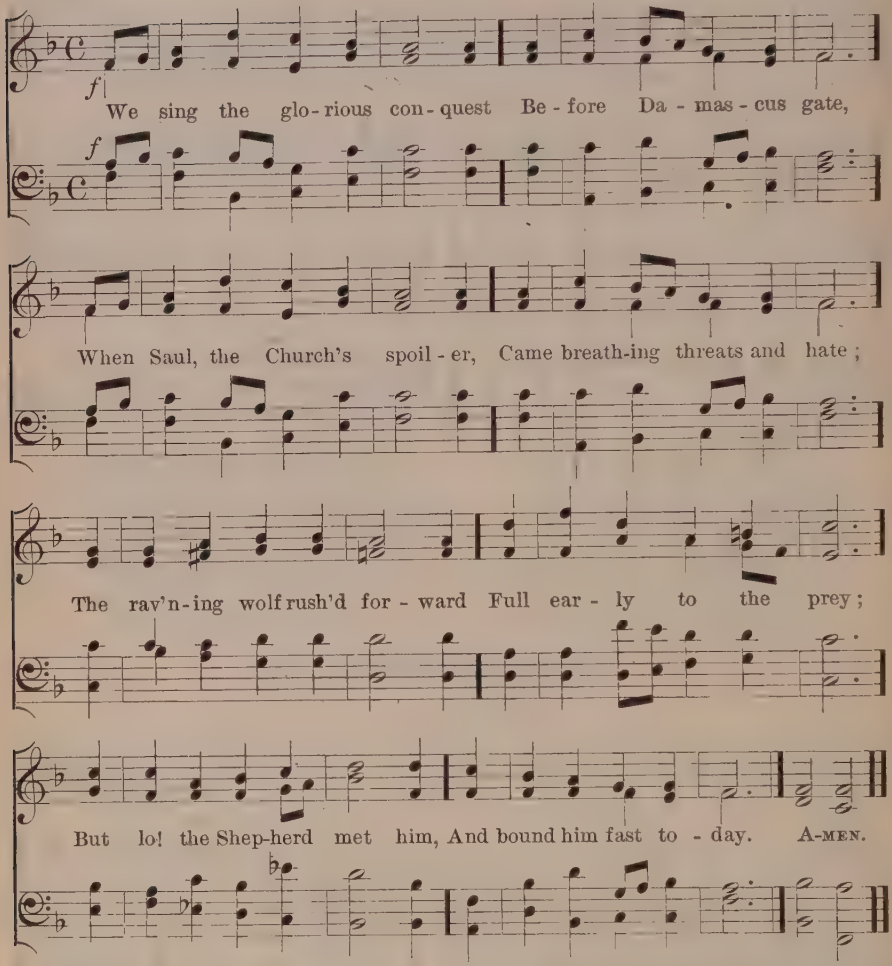
mf 5 Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven.
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

p 6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
cr Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
dim Helpless, O our God, to Thee.
W. W. How

(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. REDHEAD. 45 *R. Redhead*



150 7. 6. 7. 6. D. MUNICH *German*


f
We sing the glo - rious con - quest Be - fore Da - mas - cus gate,
When Saul, the Church's spoil - er, Came breath-ing threats and hate;
The rav'n-ing wolf rush'd for - ward Full ear - ly to the prey;
But lo! the Shep-herd met him, And bound him fast to - day. A-MEN.

f 2 O glory most excelling
That smote across his path!
O light that pierced and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
dim O voice that spake within him
The calm, reproving word!
O love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord!

mf 3 O Wisdom, ordering all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at Thine employ
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy?

mf 4 Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson,
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger,
To trust Thy hidden power:
Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen saint can find.

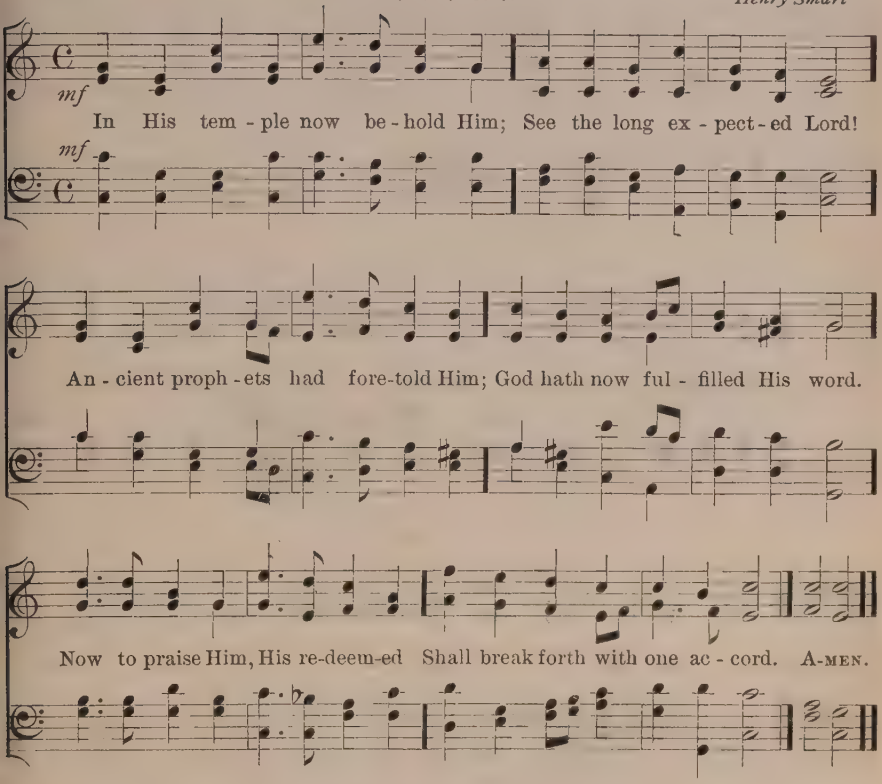
J. Ellerton

Other Feasts and Fasts

The Purification

151 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

REGENT SQUARE
Henry Smart


mf
In His tem - ple now be - hold Him; See the long ex - pect - ed Lord!
mf
An - cient proph - ets had fore-told Him; God hath now ful - filled His word.
Now to praise Him, His re-deem-ed Shall break forth with one ac - cord. A-MEN.

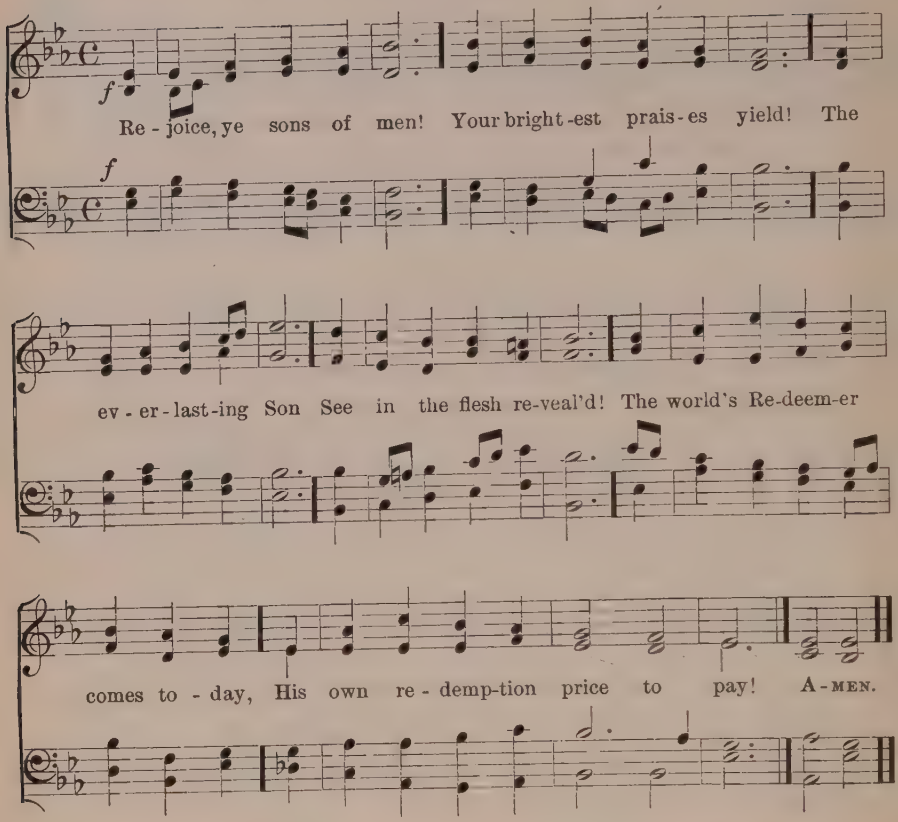
mf 2 In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His aged saints adore Him,
Ere in perfect faith they die:
cr Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lo, the incarnate God most high!

mf 3 Jesus, by Thy Presentation,
Thou, Who didst for us endure,
Make us see Thy great salvation,
Seal us with Thy promise sure;
And present us with Thy glory
To Thy Father cleansed and pure

f 4 Prince and Author of salvation,
Be Thy boundless love our theme!
Jesus, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Lord of majesty supreme!

H. J. Pye

152 6.6.6.6.8.8. BEVAN *J. Goss*


f
Re - joice, ye sons of men! Your bright-est prais-es yield! The
f
ev - er - last-ing Son See in the flesh re-veal'd! The world's Re-deem-er
comes to - day, His own re - demp-tion price to pay! A-MEN.

mf 2 Lo! Simeon's saintly arms
The holy burden bear;
He sees with raptured eye
His true salvation there.
The weary waiting now is past:
The long-expected comes at last.

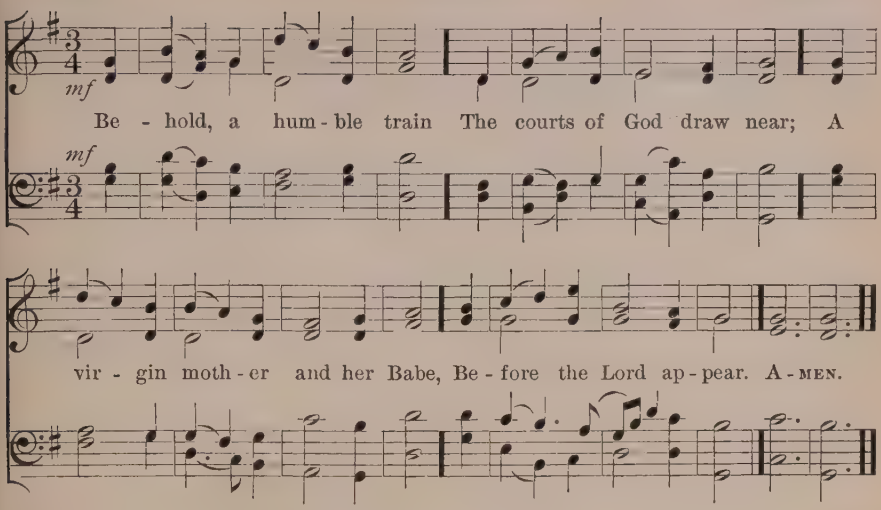
mf 3 The agèd saint's embrace
The blessèd mother saw,
And on his words so strange
She mused with silent awe.
p What conflict for her Child is stored?
And what for her this piercing sword?

mf 4 O Saviour, in Thy courts
dim We all our sins confess:
But Thou didst once for us
Fulfill all righteousness.
p Impure, unclean, O may we be
cr Presented pure and clean in Thee!

mf 5 And when, O God made Man,
Upon our waiting eye,
In glorious might revealed,
Salvation draweth nigh;
cr In that great day Thy servants bless,
And be "the Lord our Righteousness!"

W. W. How

153 S. M. THATCHER *From Handel*



p 2 O wondrous, blessèd sight!
To faithful eyes made known,
That lowly Babe—the mighty God,
The Prince of Peace, they own.

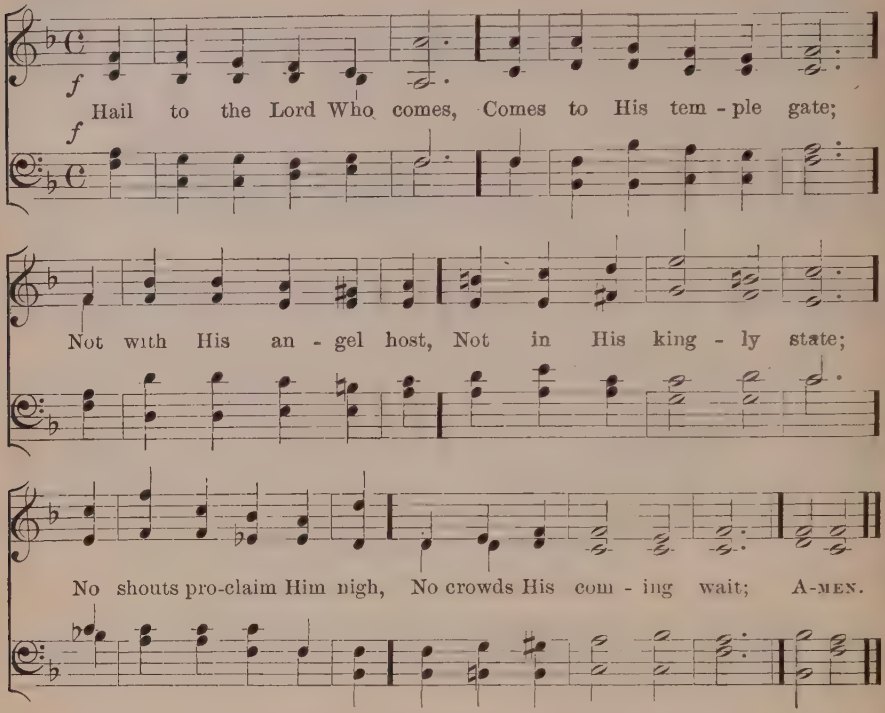
mf 3 And now this temple shines
With glory far more bright
Than e'er the former temple saw,
E'en at its greatest height.

mf 4 The cloud indeed was there,
The symbol of the Lord;
cr But here the Lord Himself appears,
The true, incarnate Word.

mf 5 Blest Saviour, come once more
With power and grace divine;
Our hearts Thy living temples make,
Wholly and ever Thine.

E. Harland

154 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. ST. OLAVE *J. Barnby*


f
Hail to the Lord Who comes, Comes to His tem - ple gate;
f
Not with His an - gel host, Not in His king - ly state;
No shouts pro-claim Him nigh, No crowds His com - ing wait; A-MEN.

p 2 But, borne upon the throne
Of Mary's gentle breast,
Watched by her duteous love,
In her fond arms at rest:
Thus to His Father's house
He comes, the heav'nly Guest.

f 3 Hail to the great First-born
Whose ransom-price they pay!
The Son, before all worlds;
The Child of man, to-day;
dim That He might ransom us
p Who still in bondage lay.

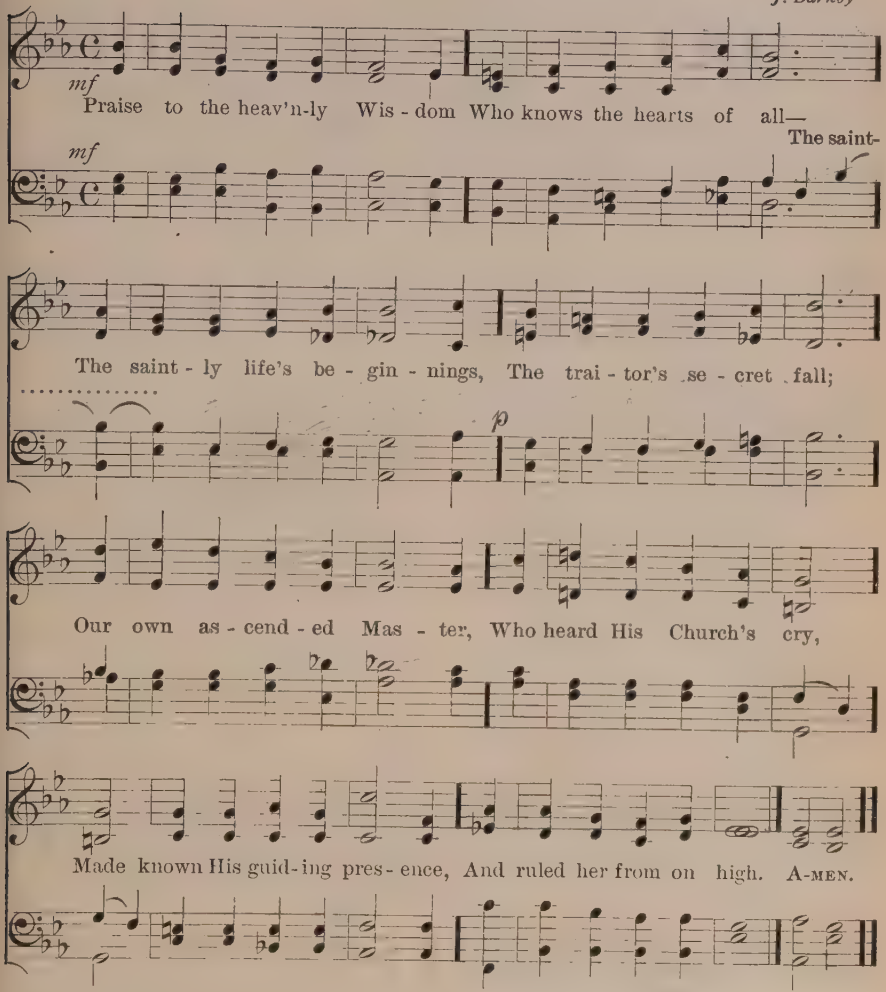
mf 4 O Light of all the earth,
Thy children wait for Thee!
Come to Thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before Thy Father's face
May all presented be!

J. Ellerton

St. Matthias

155 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ST. ANSELM
J. Barnby


mf
Praise to the heav'n-ly Wis - dom Who knows the hearts of all—
The saint-
mf
The saint - ly life's be - gin - nings, The trai - tor's se - cret fall;
p
Our own as - cend - ed Mas - ter, Who heard His Church's cry,
Made known His guid-ing pres - ence, And ruled her from on high. A-MEN.

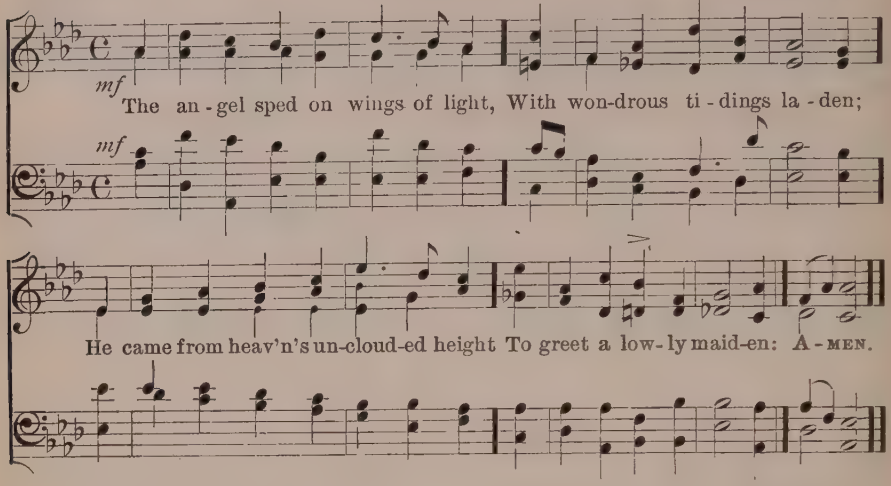
mf 2 Elect in His foreknowledge,
To fill the lost one's place;
He formed His chosen vessel
By hidden gifts of grace;
Then, by the lot's disposing,
He lifted up the poor,
cr And set him with the Princes
On high for evermore.

mf 3 Still guide Thy Church, chief Shep-
Her losses still renew; [herd,
Be Thy dread keys entrusted
To faithful hands and true;
Apostles of Thy choosing
May all her rulers be,
That each with joy may render
His last account to Thee!

J. Ellerton

The Annunciation

156 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. MITTIT. KING OF LOVE *A. W. Malim*


mf
The an-gel sped on wings of light, With won-drous ti-dings la-den;
mf
He came from heav'n's un-cloud-ed height To greet a low-ly maid-en: A-MEN.

mf 2 For God upon her low estate
Had looked with royal favour;
And all earth's kindreds celebrate
The mighty Gift He gave her.

p 3 O awful bliss! that from her womb
Should spring the Uncreated,
The great and holy One, for Whom
The world so long had waited.

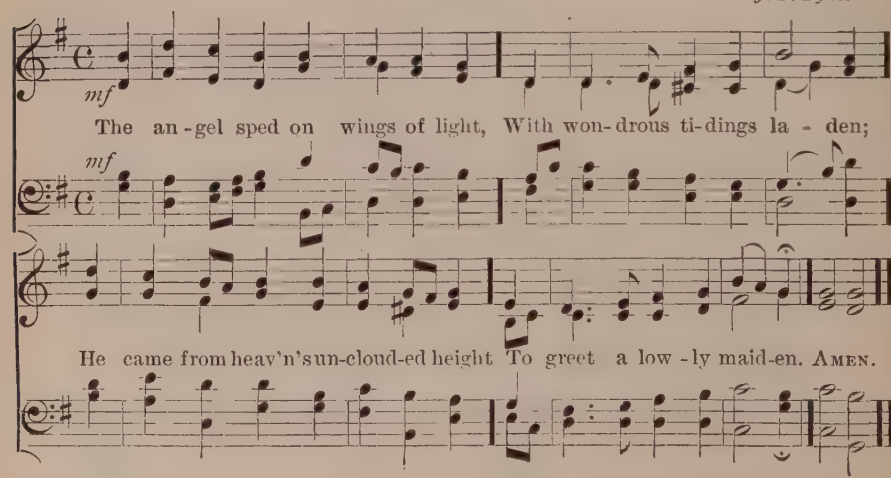
mf 4 O Son Divine! we fain would trace
Thy mother's steps so lowly,
p Her joys and woes, her saintly grace,
Her life so calm and holy.

p 5 But lo! as all too near we press,
A veil the scene enfoldeth;
No tongue may sing its loveliness,
No eye its peace beholdeth!

mp 6 And as we read with kindling eye
This day's all-gracious story,
The blessed mother passeth by,
cr And Thine is all the glory!

W. W. How

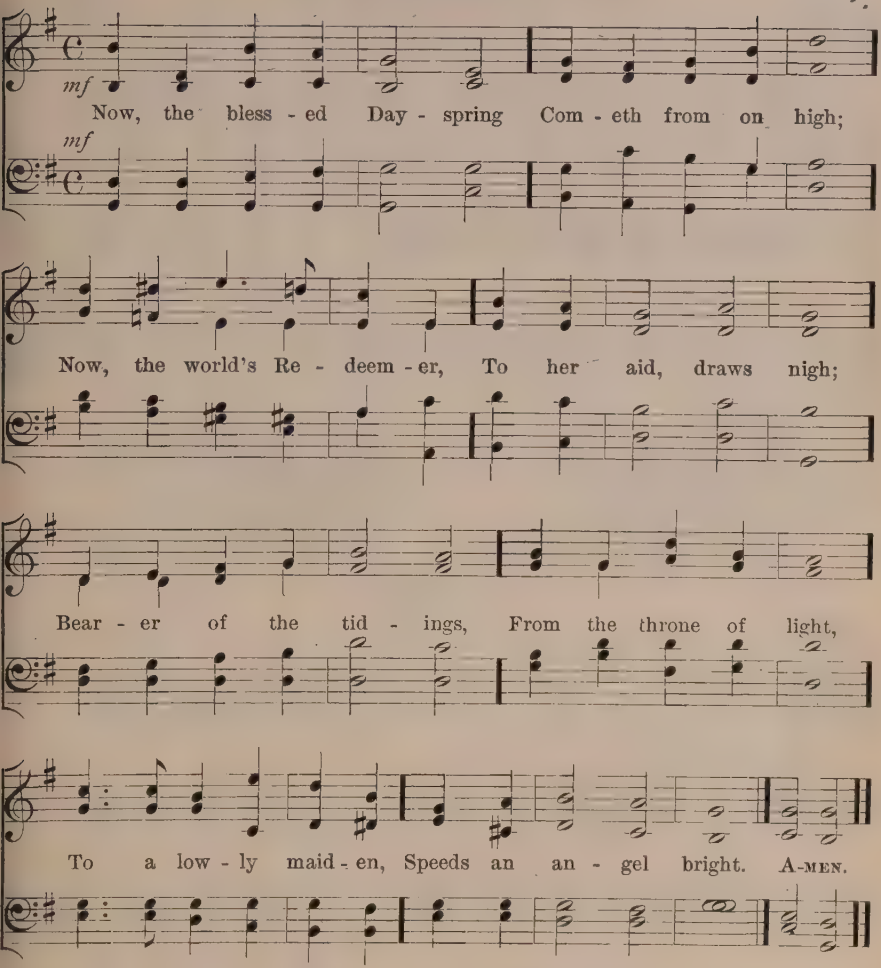
(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. DOMINUS REGIT *J. B. Dykes*


mf
The an-gel sped on wings of light, With won-drous ti-dings la-den;
mf
He came from heav'n's un-cloud-ed height To greet a low-ly maid-en. AMEN.

157

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

DAVID
T. Morley


mf
Now, the bless - ed Day - spring Com - eth from on high;
mf
Now, the world's Re - deem - er, To her aid, draws nigh;
Bear - er of the tid - ings, From the throne of light,
To a low - ly maid - en, Speeds an an - gel bright. A-MEN.

mf 2 In the chosen daughter
Of King David's line,
God fulfils the promise
Of King Ahaz' sign:
Gabriel hath spoken;
Mary hath believed;
dim And, behold a virgin
Hath a Son conceived.

p 3 Though He take our nature
Linked to low estate,
Though He stoop to suffer,
Yet shall He be great;
Though His crown and sceptre
Be of thorn and reed,
cr His shall be the kingdom
Sworn to David's Seed.

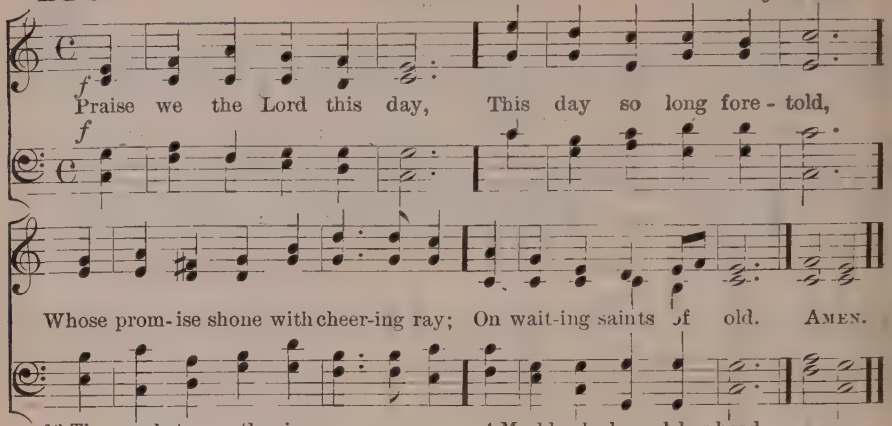
f 4 Light to light the Gentiles,
Bending at His throne;
Glory of His people,
When His sway they own;
cr He shall reign for ever,
King of kings confessed,
And all tribes and kindreds
Shall, in Him, be blest.

M. A. Thomson

158

S. M.

St. George
H. J. Gauntlett



mf 2 The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A virgin born of David's line
Shall bear the promised Seed.

mp 3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her whom heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

p 4 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lonely maid,
The favoured of the Lord.

mf 5 Blessed shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Thro' whom that wondrous mercy came,
The incarnate Saviour's birth.

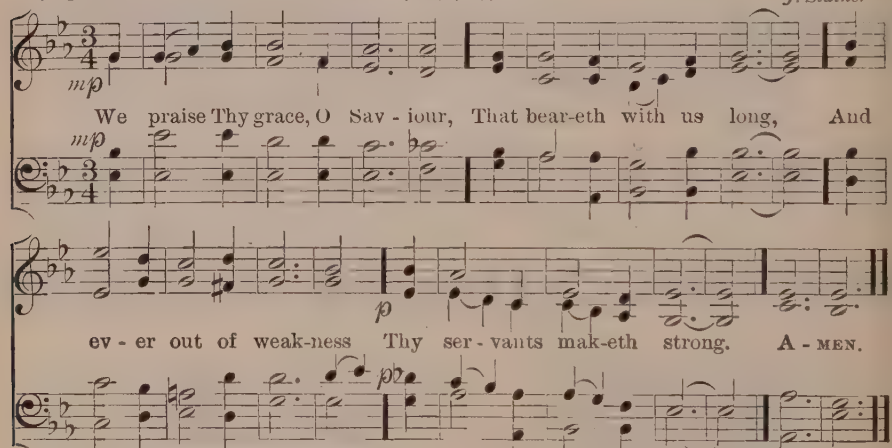
Anon

St. Mark

159

7. 6. 7. 6.

St. Giles
J. Stainer



mf 2 The saint, who left his comrades,
And turned back from the fight,
Behold at last victorious
In Thy prevailing might!

mf 3 From Thee, Lord, came the courage,
Once more to front the host:
Thy strength most mighty Saviour,
In weakness shineth most.

mf 4 Thy love Saint Mark hath numbered
Among the blessed Four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To learn his Gospel-lore.

p 5 O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
cr Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

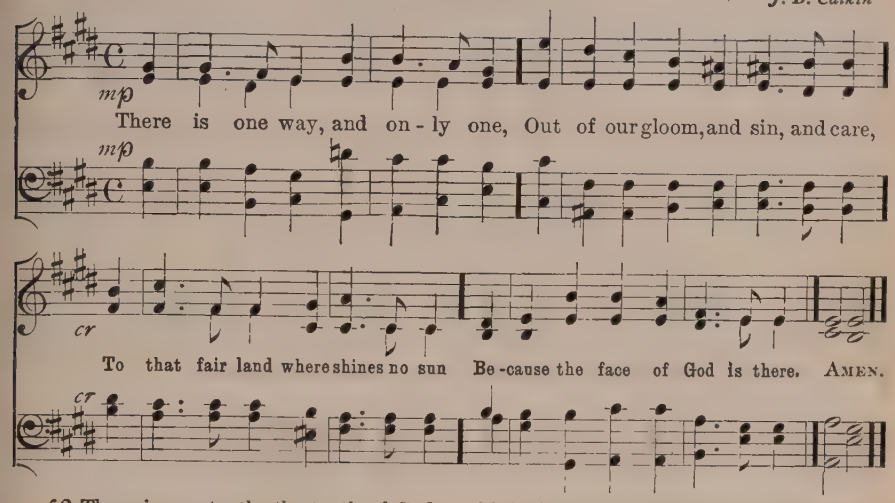
f 6 O Jesu, glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect,
In us the victory win.

W. W. How

Other Feasts and Fasts

St. Philip and St. James

160 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. SEFTON *J. B. Calkin*


mp
There is one way, and on - ly one, Out of our gloom, and sin, and care,
mp
cr
To that fair land where shines no sun Be-cause the face of God is there. AMEN.
cr

mf 2 There is one truth, the truth of God,
That Christ came down from heav'n to show,
p One life that His redeeming blood
cr Has won for all His saints below.

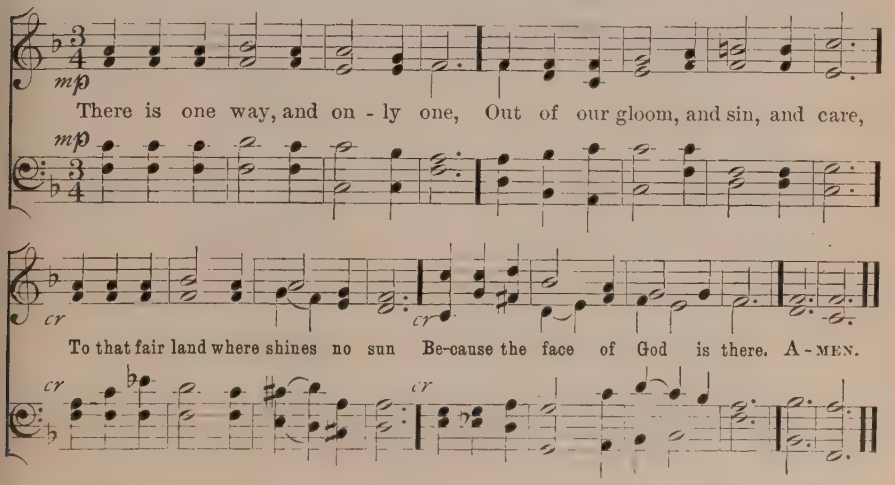
mf 3 The lore, from Philip once concealed,
To us is fully known in Christ;
In Him the Father is revealed,
And all our longing is sufficed.

mf 4 And still unwavering faith holds sure
The words that James wrote sternly down;
Except we labour and endure,
We cannot win the heavenly crown.

mf 5 O Way divine, thro' gloom and strife,
Bring us Thy Father's face to see;
O heavenly Truth, O precious Life,
At last, at last, to rest in Thee.

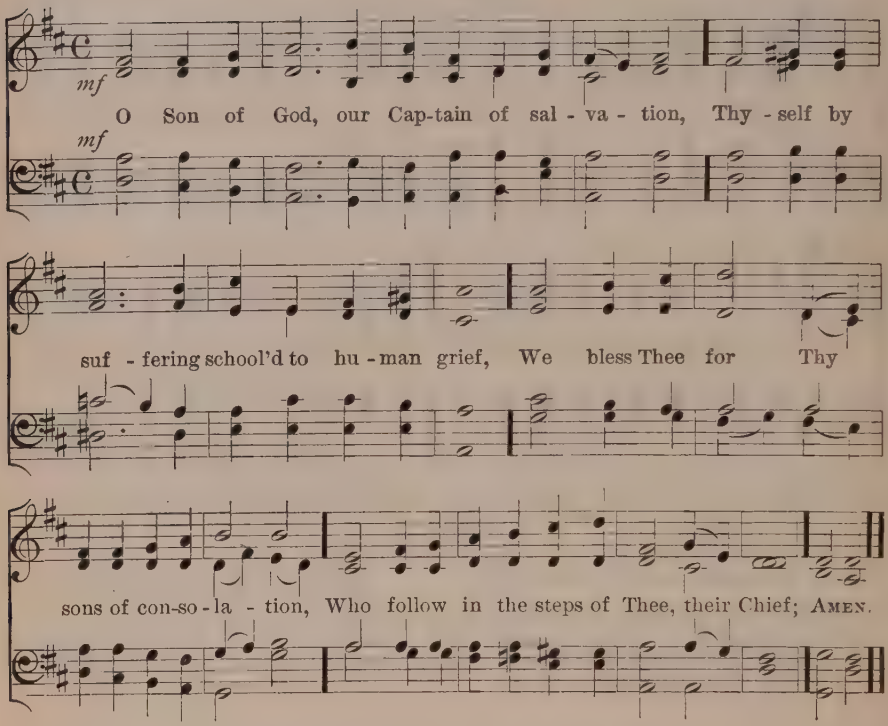
C. F. Alexander

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. PENITENCE *C. Elven*


mp
There is one way, and on - ly one, Out of our gloom, and sin, and care,
mp
cr
cr
To that fair land where shines no sun Be-cause the face of God is there. A - MEN.
cr
cr

St. Barnabas

161 11. 10. 11. 10. STRENGTH AND STAY *J. B. Dykes*


mf
O Son of God, our Cap-tain of sal - va - tion, Thy - self by
mf
suf - fering school'd to hu - man grief, We bless Thee for Thy
sons of con-so - la - tion, Who follow in the steps of Thee, their Chief; AMEN.

mf 2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs,
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast;

mf 3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again;

mp 4 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
dim Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.

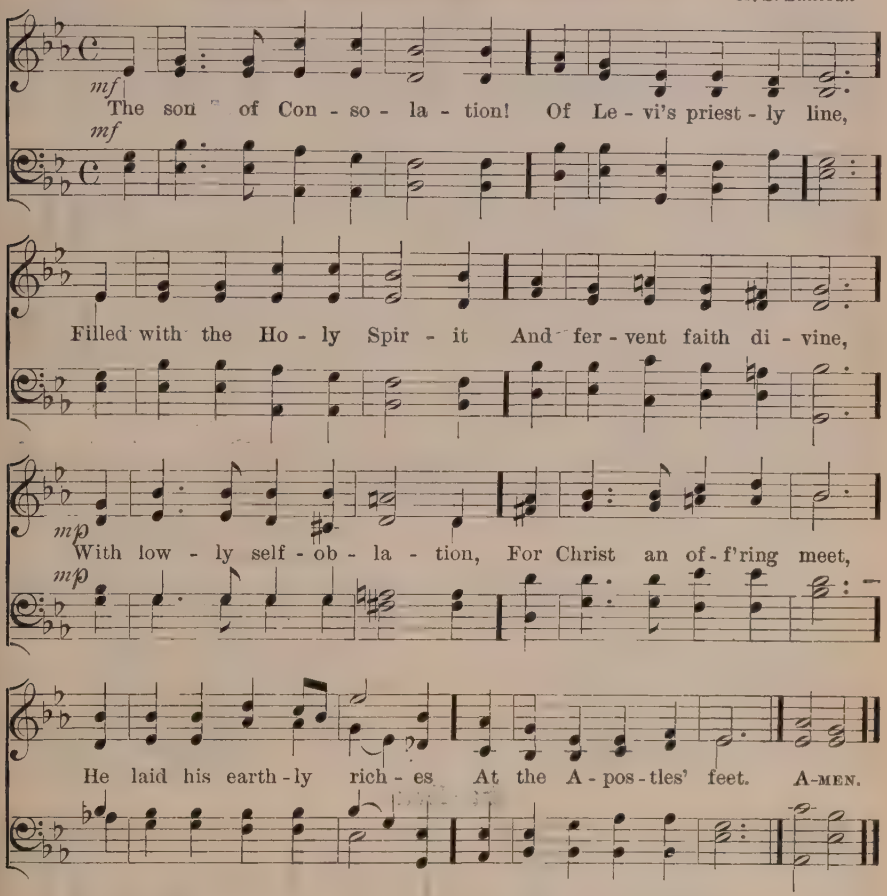
mf 5 Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;
cr He whose new name, through every Christian nation,
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

mf 6 Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,
Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye;"
cr. Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
dim And all our wants be satisfied in Thee

J. Ellerton

162 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

O Bona Patria
A. S. Sullivan


mf
The son of Con - so - la - tion! Of Le - vi's priest - ly line,
mf
Filled with the Ho - ly Spir - it And fer - vent faith di - vine,
mp
With low - ly self - ob - la - tion, For Christ an of - f'ring meet,
mp
He laid his earth - ly rich - es At the A - pos - tles' feet. A-MEN.

mf 2 The son of Consolation!
dim O name of soothing balm!
It fell on sick and weary
Like breath of heaven's own calm!
cr And the blest son of comfort,
With fearless, loving hand,
The Gentiles' great Apostle
Led to the faithful band.

mf 3 The son of Consolation!
Drawn near unto his Lord,
p He won the martyr's glory,
cr And passed to his reward.
With him is faith now ended,
Forever lost in sight,
But love, made perfect, fills him
With praise, and joy, and light.

mf 4 The son of Consolation!
p Lord, hear our humble prayer,
That each of us Thy children
Such blessèd name may bear!
That we, sweet comfort shedding
O'er homes of pain and woe,
Midst sickness and in prisons,
May seek Thee here below.

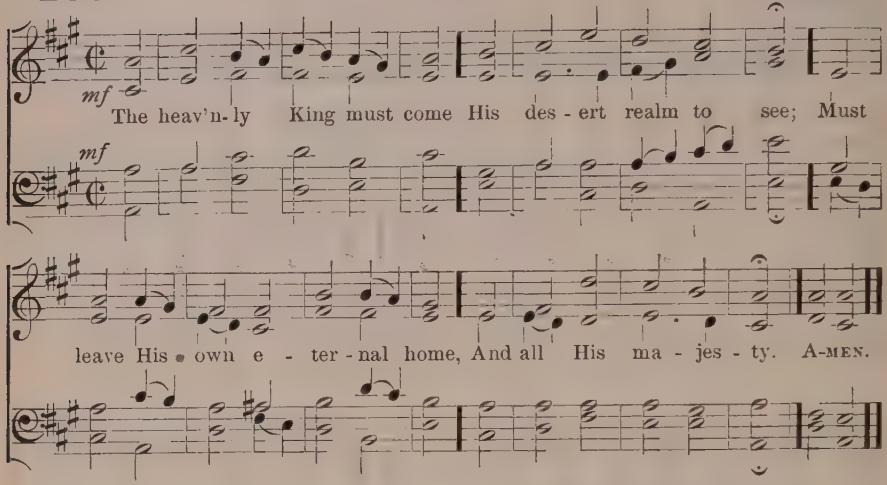
mf 5 The sons of Consolation!
cr O what their bliss will be,
When Christ the King shall tell them
"Ye did it unto Me!"
The merciful and loving
The Lord of life shall own,
And as His priceless jewels
Shall set them round His throne.

M. Coote

Other Feasts and Fasts

The Nativity of St. John the Baptist

163 S. M. CAMBRIDGE *R. Harrison*



mf 2 And lo! before Him sent
His herald, who must cry
And never spare, "Repent, repent!
Your King, your God, is nigh!"

dim 3 He, when his work is done,
Must see his light decay,
cr Must hail with joy the brighter Sun,
The glorious King of day.

mf 4 O Lord, O King, O Sun,
Whose messenger he came,
Baptize us all, most holy One,
In Thy refining flame.

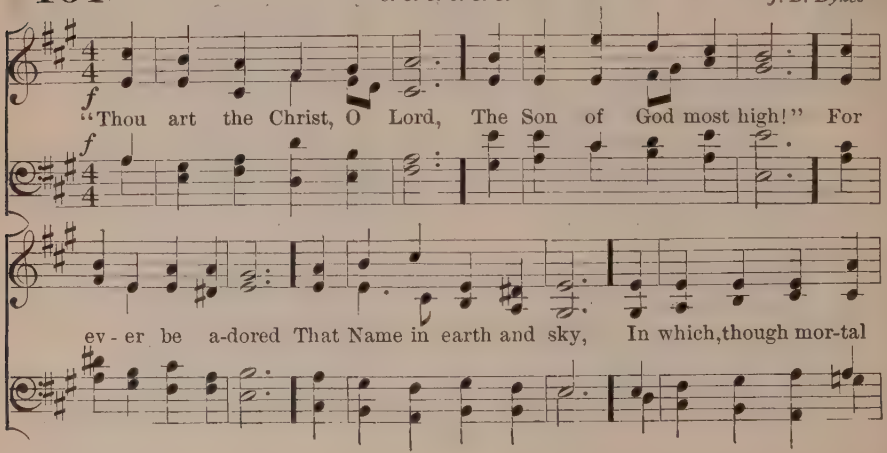
mf 5 Give us Thy grace, that we
All evil may forsake,
May boldly speak the truth for Thee,
The lowest place may take.

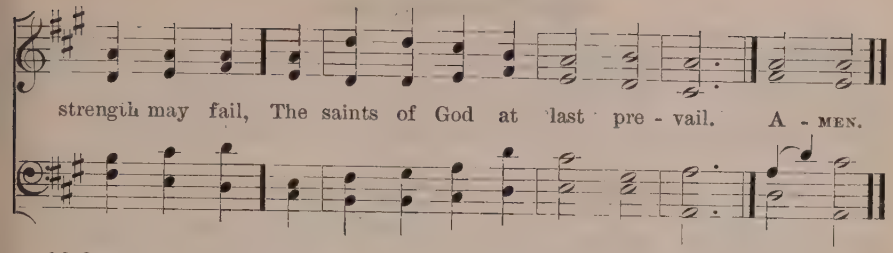
mf 6 So, when Thou com'st again,
Thy realm redeemed to see,
Thy steps shall find 'mid hearts of men
A way made straight for Thee.

H. A. Martin

St. Peter

164 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. ST. GODRIC *J. B. Dykes*





mf 2 O surely he was blest
With blessedness unpriced,
Who, taught of God, confessed
The Godhead in the Christ!
For of Thy Church, Lord, Thou didst own
Thy saint a true foundation-stone.

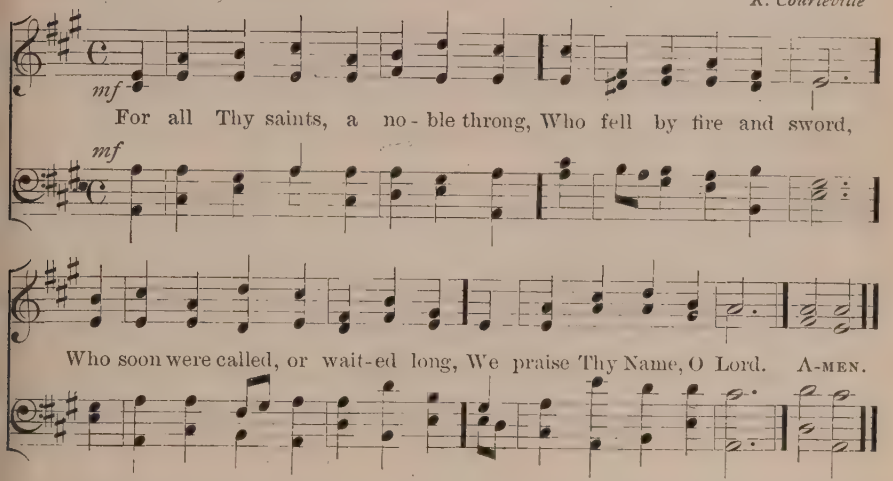
p 3 Thrice fallen, thrice restored!
The bitter lesson learnt,
That heart for Thee, O Lord,
With triple ardour burnt.
The cross he took he laid not down
cr Until he grasped the martyr's crown.

f 4 O bright triumphant faith!
O courage void of fears!
O love, most strong in death!
dim O penitential tears!
By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,
cr And make us go where Thou shalt call.

W. W. How

St. James

165 C. M. ST. JAMES *R. Courteville*


mf
For all Thy saints, a no - ble throng, Who fell by fire and sword,
mf
Who soon were called, or wait-ed long, We praise Thy Name, O Lord. A-MEN.

mf 2 For him who left his father's side,
Nor lingered by the shore,
When, softer than the weltering tide,
Thy summons glided o'er;

p 3 Who stood beside the maiden dead,
Who climbed the mount with Thee,
cr And saw the glory round Thy head,
One of Thy chosen three;

p 4 Who knelt beneath the olive shade,
Who drank Thy cup of pain,
And passed from Herod's flashing blade
To see Thy face again.

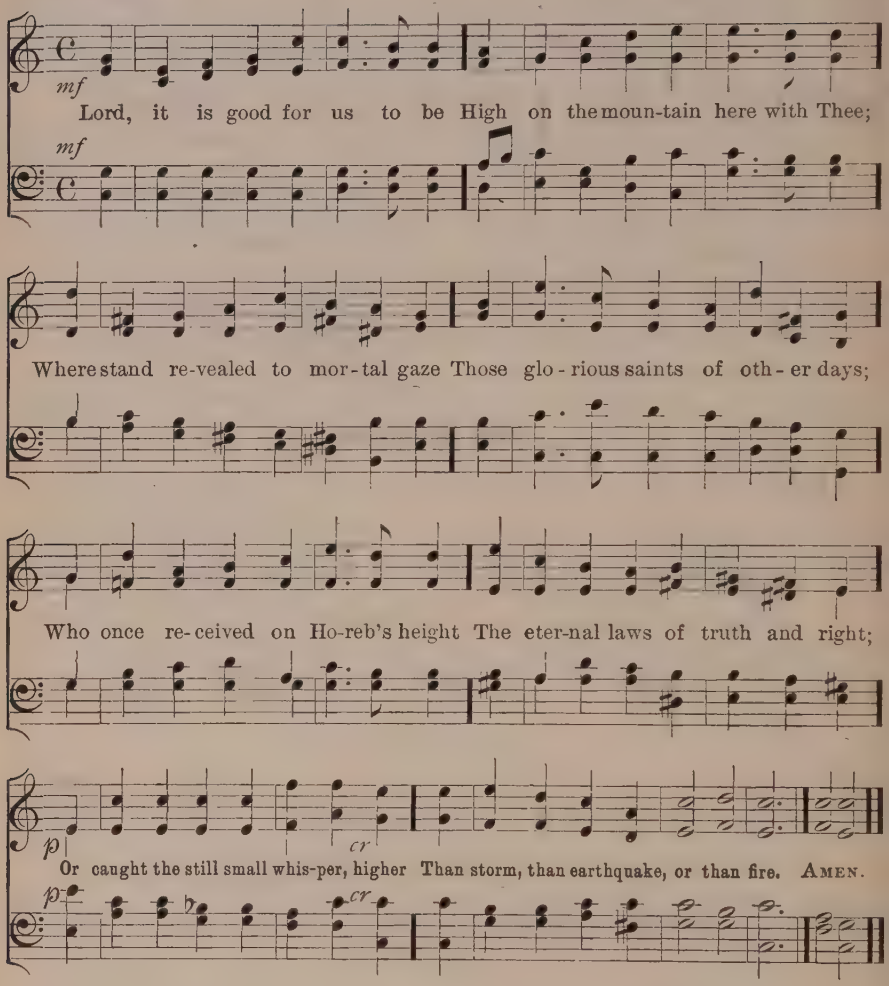
mf 5 Lord, give us grace, and give us love,
Like him to leave behind
Earth's cares and joys, and look above
With true and earnest mind.

p 6 So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,
cr So, meek and firm be found,
When Thou shalt come to take us up
Where Thine elect are crowned.

C. F. Alexander

The Transfiguration

166 L. M. D. Goss *J. Goss*


mf
Lord, it is good for us to be High on the moun-tain here with Thee;
mf
Where stand re-vealed to mor-tal gaze Those glo-rious saints of oth-er days;
Who once re-ceived on Ho-reb's height The eter-nal laws of truth and right;
p
cr
Or caught the still small whis-per, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire. AMEN.
p
cr

mf 2 Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured Face.

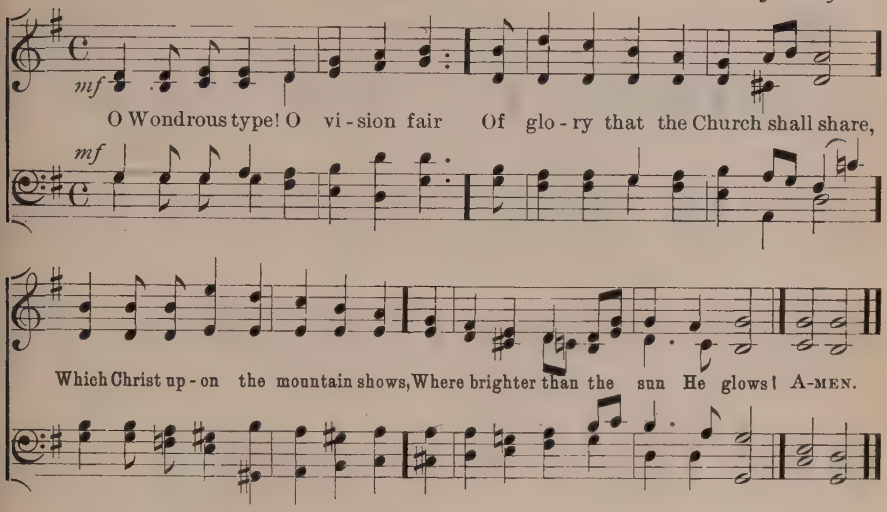
mf 3 Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
dim When darkling in the depths of night,
cr When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
f That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
dim Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
cr "This is my Son; O hear ye Him!"

A. P. Stanley

167 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

KEBLE
J. B. Dykes


mf
O Wondrous type! O vi - sion fair Of glo - ry that the Church shall share,
Which Christ up - on the mountain shows, Where brighter than the sun He glows! A-MEN.

mf 2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

f 3 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

mf 4 And faithful hearts are raised on high
dim By this great vision's mystery;
cr For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

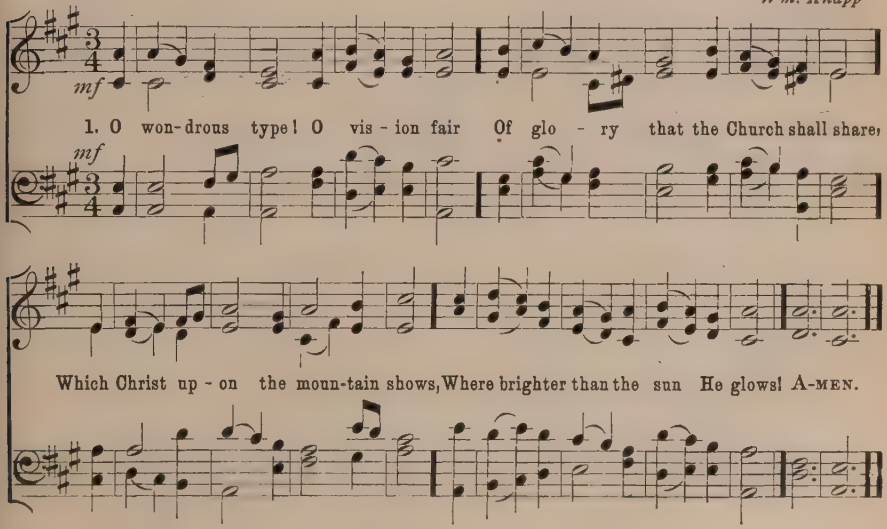
mf 5 O Father, with the eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

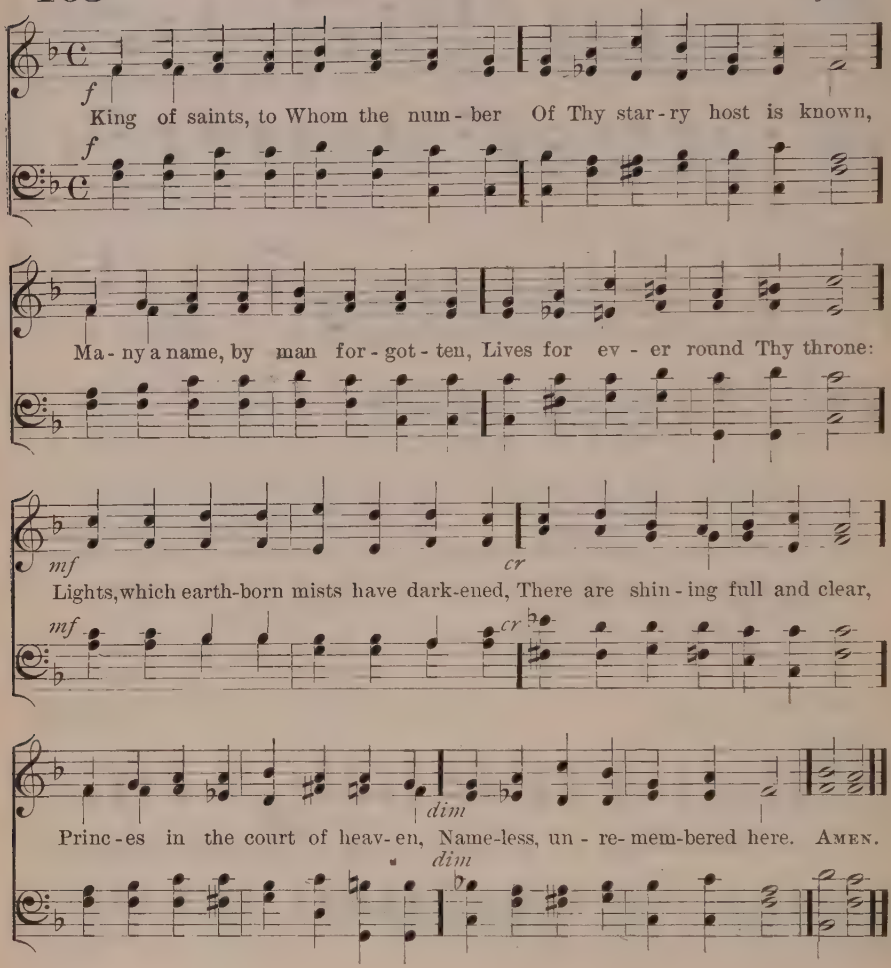
WAREHAM
Wm. Knapp


mf
1. O won-drous type! O vis - ion fair Of glo - ry that the Church shall share,
Which Christ up - on the moun-tain shows, Where brighter than the sun He glows! A-MEN.

St. Bartholomew

168 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

LOVE DIVINE
G. F. Le Jeune


f
King of saints, to Whom the num - ber Of Thy star - ry host is known,
f
Ma - ny a name, by man for - got - ten, Lives for ev - er round Thy throne:
mf
cr
Lights, which earth-born mists have dark-ened, There are shin - ing full and clear,
mf
cr
dim
Princ - es in the court of heav - en, Name-less, un - re - mem-bered here. AMEN.
dim

mf 2 In the roll of Thine Apostles
One there stands, Bartholomew,
He for whom to-day we offer,
Year by year, our praises due:
p How he toiled for Thee and suffered
None on earth can now record;
cr All his saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of his Lord;

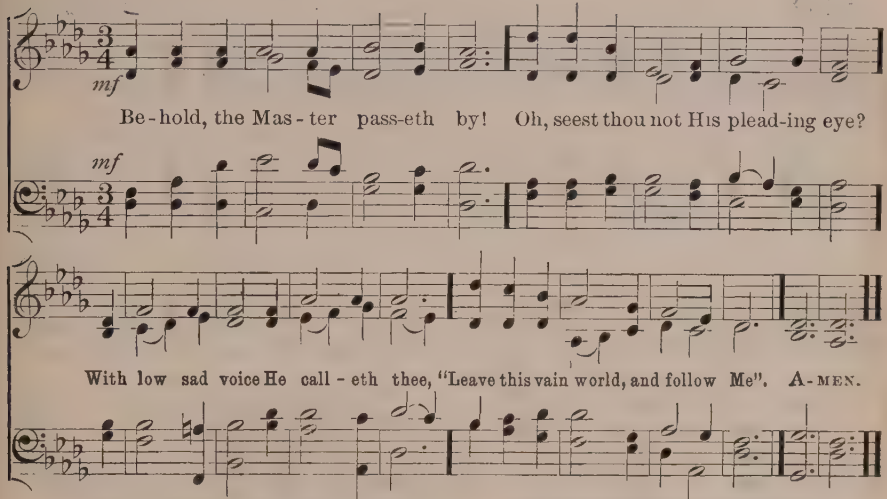
p 3 None can tell us: (*cr*) all is written
In the Lamb's great book of life,
f All the faith, and prayer, and patience,
p All the toiling, and the strife:
f There are told Thy hidden treasures:
dim Number us, O Lord, with them,
cr When Thou makest up the jewels
f Of Thy living diadem.

J. Ellerton

Other Feasts and Fasts

St. Matthew

169 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. RIVAULX *J. B. Dykes*


mf
Be-hold, the Mas-ter pass-eth by! Oh, seest thou not His plead-ing eye?
mf
With low sad voice He call-eth thee, "Leave this vain world, and follow Me". A-MEN.

p 2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care, [spare?
Hast thou no thought for heaven to
cr From earthly toils lift up thine eye;
Behold, the Master passeth by!

mf 3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessèd Cross.

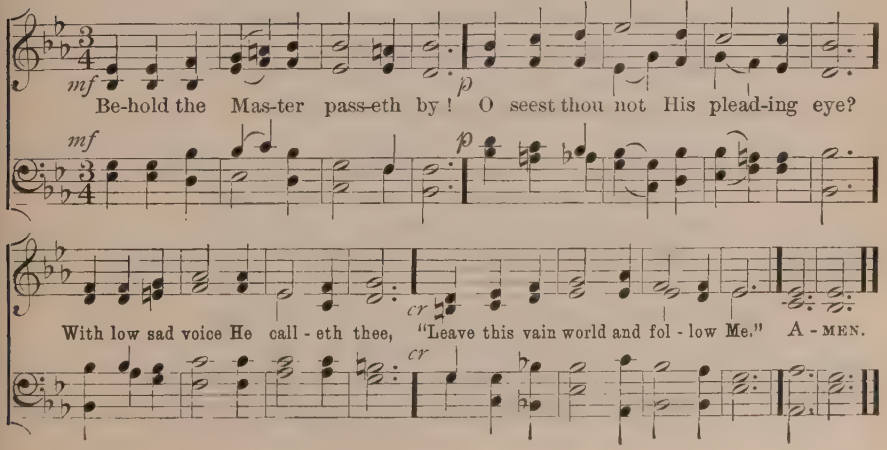
f 4 That "follow Me" his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear:
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

p 5 God gently calls us every day:
cr Why should we then our bliss delay?
f He call to heaven and endless light:
dim Why should we love the dreary night?

f 6 Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
At which he rose and left his all:
p Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;
cr I will leave all, and follow Thee.

W. W. How

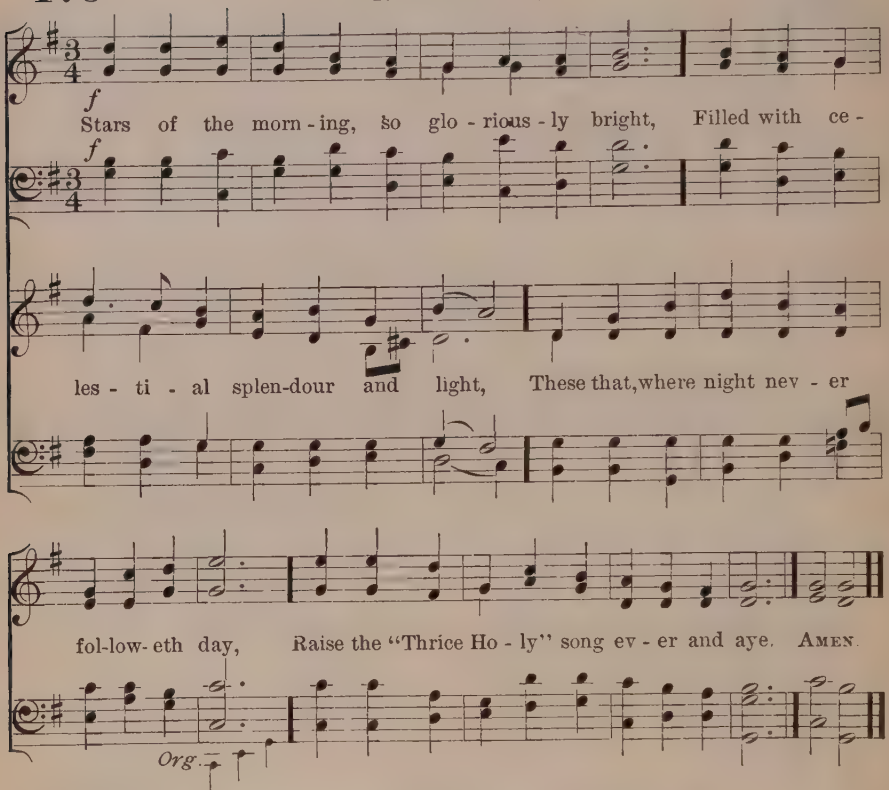
(SECOND TUNE) L. M. ANGELUS *J. G. W. Scheffler*


mf
p
Be-hold the Mas-ter pass-eth by! O seest thou not His plead-ing eye?
mf
p
cr
With low sad voice He call-eth thee, "Leave this vain world and fol-low Me." A-MEN.
cr

St. Michael and all Angels

170 10. 10. 10. 10.

TRISAGION
H. Smart


f
Stars of the morn - ing, so glo - rious - ly bright, Filled with ce -
f
les - ti - al splen-dour and light, These that,where night nev - er
fol-low- eth day, Raise the "Thrice Ho - ly" song ev - er and aye. AMEN.
Org.

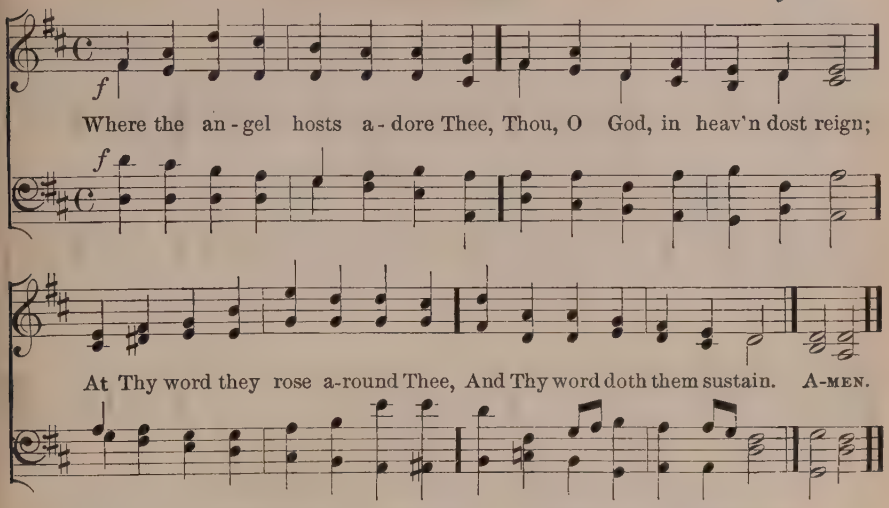
f 2 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
God of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,
dim Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

f 3 These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,
Where, with the living Ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

mf 4 Still let them succour us, still let them fight,
cr Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
f We with the angels may bow and adore.

St. Joseph: TR. *J. M. Neale*

171 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. OXFORD *J. Stainer*


Where the an - gel hosts a - dore Thee, Thou, O God, in heav'n dost reign;
At Thy word they rose a-round Thee, And Thy word doth them sustain. A-MEN.

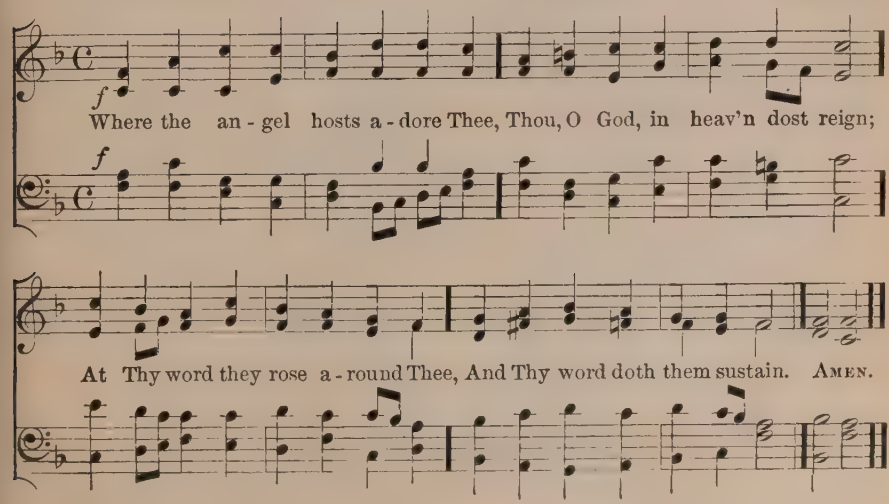
f 2 Thousand times ten thousand, bending
At Thy throne, their homage pay;
Flames of fire in strength excelling,
Swift Thy pleasure to obey.

mf 3 Fashioned in a wondrous order,
Thee they serve, their Lord and King;
Grant that in our cares and dangers
They may timely succour bring.

f 4 Praise to Thee Who hast created
Earth and heaven with all their host;
Praise to Thee, O God most mighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

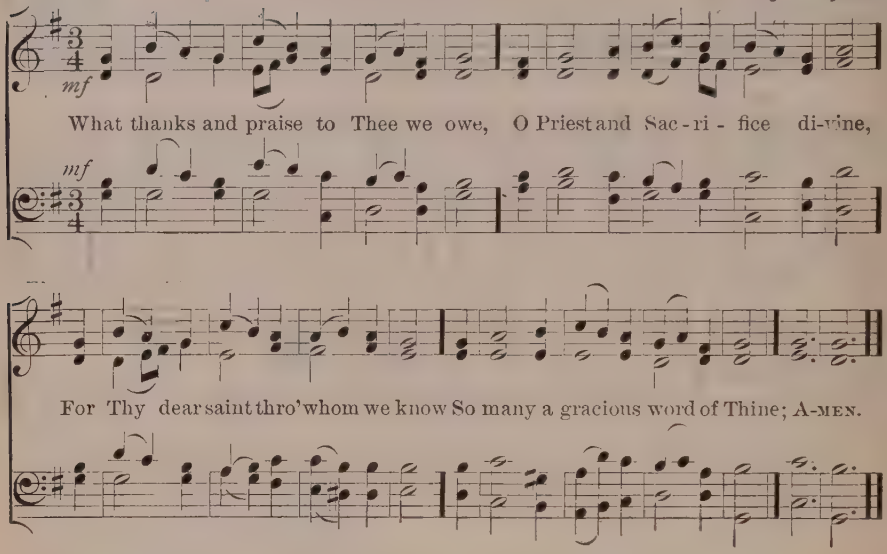
De Santeuil: TR. *I. Williams*

(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. MERTON *W. H. Monk*


Where the an - gel hosts a - dore Thee, Thou, O God, in heav'n dost reign;
At Thy word they rose a - round Thee, And Thy word doth them sustain. AMEN.

St. Luke

172 L. M. INTERCESSION *Arr. J. B. Dykes*


mf
What thanks and praise to Thee we owe, O Priest and Sac - ri - fice di-vine,
mf
For Thy dear saint thro'whom we know So many a gracious word of Thine; A-MEN.

mf 2 Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale
Of all Thy manhood's toils and tears,
And for a moment lift the veil
That hides Thy boyhood's spotless years.

mf 3 And still the Church through all her days
Uplifts the strains that never cease,
The blessèd Virgin's hymn of praise,
The aged Simeon's words of peace.

mf 4 O happy saint! whose sacred page,
So rich in words of truth and love,
Pours on the Church from age to age
This healing unction from above;

mf 5 The witness of the Saviour's life,
The great Apostle's chosen friend
p Through weary years of toil and strife,
cr And still found faithful to the end.

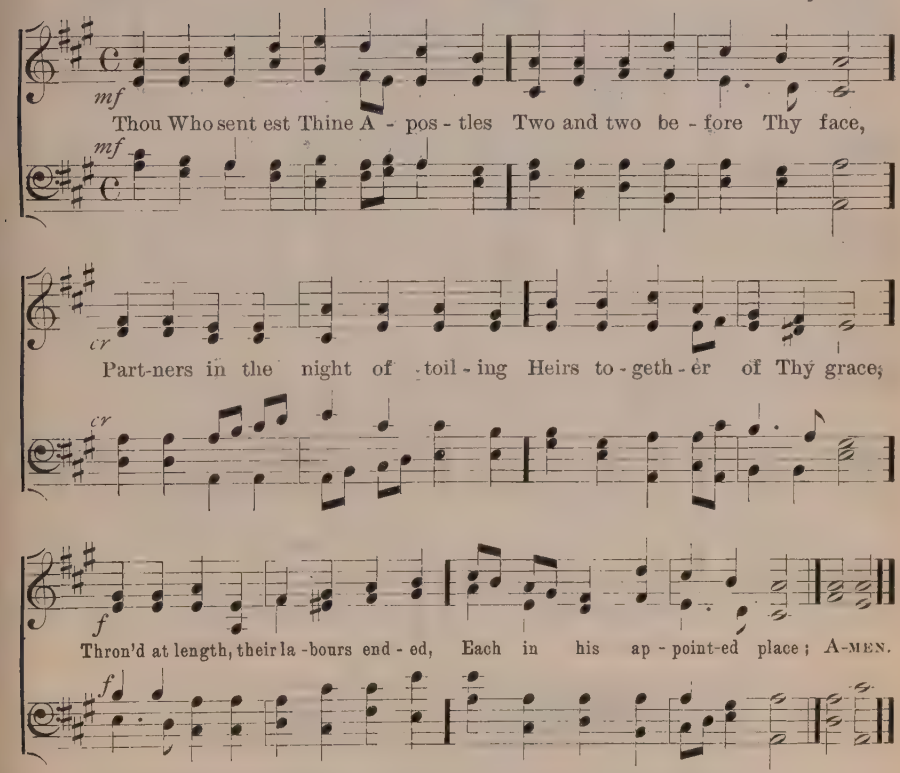
mf 6 So grant us, Lord, like him to live,
Beloved by man, approved by Thee,
Till Thou at last the summons give,
And we, with him, Thy face shall see.

W. D. Maclagan

Other Feasts and Fasts

St Simon and St. Jude

173 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. DULCE CARMEN *Haydn*


mf
Thou Who sent est Thine A - pos - tles Two and two be - fore Thy face,
mf
cr
Part-ners in the night of toil - ing Heirs to - geth - er of Thy grace;
cr
f
Thron'd at length, their la - bours end - ed, Each in his ap - point-ed place; A-MEN.
f

f 2 Praise to Thee for those Thy champions
Whom our hymns to-day proclaim;
mf One, whose zeal by Thee enlightened
Burned anew with nobler flame;
One, the kinsman of Thy childhood,
Brought at last to know Thy Name.

f 3 Praise to Thee! Thy fire within them
Spake in love, and wrought in power;
Seen in mighty signs and wonders
In Thy Church's morning hour;
mf Heard in tones of sternest warning
dim When the storms began to lower.

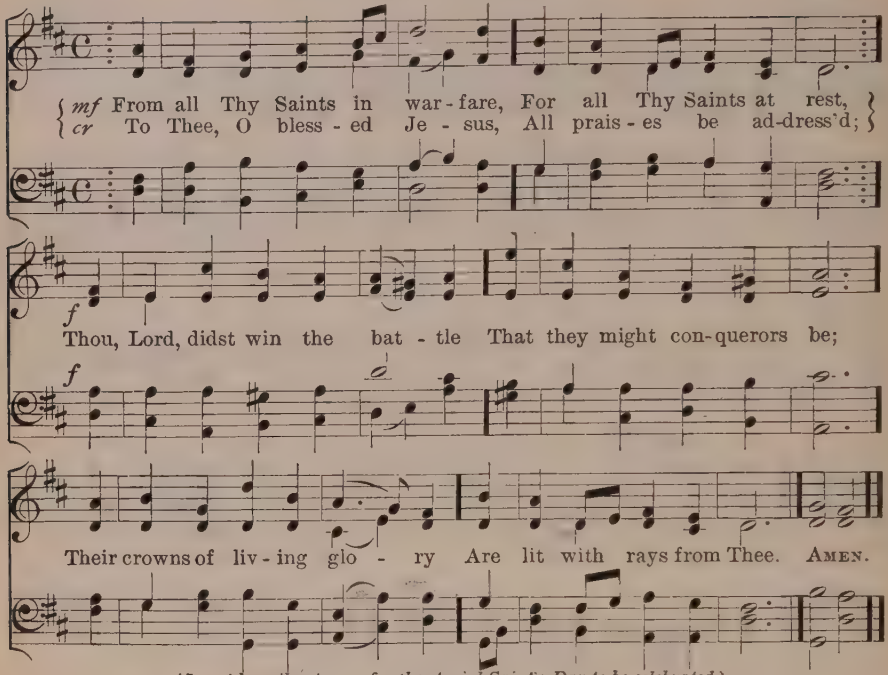
p 4 Once again those storms are breaking;
Hearts are failing, love grows cold;
Faith is darkened, sin abounding;
Grievous wolves assail Thy fold;
cr Save us, Lord, our one Salvation;
mf Save the Faith revealed of old.

p 5 Call the erring by Thy pity;
Warn the tempted by Thy fear;
Keep us true to Thine allegiance,
Counting life itself less dear;
cr Standing firmer, holding faster,
dim As we see the end draw near:

cr 6 Till, with holy Jude and Simon
And the thousand faithful more,
f We, the good confession witnessed
And the lifelong conflict o'er,
On the sea of fire and crystal
Stand, and wonder, and adore.

I. Ellerton.

174 7. 6. 7. 6. D. PÆAN *F. Weber*


mf From all Thy Saints in war - fare, For all Thy Saints at rest,
cr To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad-dress'd;
f
Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might con-querors be;
f
Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee. AMEN.

(Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.)

ST. ANDREW

f 2 Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother, the very Christ to see.
mf With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
cr Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

ST. THOMAS

f 3 All praise for Thine Apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
cr Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.
dim On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,
cr And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

ST. STEPHEN

f 4 Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand,
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.
mf Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

f 5 Praise for the loved disciple, (*mf*) exile on Patmos' shore,
f Praise for the faithful record, he to Thy Godhead bore.
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us revealed,
mf May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS

f 6 Praise for Thine infant martyrs, (*dim*) by Thee with tenderest love
p Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.
cr O Rachel! cease thy weeping they rest from pains and cares.
dim Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, (*cr*) and crowns as bright as theirs.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL

f 7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day;
mf So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

Other Feasts and Fasts

St. Matthias

mf 8 Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false apostles for evermore defend,
And by Thy parting promise be with her to the end.

St. Mark

f 9 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
mf May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine abide.

St. Philip and St. James

f 10 All praise for Thine Apostle, blest guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed Thy brother; (*mf*) keep us Thy brethren true,
And grant us grace to (*cr*) know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
dim To wrestle with temptations (*cr*) till victors in the strife.

St. Barnabas

mf 11 The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
cr That Thy true consolations may through the world extend.

St. John Baptist

f 12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
mf Of prophets last and greatest (*cr*) he saw Thy dawning ray:
f Make us the rather blessed, who love Thy glorious day.

St. Peter

f 13 Praise for Thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold;
p Thrice falling, (*mf*) yet repentant, thrice charged to keep Thy Fold.
p Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, (*cr*) to guard their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, (*dim*) with humble, earnest will.

St. James

f 14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, (*mf*) who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veiled decree,
And count it joy to suffer, (*cr*) if so brought nearer Thee.

St. Bartholomew

f 15 All praise for Thine Apostle, the faithful, pure and true,
Whom underneath the fig tree Thine eye all-seeing knew.
mf Like him, may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed,
cr That Thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

St. Matthew

f 16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, (*dim*) Thy path of suffering shared.
p From all unrighteous mammon, O give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, (*cr*) may rise and follow Thee.

St. Luke

f 17 For that "beloved physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the Sharer of our woes.
mf Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
cr And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

St. Simon and St. Jude

f 18 Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostles, who sealed their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.
mf May we with zeal as earnest the Faith of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, (*dim*) at length Thy rest attain.

General Ending

mf 19 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
p For these, passed on before us, (*cr*) Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, (*f*) would serve Thee more and more

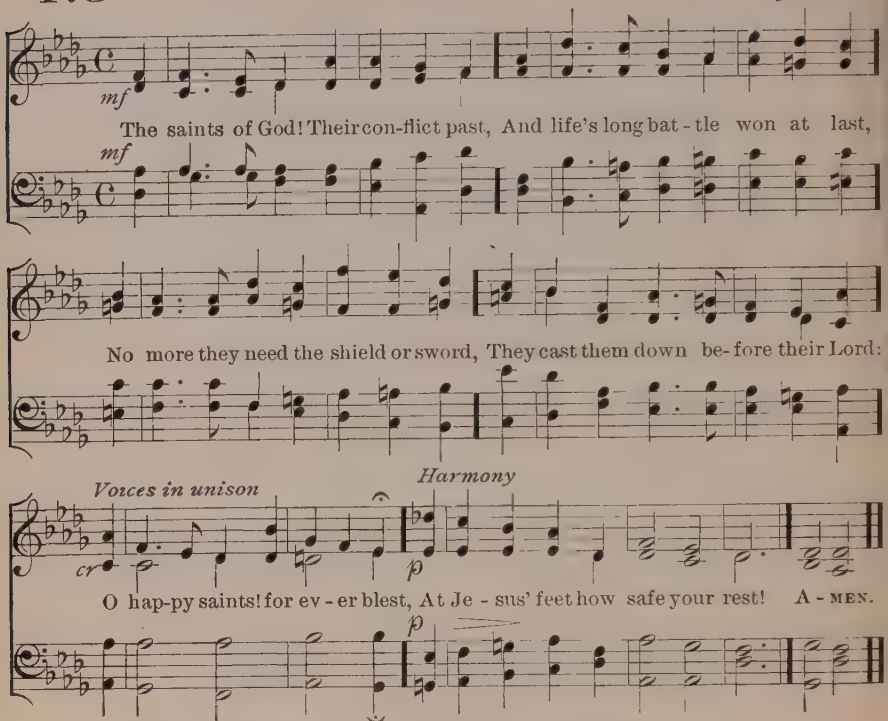
f 20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone.

Earl Nelson.

175 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

BEATI
J. Stainer


mf
The saints of God! Their con-flict past, And life's long bat-tle won at last,
mf
No more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down be-fore their Lord:
Voices in unison
Harmony
cr
p
O hap-py saints! for ev-er blest, At Je-sus' feet how safe your rest! A-MEN.
p

mf 2 The saints of God! Their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal;
cr O happy saints! for ever blest,
dim In that dear home how sweet your rest!

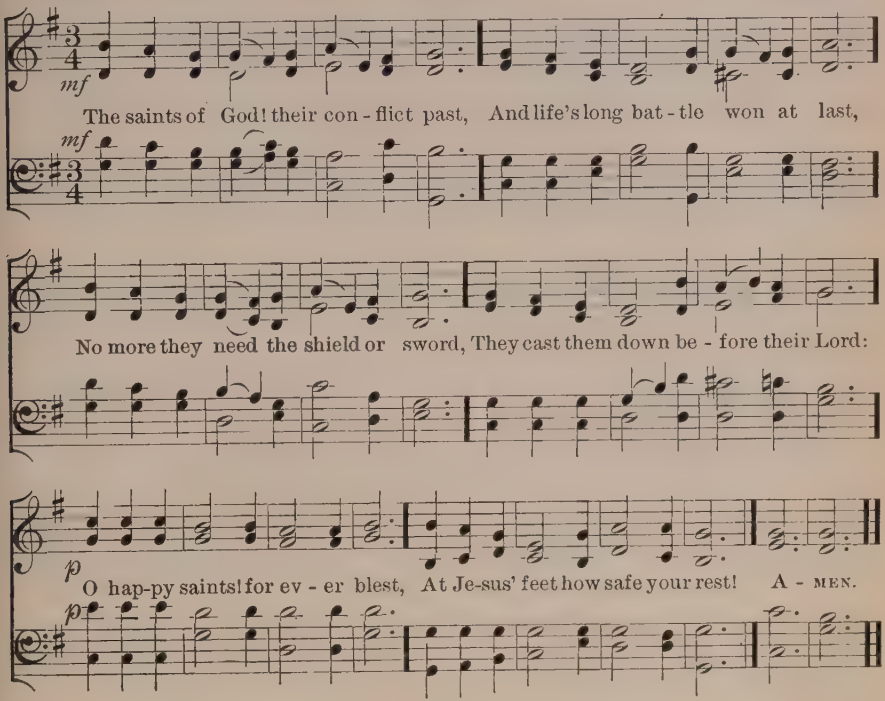
mf 3 The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
cr O happy saints! for ever blest,
p In that calm haven of your rest!

mf 4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
cr Till from the dust they too shall rise
f And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing:
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

mf 5 O God of saints! To Thee we cry;
dim O Saviour! plead for us on high;
cr O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend,
dim Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
cr That with all saints our rest may be
f In that bright Paradise with Thee!

W. D. Maclagan

175 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. PRINCE *Mendelssohn*


mf
The saints of God! their con - flict past, And life's long bat - tle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down be - fore their Lord:
p
O hap-py saints! for ev - er blest, At Je-sus' feet how safe your rest! A - MEN.

mf 2 The saints of God! Their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
cr O happy saints! for ever blest,
dim In that dear home how sweet your rest!

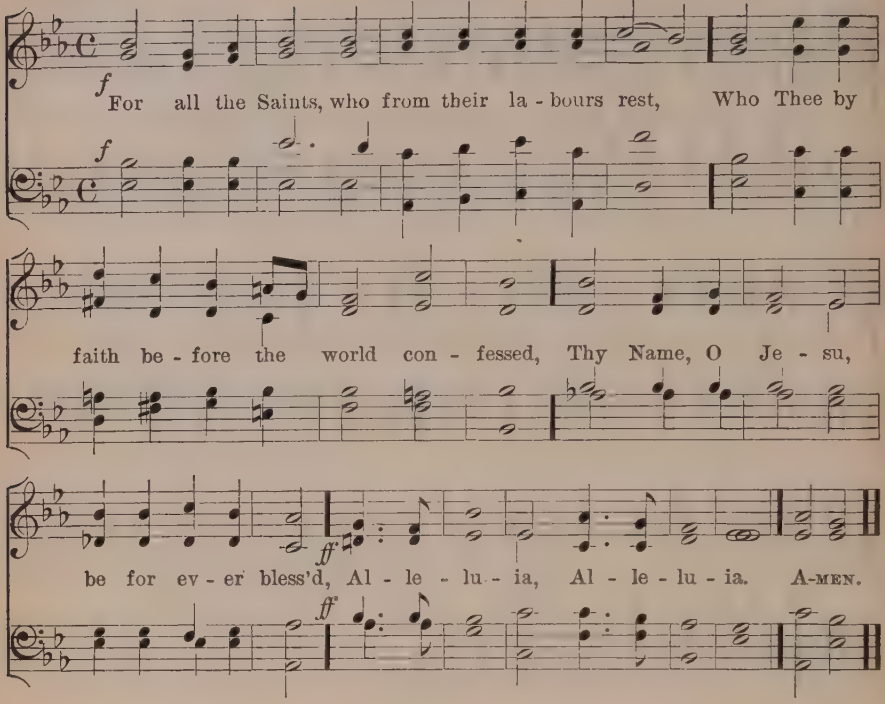
mf 3 The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
cr O happy saints! for ever blest,
p In that calm haven of your rest!

mf 4 The saints of God their vigil keep,
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
cr Till from the dust they too shall rise
f And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing:
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

mf 5 O God of saints! To Thee we cry;
dim O Saviour! plead for us on high;
cr O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend,
dim Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
cr That with all saints our rest may be
f In that bright Paradise with Thee!

W. D. Maclagan

176 10. 10. 10. 4. SARUM *J. Barnby*


f
For all the Saints, who from their la - bours rest, Who Thee by
f
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - su,
ff
be for ev - er bless'd, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A-MEN.
ff

f 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear, the one true Light.
Alleluia.

mf 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
f Alleluia.

mf 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
p We feebly struggle, (*cr*) they in glory shine;
mf Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
f Alleluia.

mp 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
cr Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
f And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
f Alleluia.

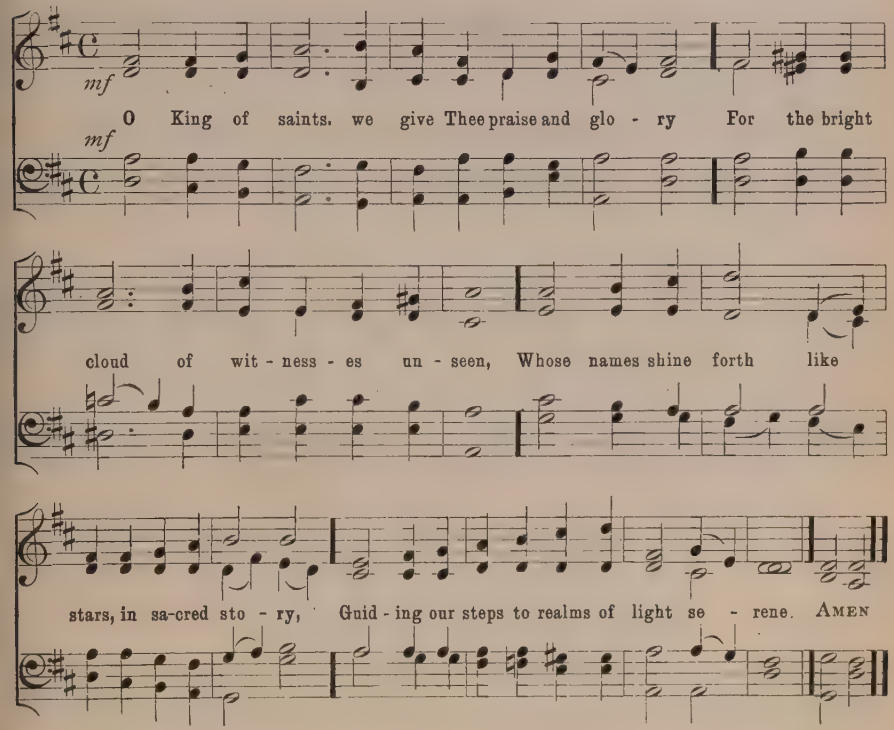
mf 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
dim Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
p Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia.

cr 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
f The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia.

ff 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia!

W. W. How

177 (FIRST TUNE) 11. 10 11 10. STRENGTH AND STAY *J. B. Dykes*


mf
O King of saints, we give Thee praise and glo - ry For the bright
mf
cloud of wit - ness - es un - seen, Whose names shine forth like
stars, in sa-cred sto - ry, Guid - ing our steps to realms of light se - rene. AMEN

mf 2 And for Thy hidden saints, our praise adoring,
Fount of all sanctity, to Thee we yield,
Who in Thy treasure-house on high, art storing
Jewels whose lustre was, on earth, concealed.

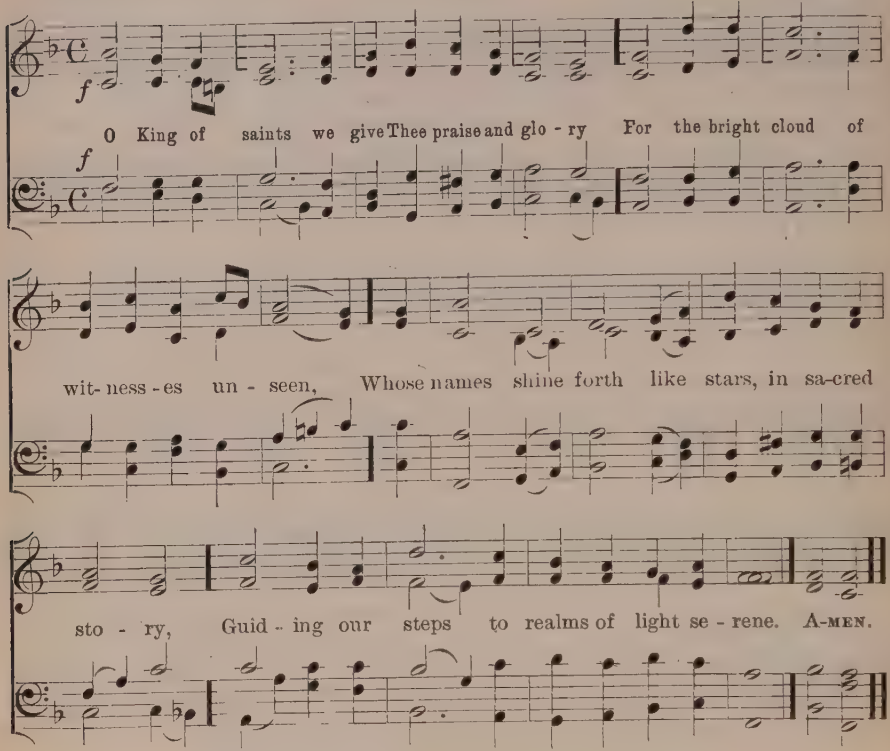
mf 3 Thine arm sustained them all in conflict mortal
With sin, the world, and all the powers of hell,
cr Thy hand hath oped for all, the shining portal
To realms where peace and joy for ever dwell.

mf 4 There are the throned and white-robed elders, casting
Before the King of kings, their crowns of gold;
And there are crowns and mansions everlasting,
And palms and harps for multitudes untold.

mf 5 Though, in Thy service, we too oft have slumbered,
Like the ten virgins, foolish ones and wise;
cr Yet with Thy saints, may we at last be numbered,
And at Thy call with burning lamps arise.

M. A. Thomson

177 (SECOND TUNE) 11 10. 11. 10. WELWYN *A. Scott-Gatty*


f
O King of saints we give Thee praise and glo - ry For the bright cloud of
f
wit- ness - es un - seen, Whose names shine forth like stars, in sa-cred
sto - ry, Guid - ing our steps to realms of light se - rene. A-MEN.

mf 2 And for Thy hidden saints, our praise adoring,
Fount of all sanctity, to Thee we yield,
Who in Thy treasure-house on high, art storing
Jewels whose lustre was, on earth, concealed.

mp 3 Thine arm sustained them all in conflict mortal
With sin, the world, and all the powers of hell;
cr Thy hand hath oped for all, the shining portal
To realms where peace and joy for ever dwell.

mf 4 There are the throned and white-robed elders, casting
Before the King of kings, their crowns of gold;
And there are crowns and mansions everlasting,
And palms and harps for multitudes untold.

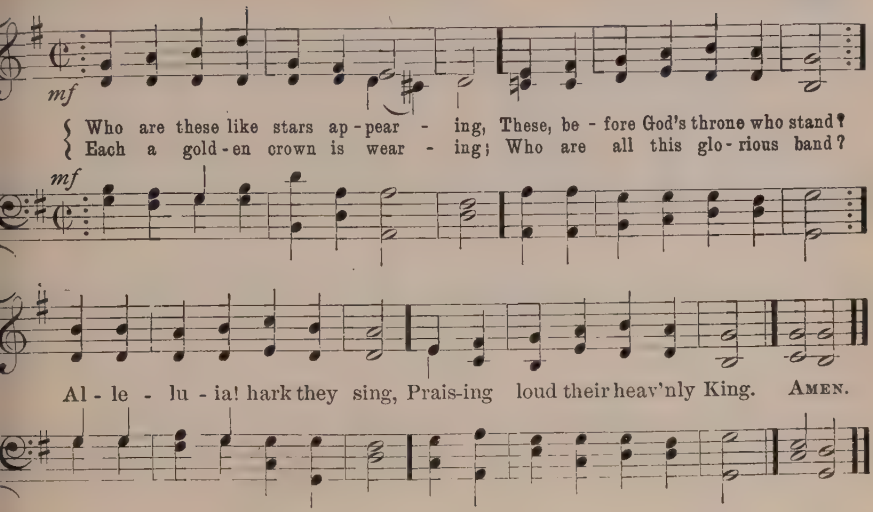
mp 5 Though, in Thy service, we too oft have slumbered,
Like the ten virgins, foolish ones and wise;
cr Yet with Thy saints, may we at last be numbered,
And at Thy call with burning lamps arise.

M. A. Thomson

178

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

ST. GREGORY
Heinrich-Albert


mf
Who are these like stars ap - pear - ing, These, be - fore God's throne who stand?
Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing; Who are all this glo - rious band?
mf
Al - le - lu - ia! hark they sing, Prais-ing loud their heav'nly King. AMEN.

mf 2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?

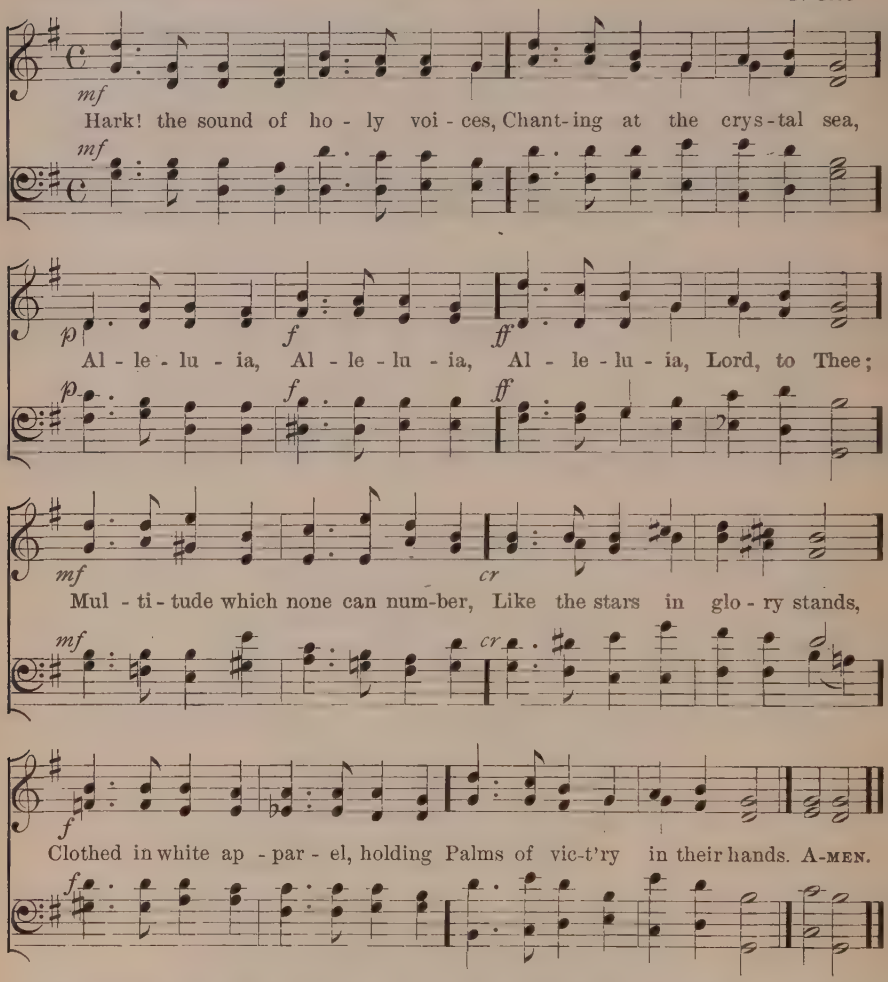
mf 3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
cr These, who well the fight sustained,
f Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

p 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
cr Now, their painful conflict o'er,
f God has bid them weep no more.

mf 5 These, like priests, have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still.
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.

H. T. Schenck: TR. *F. E. Cox*

179 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D. MOULTRIE *G. Cobb*


mf
Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant-ing at the crys-tal sea,
p f ff
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee;
mf cr
Mul - ti - tude which none can num-ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,
f
Clothed in white ap - par - el, holding Palms of vic-t'ry in their hands. A-MEN.

mf 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ.
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

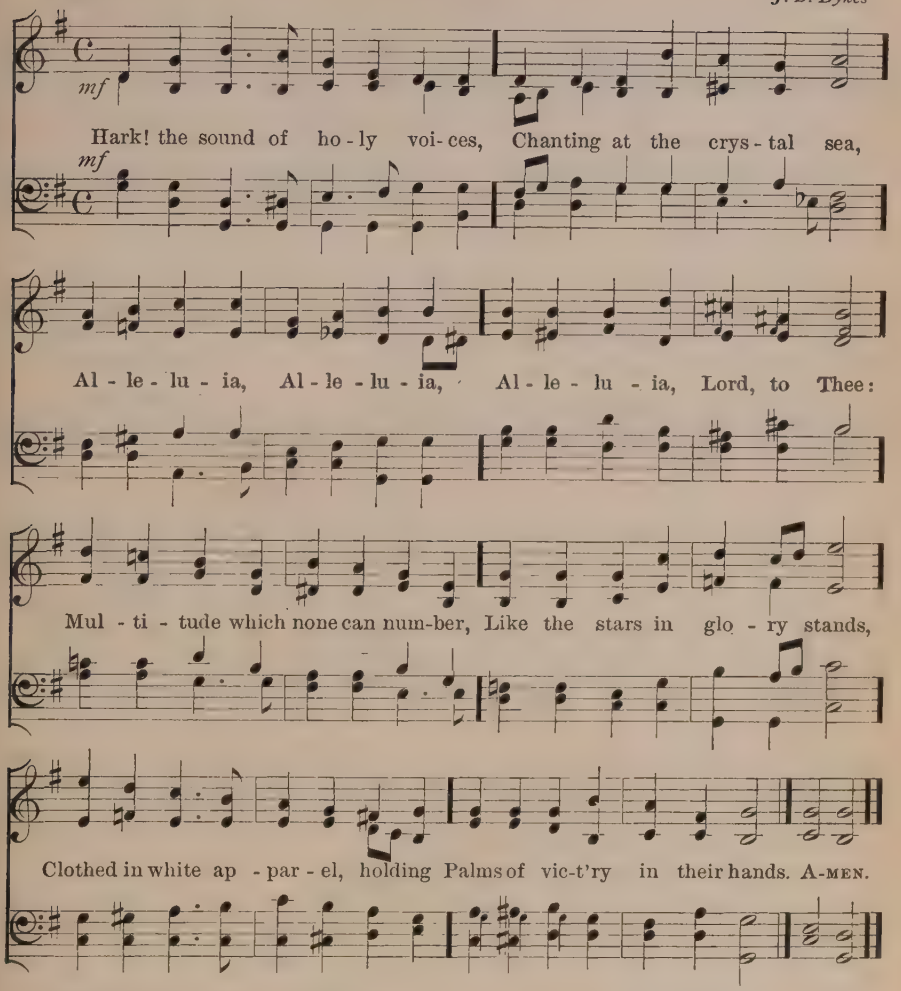
f 3 Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
dim Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
cr And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

f 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth

179 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

SANCTUARY
J. B. Dykes


mf
Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chanting at the crys - tal sea,
mf
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee:
Mul - ti - tude which none can num-ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,
Clothed in white ap - par - el, holding Palms of vic-t'ry in their hands. A-MEN.

mf 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

f 3 Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.

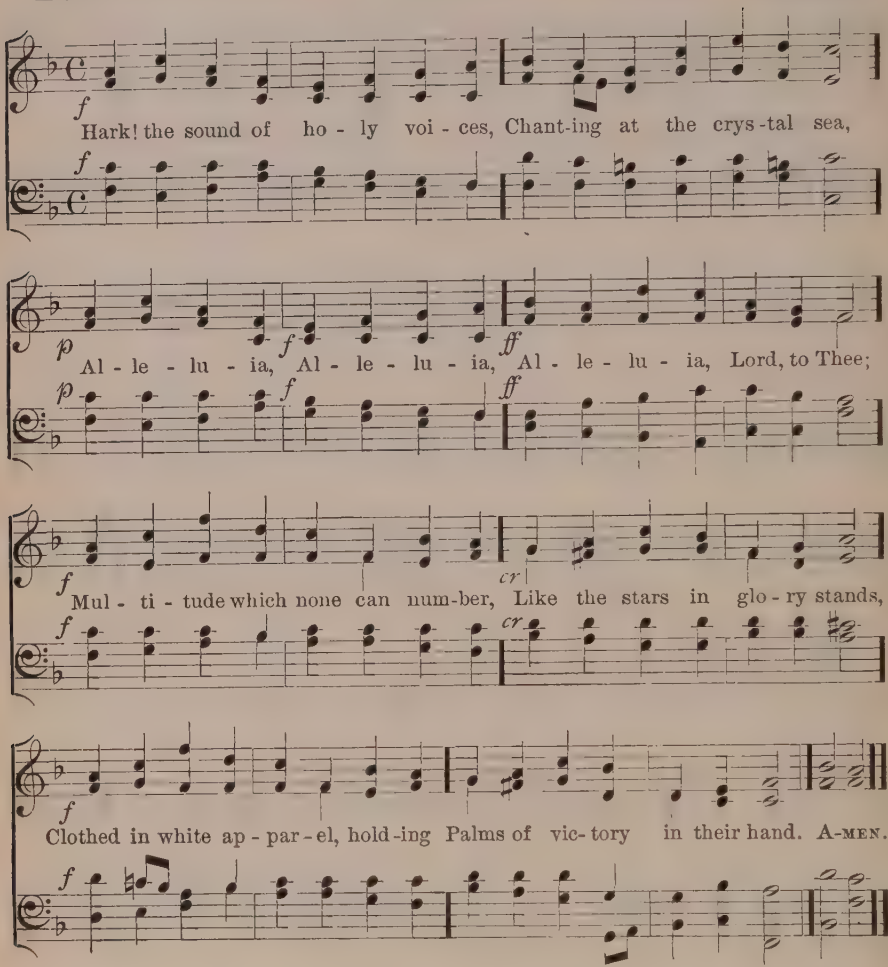
dim Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
cr And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

f 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth

179 (THIRD TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

DEERHURST
J. Langran


f
Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant-ing at the crys-tal sea,
p f ff
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee;
cr
Mul - ti - tude which none can num-ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,
Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic-tory in their hand. A-MEN.

mf 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

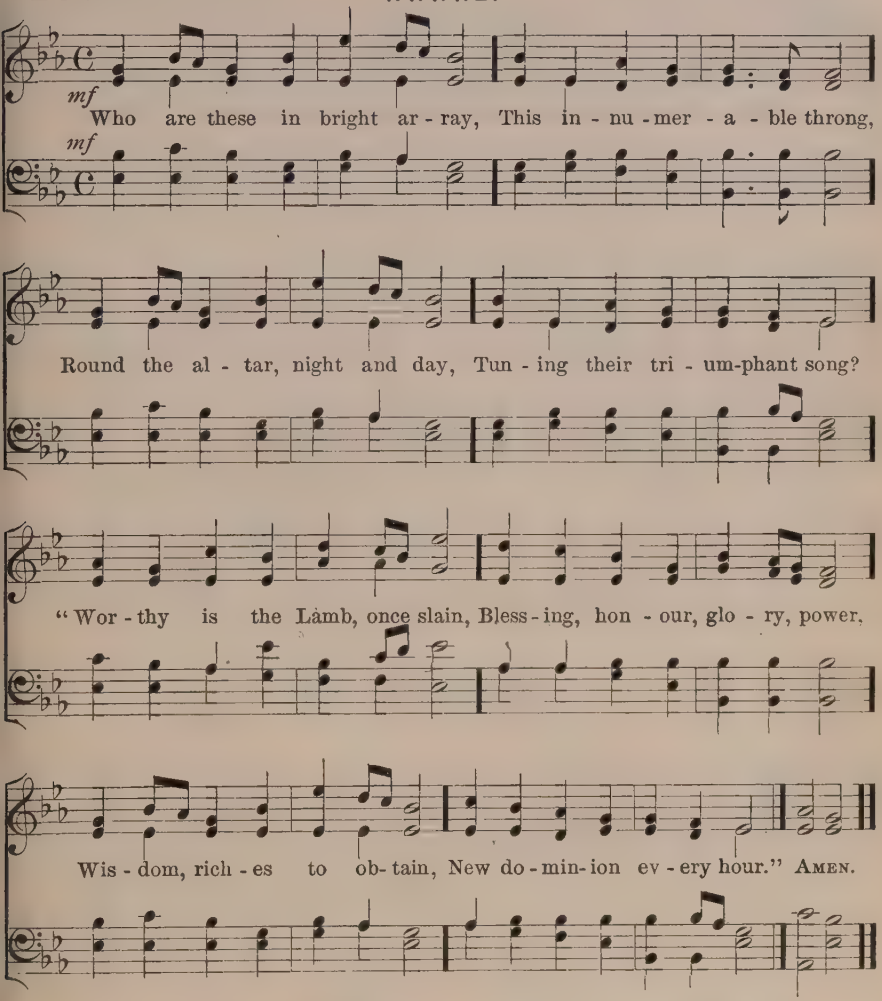
f 3 Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.

dim Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
cr And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

f 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth

180 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. D. TRIUMPH

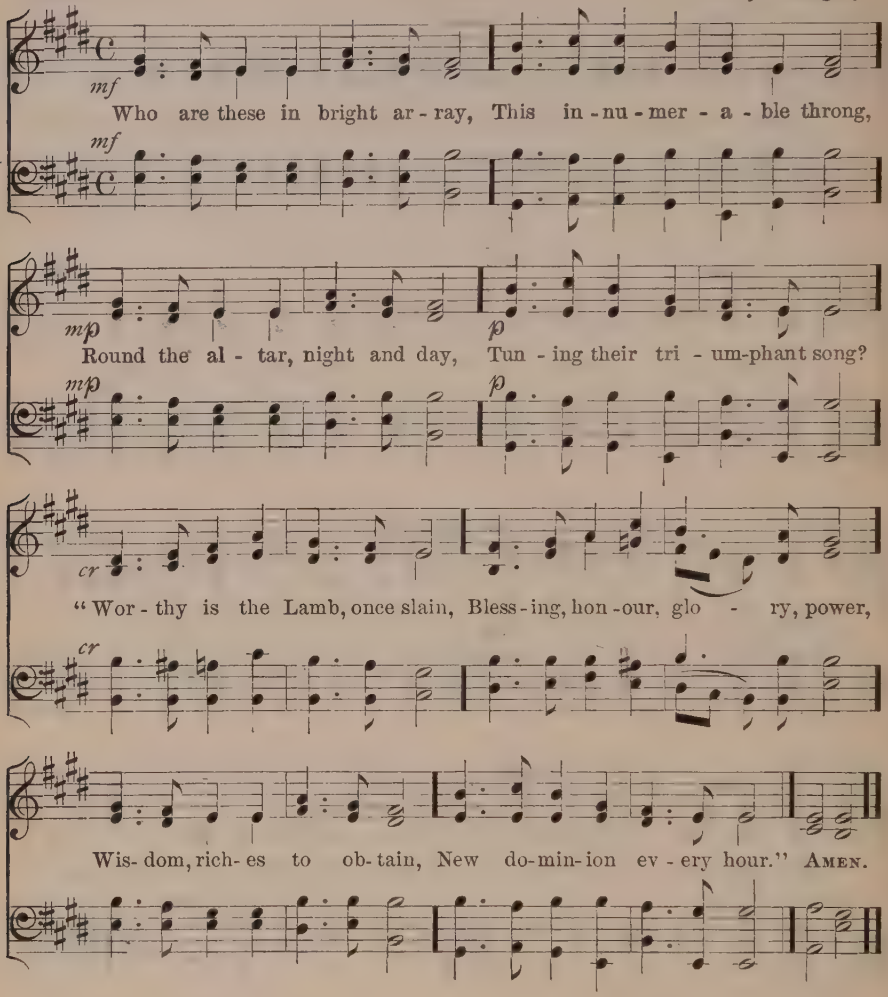

mf
Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng,
mf
Round the al - tar, night and day, Tun - ing their tri - um-phant song?
"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless - ing, hon - our, glo - ry, power,
Wis - dom, rich - es to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev - ery hour." AMEN.

p 2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
cr Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His eternal Name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

mf 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
dim And for ever from their eyes
p God shall wipe away their tears.

J. Montgomery

180 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. D. MESSIAH *Arr. by G. Kingsley*

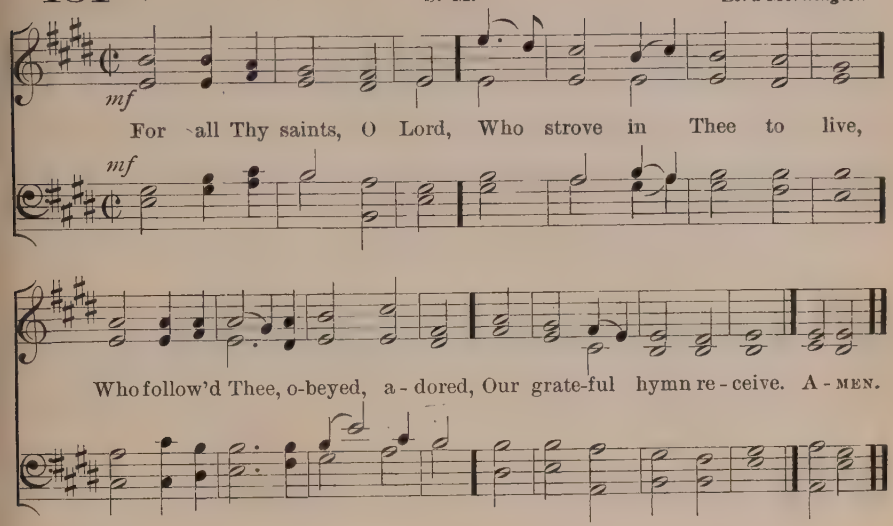

mf
Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng,
mp
p
Round the al - tar, night and day, Tun - ing their tri - um-phant song?
cr
"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless - ing, hon - our, glo - ry, power,
Wis- dom, rich- es to ob- tain, New do-min-ion ev - ery hour." AMEN.

p 2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
cr Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His eternal Name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

mf 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
dim And for ever from their eyes
p God shall wipe away their tears.

J. Montgomery

181 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. MORNINGTON *Lord Mornington*

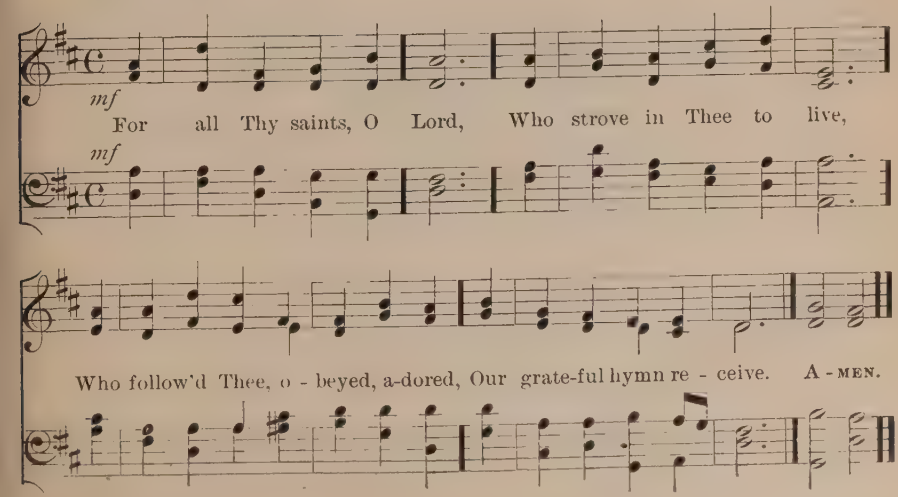


mp 2 For Thy dear saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to die,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

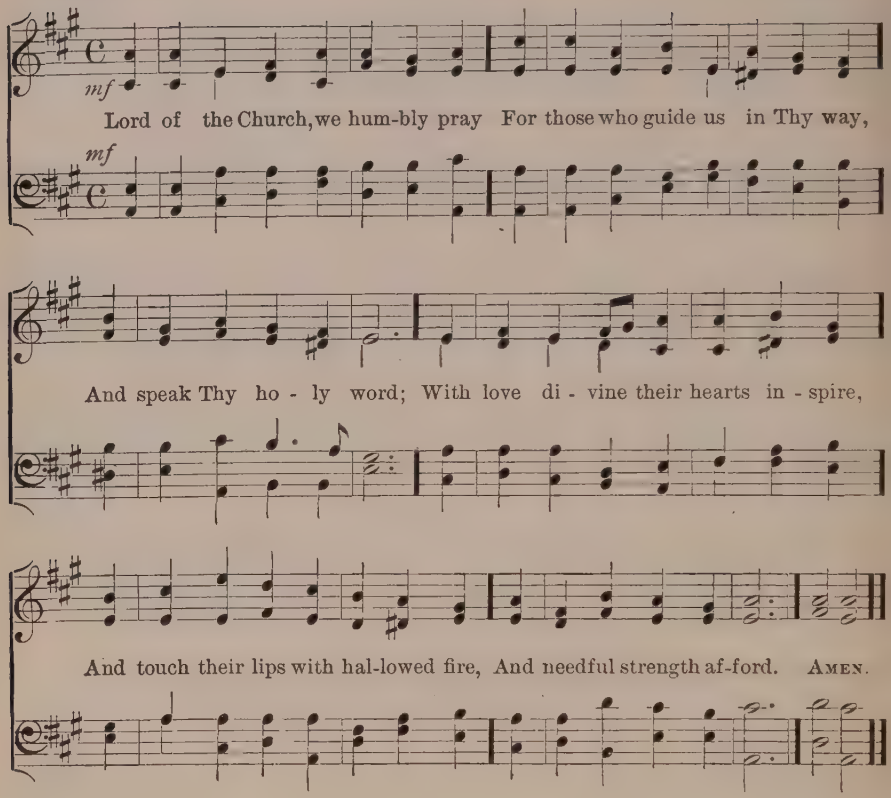
mf 3 Thine earthly members fit
To join Thy saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

mf 4 Jesus, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for Thee.
R. Mant

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. DONCASTER *S. Wesley*



182 8. 8. 6. 8 8. 6. PURLEIGH *A. H. Brown*


mf
Lord of the Church, we hum-bly pray For those who guide us in Thy way,
mf
And speak Thy ho - ly word; With love di - vine their hearts in - spire,
And touch their lips with hal-lowed fire, And needful strength af-ford. AMEN.

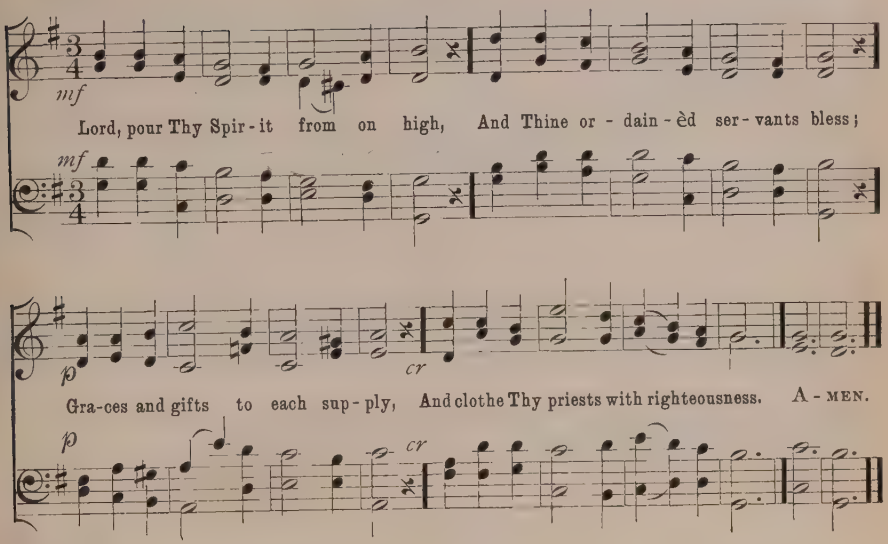
mf 2 Help them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower;
cr To them a Messenger of power,
dim To us, of life and peace.

mf 3 So may they live to Thee alone;
cr Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
f And take their crown above;
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love.

E. Osler

183 L. M.

GRACE CHURCH
I. Pleyel


mf
Lord, pour Thy Spir - it from on high, And Thine or - dain - èd ser - vants bless;
mf
p
cr
Gra-ces and gifts to each sup - ply, And clothe Thy priests with righteousness. A - MEN.
p
cr

mf 2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
cr Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

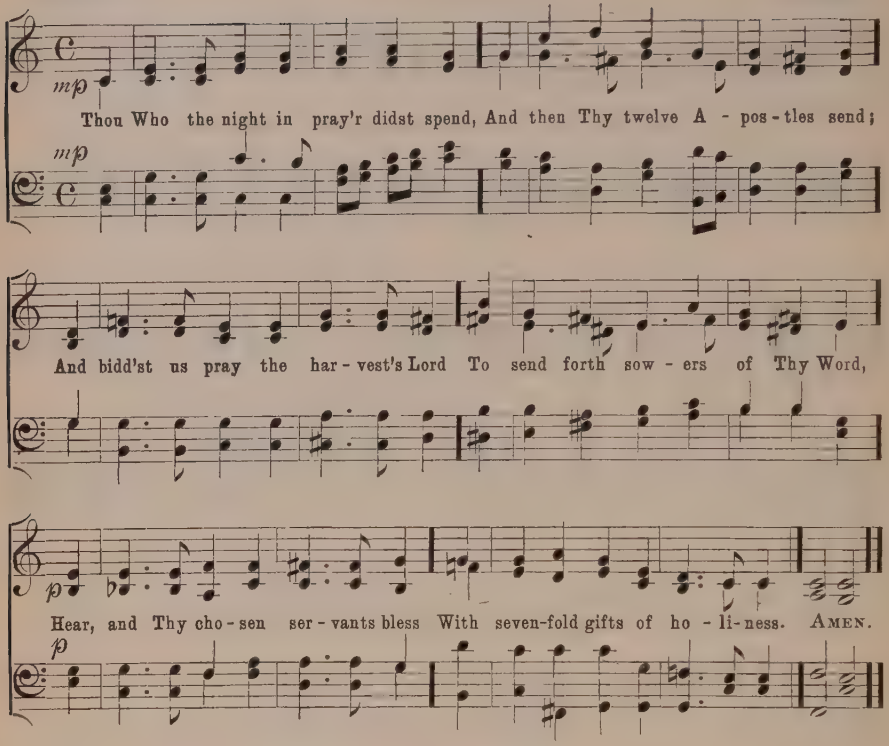
mf 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

p 4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
cr By day and night strict guard to keep,
mf To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and fold Thy sheep.

cr 5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
f They may with crowns of glory shine.

J. Montgomery

184 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. MELITA *J. B. Dykes*


mp
Thou Who the night in pray'r didst spend, And then Thy twelve A - pos - tles send;
mp
And bidd'st us pray the har - vest's Lord To send forth sow - ers of Thy Word,
p
Hear, and Thy cho - sen ser - vants bless With seven-fold gifts of ho - li - ness. AMEN.
p

mf 2 O may Thy pastors faithful be,
Not labouring for themselves, but Thee;
Give grace to feed with wholesome food
dim The sheep and lambs bought by Thy blood;
To tend Thy flock, and thus to prove
How dearly they the Shepherd love!

mf 3 O may Thy people faithful be,
And in Thy pastors honour Thee,
And with them work, and for them pray,
And gladly Thee in them obey;
Receive the prophet of the Lord,
And gain the prophet's own reward!

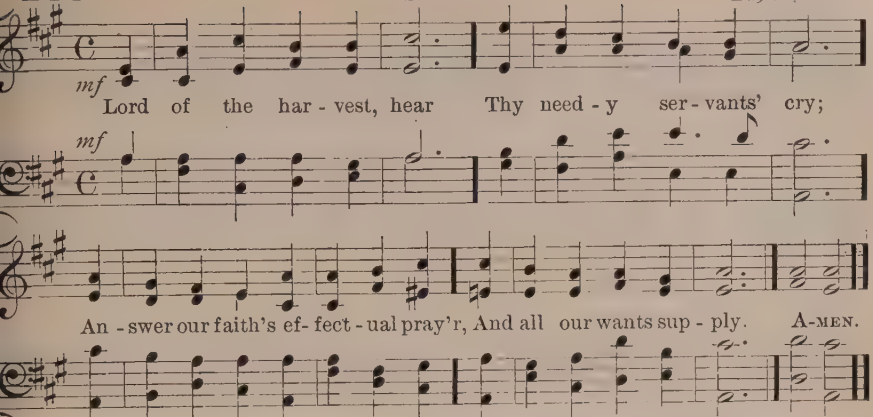
mf 4 So may we, when our work is done,
Together stand before the throne;
cr And joyful hearts and voices raise
In one united song of praise,
With all the bright celestial host,
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Anon

185

S. M.

ST. MICHAEL
Day's Psalter



mf 2 On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
The labourers are few.

mf 3 Anoint and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
cr And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

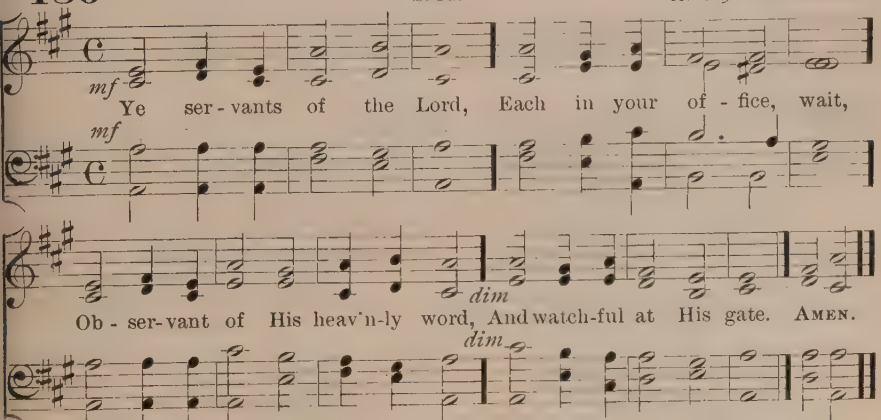
mf 4 O let them spread Thy Name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

C. Wesley

186

S. M.

OLMUTZ
Arr. by Lowell Mason



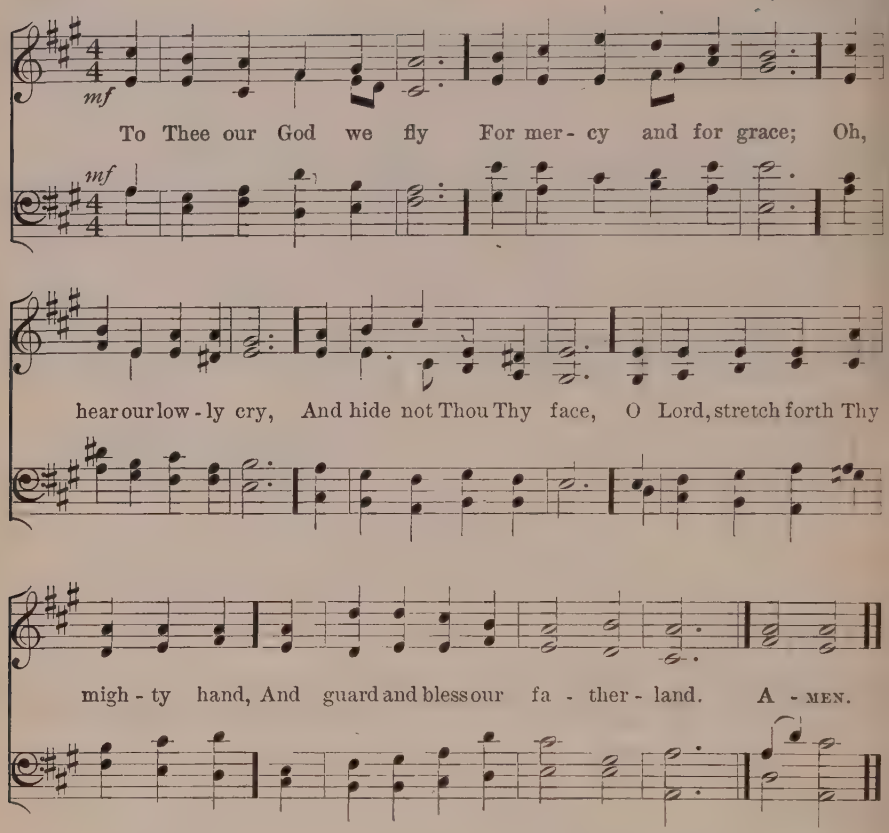
mf 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
p For awful is His Name.

mf 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
dim And while we speak He 's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

mf 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
cr He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

P. Doddridge

187 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. ST. GODRIC *J. B. Dykes*


mf
To Thee our God we fly For mer - cy and for grace; Oh,
mf
hear our low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face, O Lord, stretch forth Thy
migh - ty hand, And guard and bless our fa - ther - land. A - MEN.

mf 2 Arise, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
dim The sins that put to shame.
cr O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
dim And guard and bless our Fatherland.

mf 3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour
That we may magnify
cr And praise Thee more and more.
f O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

mf 4 The powers ordained by Thee,
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
cr O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

mf 5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire,
cr O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

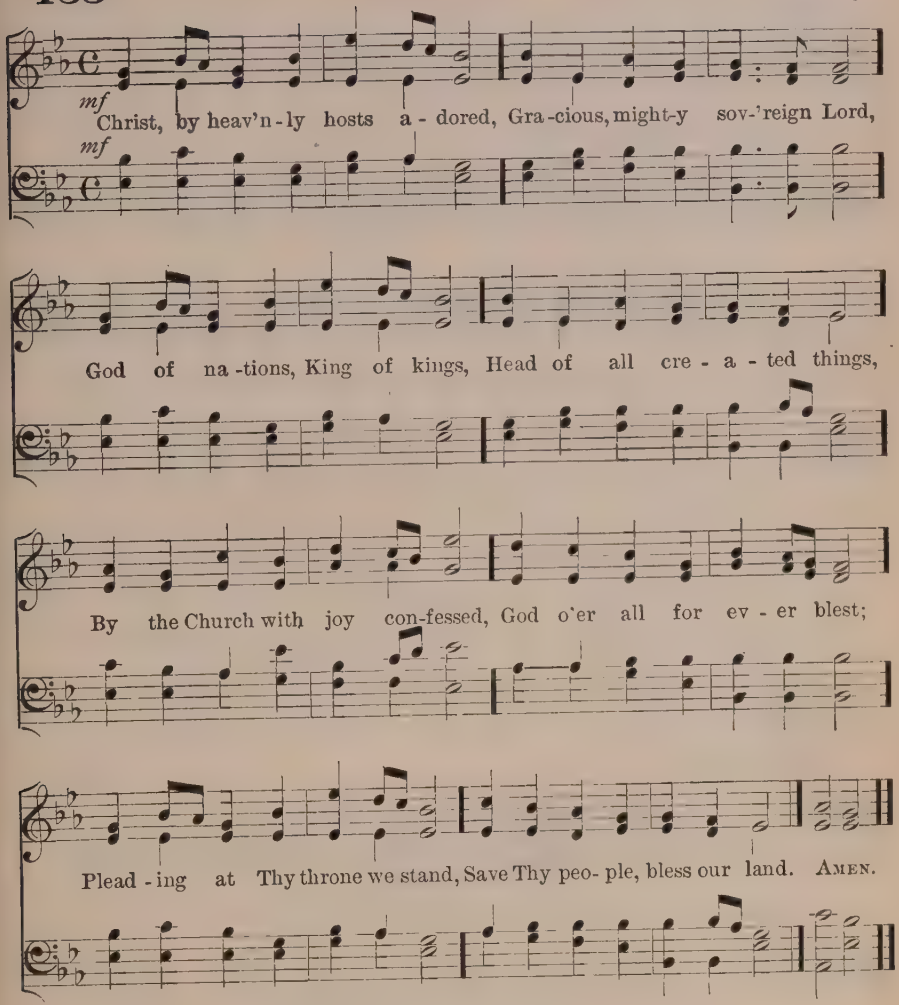
p 6 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
cr O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

W. W. How

188

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

TICHFIELD
R. W. Beaty

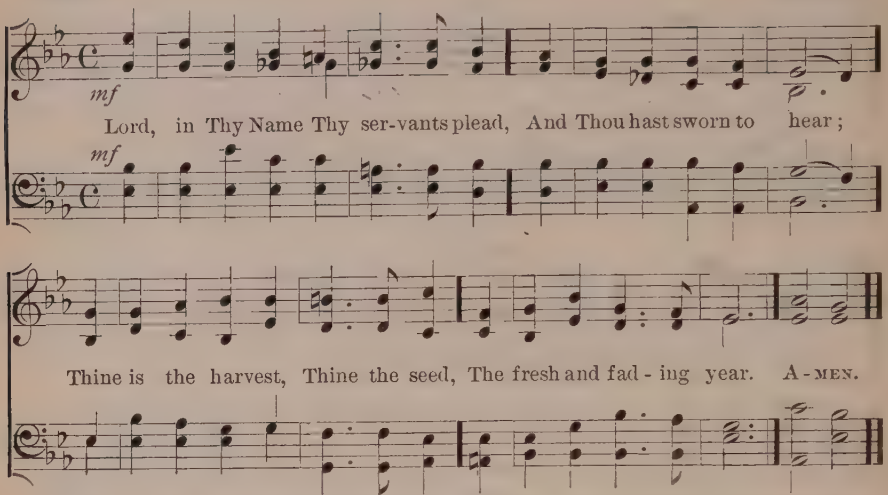

mf
Christ, by heav'n-ly hosts a-dored, Gra-cious, might-y sov-'reign Lord,
mf
God of na-tions, King of kings, Head of all cre-a-ted things,
By the Church with joy con-fessed, God o'er all for ev-er blest;
Plead-ing at Thy throne we stand, Save Thy peo-ple, bless our land. AMEN.

mf 2 On our fields of grass and grain
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labours of each hand.
Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea:
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

mf 3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honour Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

H. Harbaugh

189 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. ST. OLAVE *J. Barnby*


mf
Lord, in Thy Name Thy ser-vants plead, And Thou hast sworn to hear;
mf
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed, The fresh and fad-ing year. A-MEN.

mf 2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And now that spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

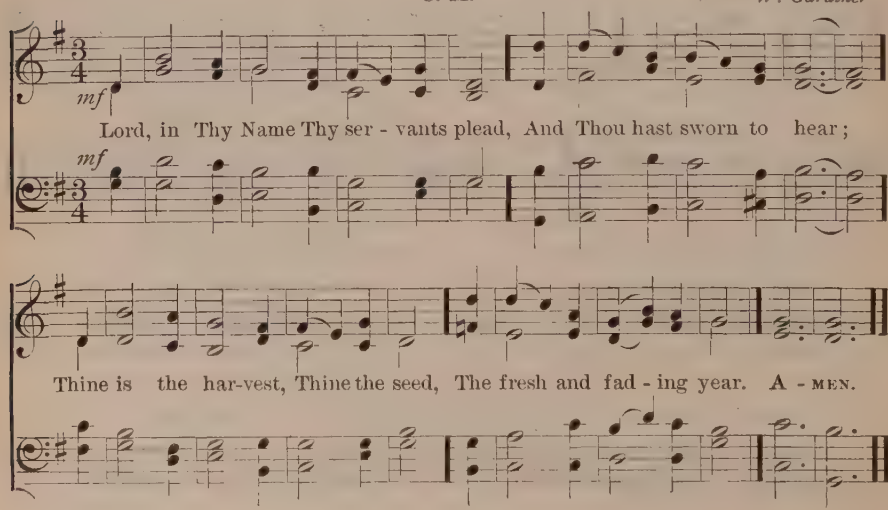
mf 3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

p 4 Thine, too, by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen, [brace,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that
The love that shines serene.

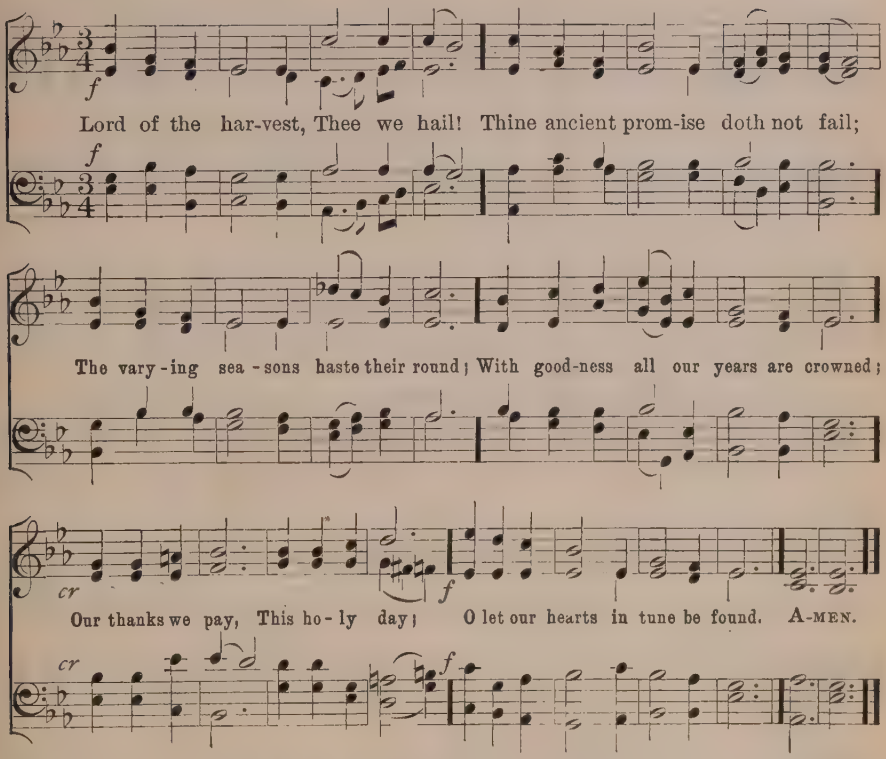
mf 5 So grant the precious things bro't forth
By sun and moon below,
cr That Thee, in Thy new heav'ns and earth
We never may forego.

J. Keble

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. BELMONT *W. Gardiner*


mf
Lord, in Thy Name Thy ser-vants plead, And Thou hast sworn to hear;
mf
Thine is the har-vest, Thine the seed, The fresh and fad-ing year. A-MEN.

190 8. 8. 8. 8. 4. 4. 8. BURWELL


Lord of the har-vest, Thee we hail! Thine ancient prom-ise doth not fail;
The vary-ing sea-sons haste their round; With good-ness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay, This ho-ly day; O let our hearts in tune be found. A-MEN.

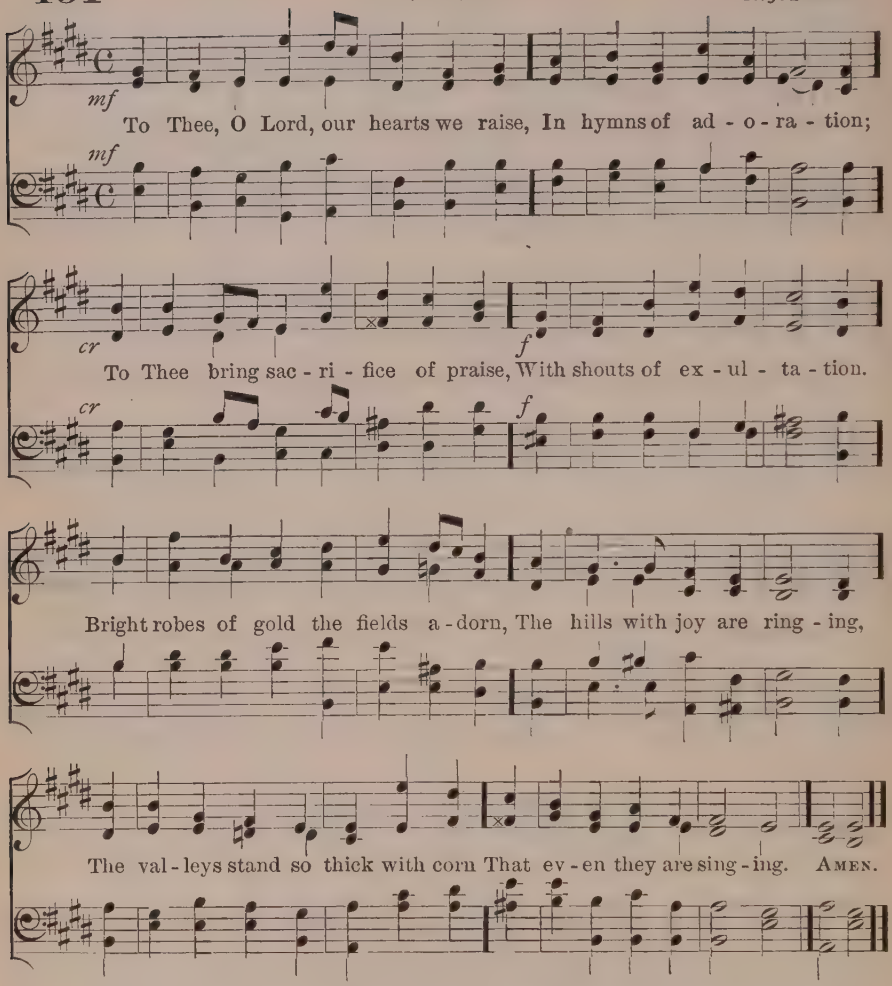
mf 2 When Spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When Summer warms the fruitful earth,
When Autumn yields its ripened grain,
Or Winter sweeps the naked plain,
cr We still do sing
To Thee our King;
f Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

f 3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Bestows new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

mf 4 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine:
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound:
cr New every year,
Thy gifts appear;
f New praises from our lips shall sound.

J. H. Gurney

191 8. 7. 8. 7. D. HARVEST HOME *H. J. Stover*


mf
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise, In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion;
mf
cr
f
To Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise, With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion.
cr
f
Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing,
The val - leys stand so thick with corn That ev - en they are sing - ing. AMEN.

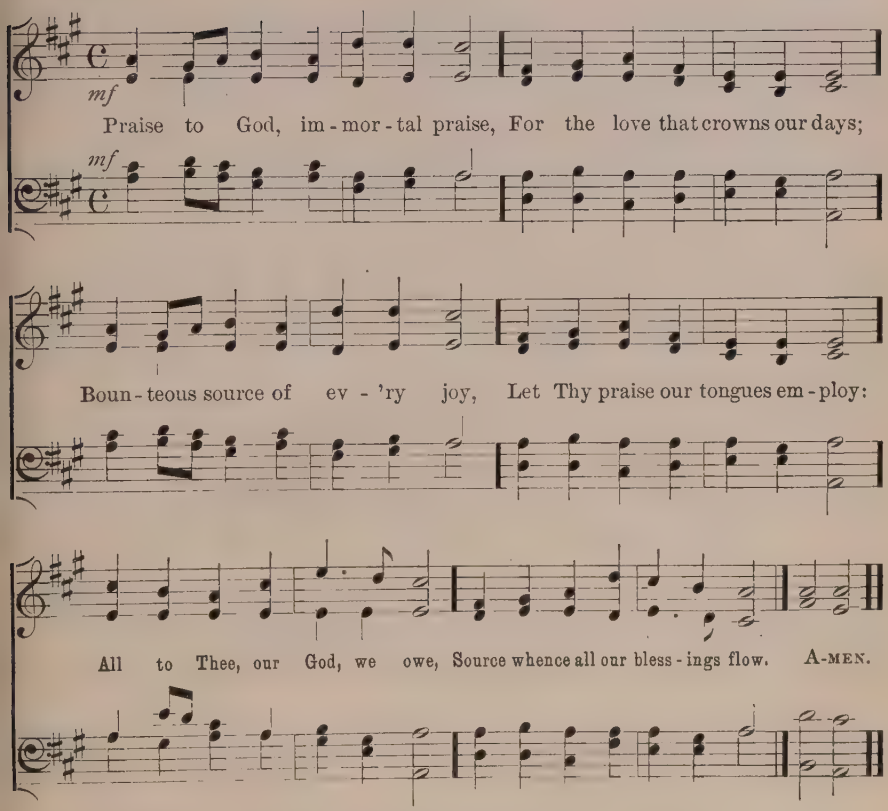
f 2 And now on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

p 3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
cr But labour ends with sunset ray,
mf And rest is for the weary.
May we, the angel-reaping o'er
Stand at the last accepted,
cr Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

f 4 O bessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice bless'd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

W. C. Dix

192 7.7.7.7.7.7. DIX *C. Kocher*


mf
Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
mf
Boun-teous source of ev-'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em-ploy:
All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow. A-MEN.

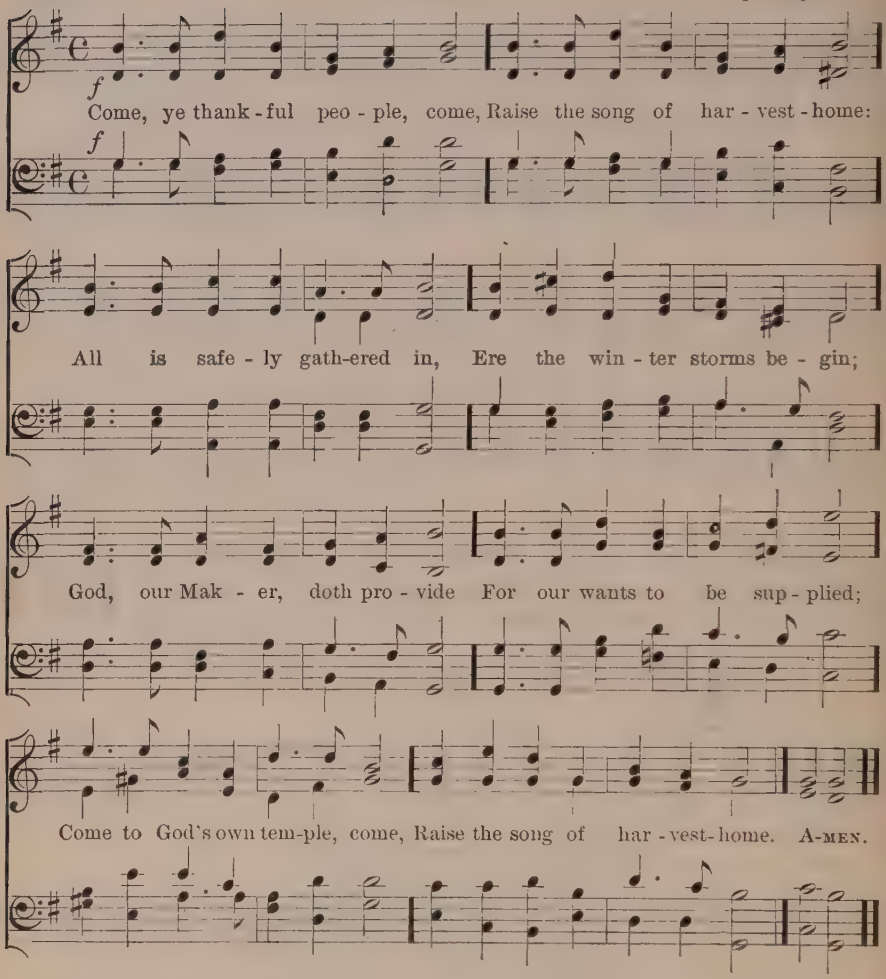
mf 2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
cr Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

mp 3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
cr Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

mf 4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
f Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

L. Barbauld

193 7. 7. 7. 7. D. ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR *G. J. Elvey*


f
Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home:
All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home. A-MEN.

mf 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
p Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

mf 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
p Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
f But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

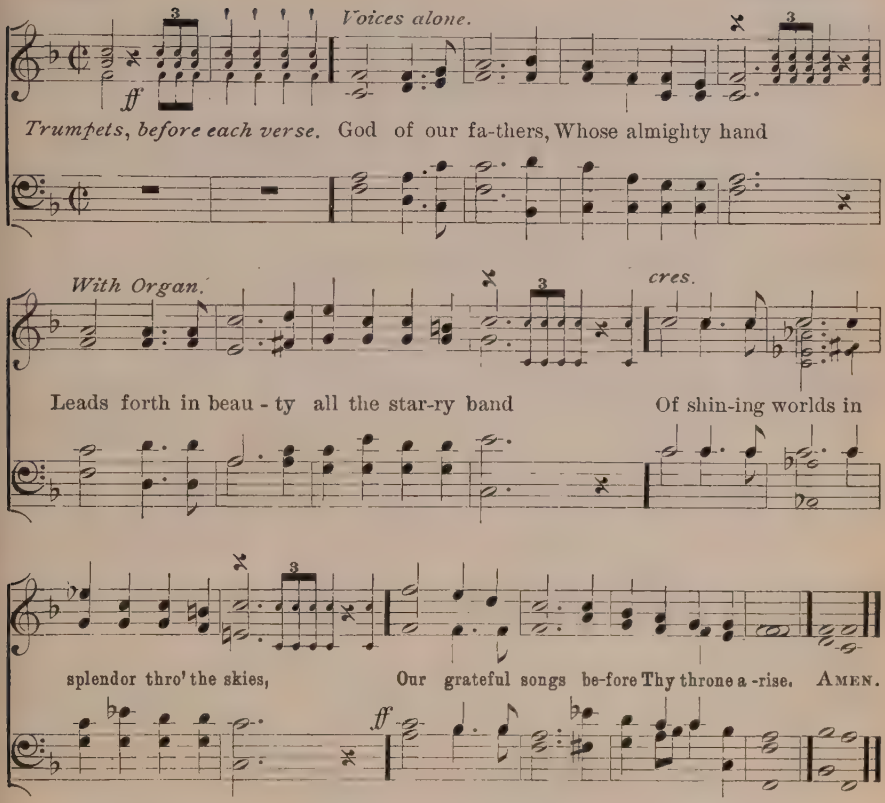
mf 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
cr Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
f There, for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

H. Alford

194

10. 10. 10. 10.

NATIONAL HYMN
G. W. Warren


Voices alone.
ff
Trumpets, before each verse. God of our fa-thers, Whose almighty hand
With Organ.
cres.
Leads forth in beau - ty all the star-ry band
Of shin-ing worlds in
splendor thro' the skies,
Our grateful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise. AMEN.
ff

mf 2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide and Stay,
Thy Word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

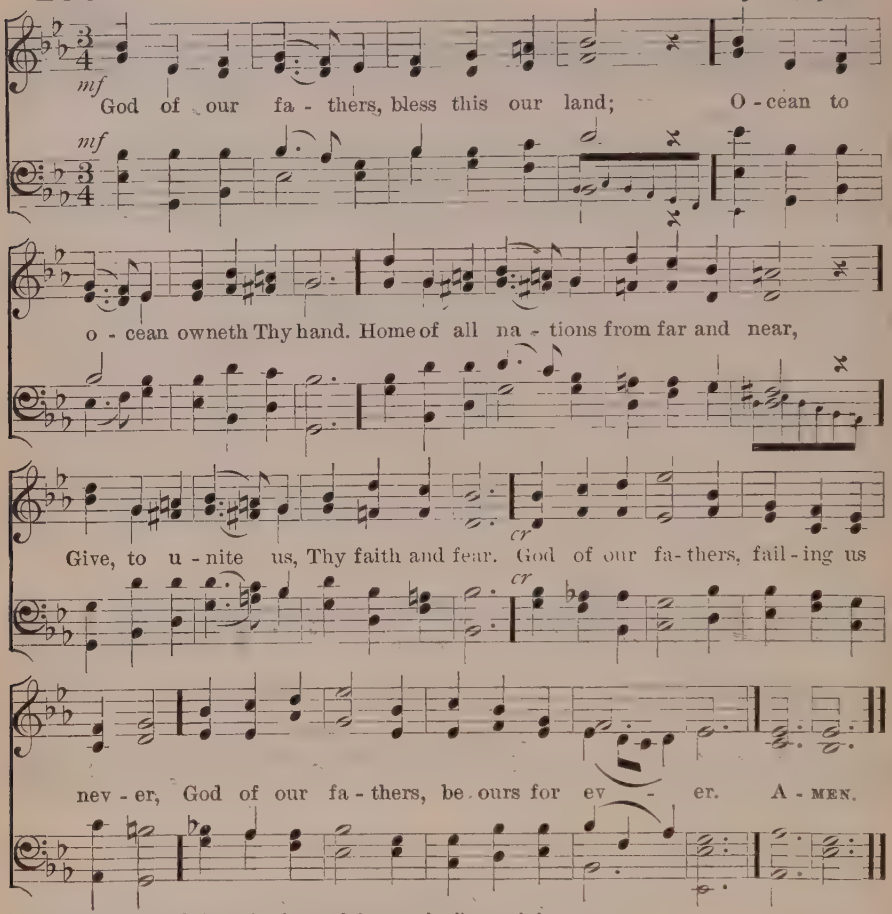
mp 3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
cr Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

mf 4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
cr Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
f And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

D. C. Roberts

195 P. M.

SABAOTH
J. H. Hopkins


mf
God of our fa - thers, bless this our land; O - cean to
mf
o - cean owneth Thy hand. Home of all na - tions from far and near,
Give, to u - nite us, Thy faith and fear. God of our fa - thers, fail - ing us
cr
cr
nev - er, God of our fa - thers, be ours for ev - er. A - MEN.

NOTE. In several places the slurs and ties must be disregarded.

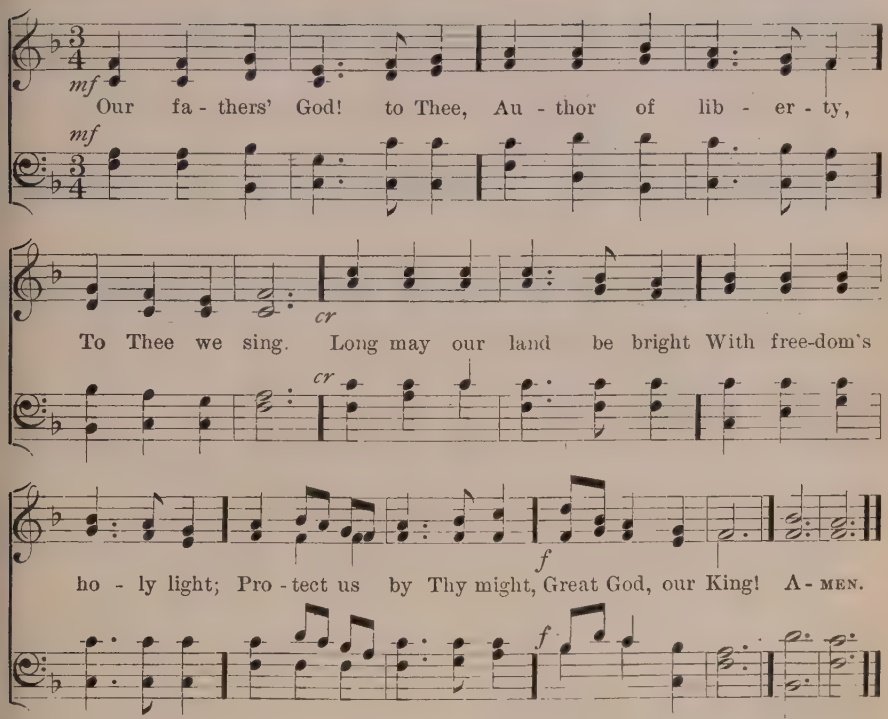
ff 2 Lord God of Sabaoth, mighty in war,
Boundless and numberless Thine armies are.
Thy right hand conquereth all that oppose;
Launch forth Thy thunderbolts, smite down our foes
Lord God of Sabaoth, failing us never,
Lord God of Sabaoth, fight for us ever.

mf 3 Lord God our Saviour, Thy love o'erflows,
Making our wilderness bloom as the rose.
Thou with true liberty makest us free,
Knowing no master, no king, but Thee;
cr Lord God our Saviour, failing us never,
Lord God our Saviour, reign Thou for ever.

mf 4 Spirit of unity, crown of all kings,
Find us a resting place under Thy wings:
By Thine own presence Thy will be done.
Millions of free men banded as one.
f Lord God Almighty, failing us never.
Thine be the glory, now and for ever.

J. H. Hopkins

196 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4. AMERICA
Adapted by H. Carey


mf
Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
mf
cr
To Thee we sing. Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
cr
f
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A - MEN.
f

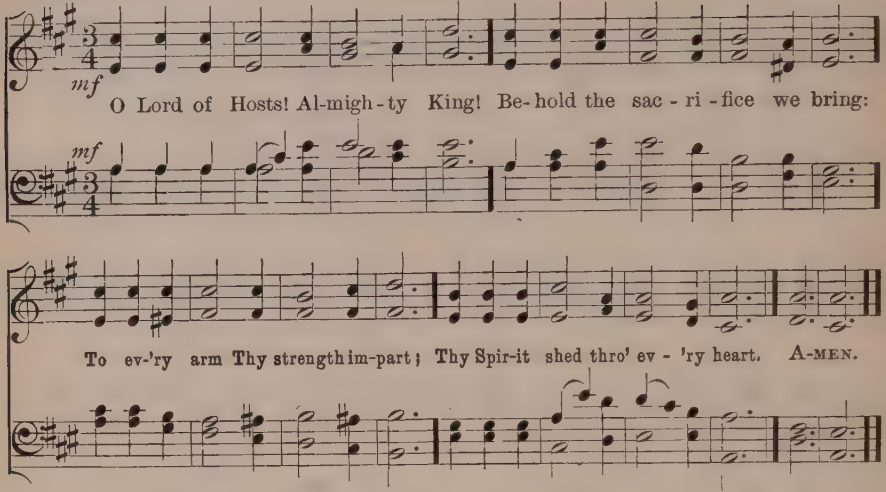
f 2 Bless Thou our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
dim Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

mf 3 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
cr Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
f To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

C. T. Brooks: J. S. Dwight: S. F. Smith

197 (FIRST TUNE) L. M.

PENTECOST
W. Boyd


mf
O Lord of Hosts! Al-migh-ty King! Be-hold the sac-ri-fice we bring:
mf
To ev-'ry arm Thy strength im-part; Thy Spir-it shed thro' ev-'ry heart. A-MEN.

f 2 Wake in our breast the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

mf 3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
f And when the battle thunders loud,
mf Still guide us in its moving cloud.

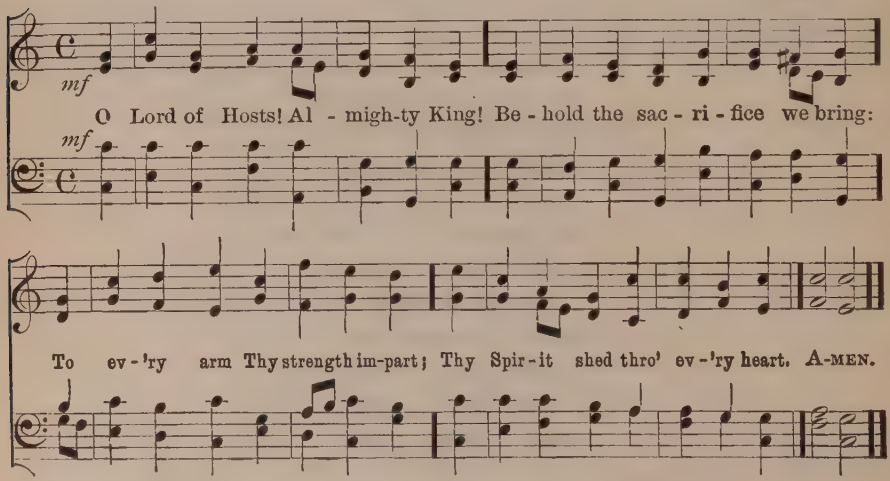
f 4 God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

mf 5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
cr Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
f Join our loud anthem, (*ff*) praise to Thee!

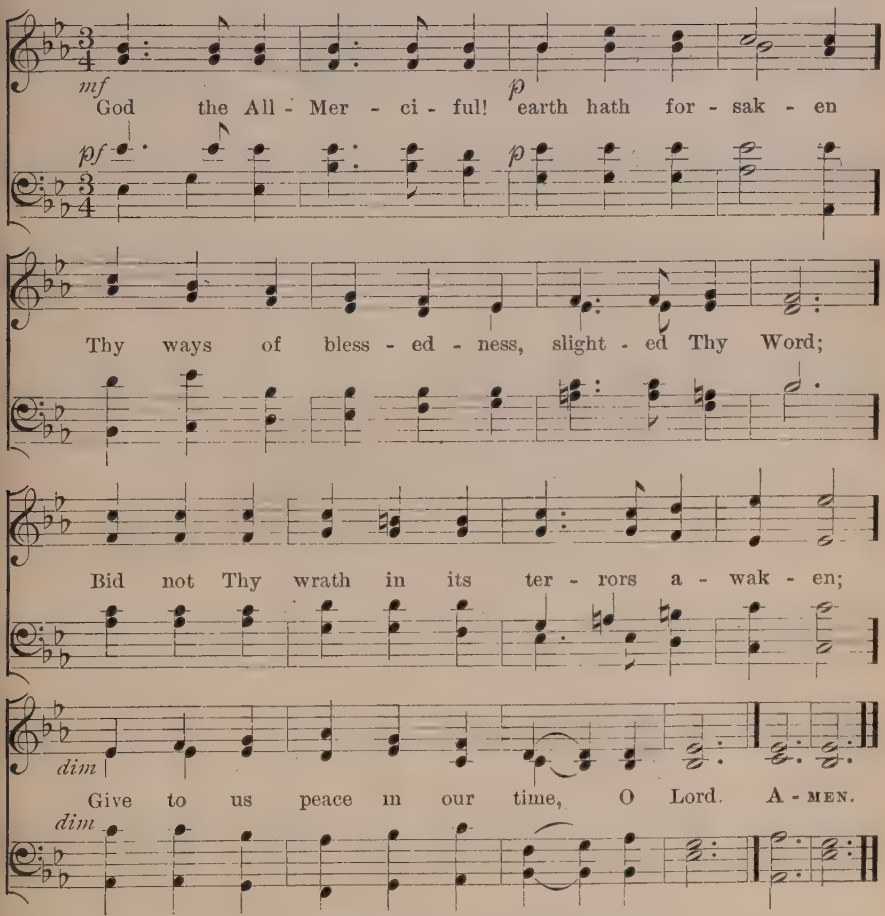
O. W. Holmes

(SECOND TUNE) L. M.

WINCHESTER, NEW
B. Crasselius


mf
O Lord of Hosts! Al-migh-ty King! Be-hold the sac-ri-fice we bring:
mf
To ev-'ry arm Thy strength im-part; Thy Spir-it shed thro' ev-'ry heart. A-MEN.

198 (FIRST TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 9. ULTOR OMNIPOTENS *A. S. Sullivan*


mf
God the All - Mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en
p
pf
p
Thy ways of bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy Word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en;
dim
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A - MEN.
dim

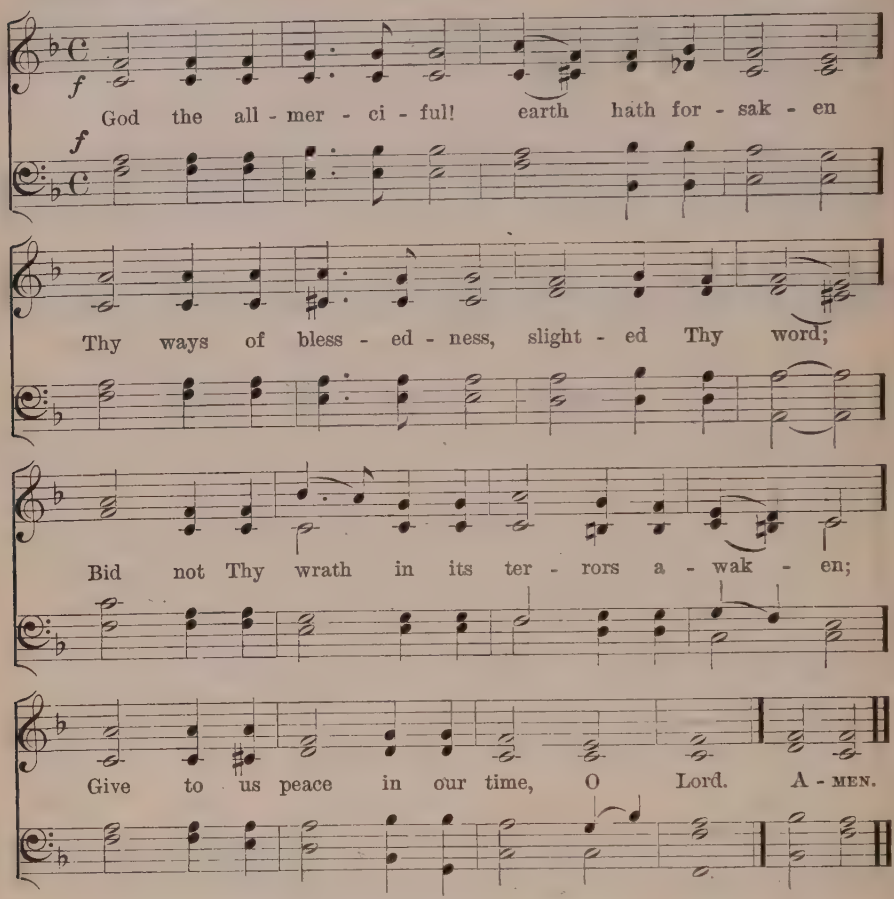
mf 2 God the All-Righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
dim Give to us peace in our time, O Lord,

mf 3 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
cr Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

f 4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
ff Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

RUSSIAN: TR. *H. F. Chorley*

198 (SECOND TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 9. INTEGER VITAE *R. Fleming*


f
God the all - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en
f
Thy ways of bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A - MEN.

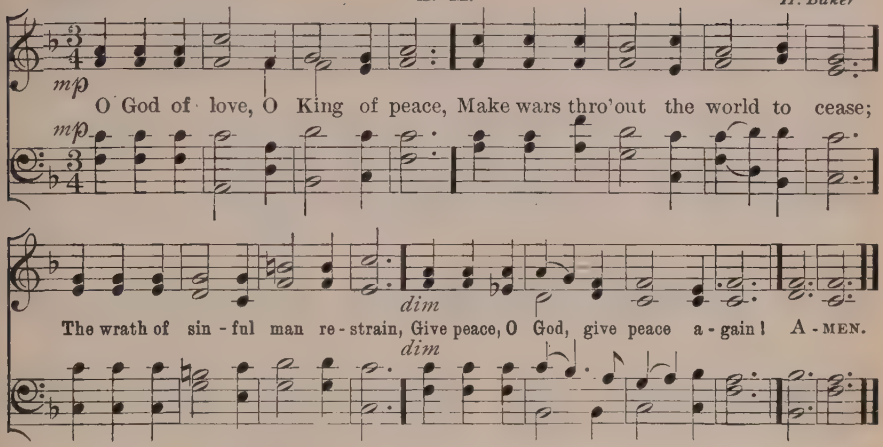
mf 2 God the All-Righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
dim Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

mf 3 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
cr Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

f 4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
ff Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

RUSSIAN: TR. *H. F. Chorley*

199 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. HESPERUS *H. Baker*


mp
O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars thro'out the world to cease;
mp
dim
The wrath of sin - ful man re - strain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain! A - MEN.
dim

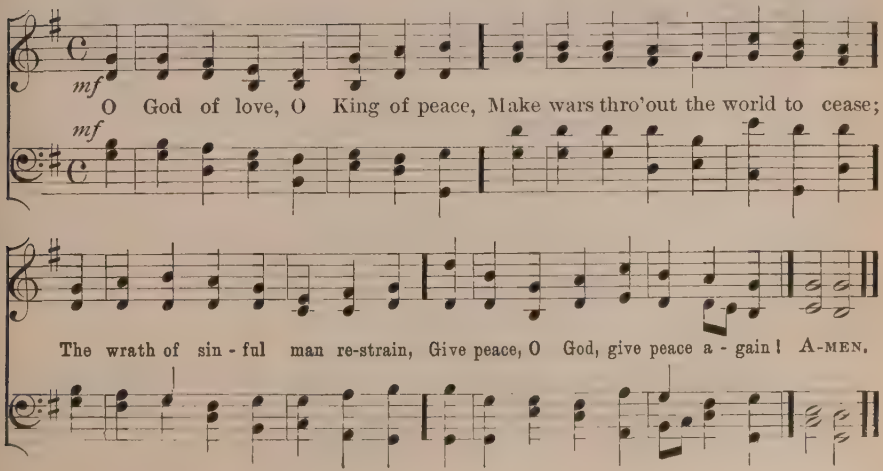
mf 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
dim Remember not our sin's dark stain,
p Give peace, O God, give peace again!

mf 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful Word?
cr None ever called on Thee in vain,
p Give peace, O God, give peace again!

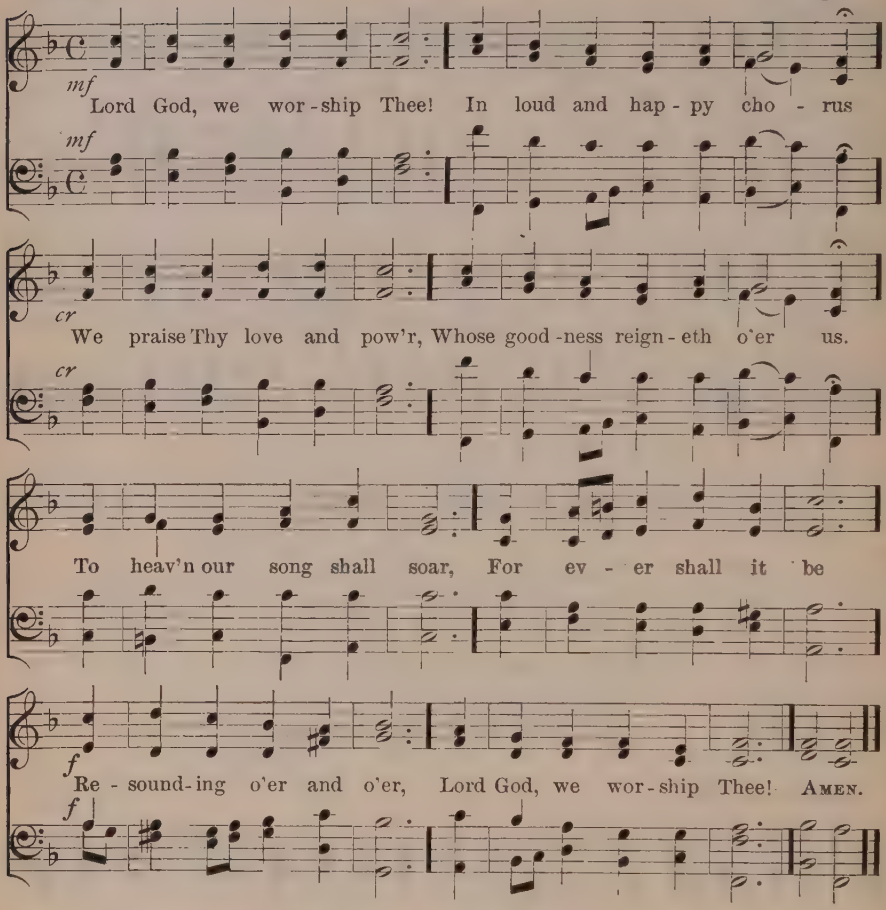
mf 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

H. W. Baker

(SECOND TUNE L. M. OLD 100TH *L. Bourgeois*


mf
O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars thro'out the world to cease;
mf
The wrath of sin - ful man re-strain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain! A-MEN.

200 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. NUN DANKET *J. Cruger*


mf
Lord God, we wor-ship Thee! In loud and hap-py cho-rus
cr
We praise Thy love and pow'r, Whose good-ness reign-eth o'er us.
To heav'n our song shall soar, For ev-er shall it be
f
Re-sound-ing o'er and o'er, Lord God, we wor-ship Thee! AMEN.

mf 2 Lord God, we worship Thee!
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.
mf Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
cr Our land, with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

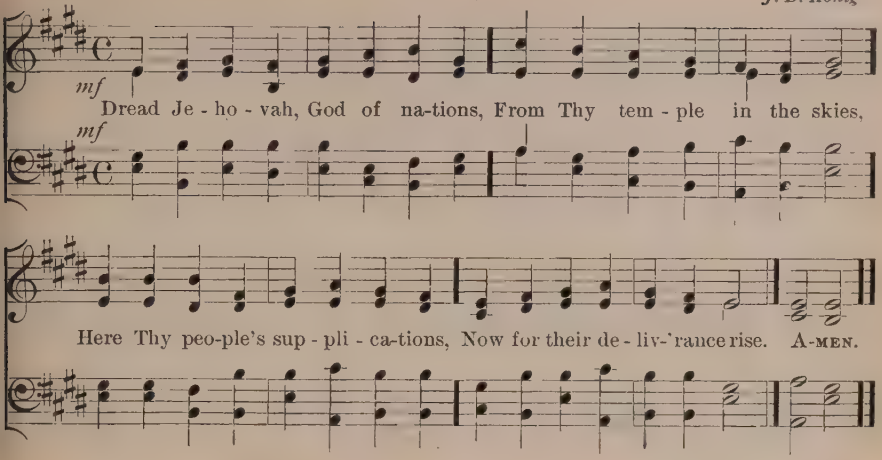
mf 3 Lord God, we worship Thee!
dim Thou didst indeed chastise us:
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us,
cr Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
f And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee!

I. Franck: TR. *C. Winkworth*

201 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

BATTY
J. B. Konig


mf
Dread Je - ho - vah, God of na-tions, From Thy tem - ple in the skies,
mf
Here Thy peo-ple's sup - pli - ca-tions, Now for their de - liv-'rance rise. A-MEN.

p 2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

mf 3 Tho' our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

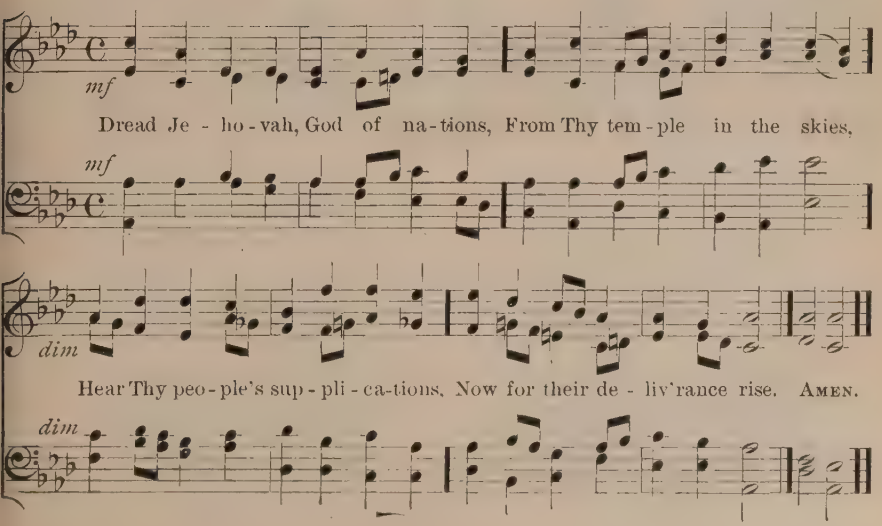
cr 4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface,
mf Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

Anon

(SECOND TUNE)

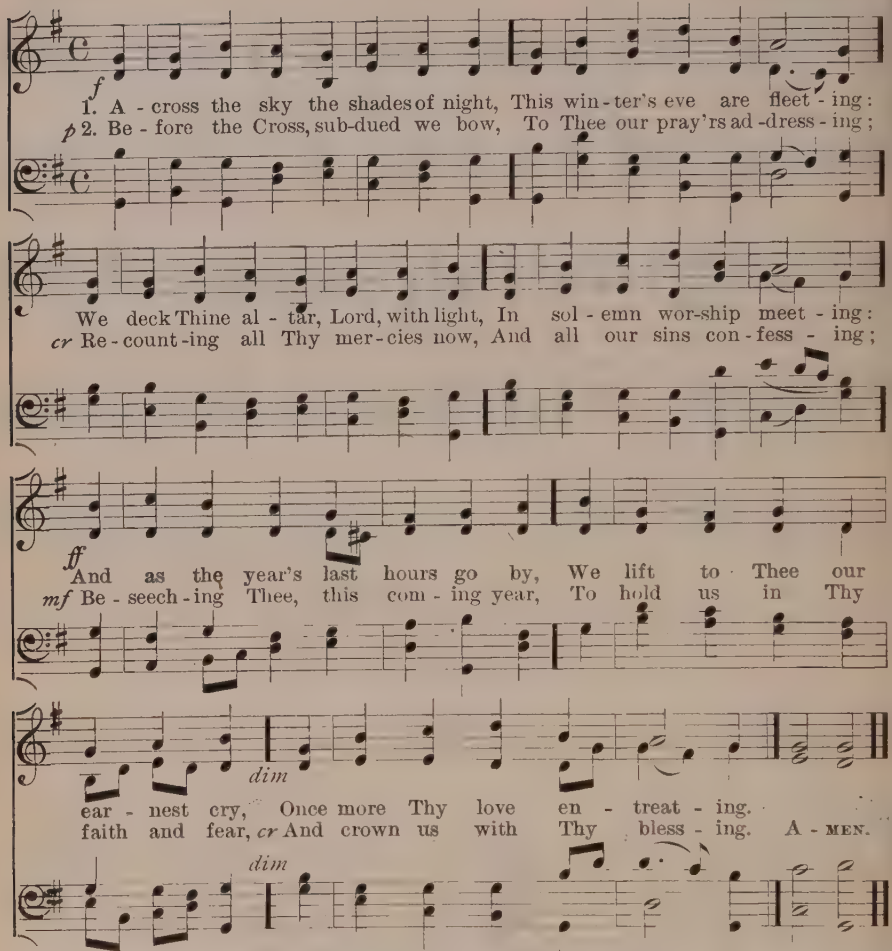
8. 7. 8. 7.

CROSS OF JESUS
J. Stainer


mf
Dread Je - ho - vah, God of na-tions, From Thy tem - ple in the skies,
mf
dim
Hear Thy peo-ple's sup - pli - ca-tions, Now for their de - liv'rance rise. AMEN.
dim

The Old Year

202 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. LUTHER'S HYMN *J. Klug's Gesangbuch*


f
1. A - cross the sky the shades of night, This win - ter's eve are fleet - ing:
p 2. Be - fore the Cross, sub-dued we bow, To Thee our pray'rs ad - dress - ing;
We deck Thine al - tar, Lord, with light, In sol - emn wor-ship meet - ing:
cr Re - count - ing all Thy mer - cies now, And all our sins con - fess - ing;
ff
And as the year's last hours go by, We lift to Thee our
mf Be - seech - ing Thee, this com - ing year, To hold us in Thy
dim
ear - nest cry, Once more Thy love en - treat - ing.
faith and fear, cr And crown us with Thy bless - ing. A - MEN.
dim

p 3 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us,
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Whose peace descendeth o'er us:
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all, at last,
And to our lost restore us.

mf 4 We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of Thy mercies:
cr Thy wondrous goodness, love, and pow'r,
f Our grateful song rehearses: [Stay,
For Thou hast been our Strength and
dim In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses,

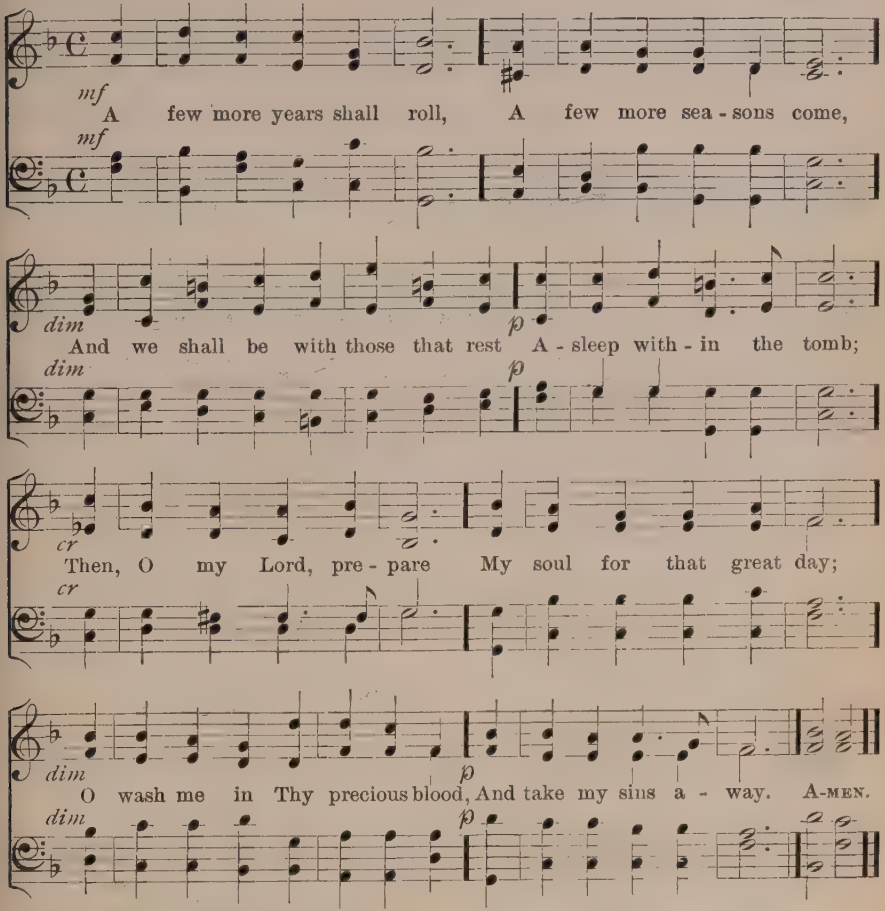
p 5 In many an hour, when fear and dread,
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
cr Thy Providence hath found us:
mf In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious Presence drawing nigh
dim Hath made all calm around us.

mf 6 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us:
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
cr Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
f Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

J. Hamilton

The Old Year

203 S. M. D. CHALVEY *L. G. Hayne*


mf
A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
mf
dim
p
And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb;
dim
p
cr
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
cr
dim
p
O wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way. A-MEN.
dim
p

mf 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
cr And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
dim O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

mf 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
dim And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
dim O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

p 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
cr And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
dim O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

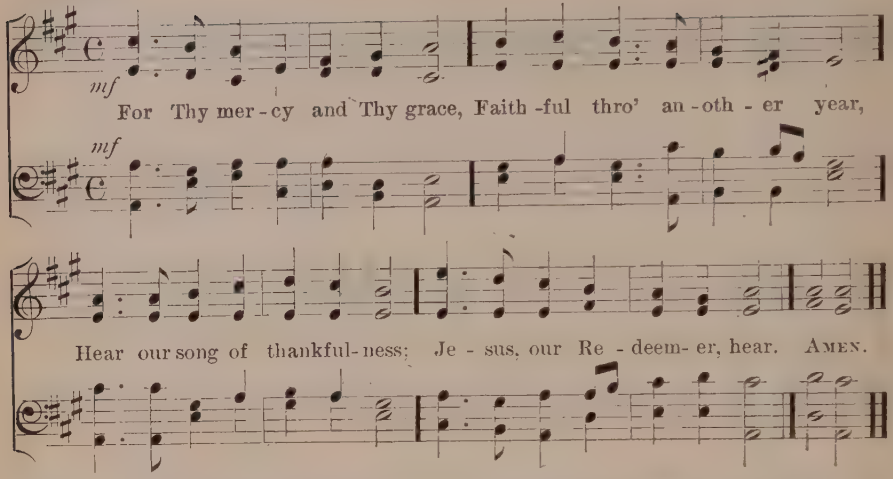
mf 5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
cr Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
p Then, O my Lord, prepare
cr My soul for that glad day:
dim O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

H. Bonar

204

7. 7. 7. 7.

PERCIVALS



mf 2 In our weakness and distress,
cr Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;
mf In the pathless wilderness
cr Be our true and living Way.

p 3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

mf 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help, O, help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

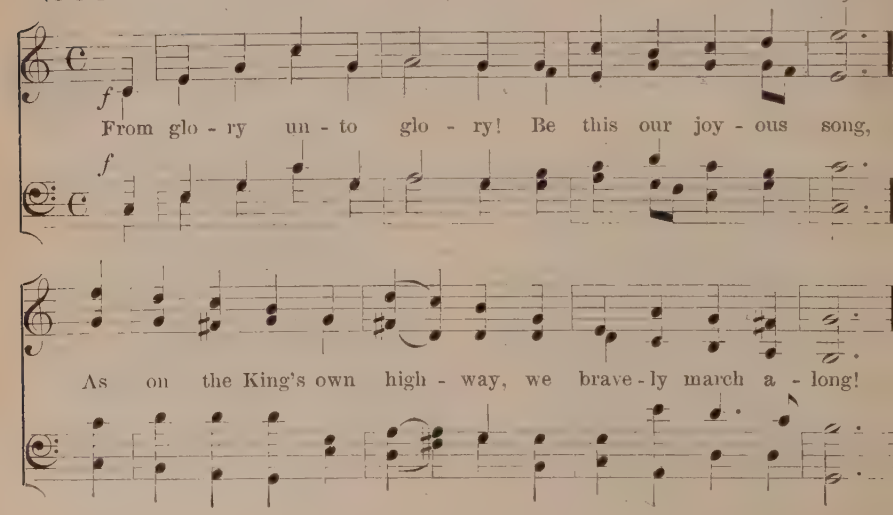
f 5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings.

H. Downton

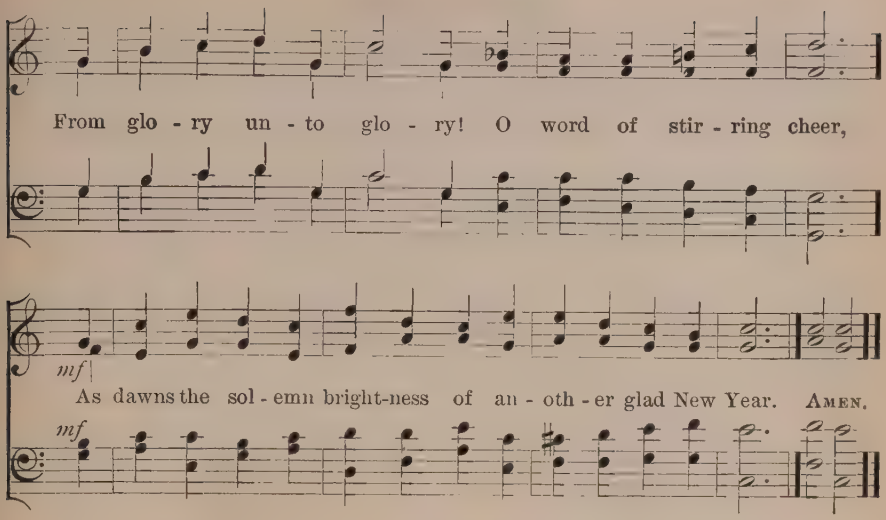
205

13. 13. 13. 14.

ST. COLUMBA
W. S. Hoyte



The New Year



f 2 From glory unto glory! What great things He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!
From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown
dim The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so freely down!

mf 3 The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way;
The fulness of His promises crowns every brightening day;
cr The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know the fulness of His love.

mf 4 And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;
cr And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to know.

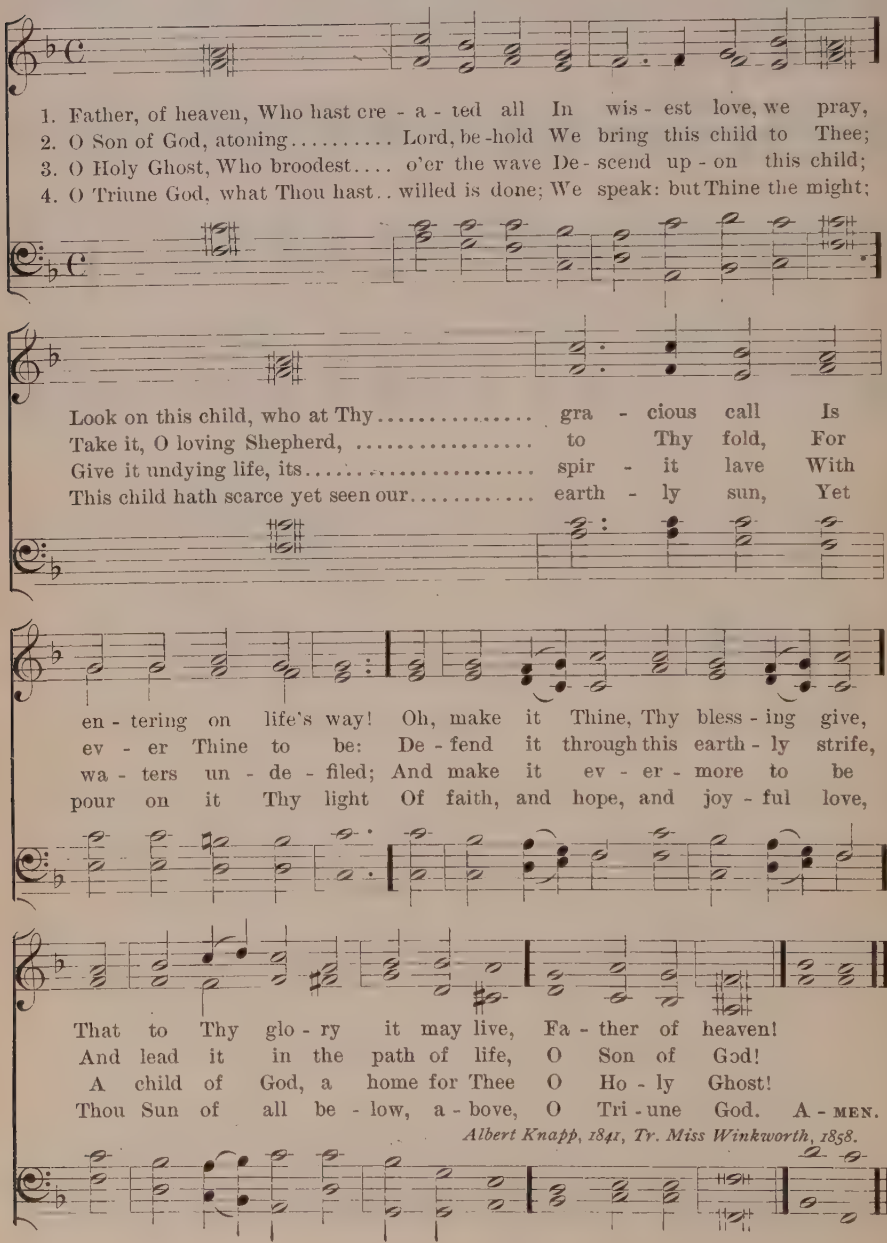
mf 5 O let our adoration for all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one;
dim And let our consecration be real, deep, and true:
O even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.

f 6 Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fulness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here.
ff Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year.

F. R. Havergal

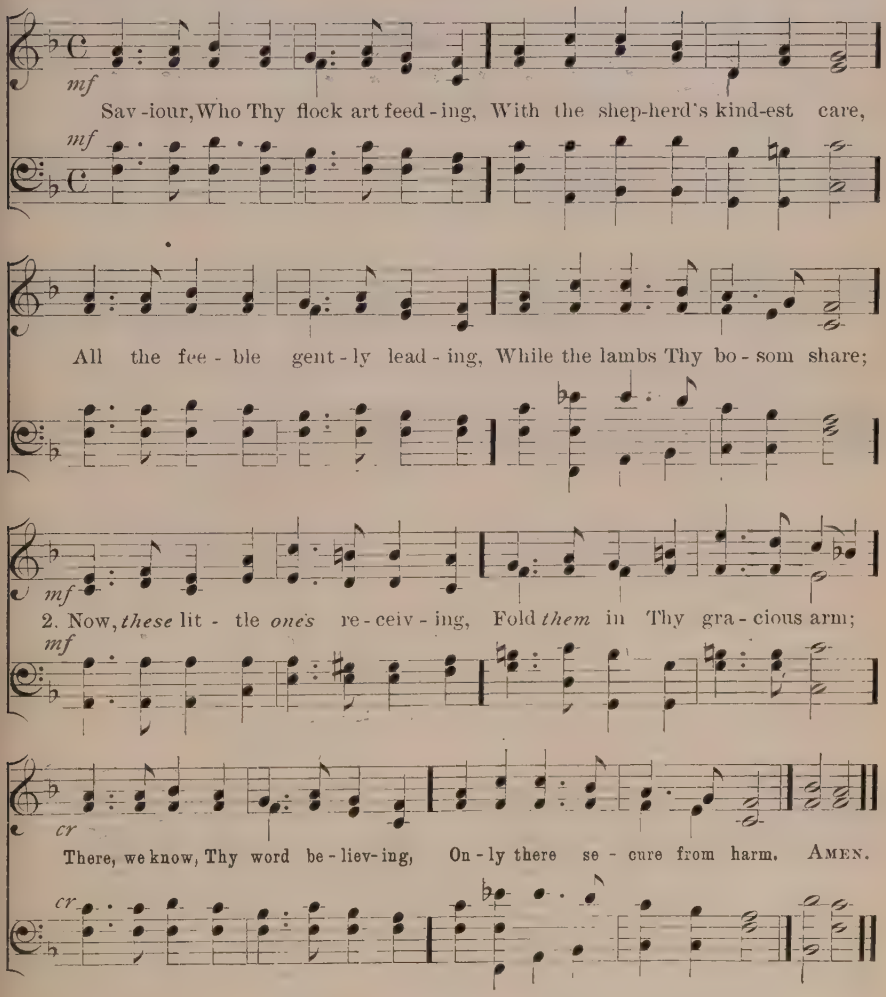
Holy Baptism

206 10. 6. 10. 6. 8. 8. 4. ST. FRANCIS *A. S. Sullivan*


1. Father, of heaven, Who hast cre - a - ted all In wis - est love, we pray,
2. O Son of God, atoning..... Lord, be-hold We bring this child to Thee;
3. O Holy Ghost, Who broodest.... o'er the wave De - scend up - on this child;
4. O Triune God, what Thou hast.. willed is done; We speak: but Thine the might;
Look on this child, who at Thy..... gra - cious call Is
Take it, O loving Shepherd, ... to Thy fold, For
Give it undying life, its..... spir - it lave With
This child hath scarce yet seen our..... earth - ly sun, Yet
en - tering on life's way! Oh, make it Thine, Thy bless - ing give,
ev - er Thine to be: De - fend it through this earth - ly strife,
wa - ters un - de - filed; And make it ev - er - more to be
pour on it Thy light Of faith, and hope, and joy - ful love,
That to Thy glo - ry it may live, Fa - ther of heaven!
And lead it in the path of life, O Son of God!
A child of God, a home for Thee O Ho - ly Ghost!
Thou Sun of all be - low, a - bove, O Tri - une God. A - MEN.

Albert Knapp, 1841, Tr. Miss Winkworth, 1858.

207 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D. WESTON *J. E. Roe*


mf
Sav - iour, Who Thy flock art feed - ing, With the shep-herd's kind-est care,
mf
All the fee - ble gent - ly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share;
mf
2. Now, *these* lit - tle *ones* re - ceiv - ing, Fold *them* in Thy gra - cious arm;
mf
cr
There, we know, Thy word be - liev - ing, On - ly there se - cure from harm. AMEN.
cr

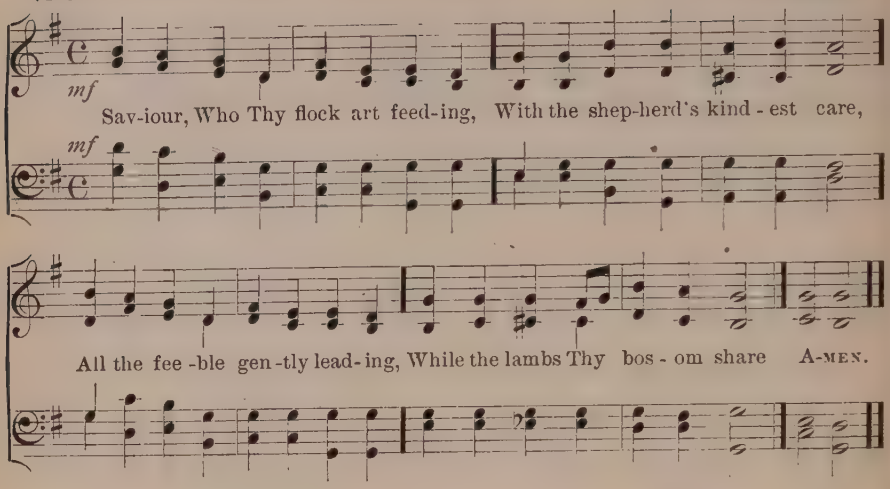
3 Never from Thy pasture roving
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
cr Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

f 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

W. A. Muhlenberg

207 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7.

BROCKLESBURY
C. A. Barnard


mf
Sav-iour, Who Thy flock art feed-ing, With the shep-herd's kind-est care,
mf
All the fee-ble gen-tly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bos-om share A-MEN.

mf 2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in Thy gracious arm;
There we know, Thy word believing
Only there secure from harm.

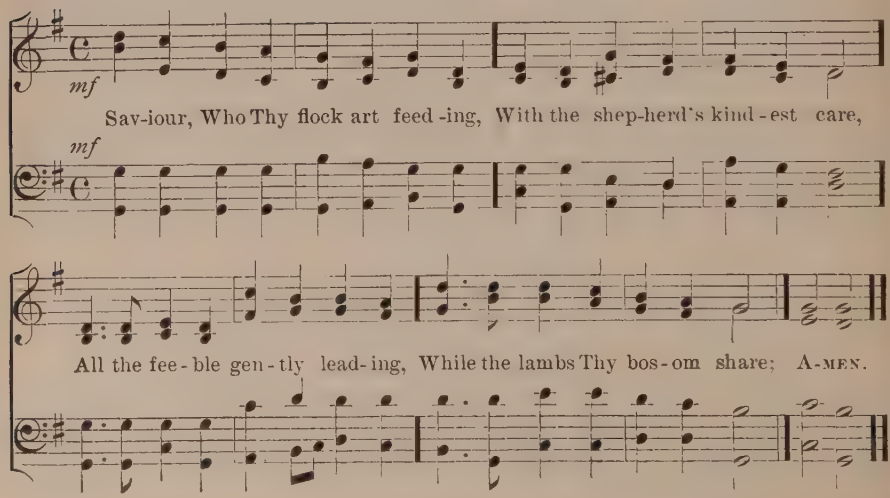
mp 3 Never from Thy pasture roving
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
cr Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

f 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

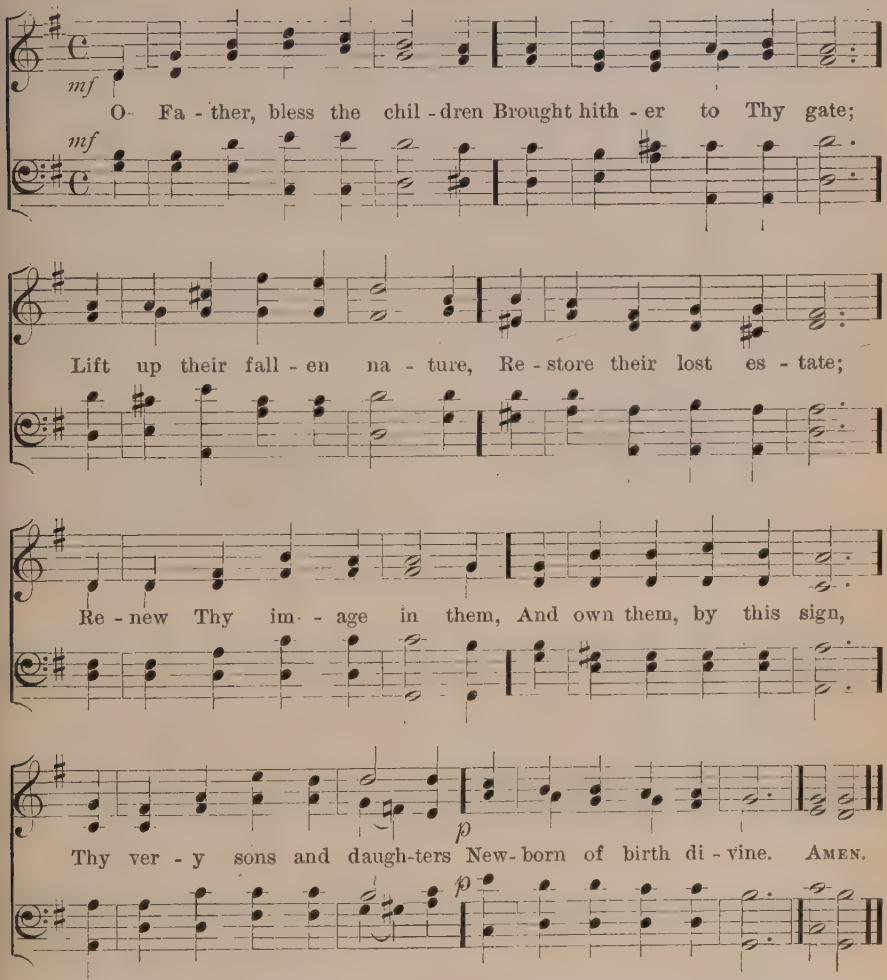
W. A. Mühlenberg

(THIRD TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7.

TENDER SHEPHERD


mf
Sav-iour, Who Thy flock art feed-ing, With the shep-herd's kind-est care,
mf
All the fee-ble gen-tly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bos-om share; A-MEN.

208 7. 6. 7. 6. D. EXULTATION *C. E. Kettle*


mf
O Fa - ther, bless the chil - dren Brought hith - er to Thy gate;
mf
Lift up their fall - en na - ture, Re - store their lost es - tate;
Re - new Thy im - age in them, And own them, by this sign,
p
Thy ver - y sons and daugh-ters New-born of birth di - vine. AMEN.
p

mf 2 O Jesu, Lord, receive them;
Thy loving arms of old
Were opened wide to welcome
The children to Thy fold;
dim Let these, baptized, and dying,
Then rising from the dead.
Henceforth be living members
Of Thee, their living Head.

mp 3 O Holy Spirit, keep them;
Dwell with them to the last,
Till all the fight is ended,
cr And all the storms are past.

mf Renew the gift baptismal,
From strength to strength, till each
The troublous waves o'ercoming,
The land of life shall reach.

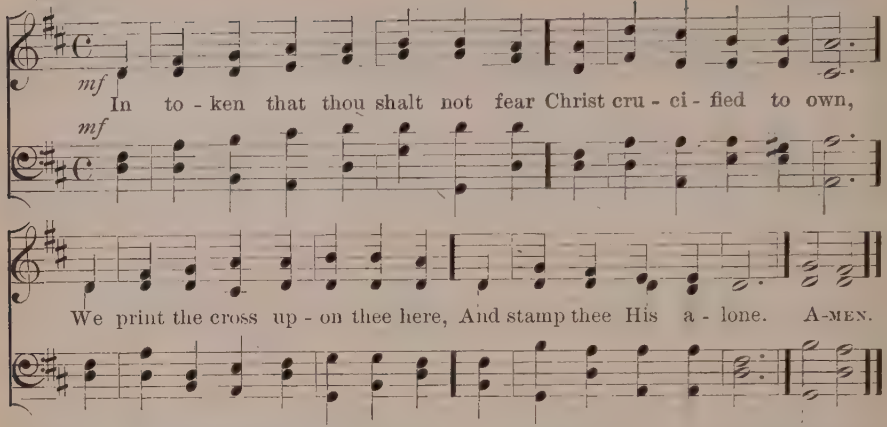
f 4 O Father, Son, and Spirit,
O Wisdom, Love, and Power,
p We wait the promised blessing
In this accepted hour!
cr We name upon the children
The Threefold Name divine;
Receive them, cleanse them, own them,
And keep them ever Thine.

J. Ellerton

209

C. M.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL
T. Tallis


mf
In to - ken that thou shalt not fear Christ cru - ci - fied to own,
mf
We print the cross up - on thee here, And stamp thee His a - lone. A-MEN.

mf 2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

p 3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
cr And sit thee down on high;

mf 4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own:
And may the brow that wears His cross
cr Hereafter share His crown.

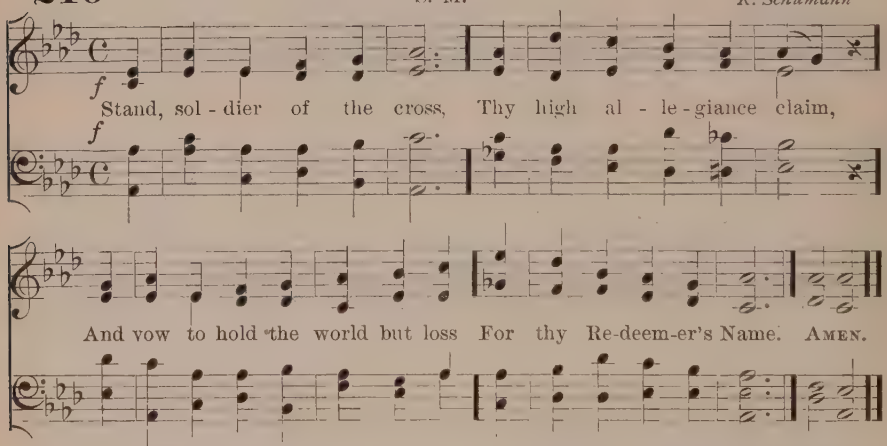
H. Alford

ADULTS

210

S. M.

SCHUMANN
R. Schumann



mf 2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
cr Thy faith avouched to-day.

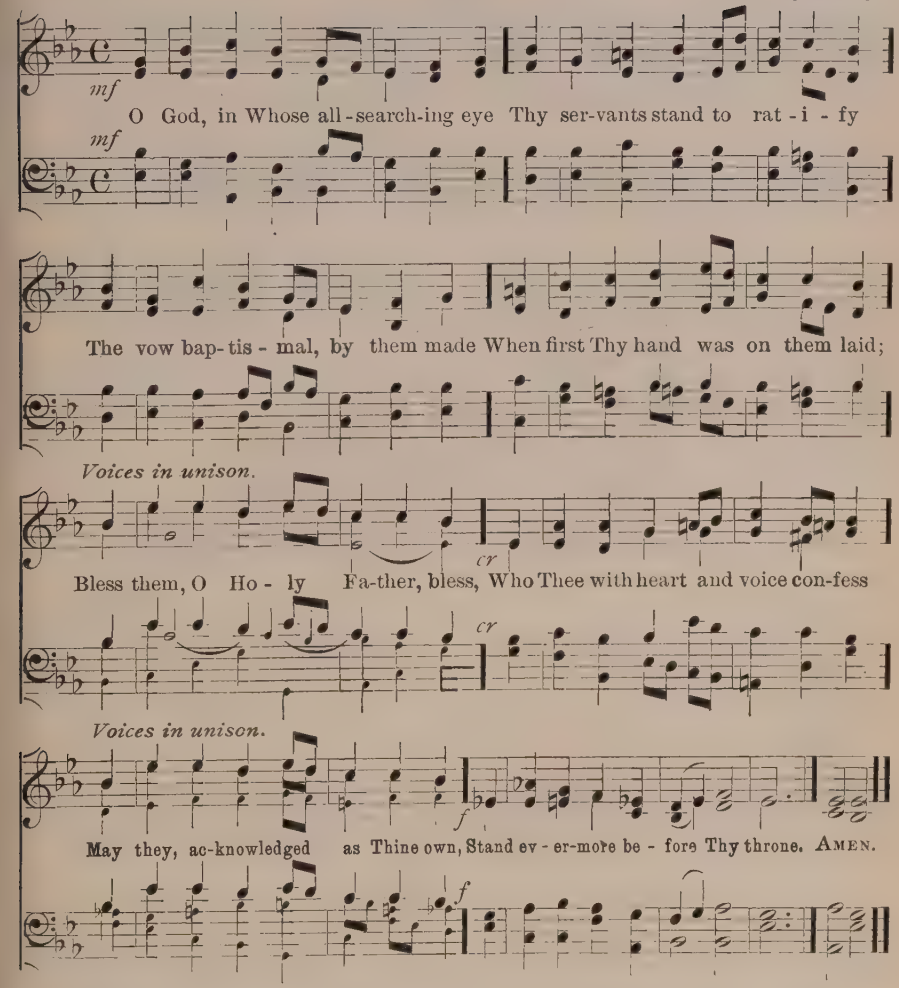
f 3 Thine is our country now,
Our Lord and Master thine,
dim Receive imprinted on thy brow
p His Passion's awful sign.

mf 4 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled.

f 5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet.

E. H. Bickersteth

211 L. M. D. JORDAN *J. Barnby*


mf
O God, in Whose all-search-ing eye Thy ser-vants stand to rat-i-fy
mf
The vow bap-tis-mal, by them made When first Thy hand was on them laid;
Voices in unison.
cr
Bless them, O Ho-ly Fa-ther, bless, Who Thee with heart and voice con-fess
cr
Voices in unison.
f
May they, ac-knowledged as Thine own, Stand ev-er-more be-fore Thy throne. AMEN.
f

mf 2 O Christ, Who didst at Pentecost,
Send down from heaven the Holy Ghost;
And at Samaria baptize
Those whom Thou didst evangelize;
And then on Thy baptized confer
The best of gifts, the Comforter,
By apostolic hands, and prayer;
p Be with us now (*cr*) as Thou wert there.

f 3 Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord, *mf*
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the Cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.

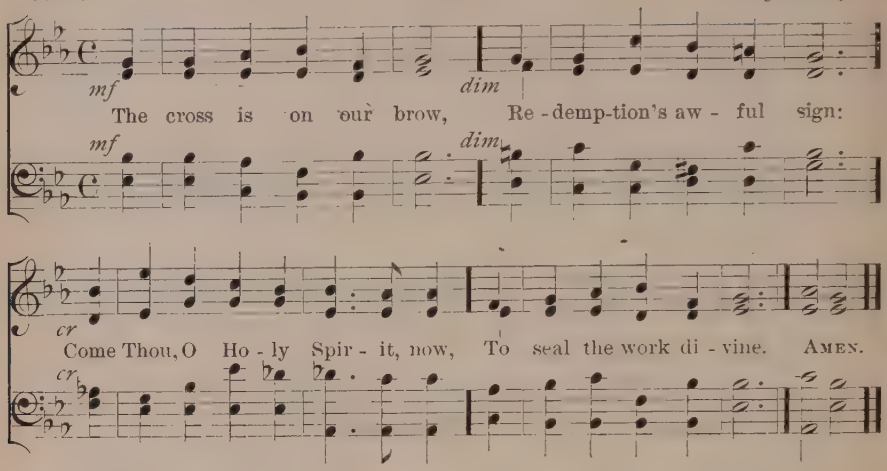
p 4 Come, ever blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
May each a living temple be.
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge, bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

C. Wordsworth

212

S. M.

St. Andrew
J. Barnby



mf 2 Thy sevenfold gifts impart,
O Comforter most sweet:
Inflame with zeal each lukewarm heart,
And guide the trembling feet.

mf 3 With Pentecostal force
Thy presence let us feel:
cr With strength, Who art Thyself its source,
Inspire us as we kneel.

mf 4 Confirm in us to-day
The work that Thou hast wrought:
Illume the souls with love's pure ray,
dim Which Jesus' blood hath bought.

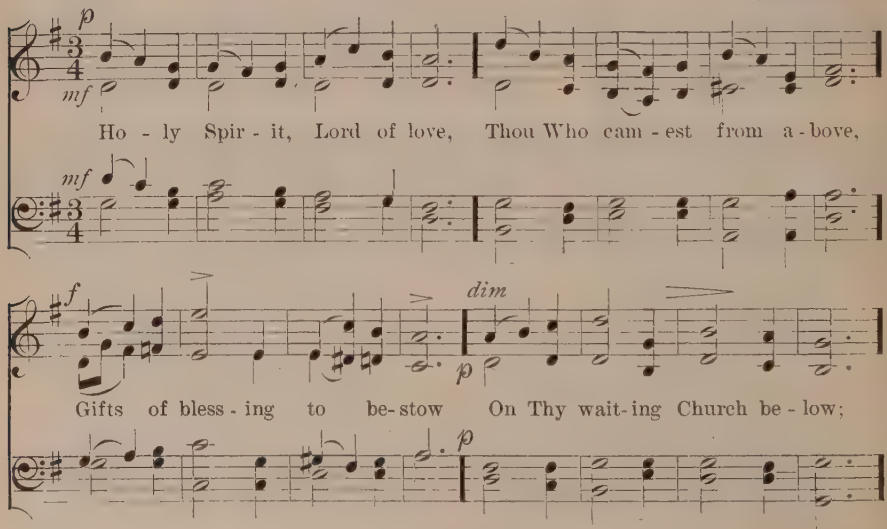
mf 5 No earth-forged arms we bear:
Strength, weapons, all are Thine:
Accept each vow and hear each prayer,
Blest Trinity Divine.

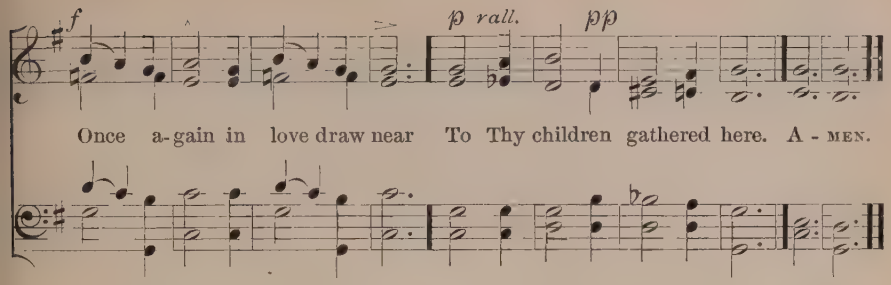
W. C. Dix

213

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Holy Jesus
G. B. Lissant





mf 2 From their bright baptismal day,
Through their childhood's onward way,
Thou hast been their constant Guide,
Watching ever by their side ;
May they now till life shall end,
Choose and know Thee as their Friend.

mf 3 Give them light Thy truth to see,
Give them life to live for Thee,
Daily power to conquer sin,
cr Patient faith the crown to win ;
p Shield them from temptation's breath,
cr Keep them faithful unto death.

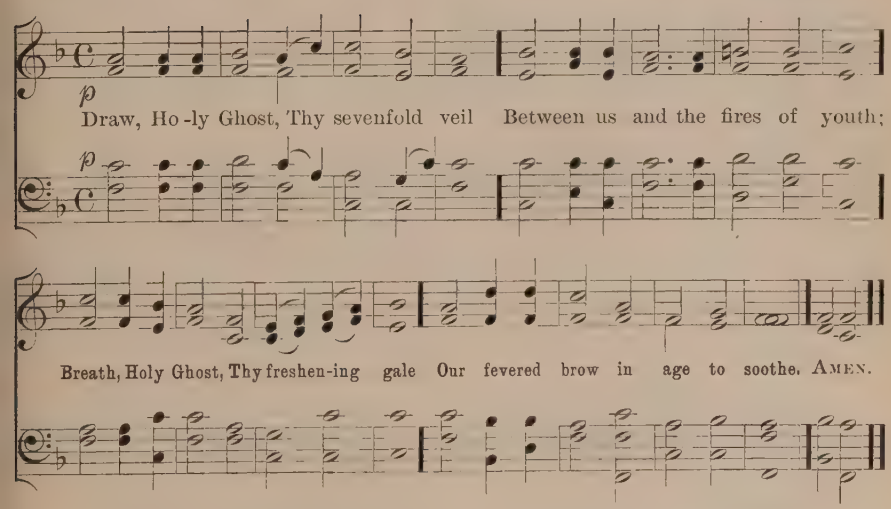
mp 4 When the holy vow is made,
When the hands are on them laid,
cr Come, in this most solemn hour,
With Thy sevenfold gifts of power,
f Come, Thou blessèd Spirit, come,
Make each heart Thy happy home.

W. D. Maclagan

214

L. M.

FEDERAL STREET
H. K. Oliver


p
Draw, Ho-ly Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil Between us and the fires of youth;
Breath, Holy Ghost, Thy freshen-ing gale Our fevered brow in age to soothe. AMEN.

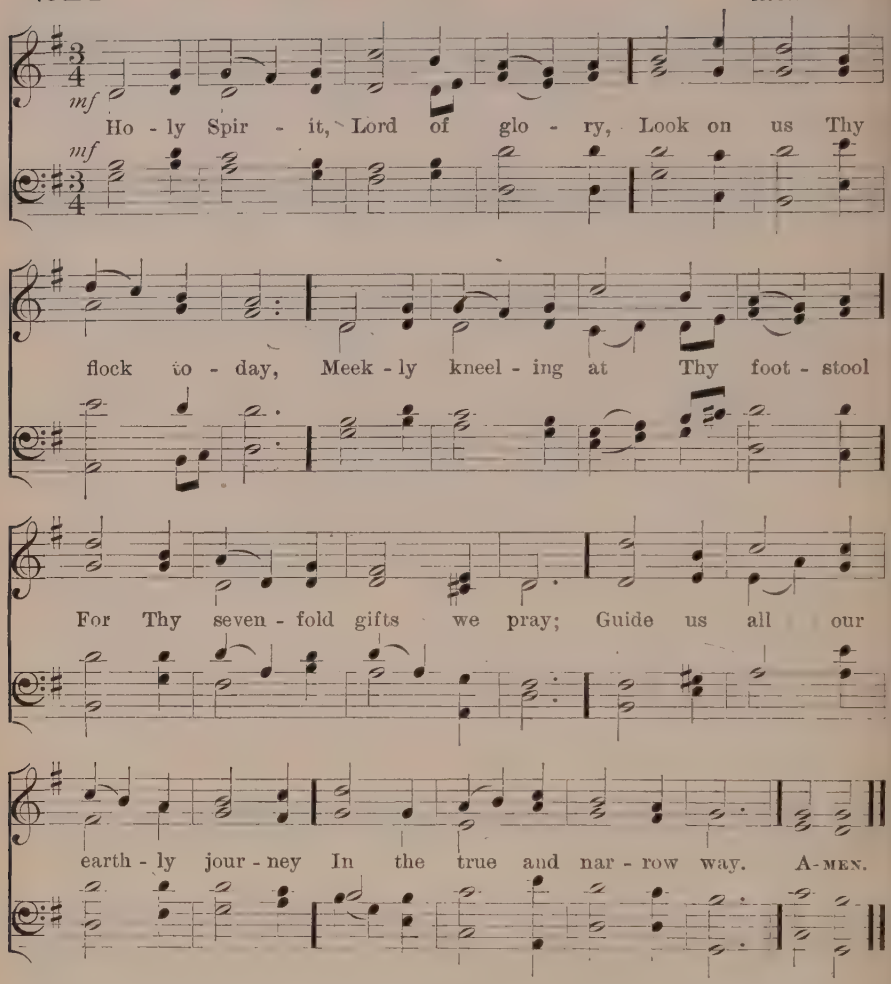
mf 2 For ever on our souls be traced
This blessing from the Saviour's hand,
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land.

J. Keble

215

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

INGATESTONE
A. H. Brown


mf
Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of glo - ry, Look on us Thy
mf
flock to - day, Meek - ly kneel - ing at Thy foot - stool
For Thy seven - fold gifts we pray; Guide us all our
earth - ly jour - ney In the true and nar - row way. A-MEN.

p 2 Foes on every hand are round us,
And our hearts are weak and frail;
cr Gird us with Thy heavenly armor;
Never let us yield or quail;
f Give us victory in the struggle,
When the hosts of sin assail.

mf 3 Blessèd Jesus, draw Thou near us,
p As before Thy cross we bow;
cr Help us to be true and faithful,
Seal our sacramental vow;
f We Thy soldiers are, and servants;
Hear our solemn promise now.

mf 4 Lead us by Thy guiding presence
Through the waste, with danger rife;
Feed us with the heavenly manna,
That we faint not in the strife;
Slake our weary spirits' thirsting,
From the living well of life.

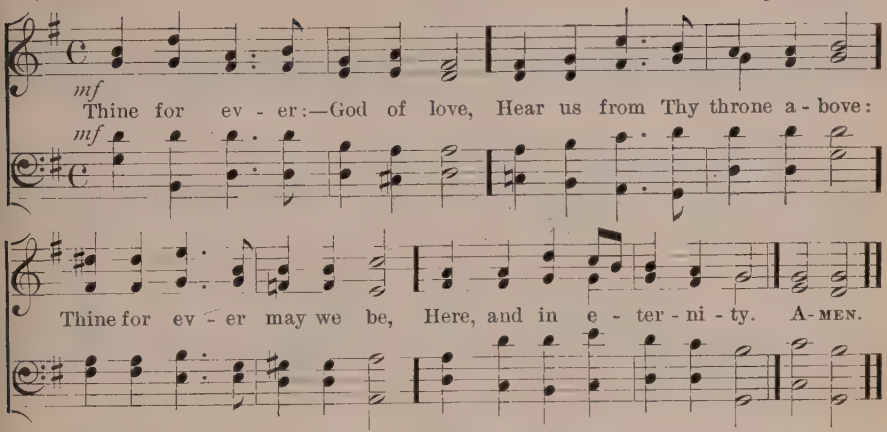
mf 5 Looking ever unto Jesus,
Leaning on His staff and rod;
May we follow in His footsteps,
Tread the path that He has trod,
Till we dwell with Him forever
In the Paradise of God.

R. H. Baynes

216

7. 7. 7. 7.

EVERMORE
H. J. Gauntlett



p 2 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
cr Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end!

mf 3 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
cr Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

p 4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These Thy weak and trembling sheep,
cr Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let them all Thy goodness share.

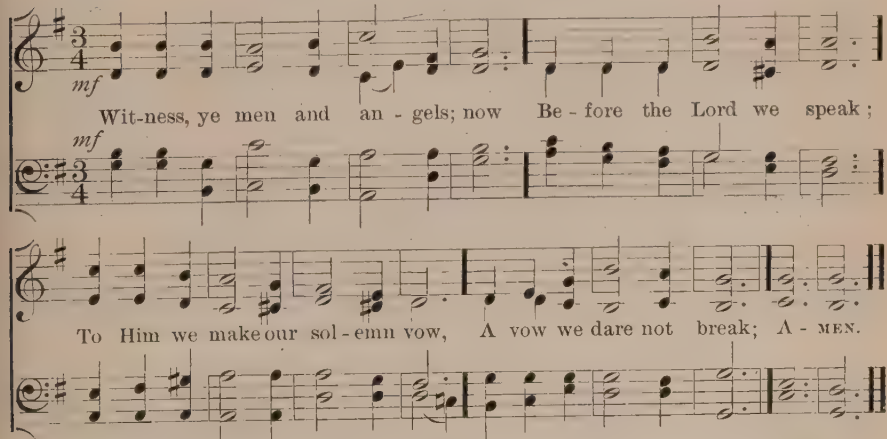
mf 5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
cr All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
f Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

M. F. Maude

217

C. M.

ST. AGNES
J. B. Dykes



mf 2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

mf 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
cr That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our needs supply.

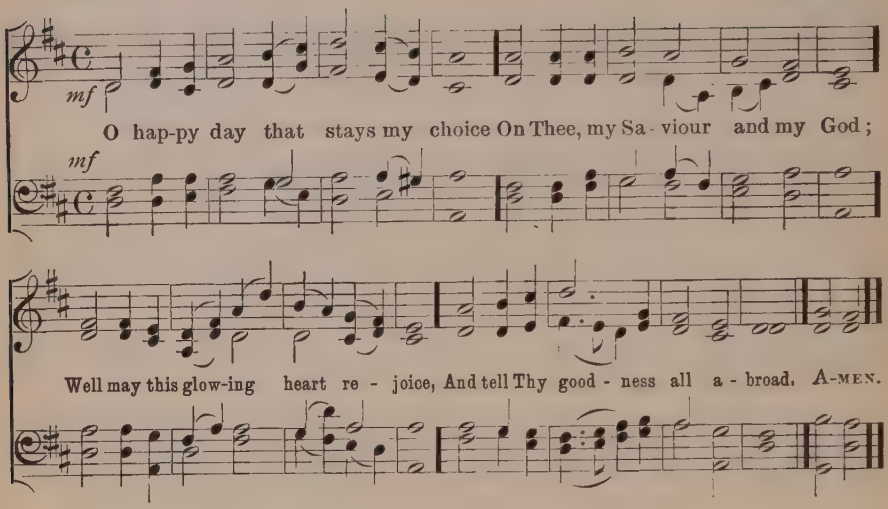
mf 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
cr Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

B. Beddome

218 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

DUKE STREET
J. Hatton


mf
O hap-py day that stays my choice On Thee, my Sa-viour and my God;
mf
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell Thy good-ness all a-broad. A-MEN.

p 2 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,
Fixed on Thy God, thy Saviour rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part
When called on angels' food to feast?

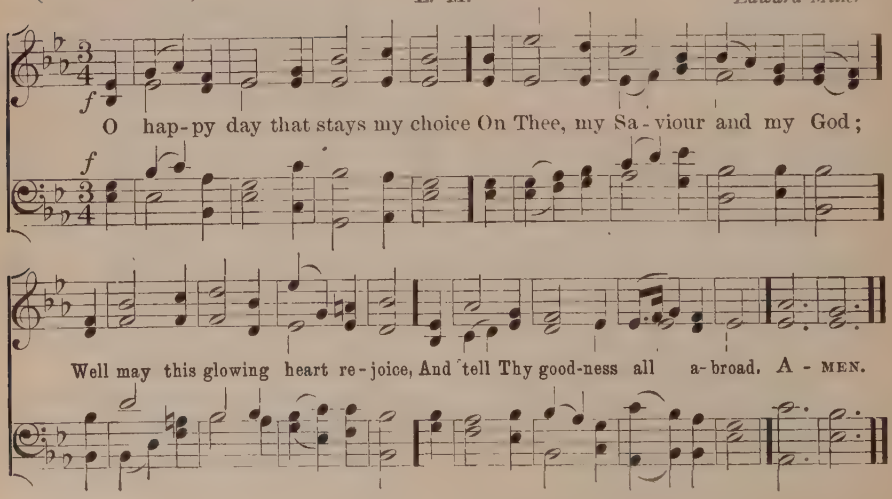
mf 3 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
dim. Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

P Doddridge

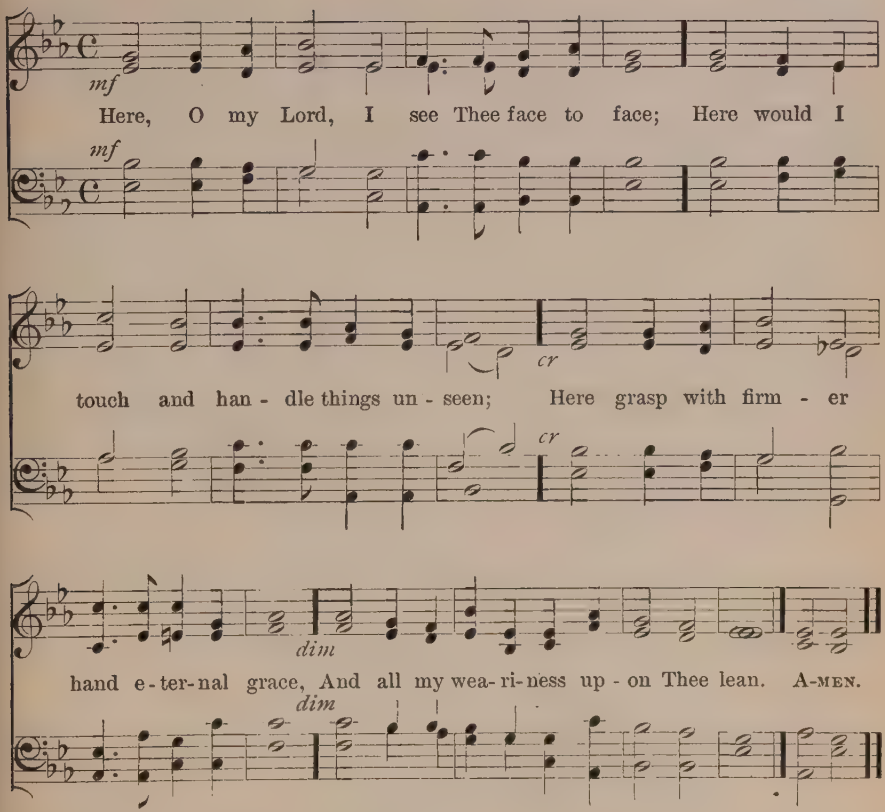
(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

ROCKINGHAM
Edward Miller


f
O hap-py day that stays my choice On Thee, my Sa-viour and my God;
f
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell Thy good-ness all a-broad. A-MEN.

219 10. 10. 10. 10. PENITENTIA *E. Dearle*


mf
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I
mf
touch and han - dle things un - seen; Here grasp with firm - er
cr
cr
hand e - ter - nal grace, And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean. A-MEN.
dim
dim

mf 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

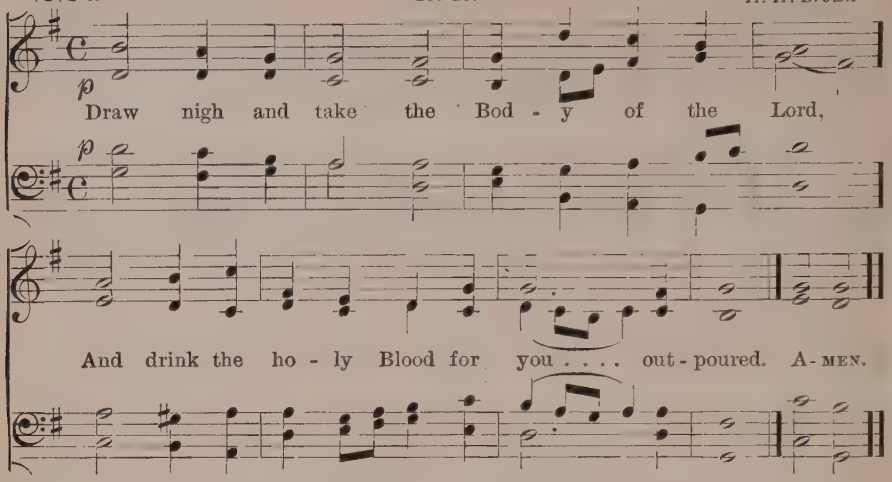
mf 3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

p 4 Mine is the sin, (*cr*) but Thine the righteousness:
p Mine is the guilt, (*cr*) but Thine the cleansing blood:
mf Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!

H. Bonar

Holy Communion

220 (FIRST TUNE) 10. 10. LAMMAS *A. H. Brown*



cr 2 Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
mf With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

f 3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
dim By His dear Cross and Blood the victory won.

p 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

mf 5 Victims were offered by the law of old,
That in a type celestial mysteries told.

f 6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.

mf 7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

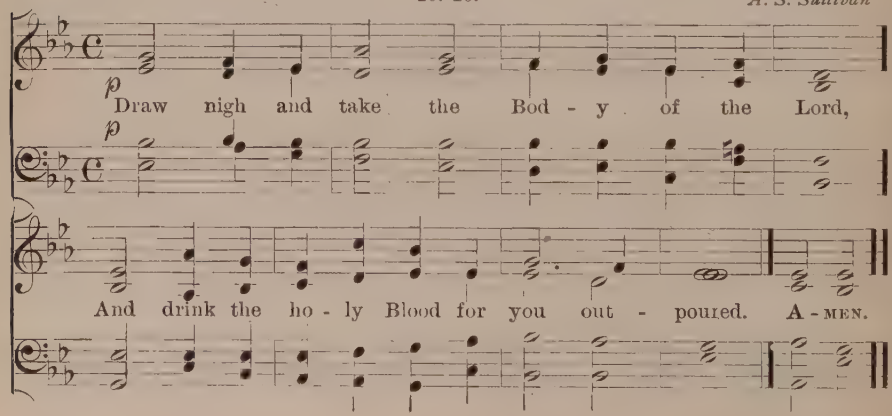
f 8 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

f 9 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

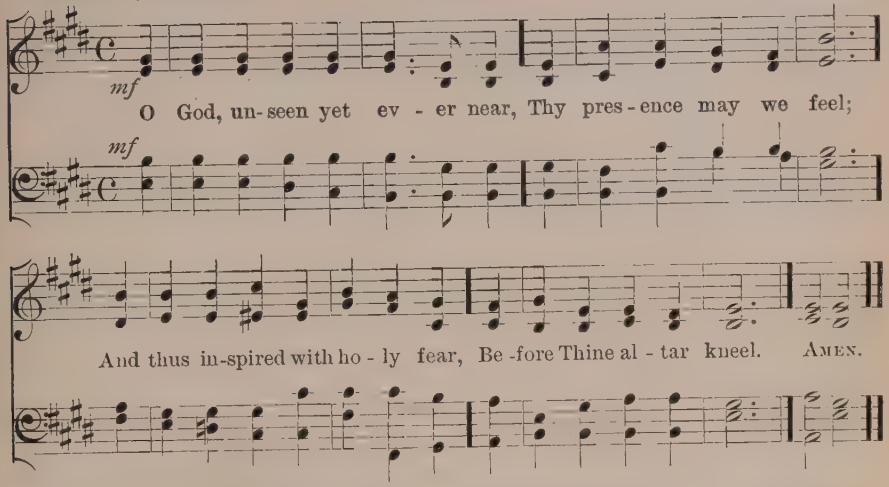
dim 10 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
p All nations at the doom, is with us now.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

(SECOND TUNE) 10. 10. CŒNA DOMINI *A. S. Sullivan*



221 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. MEDITATION *J. H. Gower*



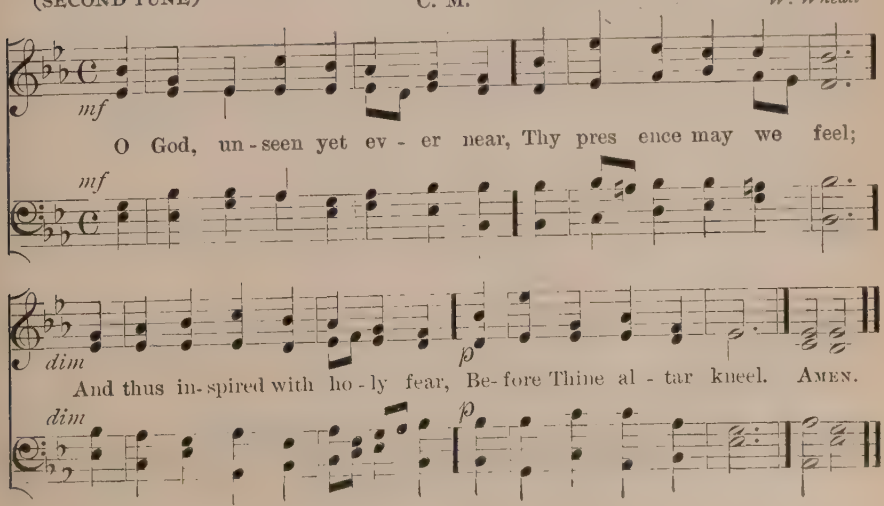
mf 2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that thro' the desert flow,
The manna from above.

mf 3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink His precious Blood.

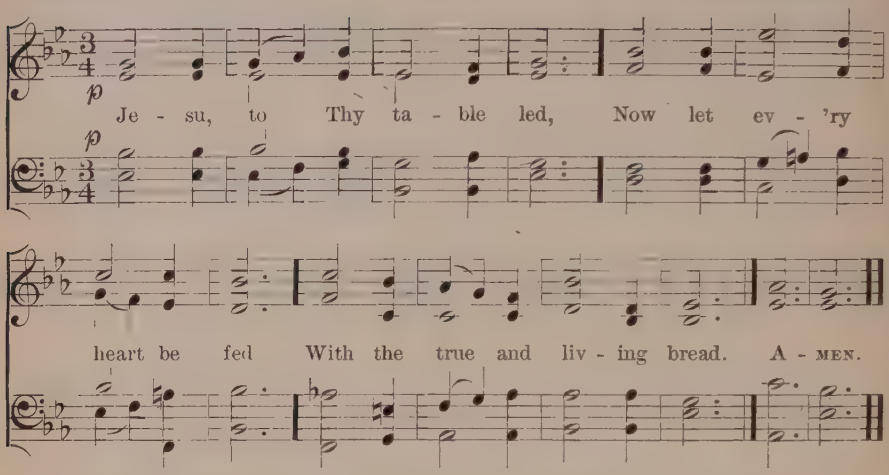
mf 4 Thus may we all Thy word obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
cr And go rejoicing on our way,
f Renewed with strength divine.

E. Osler

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. BEDFORD *W. Wheall*


mf
O God, un-seen yet ev - er near, Thy pres ence may we feel;
mf
dim
p
And thus in-spired with ho - ly fear, Be-fore Thine al - tar kneel. AMEN.
dim
p

222 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. LACRYMAE *Arthur S. Sullivan*



p 2 While in penitence we kneel,
cr Thy blest presence let us feel,
mf All Thy wondrous love reveal.

p 3 While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
cr Turn our sadness into praise.

mf 4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

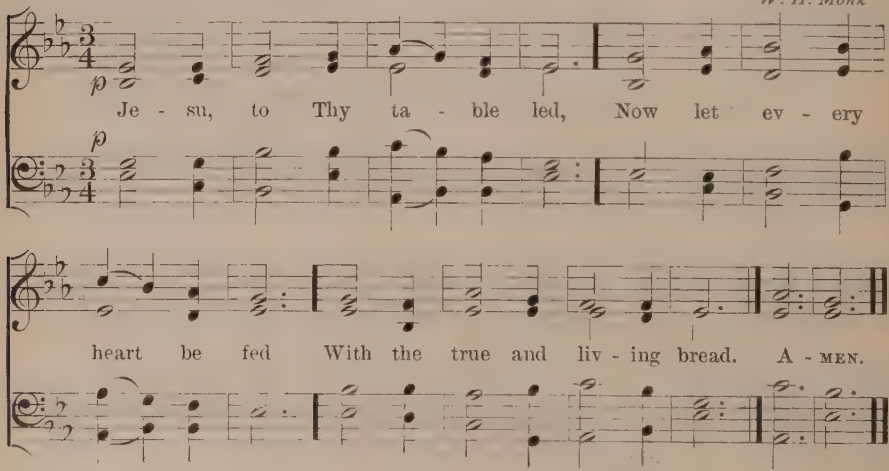
p 5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
cr Whence there flowed the healing tide;
dim There our sins and sorrows hide.

mf 6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

mf 7 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
cr Till around Thy throne we stand,
f In the bright and better land.

R. H. Baynes

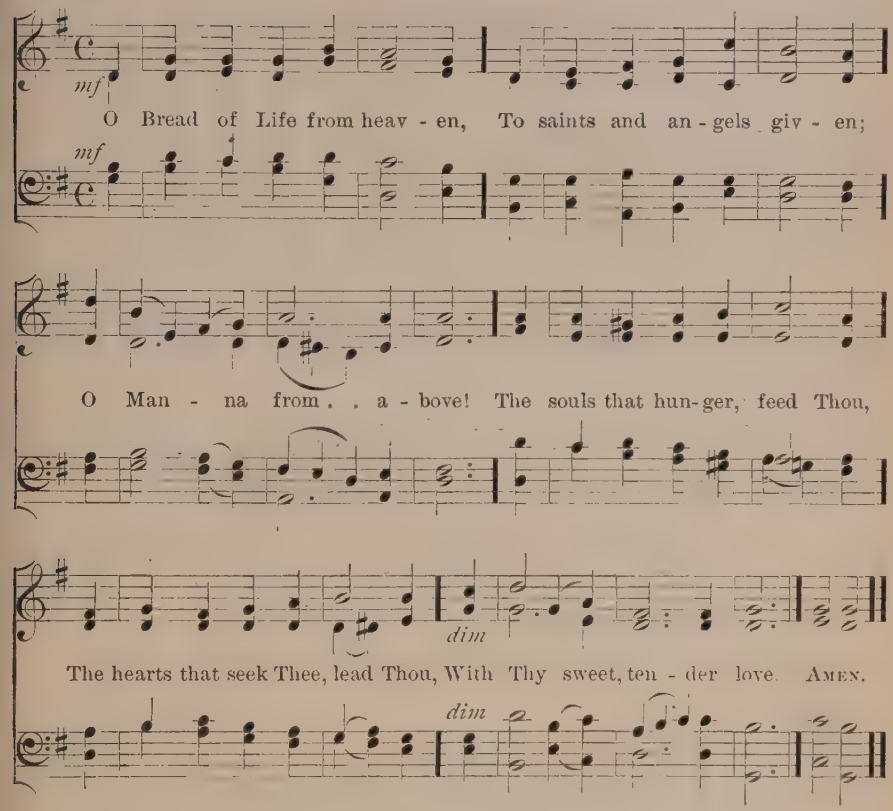
(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. ST. PHILIP *W. H. Monk*



223

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

ST. ULRIC
A. H. Brown


mf
O Bread of Life from heav - en, To saints and an - gels giv - en;
mf
O Man - na from . . a - bove! The souls that hun-ger, feed Thou,
dim
The hearts that seek Thee, lead Thou, With Thy sweet, ten - der love. AMEN.
dim

mf 2 O Fount of grace redeeming,
O river ever streaming
From Jesus' holy side!
cr Come Thou, Thyself bestowing
On thirsting souls, and flowing
Till all are satisfied.

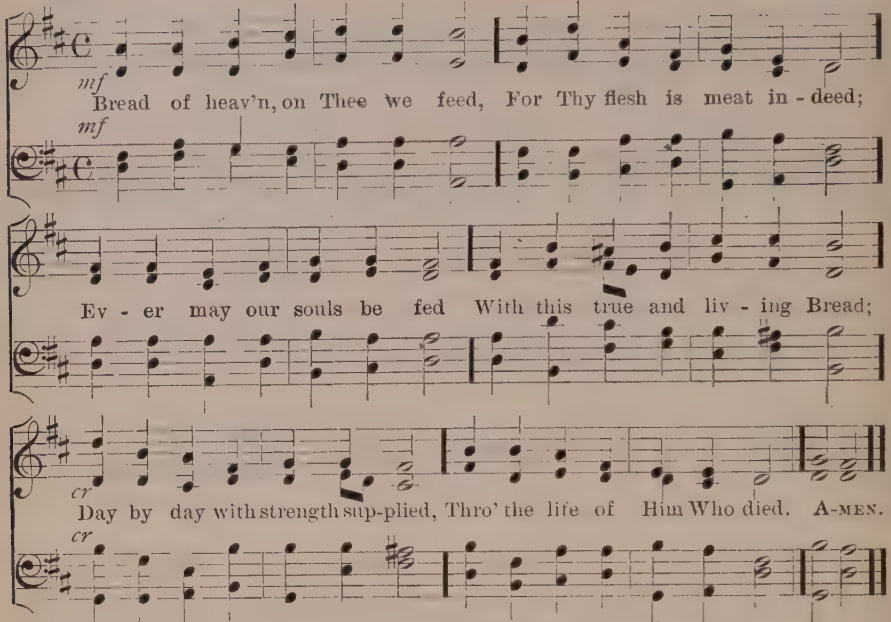
mf 3 Jesu, this feast receiving,
Thy word of truth believing,
We Thee unseen adore;
p Grant, when the veil is rended,
cr That we, to heaven ascended,
May see Thee evermore.

TR. *P. Schaff*

224

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

RATISBON
J. Neander


mf
Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed;
mf
Ev - er may our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing Bread;
cr
Day by day with strength sup-plied, Thro' the life of Him Who died. A-MEN.
cr

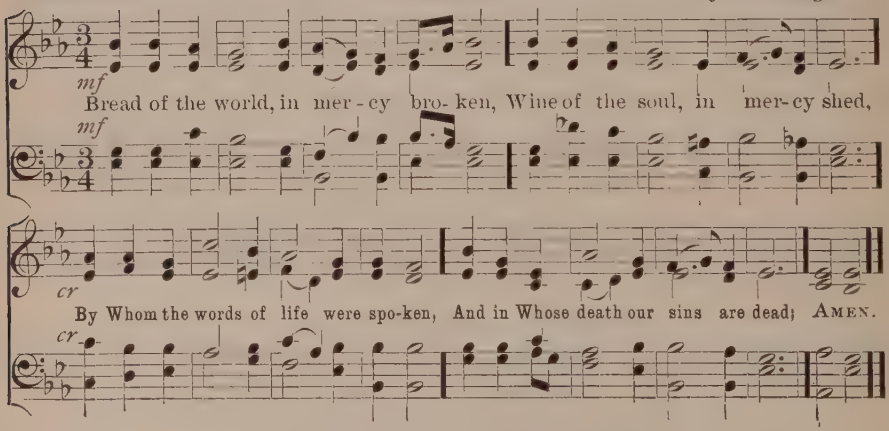
mf 2 Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
p Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
cr To Thy Cross we look and live:
mf Jesu, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

J. Conder

225 (FIRST TUNE)

9. 8. 9. 8.

EUCHARISTIC HYMN
J. S. B. Hodges


mf
Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,
mf
By Whom the words of life were spo-ken, And in Whose death our sins are dead; AMEN.
cr

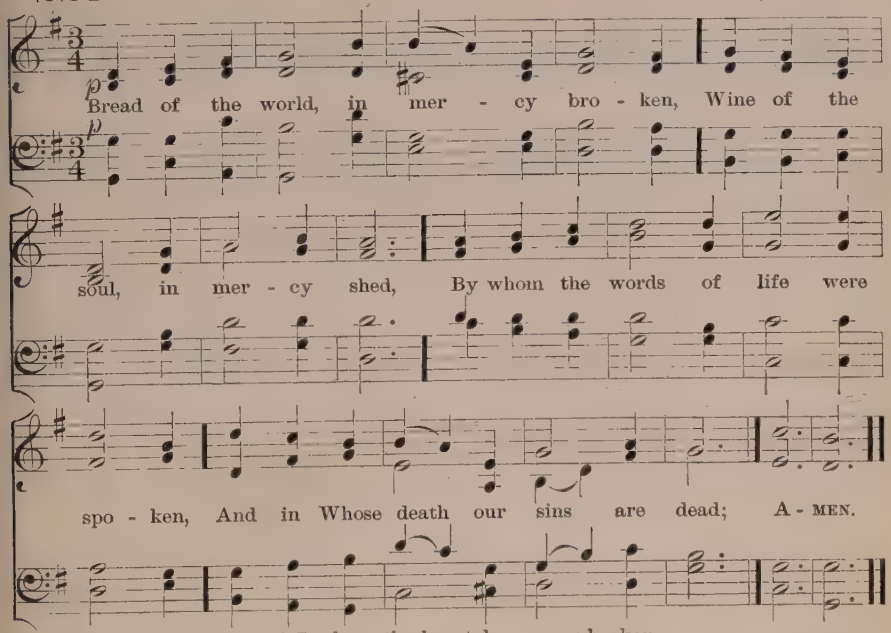
p 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
cr And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

R. Heber

Holy Communion

225 (SECOND TUNE) 9. 8. 9. 8.

AGAPE
C. J. Dickinson

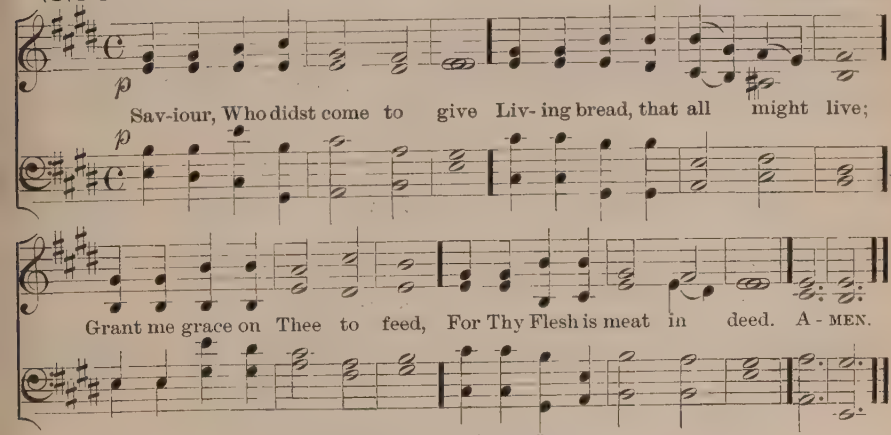

Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the
soul, in mer - cy shed, By whom the words of life were
spo - ken, And in Whose death our sins are dead; A - MEN.

p 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
cr And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

R. Heber

226 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7.

HORSHAM
English Traditional Melody

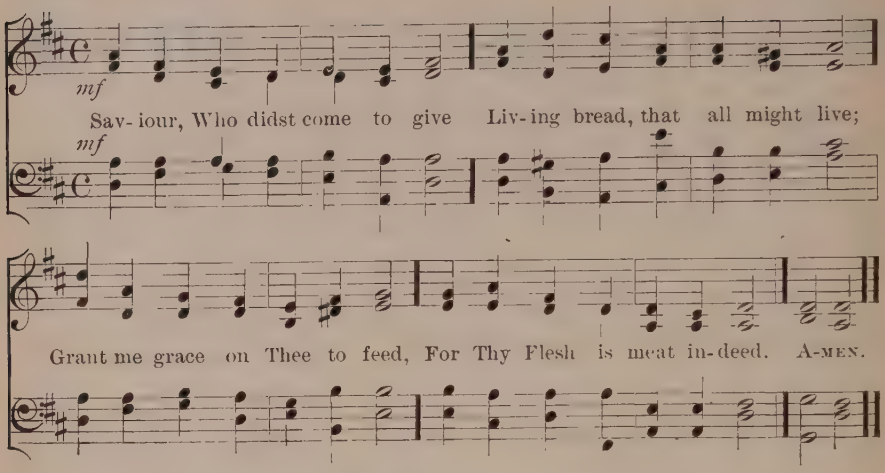

Sav-iour, Who didst come to give Liv- ing bread, that all might live;
Grant me grace on Thee to feed, For Thy Flesh is meat in deed. A - MEN.

p 2 Hungry, thirsty, faint, I pray,
Help me on the heavenward way;
mf Vine of strength, supply my need,
For Thy Blood is drink indeed.

F. W. Bartlett

226 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7.

BUCKLAND
L. G. Hayne

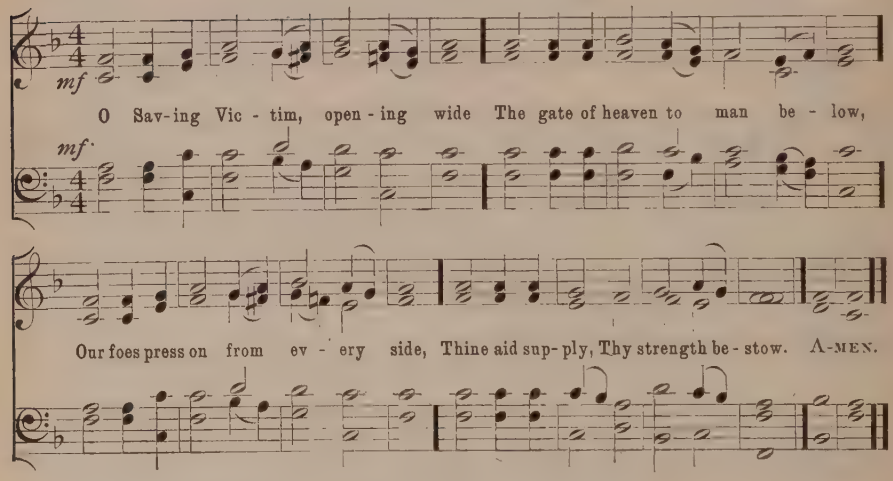

mf
Sav-iour, Who didst come to give Liv-ing bread, that all might live;
mf
Grant me grace on Thee to feed, For Thy Flesh is meat in-deed. A-MEN.

p 2 Hungry, thirsty, faint, I pray,
Help me on the heavenward way;
mf Vine of strength, supply my need,
For Thy Blood is drink indeed.

F. W. Bartlett

227 L. M.

HAMBERG
Lowell Mason

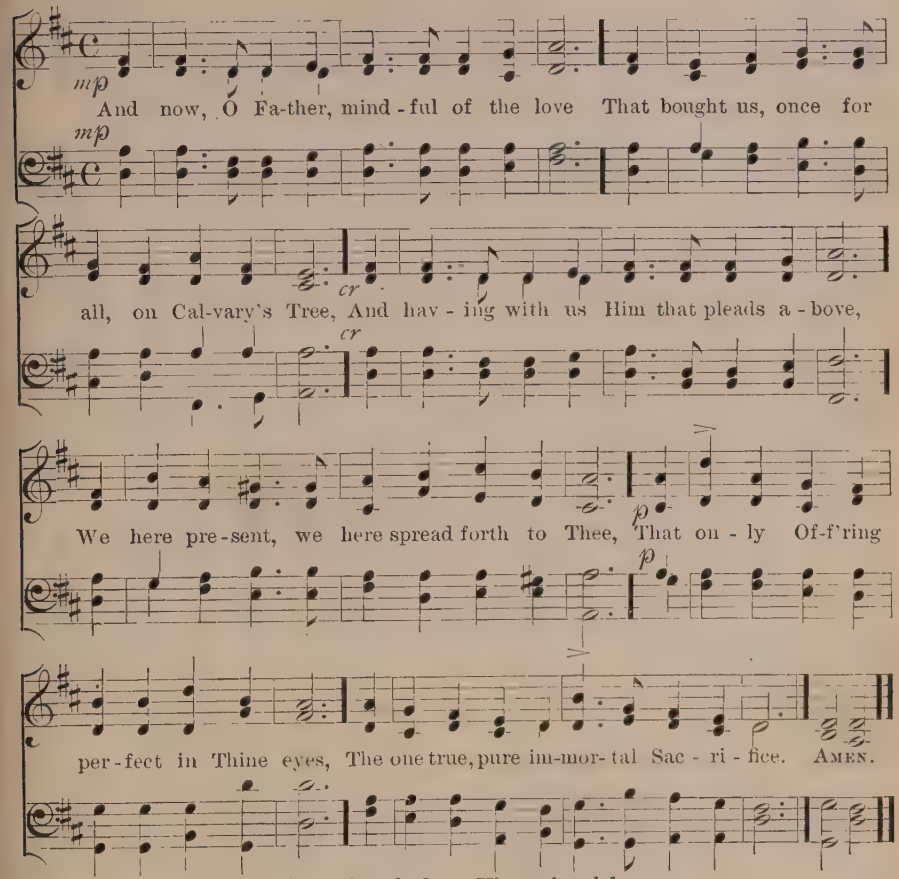

mf
O Sav-ing Vic - tim, open - ing wide The gate of heaven to man be - low,
mf
Our foes press on from ev - ery side, Thine aid sup-ply, Thy strength be-stow. A-MEN.

mf 2 All praise and thanks to Thee ascend
For evermore, blest One in Three;
p O grant us life that shall not end,
cr In our true native land with Thee.

T. Aquinas; TR. *E. Caswall*

228 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

UNDE ET MEMORES
W. H. Monk


mp
And now, O Fa-ther, mind-ful of the love That bought us, once for
mp
all, on Cal-vary's Tree, And hav-ing with us Him that pleads a-bove,
cr
cr
We here pre-sent, we here spread forth to Thee, That on-ly Of-f'ring
p
p
per-fect in Thine eyes, The one true, pure im-mor-tal Sac-ri-fice. AMEN.

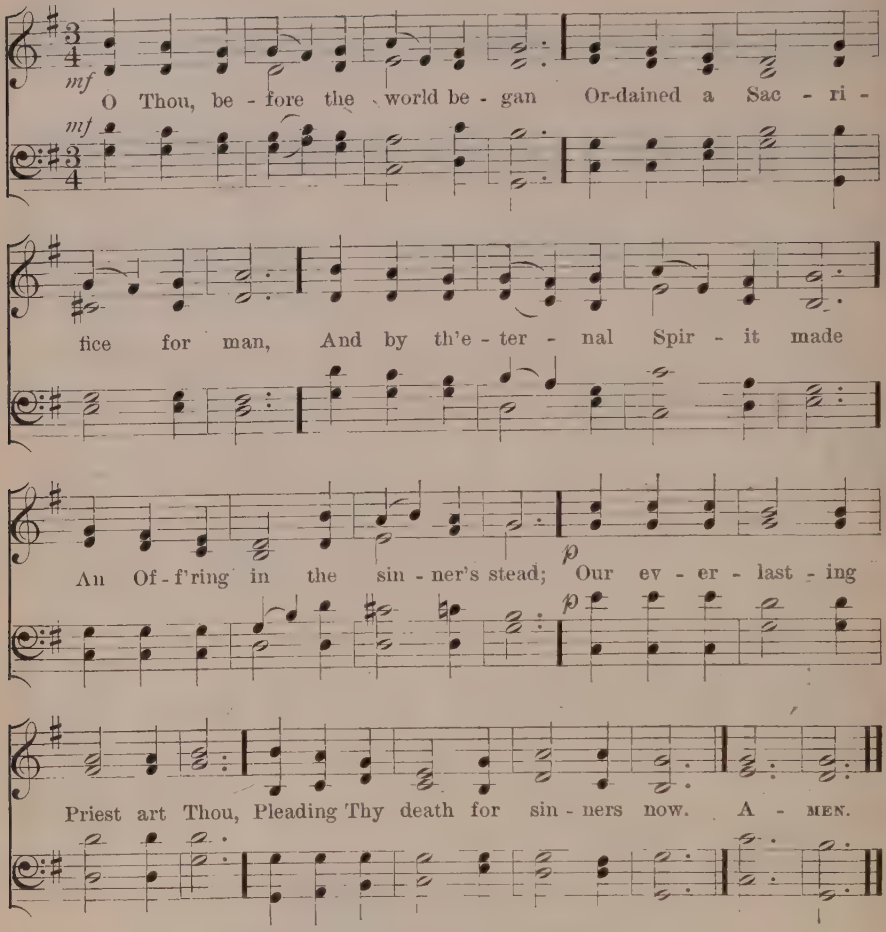
mf 2 Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
p Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
cr For lo! between our sins and their reward,
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

mf 3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast!
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal!
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

mf 4 And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet,
dim Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still!
p And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
cr In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

W. Bright

229 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. PRINCE *Mendelssohn*

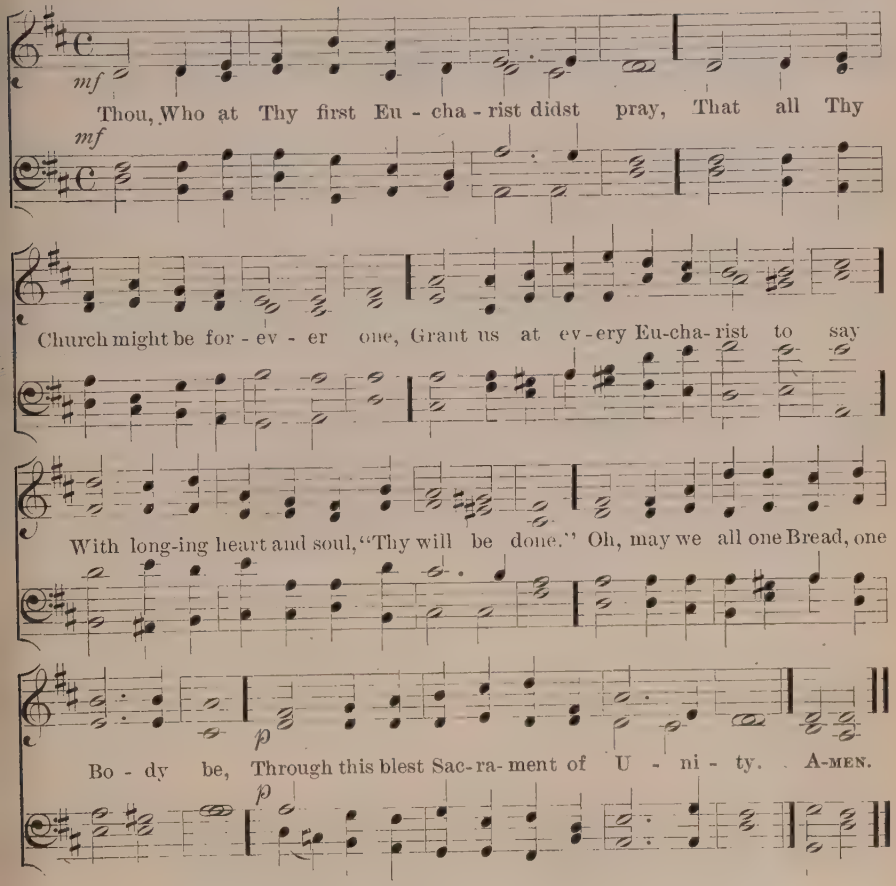

mf
O Thou, be - fore the world be - gan Or-dained a Sac - ri -
mf
fice for man, And by th'e - ter - nal Spir - it made
An Of - f'ring in the sin - ner's stead; Our ev - er - last - ing
p
p
Priest art Thou, Pleading Thy death for sin - ners now. A - MEN.

mf 2 Thy Offering still continues new
Before the righteous Father's view;
p Thyself the Lamb for ever slain,
cr Thy priesthood doth unchanged remain;
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Nor Thy blest work within the veil.

mf 3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as Thy love!
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
p And view Thee bleeding on the Tree,
My Lord, my God, Who dies for me.

C. Wesley

230 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. EVENING *W. H. Monk*


mf
Thou, Who at Thy first Eu - cha - rist didst pray, That all Thy
mf
Church might be for - ev - er one, Grant us at ev-ery Eu-cha-rist to say
With long-ing heart and soul, "Thy will be done." Oh, may we all one Bread, one
p
Bo - dy be, Through this blest Sac-ra-ment of U - ni - ty. A-MEN.
p

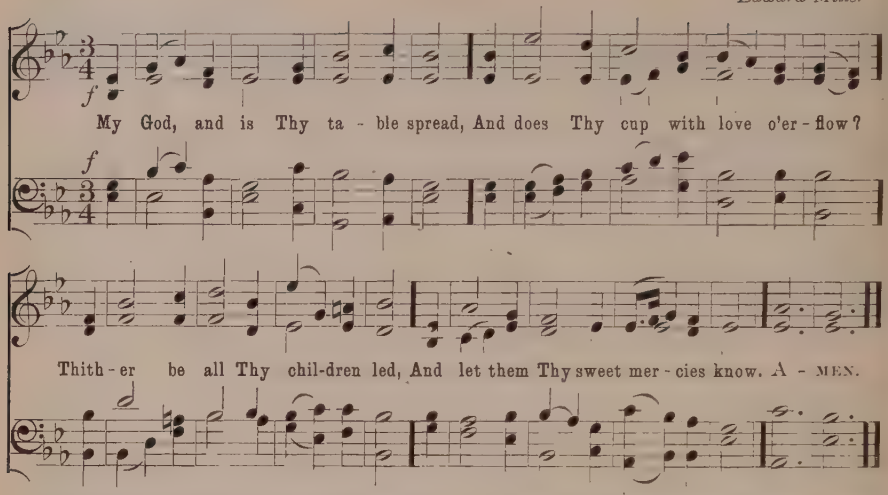
mp 2 For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;
Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease;
cr Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace;
Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

p 3 We pray **Thee,** too, for wanderers from Thy fold;
cr O bring them back, good shepherd of the sheep,
Back to the Faith which saints believed of old,
Back to the Church which still that Faith doth keep;
Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

mf 4 So, Lord, at length when Sacraments shall cease,
cr May we be one with all Thy Church above,
One with Thy saints in one unbounded peace,
One with Thy saints in one unbroken love;
More blessèd still, in peace and love to be
One with the Trinity in Unity.

W. H. Turton

231 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. ROCKINGHAM *Edward Miller*


My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread, And does Thy cup with love o'er - flow?
Thith - er be all Thy chil-dren led, And let them Thy sweet mer - cies know. A - MEN.

mp 2 Hail; sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich Banquet of His Flesh and Blood:
cr Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

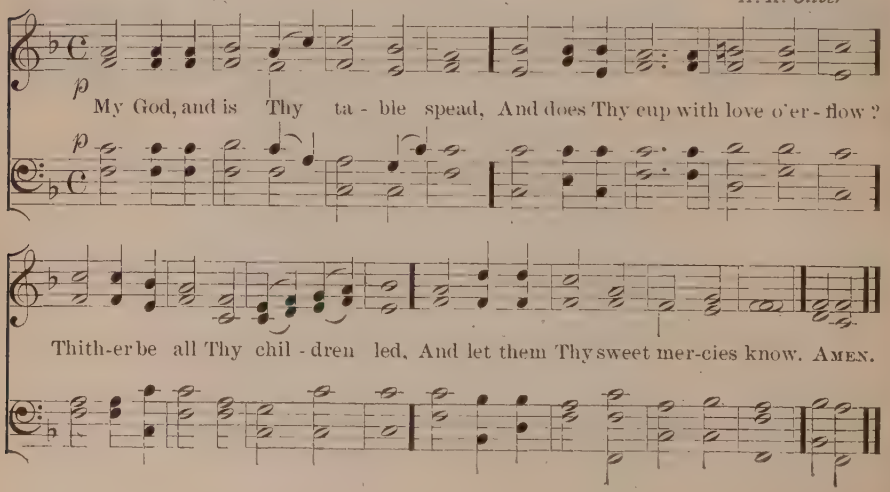
mf 3 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

mf 4 Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

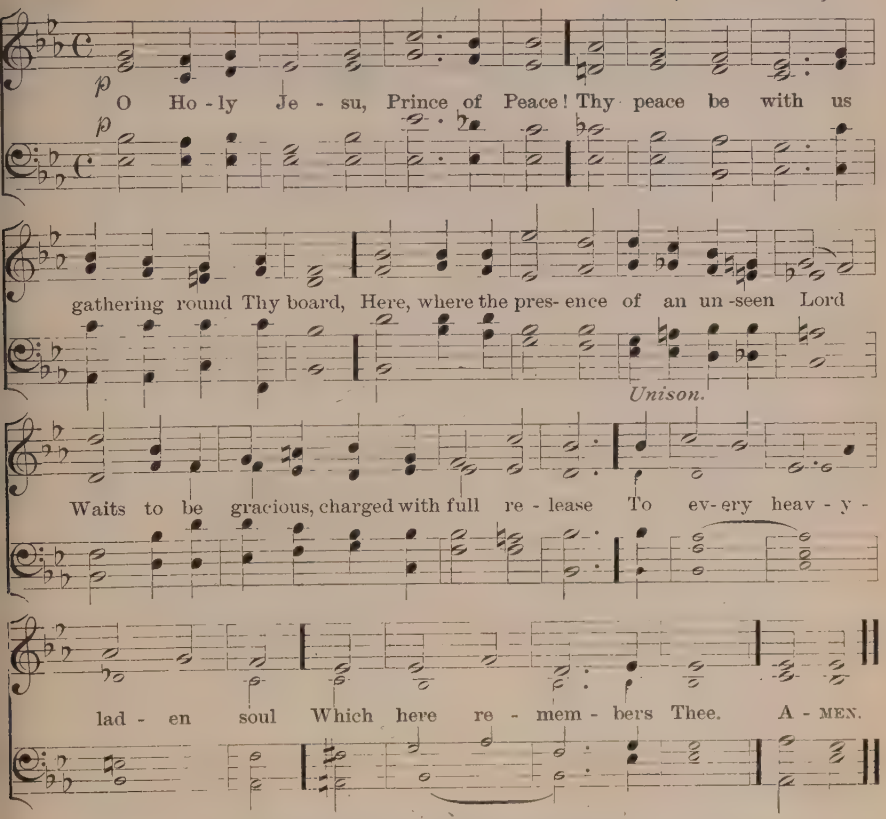
f 5 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

P. Doddridge

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. FEDERAL STREET *H. K. Oliver*


My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread, And does Thy cup with love o'er - flow?
Thith-er be all Thy chil - dren led, And let them Thy sweet mer-cies know. AMEN.

232 8. 10. 10. 10. 8. 6. SAMER *Battison Haynes*


p
O Ho - ly Je - su, Prince of Peace! Thy peace be with us
p
gathering round Thy board, Here, where the pres- ence of an un-seen Lord
Unison.
Waits to be gracious, charged with full re - lease To ev-ery heav - y -
lad - en soul Which here re - mem - bers Thee. A - MEN.

mf 2 Once more, as in that upper room,
Thou Who didst love Thine own unto the end,
p Thou Whose dear voice to every sorrowing friend
Spoke the great promise through the deepening gloom,
cr Thou bidd'st us, Master of the feast,
To-day remember Thee!

mf 3 And e'en as in our hands we take
This broken bread, this precious cup of love,
Thy dying testament, which from above
Thou deignest ever new and fresh to make,
A fount of grace and life to all;
We do remember Thee!

mf 4 Ours is the bond of love divine,
Which knits us each to all and all to each:
That love whose ever-lengthening cords can reach
cr From the white choir around Thy heavenly shrine
To those who come in faith to-day
Here to remember Thee.

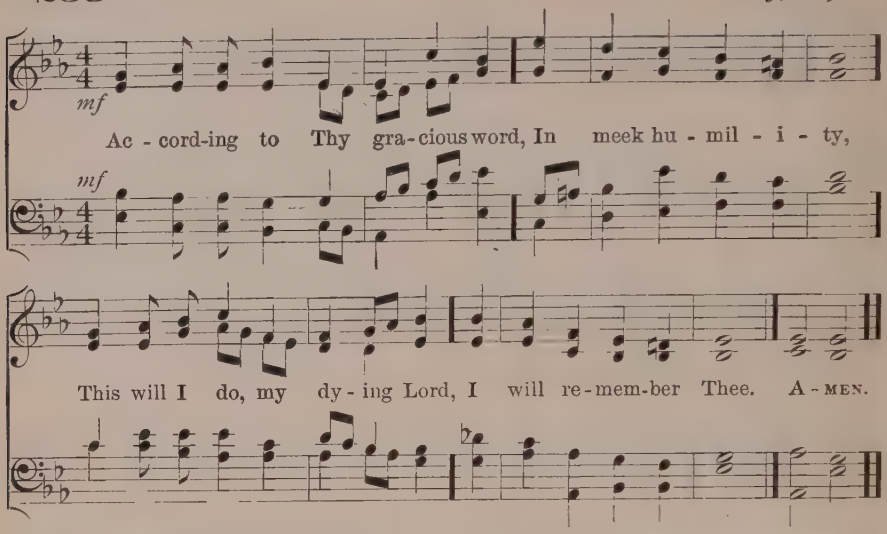
mf 5 Thy banquet over, as we go,
cr Strong in the strength of this celestial meat,
To tread the path of life with firmer feet,
To work the works which Thou hast bid us do,
p Abide with us, O Lord, that still
We may remember Thee!

R. Brown-Borthwick

233 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

ELVET
J. B. Dykes



mp 2 The Body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The cup, Thy precious Blood, I take,
And thus remember Thee.

p 3 Gethsemane, can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

p 4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
cr O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

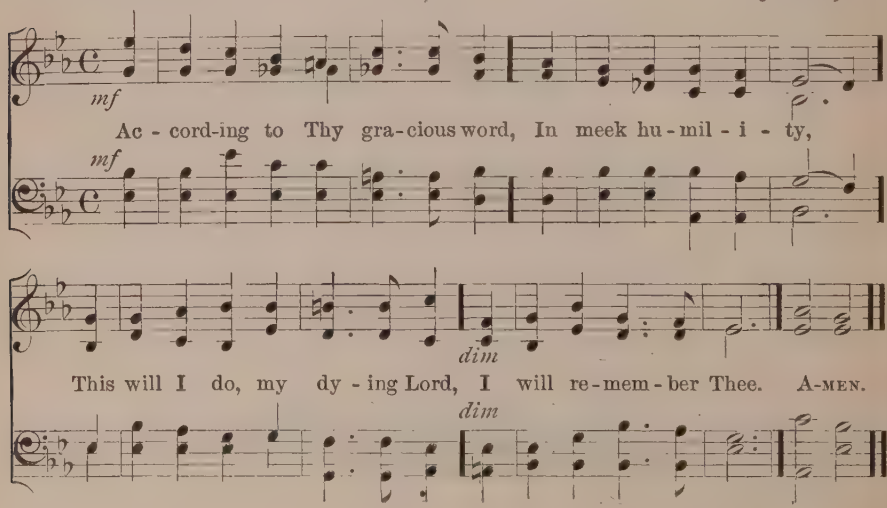
p 5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
cr When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
dim Then, Lord, remember me.

J. Montgomery

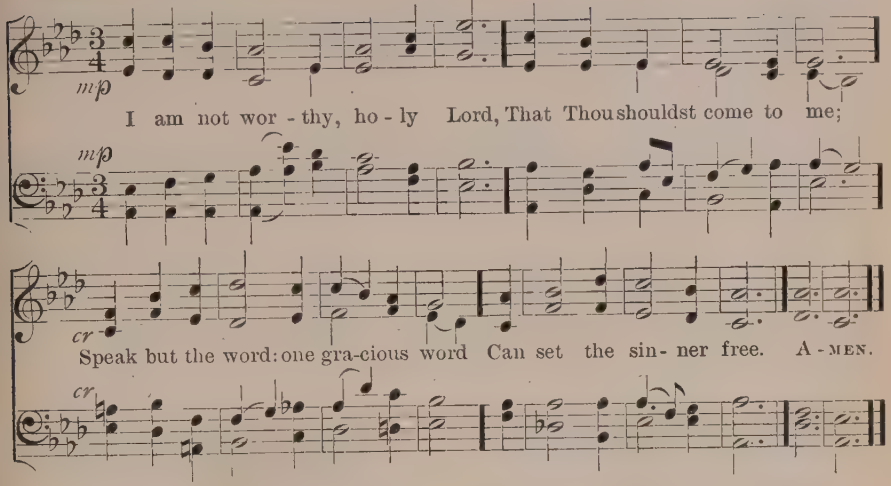
(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

HOLY TRINITY
J. Barnby



234 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. GERONTIUS *J. B. Dykes*

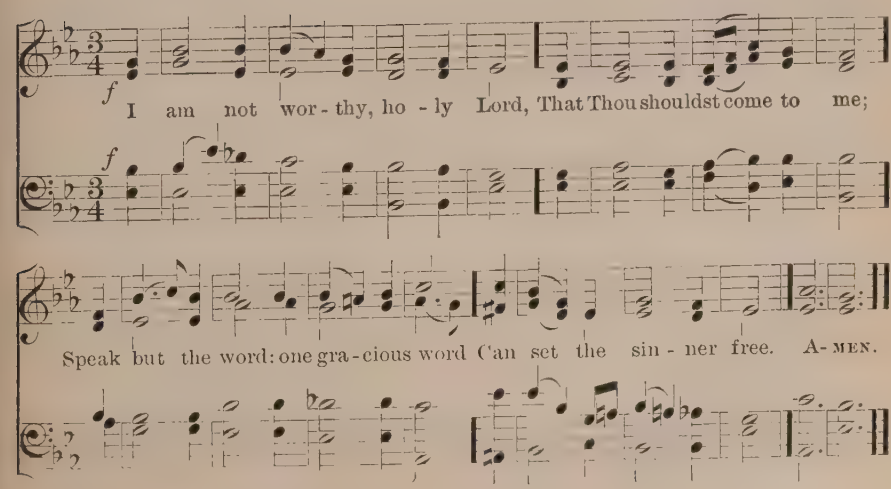

mp
I am not wor - thy, ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me;
mp
cr
Speak but the word: one gra-cious word Can set the sin - ner free. A - MEN.
cr

mp 2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
cr Lord, speak, and make me whole.

mp 3 I am not worthy, yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay; [Blood
Thee, Who didst give Thy Flesh and
My ransom-price to pay?

mf 4 O come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.
H. W. Baker

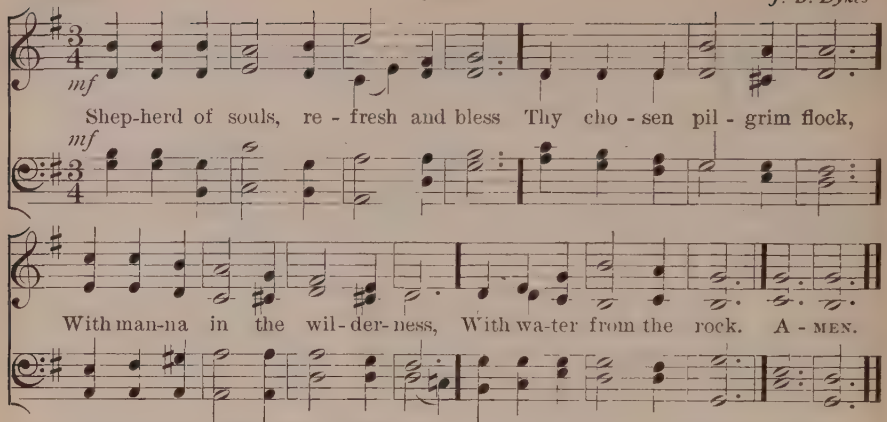
(SECOND TUNE) C. M. HERSAL *W. Lockett*



235

C. M.

ST. AGNES
J. B. Dykes


mf
Shep-herd of souls, re - fresh and bless Thy cho - sen pil - grim flock,
mf
With man-na in the wil - der-ness, With wa-ter from the rock. A - MEN.

mp 2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our sóuls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

mf 3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

p 4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
cr Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

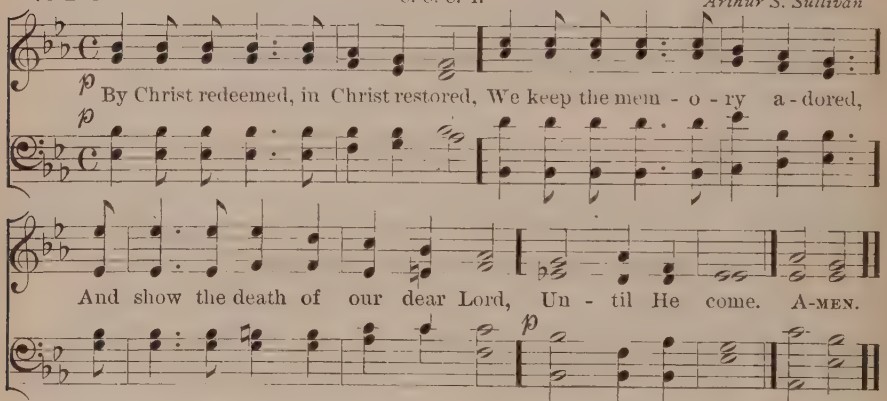
p 5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy Body and Thy Blood,
cr That living bread, that heavenly wine.
Be our immortal food.

J. Montgomery

236

8. 8. 8. 4.

HANFORD
Arthur S. Sullivan



p 2 His Body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

pp 3 His fearful drops of agony,
His Life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

p 4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last Advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until He come.

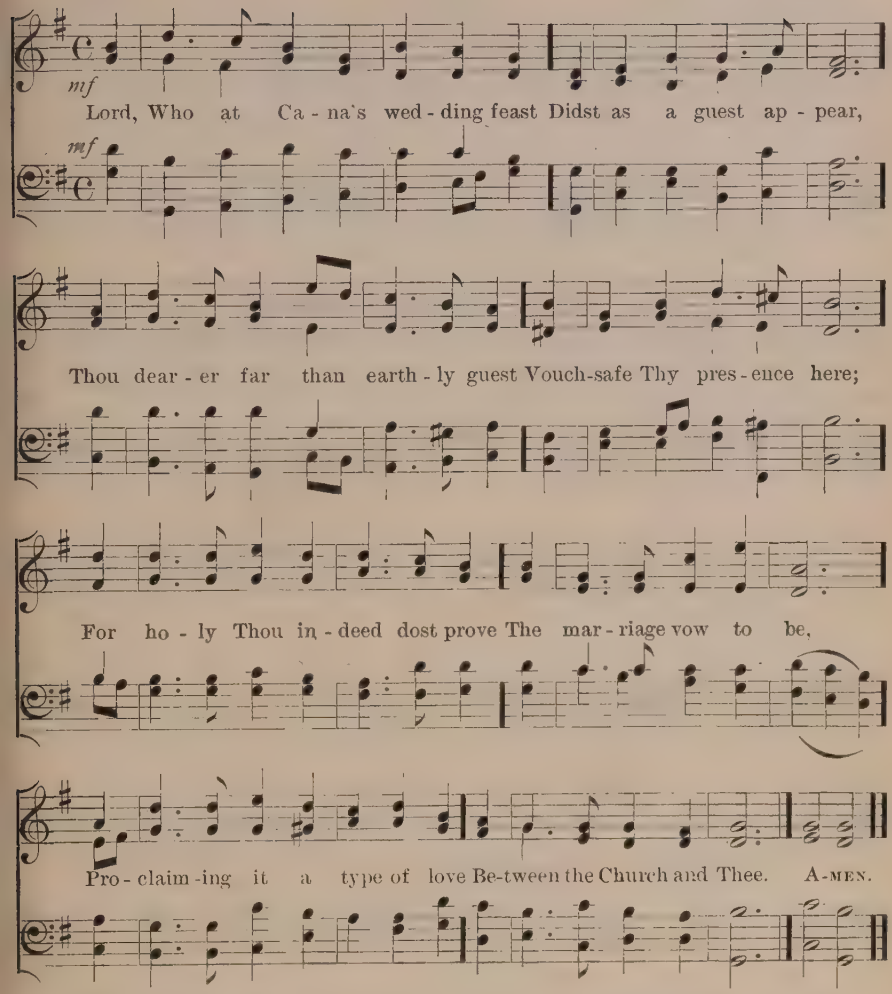
p 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
cr Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

f 6 O blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come!

G. Rawson

Holy Matrimony

237 C. M. D. ST. URSULA *F. Westlake*

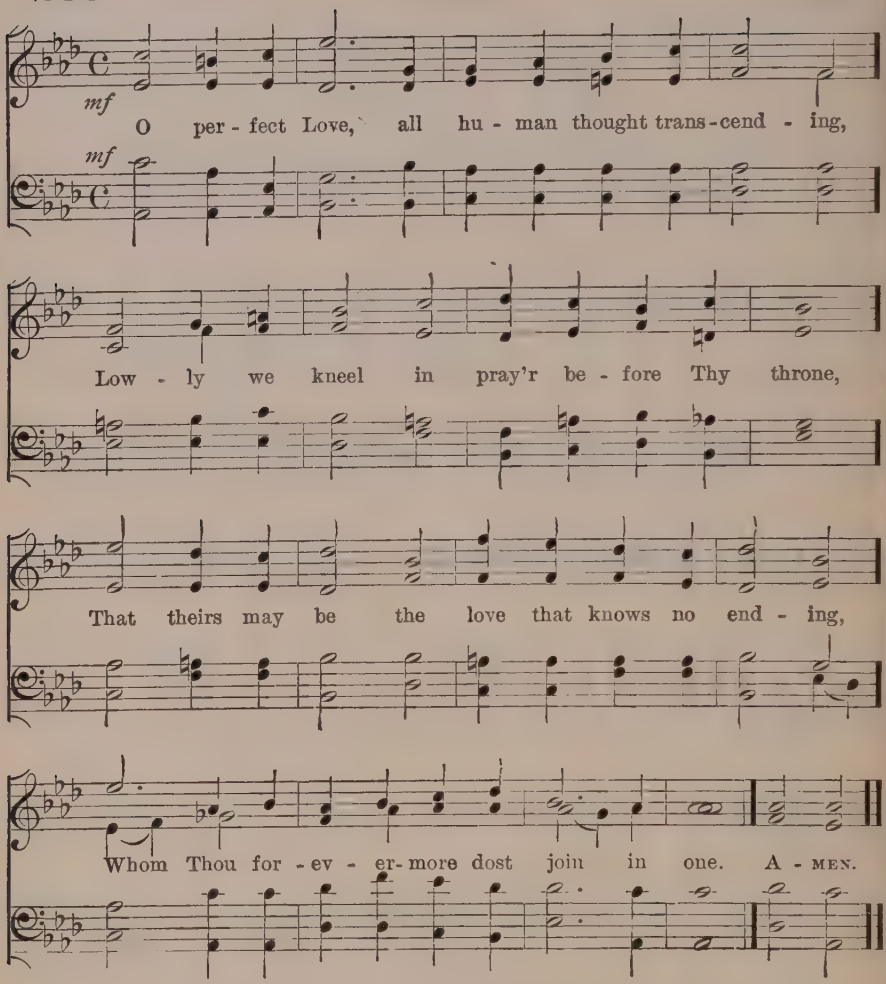

mf
Lord, Who at Ca - na's wed - ding feast Didst as a guest ap - pear,
mf
Thou dear - er far than earth - ly guest Vouch-safe Thy pres - ence here;
For ho - ly Thou in - deed dost prove The mar - riage vow to be,
Pro - claim - ing it a type of love Be-tween the Church and Thee. A-MEN.

mp 2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
cr Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Thro' care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles every joy.

p 3 On those who at Thine altar kneel,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
cr That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more:
mf O grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
And, this world leaving, to receive
A crown of life above!

A. Thrupp

238 (FIRST TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 10. CARITAS *J. Barnby*

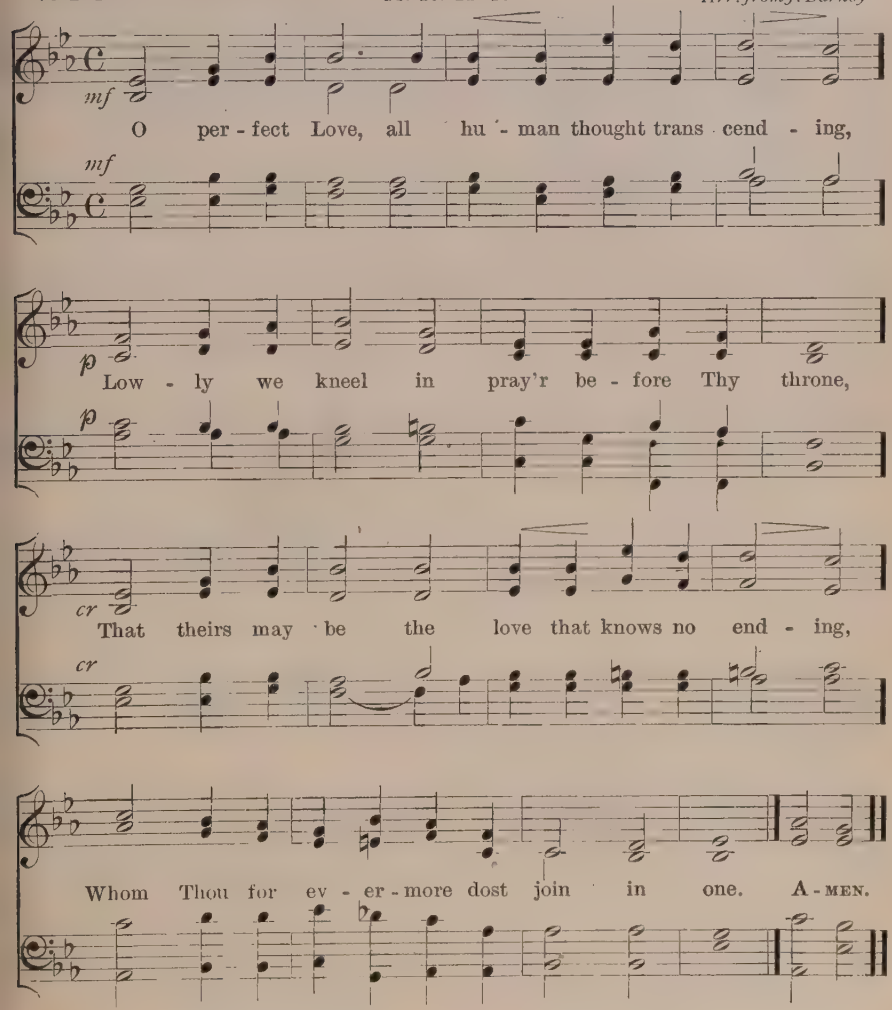

mf
O per - fect Love, all hu - man thought trans-cend - ing,
mf
Low - ly we kneel in pray'r be - fore Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love that knows no end - ing,
Whom Thou for - ev - er-more dost join in one. A - MEN.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Blomfield

238 (SECOND TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 10. SANDRINGHAM *Arr. from J. Barnby*


mf
O per - fect Love, all hu - man thought trans - cend - ing,
p
Low - ly we kneel in pray'r be - fore Thy throne,
cr
That theirs may be the love that knows no end - ing,
Whom Thou for ev - er - more dost join in one. A - MEN.

mf 2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

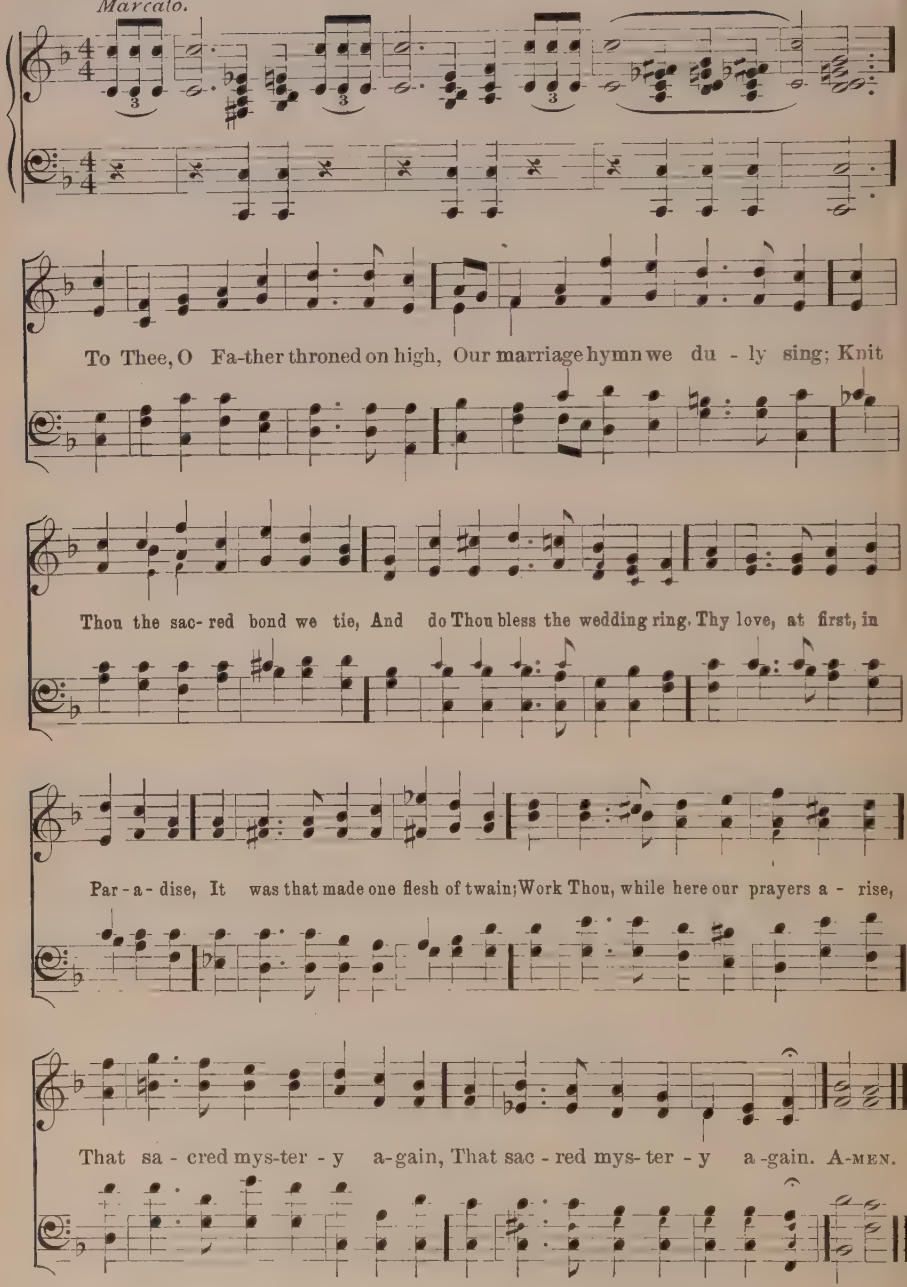
cr 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
p Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
f And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

D. F. Blomfield

Holy Matrimony

239 L. M. D. JEFFERY
T. A. Jeffery

Marcato.


To Thee, O Fa-ther throned on high, Our marriage hymn we du - ly sing; Knit
Thou the sac- red bond we tie, And do Thou bless the wedding ring. Thy love, at first, in
Par - a - dise, It was that made one flesh of twain; Work Thou, while here our prayers a - rise,
That sa - cred mys-ter - y a-gain, That sac - red mys- ter - y a-gain. A-MEN.

mf 2 To Thee, O Jesus, throned beside
Thy Father's right hand, here we cry;
True Bridegroom of Thy spotless Bride,
With all Thy human love, draw nigh.
Our human nature, Thy divine
Has wedded, and in Thee, dear Lord,
As Cana's water turned to wine,
Its lost godlikeness is restored.

mp 3 O Holy Ghost the Paraclete,
Thee too we worship, God and Lord,
And honour Thee, with praises meet,
One with the Father and the Word.

cr Lord and Live-giver, hear our prayer,
Come, sanctify, and bless, and guide,
Strengthen, and shelter 'neath Thy care,
The life of bridegroom and of bride.

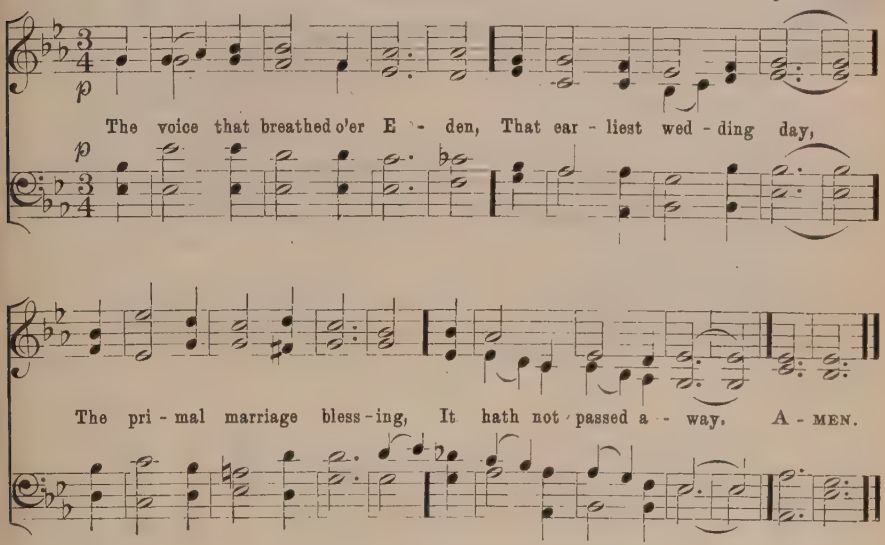
f 4 O God Triune, Whom heaven's host
Adores with sweet and ceaseless song;
O Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To Whom all worship doth belong;
Hear, in these echoes faint and dim
Of chant and prayer and holy psalm,
Their songs, the heavenly feast who hymn,
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

W. C. Doane

240 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6.

ST. GILES
J. Stainer



mf 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
p The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

p 3 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

mf 4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

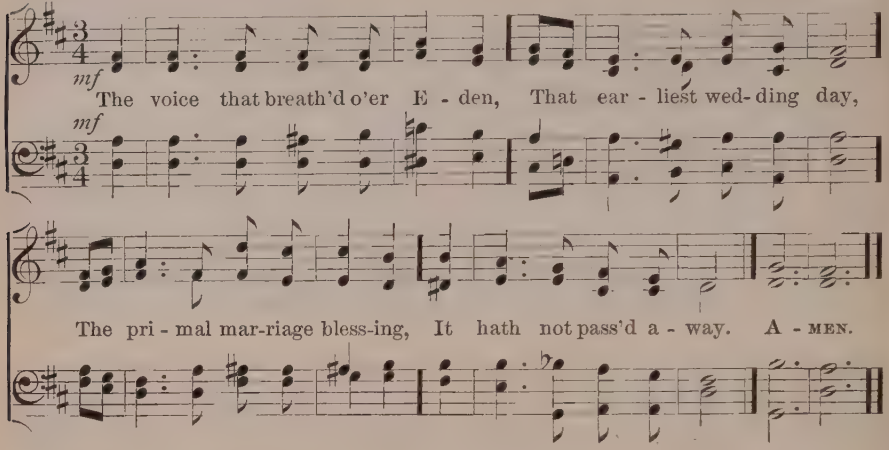
mp 5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal!

mf 6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace.

cr 7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

J. Keble

240 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. EDEN *St. Alban's Tune Book*



mf 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
p The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

p 3 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of His own pierced side:

mf 4 Be present Son, of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

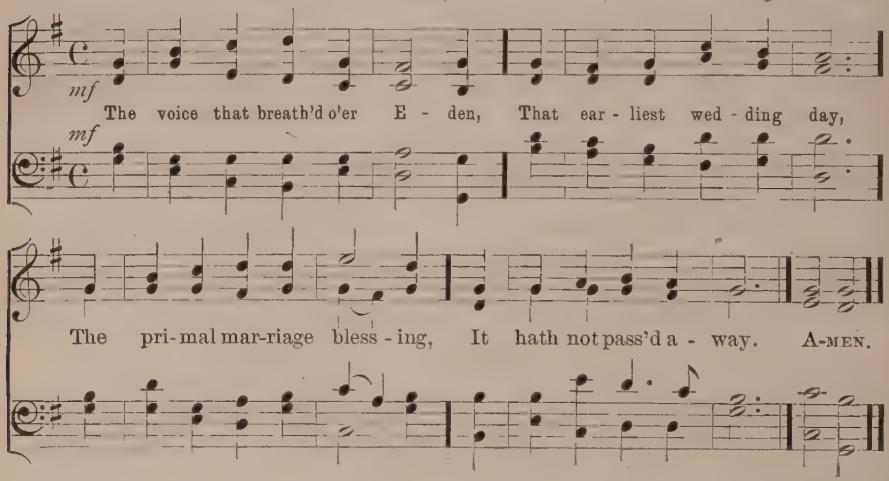
mp 5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal!

mf 6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,

cr 7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

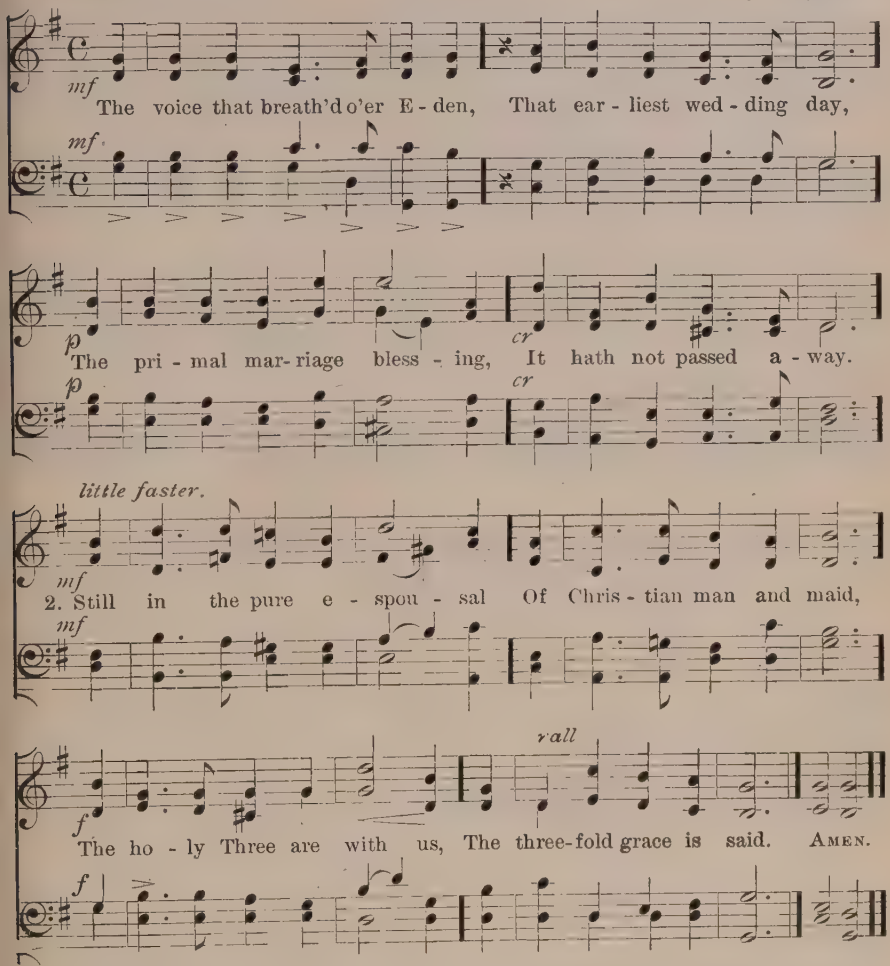
J. Keble

(THIRD TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. ST. ALPHEGE *H. J. Gauntlett*



240 (FOURTH TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

COME UNTO ME
J. B. Dykes


mf
The voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear - liest wed - ding day,
mf
p
The pri - mal mar - riage bless - ing, It hath not passed a - way.
cr
p
cr
little faster.
mf
2. Still in the pure e - spou - sal Of Chris - tian man and maid,
mf
rall
f
The ho - ly Three are with us, The three-fold grace is said. AMEN.
f

p 3 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

mf 4 Be present Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

p 5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal!

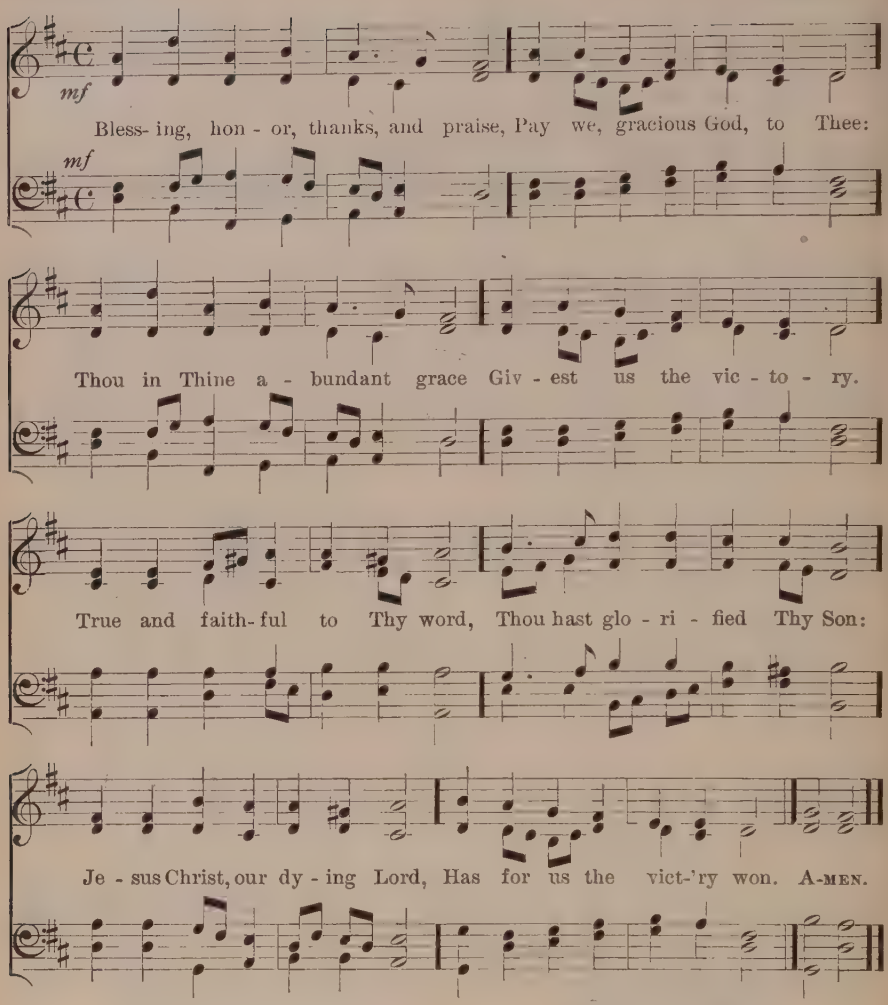
mf 6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,

cr 7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

f 8 To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God Whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore.

J. Keble

241 7. 7. 7. 7. D. SALZBURG *J. Rosenmuller*

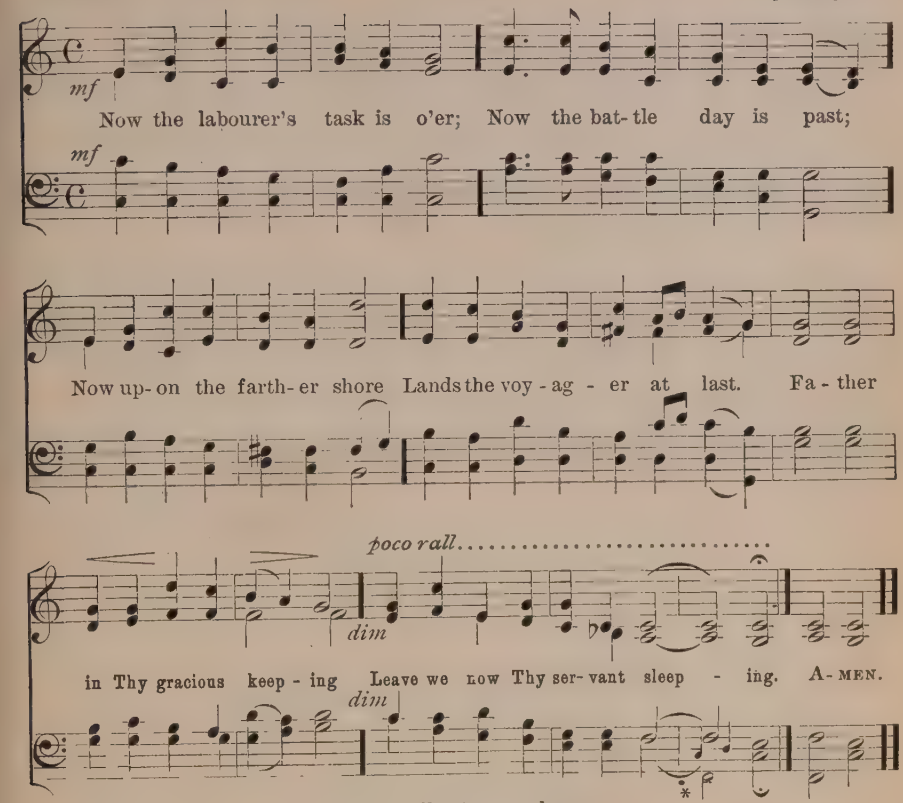

mf
Bless- ing, hon - or, thanks, and praise, Pay we, gracious God, to Thee:
mf
Thou in Thine a - bundant grace Giv - est us the vic - to - ry.
True and faith- ful to Thy word, Thou hast glo - ri - fied Thy Son:
Je - sus Christ, our dy - ing Lord, Has for us the vict-'ry won. A-MEN.

mp 2 Happy are the faithful dead,
Blessèd who in Jesus die;
cr They from all their toils are freed,
In God's keeping safely lie.
These the spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest,
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

mf 3 Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
Join we then with one accord
In the new, the joyful song;
cr Blessing, honour, thanks and praise,
Triune God, we pay to Thee,
Who in Thine abundant grace
Givest us the victory!

C. Wesley

242 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8. REQUIESCAT *J. B. Dykes*


mf
Now the labourer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle day is past;
mf
Now up-on the farth-er shore Lands the voy-ag-er at last. Fa-ther
poco rall.
dim
in Thy gracious keep-ing Leave we now Thy ser-vant sleep-ing. A-MEN.
dim

* If there is no accompaniment the small notes may be sung.

mf 2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
dim Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

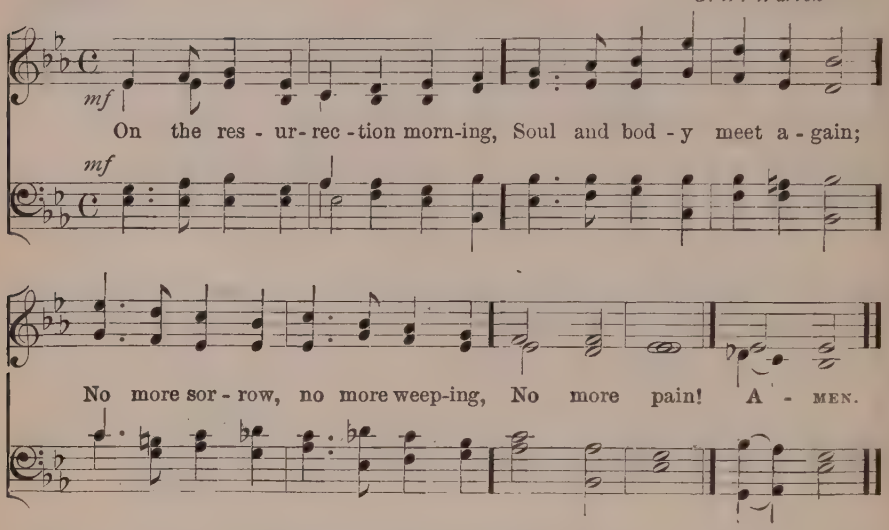
p 3 There the penitents, that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
cr All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.
mf Father, in Thy gracious keeping
dim Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf 4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
cr Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
dim He Who died for their release.
cr Father, in Thy gracious keeping
dim Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

p 5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
cr For the resurrection-day.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
pp Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

J. Ellerton

243 8. 7. 8. 3. RESURRECTION MORNING
G. W. Warren



p 2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

p 3 For a space the tirèd body
Lies with feet toward the dawn;
cr Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

mf 4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
cr Breaking at the resurrection
Into song.

f 5 Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

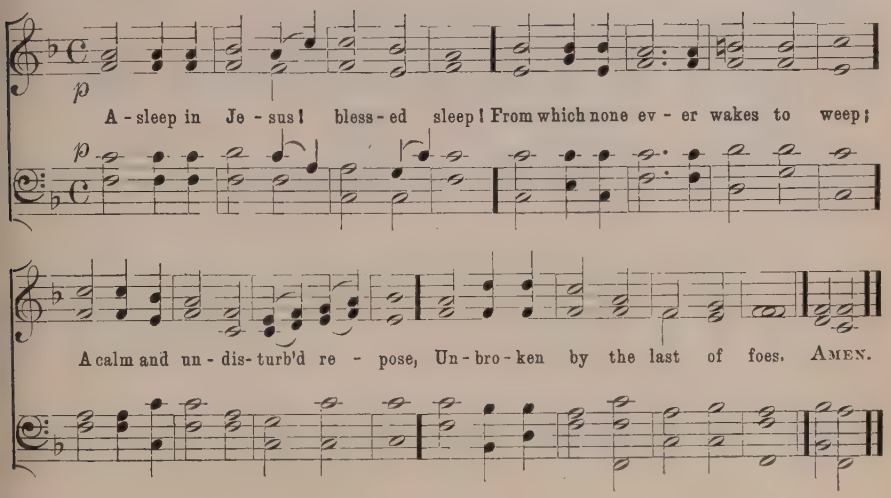
6 O the beauty, O the gladness
Of that resurrection-day!
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away!

f 7 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.

p 8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last;
cr To Thy Cross, thro' death and judgment,
f Holding fast.

S. Baring-Gould

244 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. FEDERAL STREET *H. K. Oliver*


A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep! From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
A calm and un - dis - turb'd re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes. AMEN.

p 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
cr With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

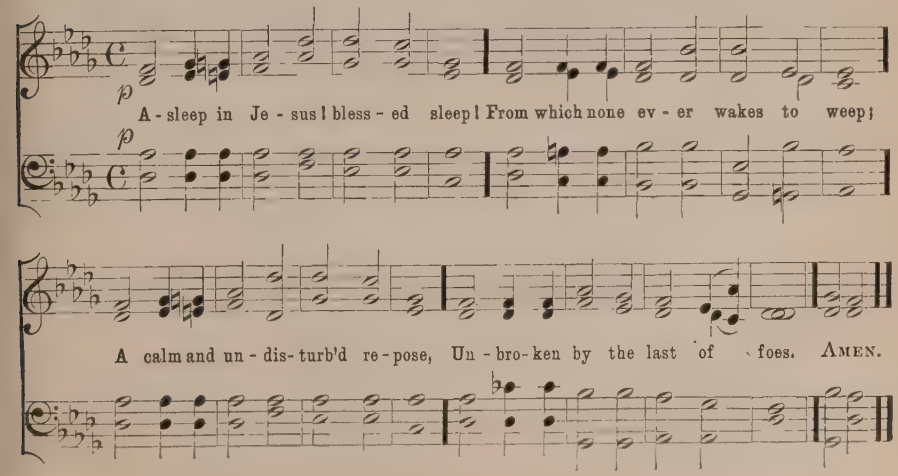
p 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
cr Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

p 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
cr May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
dim Waiting the summons from on high.

p 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
cr But there is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

M. Mackay

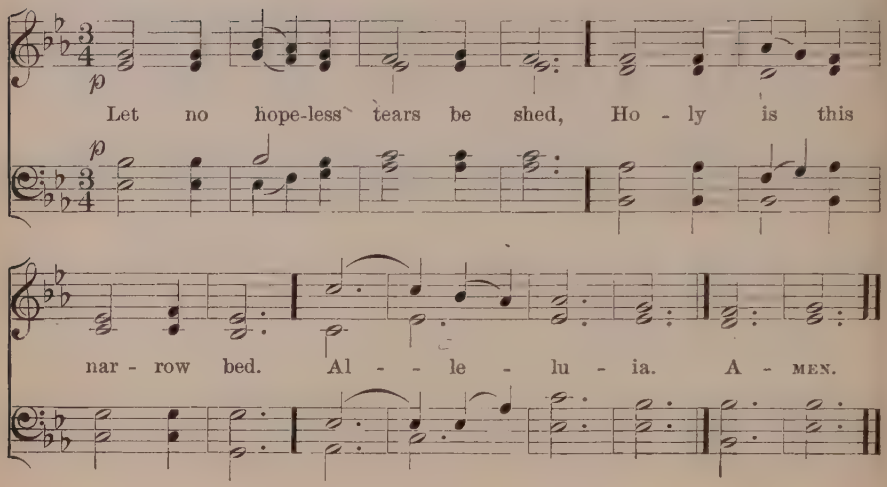
(SECOND TUNE) L. M. ST. JOHN'S, HIGHLANDS *W. C. B.*


A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep! From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
A calm and un - dis - turb'd re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes. AMEN.

Burial of the Dead

FOR A CHILD

245 7. 7. 4. ST. MILLICENT *A. S. Sullivan*



cr 2 Death eternal life bestows,
f Open heaven's portal throws.
Alleluia.

mf 3 And no peril waits at last
dim *Him* who now away hath past.
Alleluia.

mf 4 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed for race well run:
Alleluia.

cr 5 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward;
Alleluia.

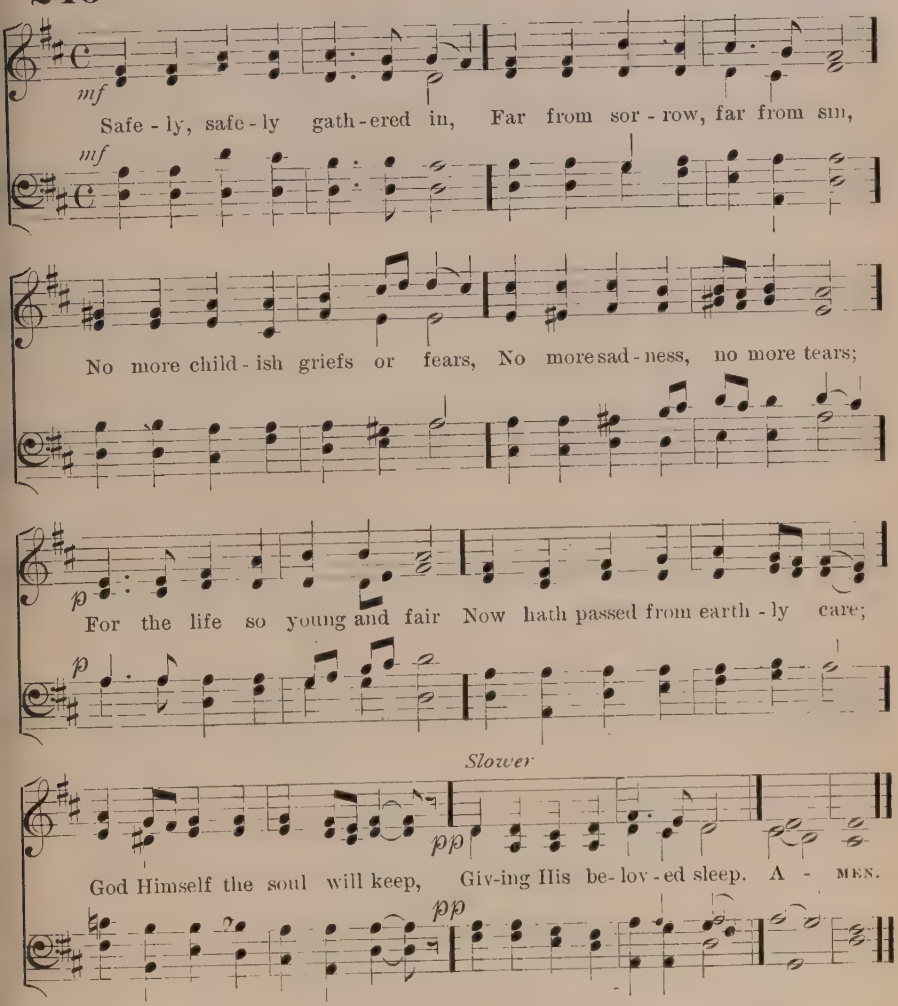
f 6 Grants the prize without the course,
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Alleluia.

p 7 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one;
Alleluia.

cr 8 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.
Alleluia.

TR. *R. F. Littledale*

246 7. 7. 7. 7. D. MONICA *M. B. Foster*

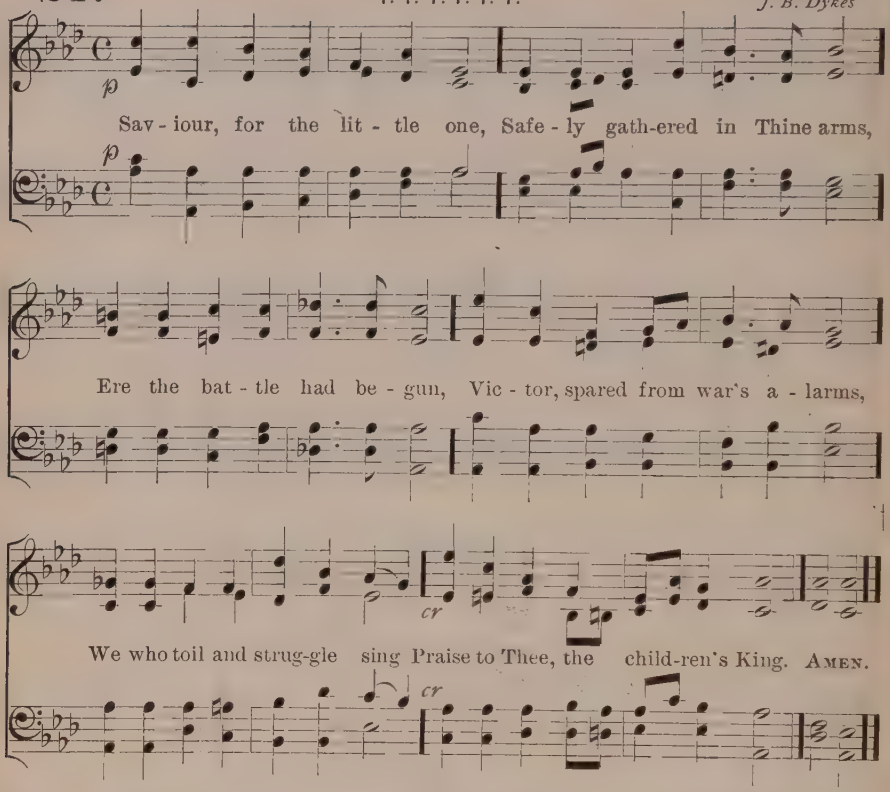

mf
Safe - ly, safe - ly gath - ered in, Far from sor - row, far from sin,
mf
No more child - ish griefs or fears, No more sad - ness, no more tears;
p
For the life so young and fair Now hath passed from earth - ly care;
p
Slower
pp
God Himself the soul will keep, Giv-ing His be-lov - ed sleep. A - MEN.
pp

mf 2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is truest gain;
p For our loss we may not weep,
Nor our loved ones long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
cr Where all sin and sorrow cease.

mf 3 Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this fresh young life;
cr Now it waits for us above,
Resting in the Saviour's love;
p Jesu, grant that we may meet
cr There, adoring, at Thy feet.

H. O. de L. Dobree

247 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. GLASTONBURY *J. B. Dykes*


p
Sav - iour, for the lit - tle one, Safe - ly gath-ered in Thine arms,
p
Ere the bat - tle had be - gun, Vic - tor, spared from war's a - larms,
cr
We who toil and strug-gle sing Praise to Thee, the child-ren's King. AMEN.
cr

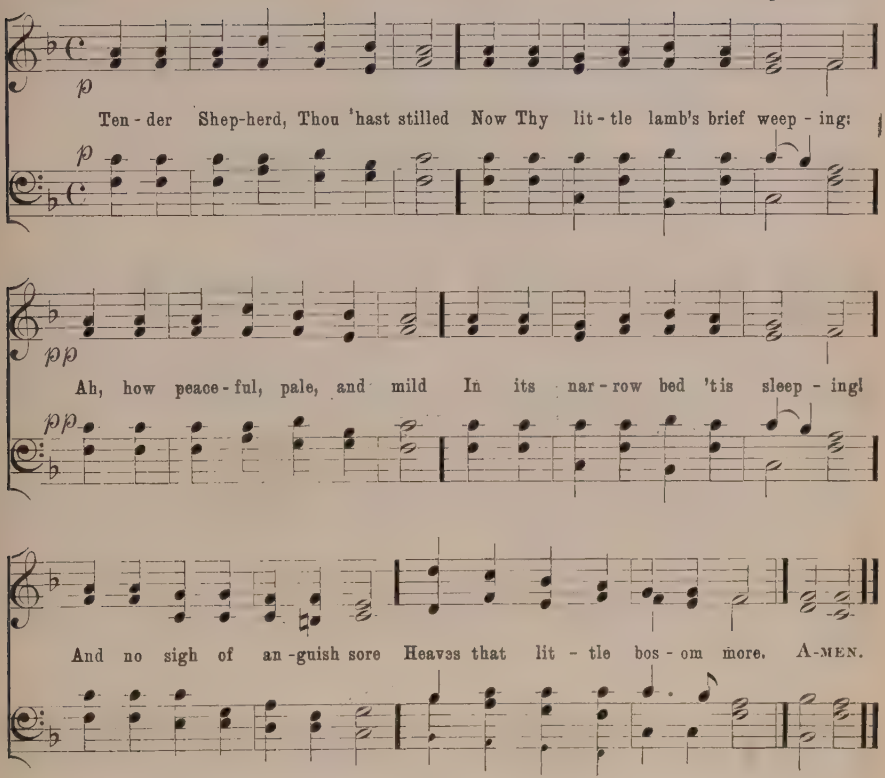
mf 2 First of all Thy martyr-band,
Infants for Thy sake were slain;
cr Day by day, from every land,
Infants swell the guileless train,
dim Who, this vale of tears untrod,
Stand before the throne of God.

mf 3 Thou dost give and take away,
Full of love, in all Thy ways:
cr Be each mourner's heart to-day
Full of loving trust and praise,
In the midst of grief to bring
Thanks to Thee, the children's King.

M. A. Thomson

Burial of the Dead

248 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. MEINHOLD *J. S. Bach*

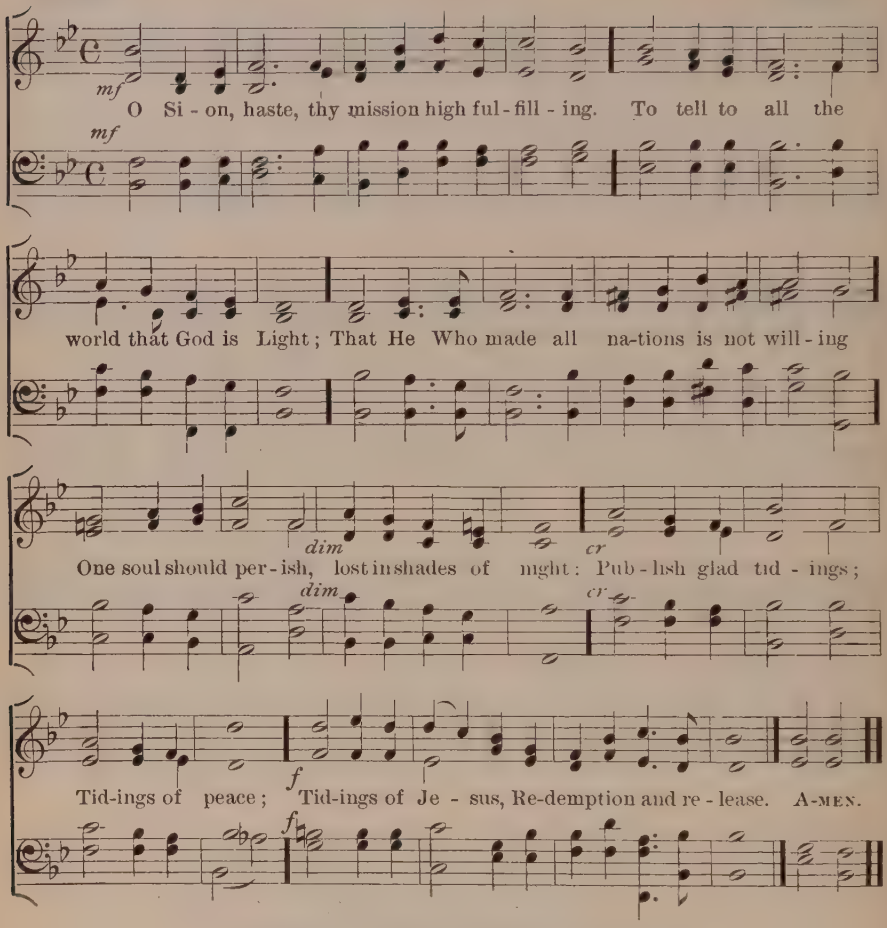

p
Ten - der Shep-herd, Thou 'hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing:
p
pp
Ah, how peace - ful, pale, and mild In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing!
pp
And no sigh of an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bos - om more. A-MEN.

mp 2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
cr To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
mf Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

mf 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
cr Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
dim Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

J. N. Meinhold: TR. *C. Winkworth*

249 (FIRST TUNE) P. M. TIDINGS *J. Walch*


mf
O Si - on, haste, thy mission high ful - fill - ing. To tell to all the
mf
world that God is Light; That He Who made all na-tions is not will - ing
dim
cr
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night: Pub - lish glad tid - ings;
dim
cr
f
Tid-ings of peace; Tid-ings of Je - sus, Re-demption and re - lease. A-MEN.
f

mp 2 Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.
cr Publish, etc.

mf 3 'T is thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord His life laid down;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfil thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown.
cr Publish, etc.

mf 4 Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation
That God, in Whom they live and move is Love:
dim Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
p And died on earth that man might live above.
cr Publish, etc.

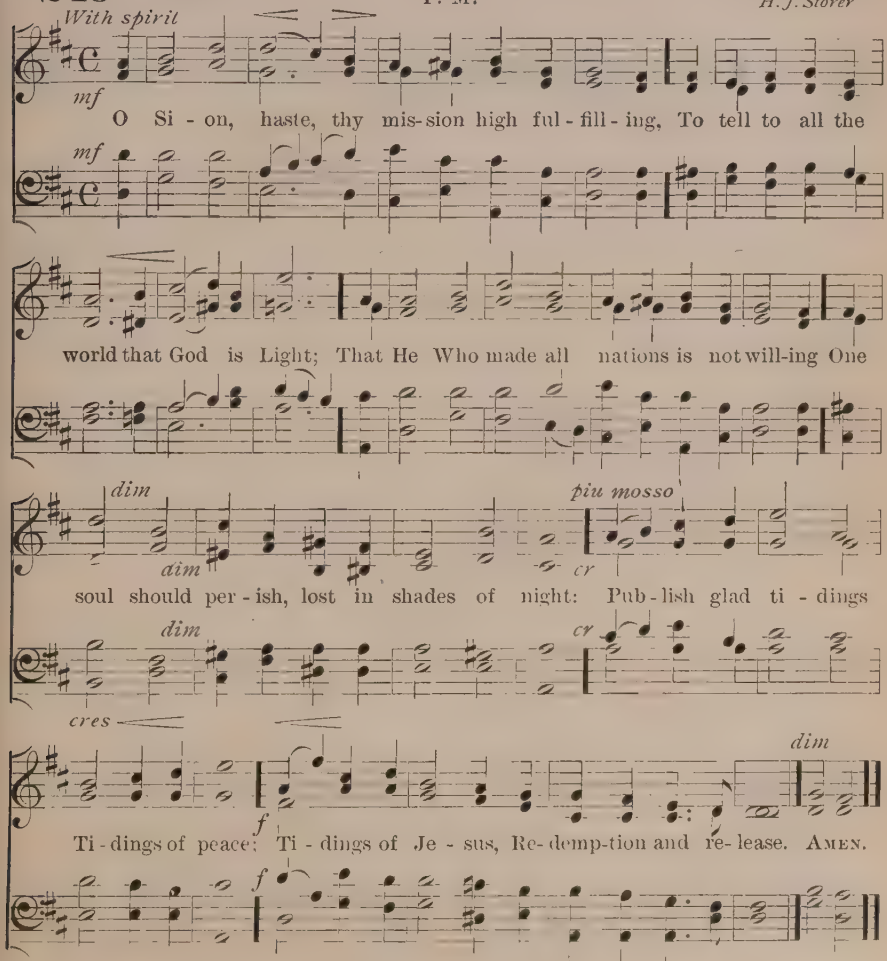
dim Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
p And died on earth that man might live above
cr Publish, etc.

mf 5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way,
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.
cr Publish, etc.

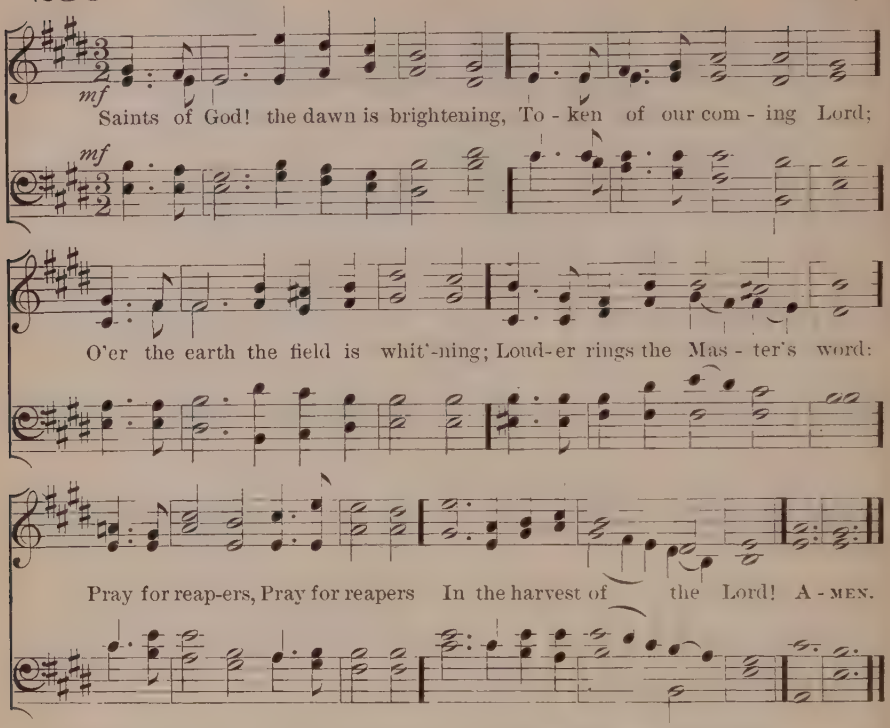
p 6 He comes again—O Sion, ere Thou meet Him,
cr Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.
f Publish, etc.

M. A. Thomson

249 (SECOND TUNE) P. M. O SION, HASTE *H. J. Stover*


With spirit
mf
O Si - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
world that God is Light; That He Who made all nations is not will-ing One
dim
piu mosso
soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night: Pub - lish glad ti - dings
cres
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease. AMEN.

250 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. HARLEY *H. Gadsby*


mf
Saints of God! the dawn is brightening, To - ken of our com - ing Lord;
mf
O'er the earth the field is whit'-ning; Loud-er rings the Mas - ter's word:
Pray for reap-ers, Pray for reapers In the harvest of the Lord! A - MEN.

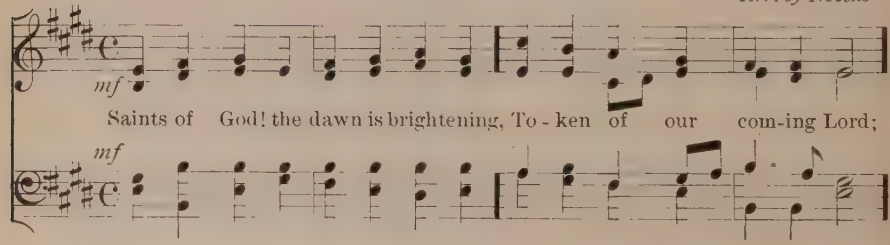
mf 2 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,
dim Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
cr And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land;
Faithful reapers [hand.
Gathering sheaves for Thy right

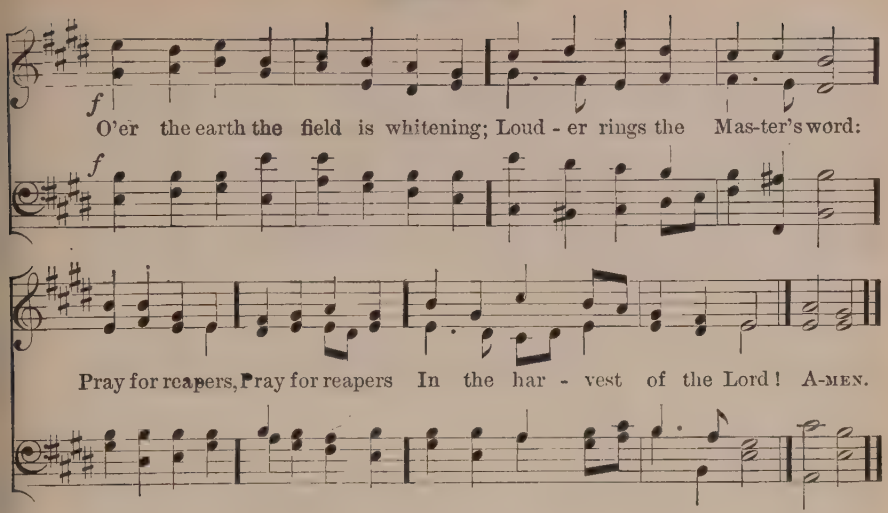
mf 3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation:
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By Thy Spirit
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

mp 4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come;
cr Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest-home.
Saints and angels
f Shout the world's great Harvest home.

M. Maxwell

(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. ST THOMAS *Arr. by Novello*

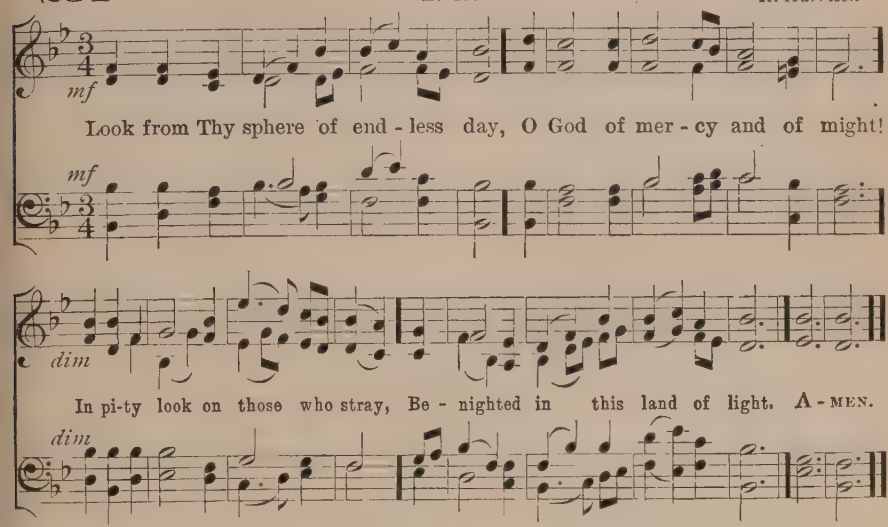



f
O'er the earth the field is whitening; Loud - er rings the Mas-ter's word:
f
Pray for reapers, Pray for reapers In the har - vest of the Lord! A-MEN.

251

L. M.

WARRINGTON
R. Harrison


mf
Look from Thy sphere of end - less day, O God of mer - cy and of might!
mf
dim
In pi-ty look on those who stray, Be - nighted in this land of light. A - MEN.
dim

mf 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

cr 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
dim The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
cr Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

mf 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
dim And bind and heal the broken heart.

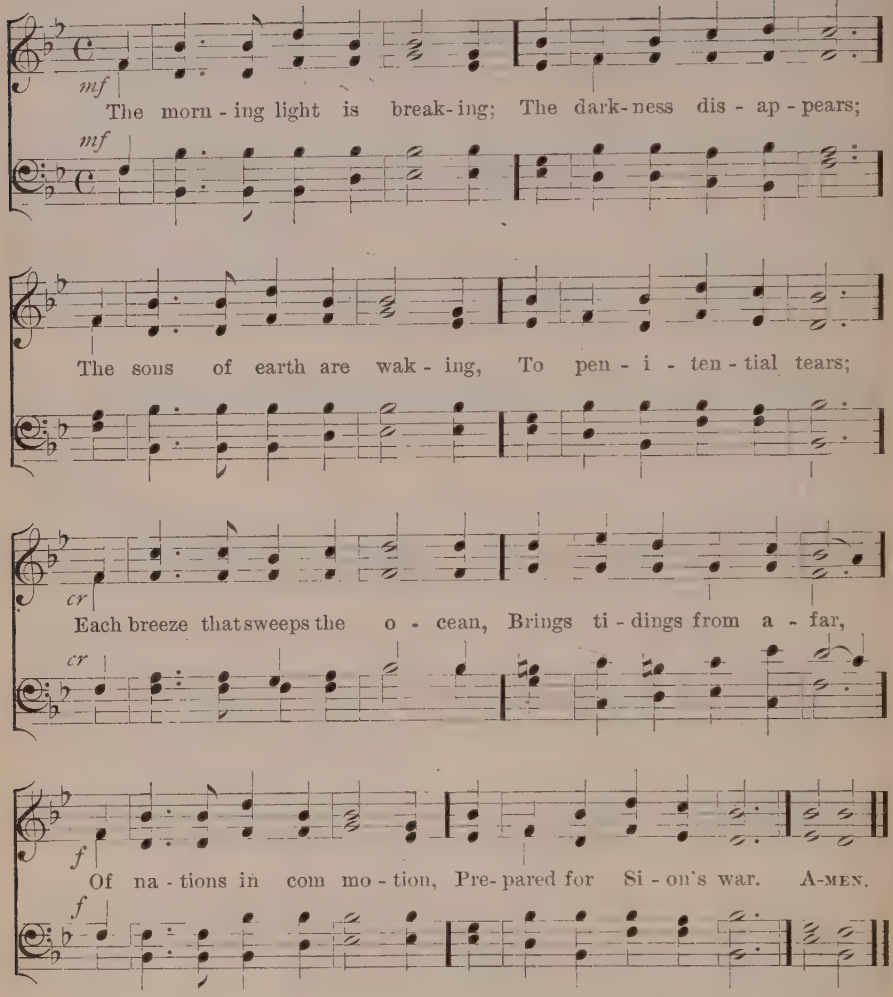
mf 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
cr Shall grow with living waters green,
f And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant

252

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

WEBB
G. J. Webb


mf
The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
mf
The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
cr
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean, Brings ti - dings from a - far,
cr
f
Of na - tions in com mo - tion, Pre - pared for Si - on's war. A-MEN.
f

mf 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
f While sinners now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

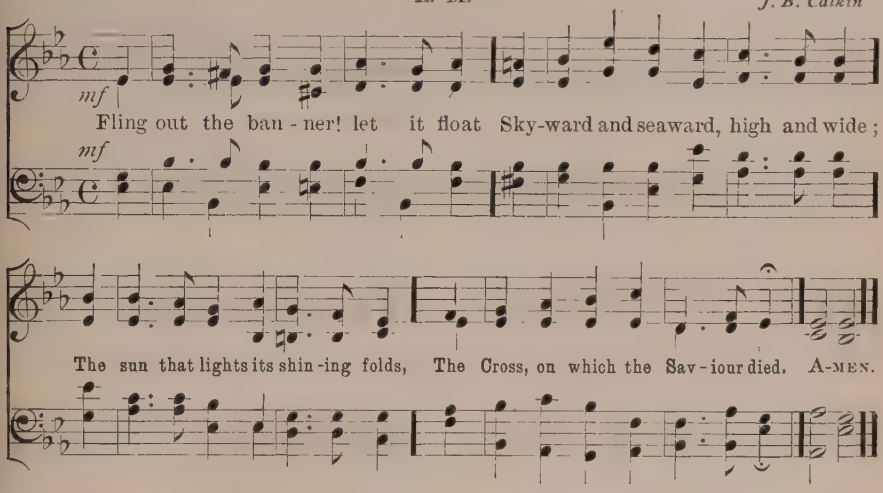
mf 3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
cr Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
f Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

S. F. Smith

253 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

CAMDEN
J. B. Calkin


mf
Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide;
mf
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The Cross, on which the Sav-iour died. A-MEN.

mf 2 Fling out the banner! (*dim*) angels bend *cr*
p In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

f 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

mf 4 Fling out the banner! (*p*) sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
f Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

f 5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the Cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

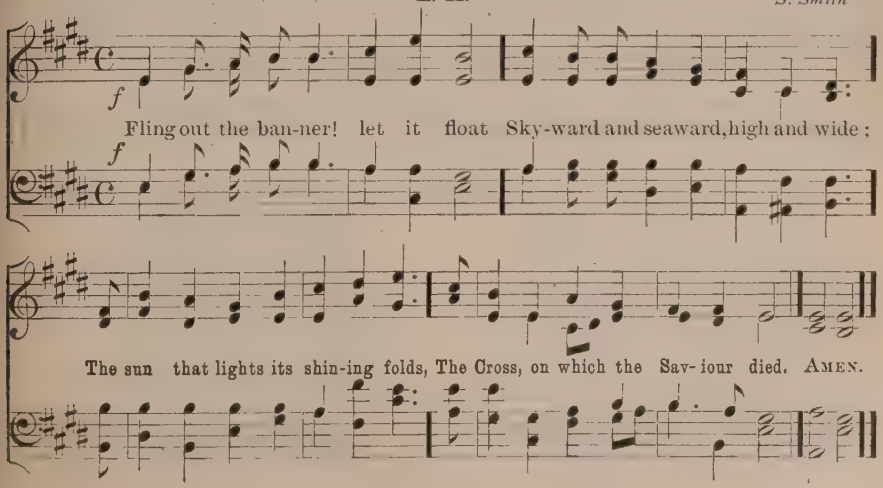
f 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

G. W. Doane

(SECOND TUNE)

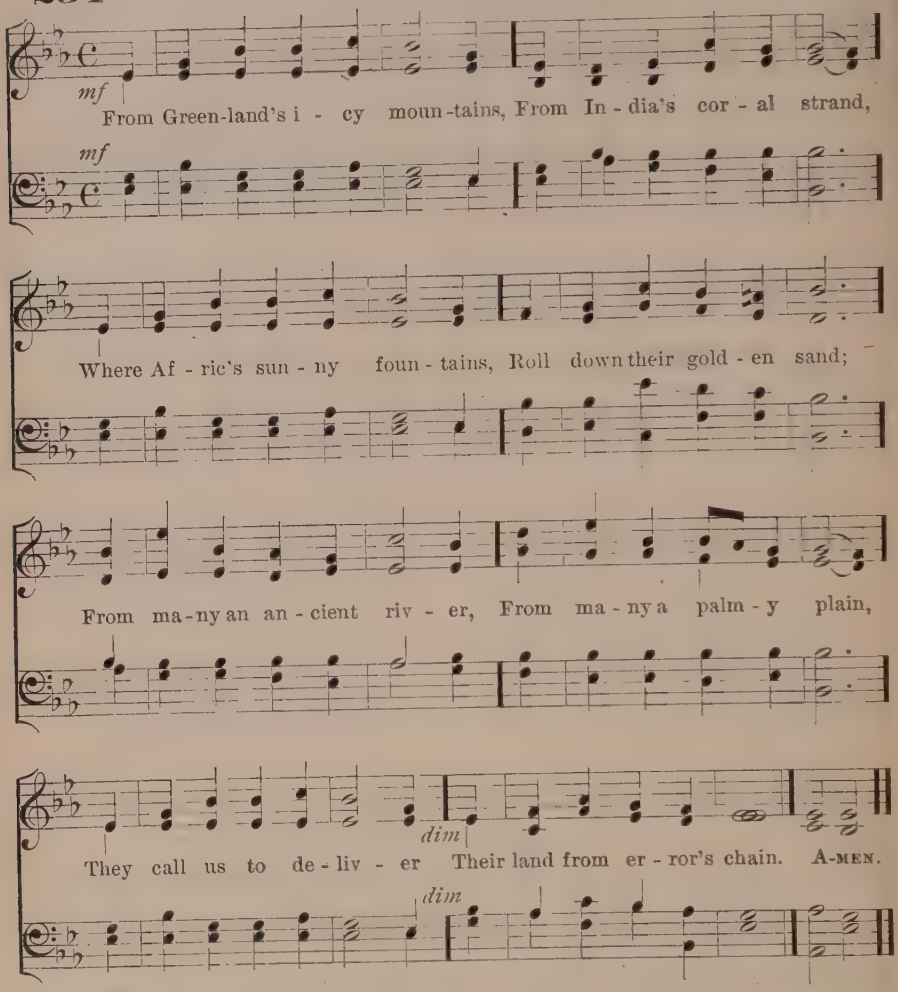
L. M.

MELANESIA
S. Smith


f
Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide;
f
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The Cross, on which the Sav-iour died. AMEN.

254 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

MISSIONARY HYMN
L. Mason


mf
From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
mf
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains, Roll down their gold - en sand;
From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain,
dim
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A-MEN.
dim

mf 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
dim And only man is vile:
p In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

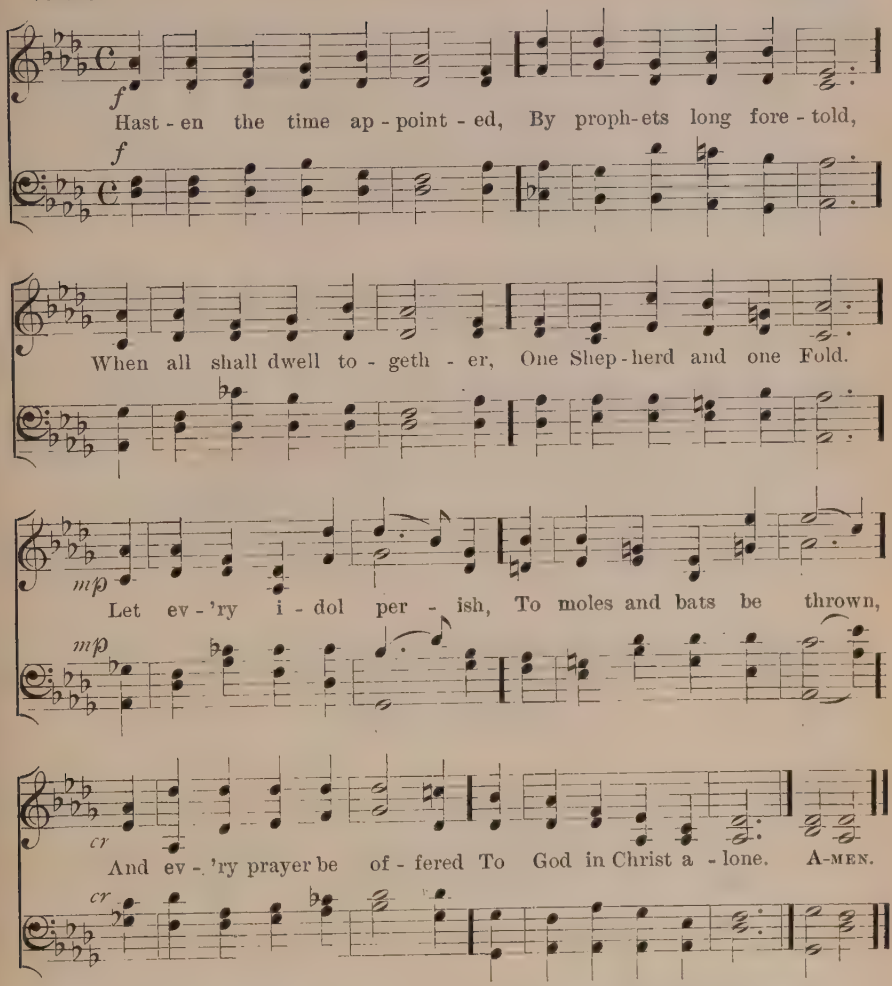
mf 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
cr Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

f Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

ff 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

R. Heber

255 7. 6. 7. 6. D. LANCASHIRE *H. Smart*


f
Hast - en the time ap - point - ed, By proph-ets long fore - told,
f
When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one Fold.
mp
Let ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown,
mp
cr
And ev - 'ry prayer be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone. A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 Let Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
dim Around one altar kneeling,
cr One common Lord adore.
Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.

mf 3 Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love.

f Let war be learned no longer,
Let strife and tumult cease,
cr All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

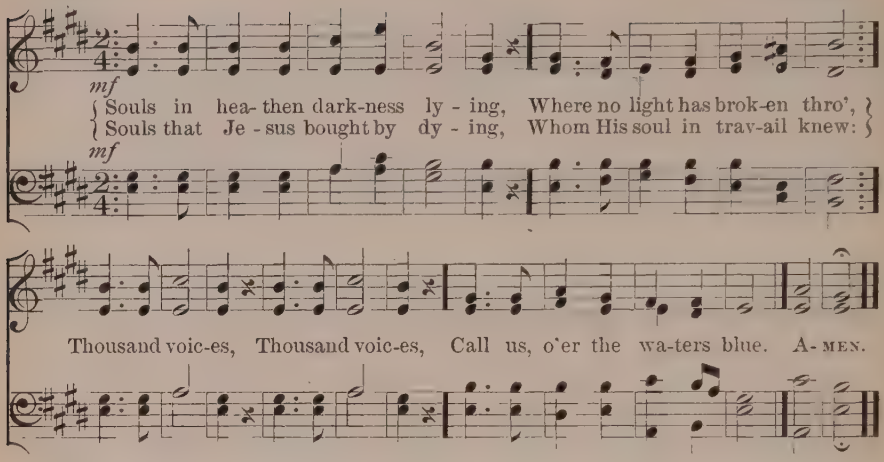
f 4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labour,
Till the dark night be gone.

J. Borthwick (*f*)

256

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

St. Enoch
W. B. Gilbert


mf
Souls in hea-then dark-ness ly-ing, Where no light has brok-en thro',
Souls that Je-sus bought by dy-ing, Whom His soul in trav-ail knew:
mf
Thousand voic-es, Thousand voic-es, Call us, o'er the wa-ters blue. A-MEN.

mf 2 Christians, hearken! None has taught
Of His love so deep and dear; [them
p Of the precious price that bought them; *dim*
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
cr Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

mf 3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
p In the Judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

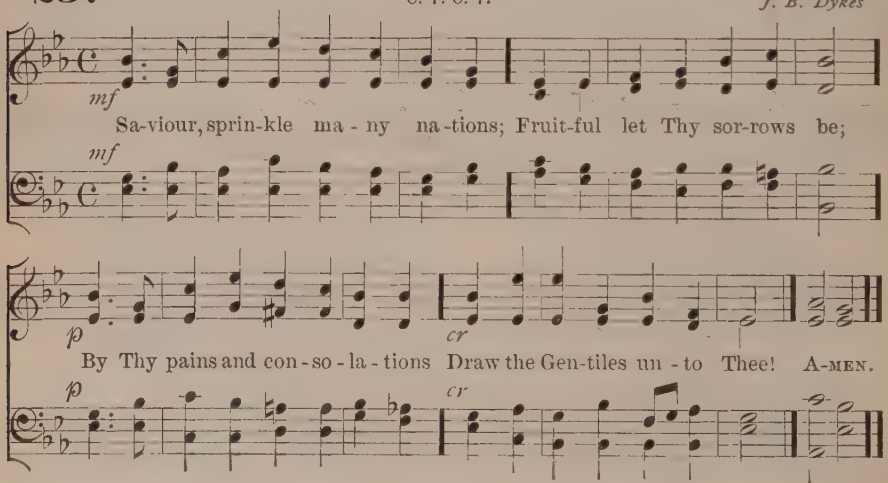
mf 4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
cr Seaward far the islands brighten;
Light of nations! lead us o'er:
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before.

C. F. Alexander

257

8. 7. 8. 7.

St. Oswald
J. B. Dykes



2 Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

mf 3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
dim Human tears for Thee are flowing,
p Human hearts in Thee would rest.

4 Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
cr Thee they seek as God of heaven,
dim Thee as Man for sinners slain.

mf 5 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting!
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

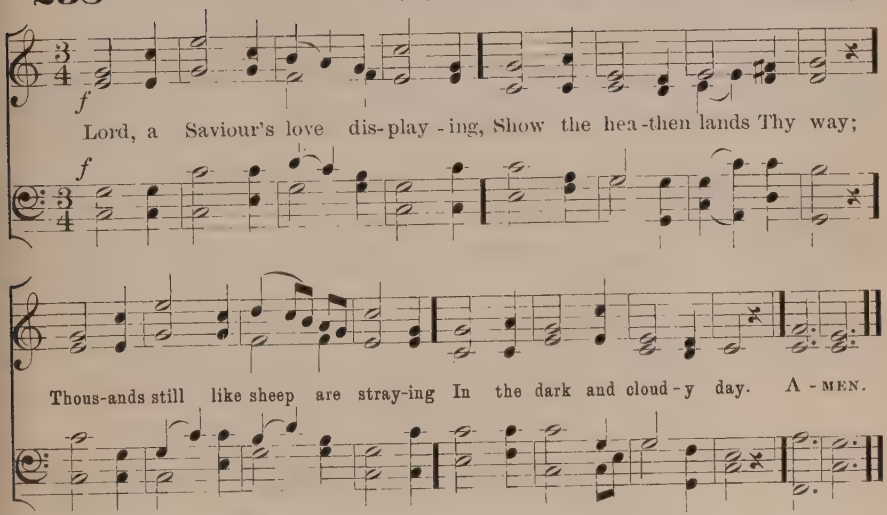
f 6 Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

A. C. Coxe

258

8. 7. 8. 7.

RATHBUN
I. Conkey


f
Lord, a Saviour's love dis-play-ing, Show the hea-then lands Thy way;
f
Thous-ands still like sheep are stray-ing In the dark and cloud-y day. A-MEN.

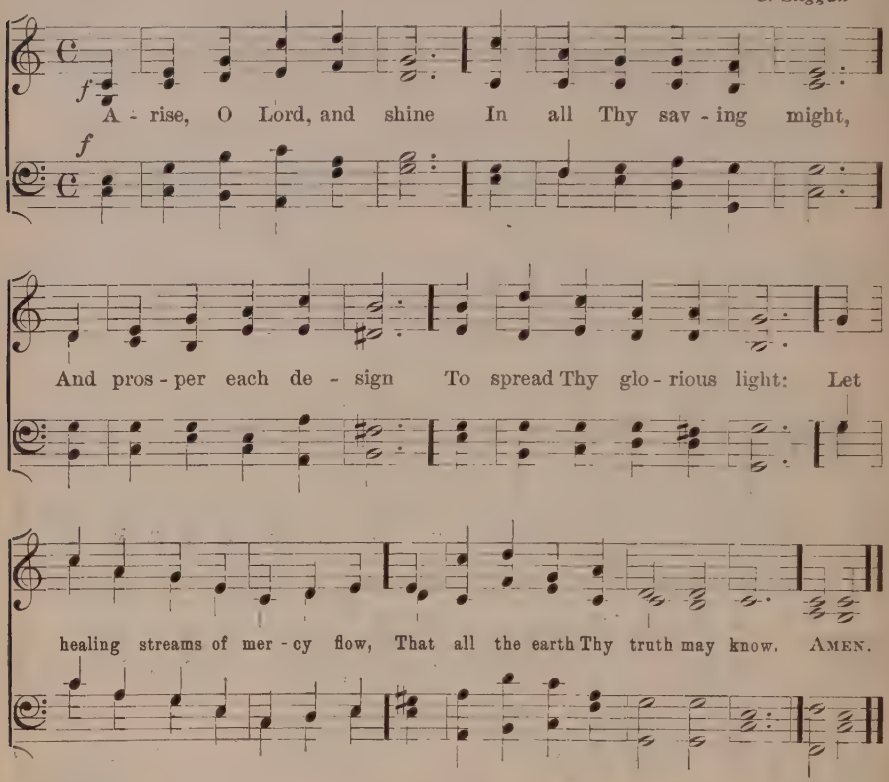
p 2 Shades of death are gathering o'er them,
Lord, they perish from Thy sight!
cr Let Thine angel go before them;
Bring the Gentiles to Thy Light.

mf 3 Fetch them home from every nation,
From the islands of the sea;
By the word of Thy salvation
Call the wanderers back to Thee.

mf 4 Thou their pasture hast provided,
Grant the blessing long foretold;
cr Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,
Find at last the one true Fold.

E. Hawkins

259 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. CHRISTCHURCH *C. Steggall*

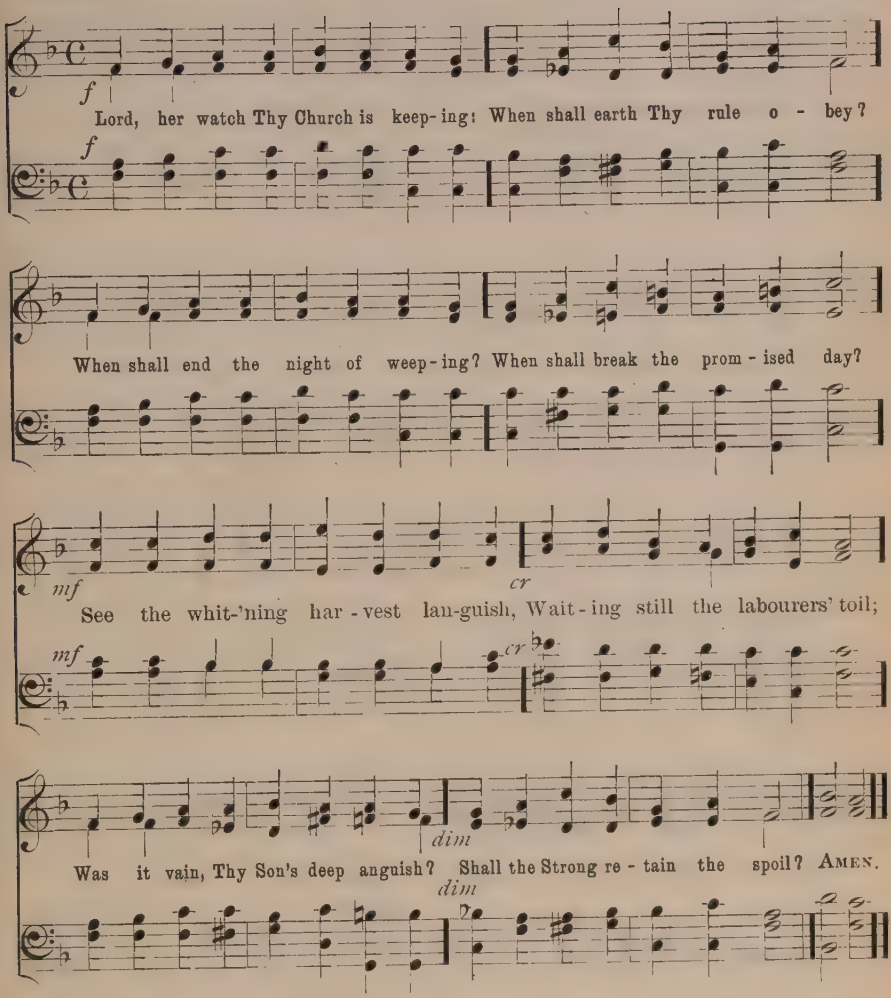

A - rise, O Lord, and shine In all Thy sav - ing might,
And pros - per each de - sign To spread Thy glo - rious light: Let
healing streams of mer - cy flow, That all the earth Thy truth may know. AMEN.

f 2 O bring the nations near,
That they may sing Thy praise;
Let all the poeple hear
And learn Thy holy ways:
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

f 3 Put forth Thy glorious power:
The nations then shall see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born to Thee:
God, our own God, His Church shall bless,
And earth be filled with righteousness.

W. Hurn

260 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D. LOVE DIVINE *G. F. Le Jeune*


f
Lord, her watch Thy Church is keep-ing: When shall earth Thy rule o - bey?
When shall end the night of weep-ing? When shall break the prom - ised day?
mf
cr
See the whit-'ning har - vest lan-guish, Wait - ing still the labourers' toil;
dim
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish? Shall the Strong re - tain the spoil? AMEN.

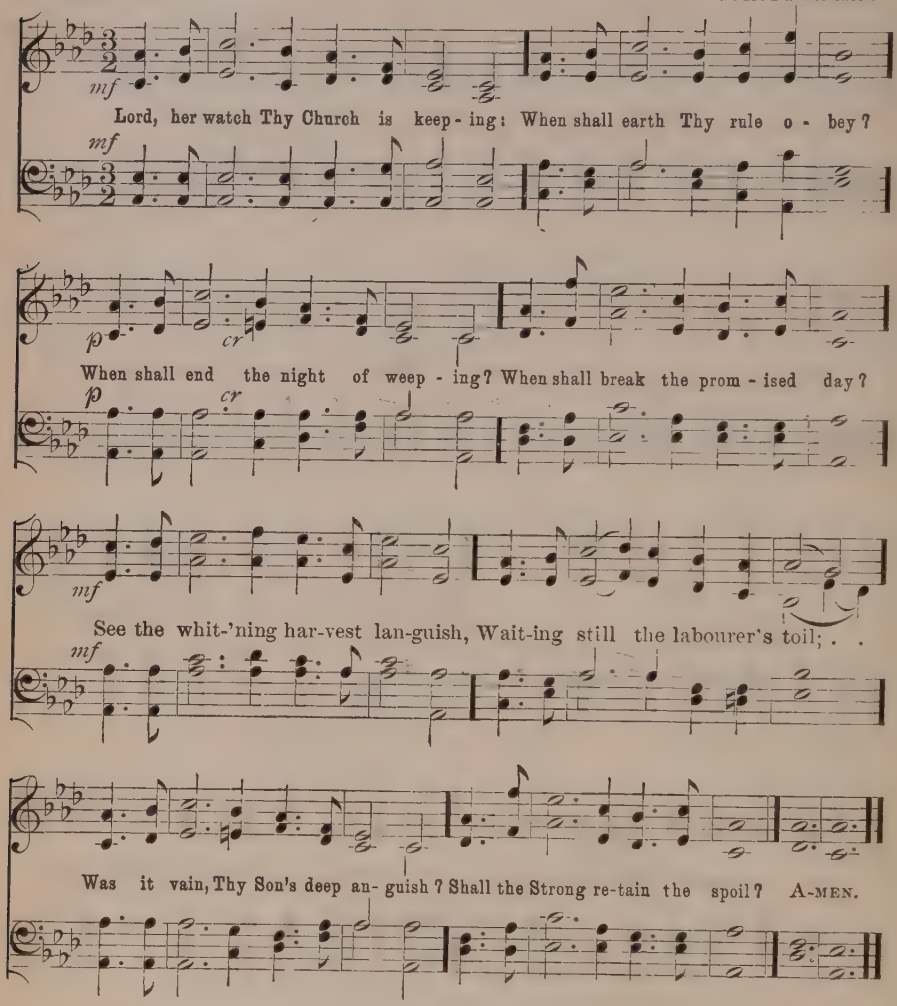
p 2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
cr Lord Almighty, give the word!
f Give the word! in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

f 3 Then the end! Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
mf Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;
cr Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!

H. Downton

260 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

AUTUMN
F. H. Barthelemon

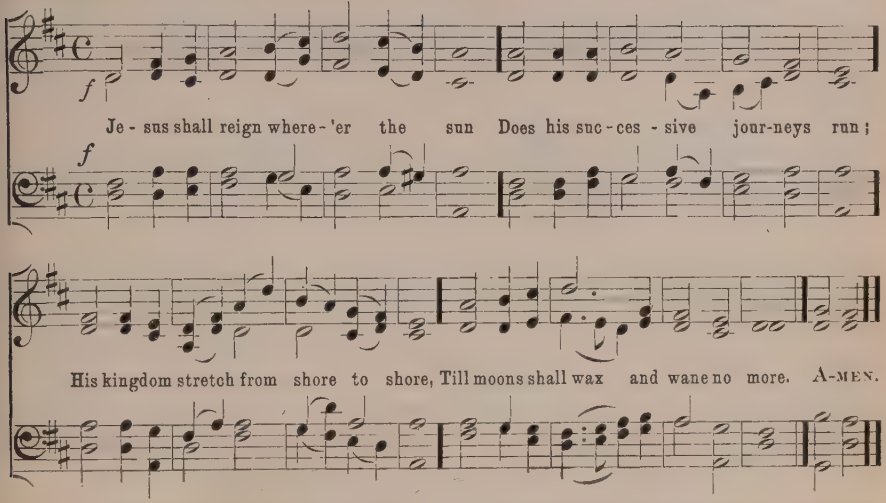

mf
Lord, her watch Thy Church is keep - ing: When shall earth Thy rule o - bey?
mf
p
cr
When shall end the night of weep - ing? When shall break the prom - ised day?
p
cr
mf
See the whit-'ning har-vest lan-guish, Wait-ing still the labourer's toil; . .
mf
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep an- guish? Shall the Strong re-tain the spoil? A-MEN.

p 2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
cr Lord Almighty, give the word!
f Give the word! in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

f 3 Then the end! Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
mf Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;
cr Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!

H. Downton

261 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. DUKE STREET *J. Hatton*


Je - sus shall reign where-'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A-MEN.

f 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

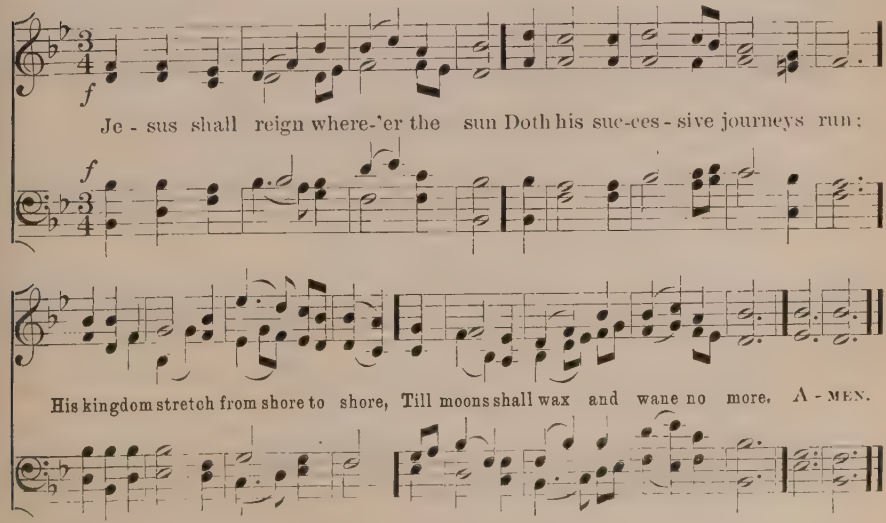
f 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
mf And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

mf 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

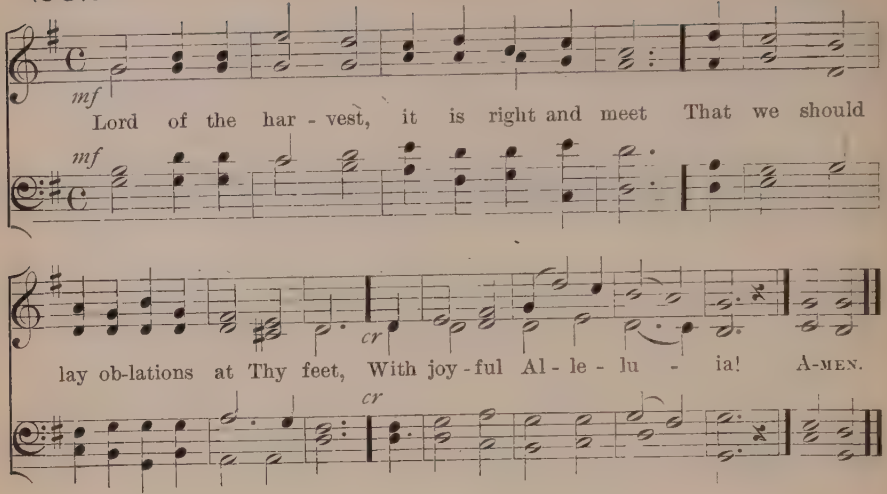
f 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

I. Watts

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. WARRINGTON *R. Harrison*


Je - sus shall reign where-'er the sun Doth his suc-ces - sive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - MEN.

262 10. 10. 7. HARVEST *C. J. Frost*



mf 2 Sweet is the praise that follows toil and prayer;
Sweet is the worship that with heaven we share,
Who sing the Alleluia!

p 3 We toiled and prayed (*cr*) and Thou hast heard on high;
mf Hast cheered our hearts and changed our suppliant cry
To festal Alleluia!

mf 4 So sing we now in tune with that great song,
That all the age of ages shall prolong,
The endless Alleluia!

mf 5 To Thee, O Lord of Harvest, Who hast heard,
And to Thy white-robed reapers given the word,
We sing our Alleluia!

dim 6 O Christ, who in the wide world's fallow lea,
Hast sown in blood the precious seed, to Thee
We sing our Alleluia!

mf 7 To Thee, O Holy Ghost, Whose gracious rain
And living breath hath fed the ghostly grain,
cr We sing our Alleluia!

cr 8 Yea, West and East, the Harvest men went forth:
f "We come" has sounded to the South and North.
At morn sing Alleluia!

mf 9 In fields of home, in fields the far away,
Toilers for Jesus hail the golden day.
At noon sing Alleluia!

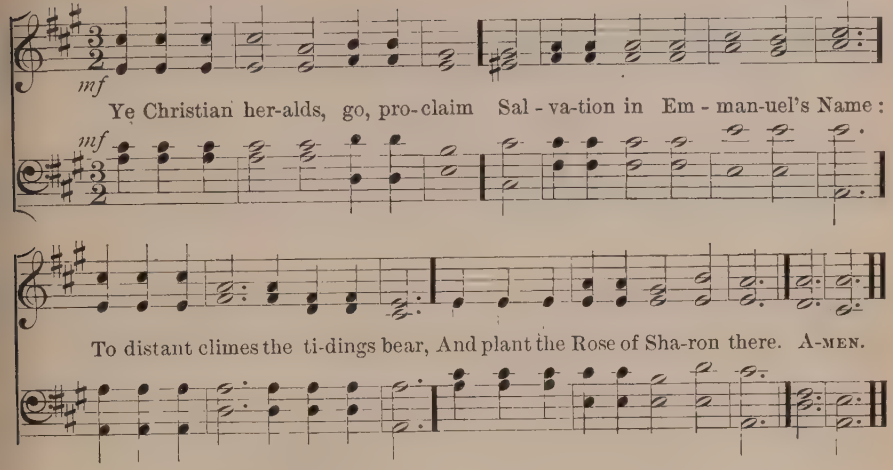
mf 10 The winds of God have blown with living breath,
dim His dews have fallen on the plains of death.
At eve sing Alleluia!

p 11 Yea, for sweet hope fulfilled, new hope begun,
cr Sing Alleluia to the Three in One,
Adoring Alleluia!

f 12 Glory to God! the Church in patience cries;
ff Glory to God! the Church in bliss replies,
With endless Alleluia!

S. J. Stone

263 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. MISSIONARY CHANT *C. Zeuner*

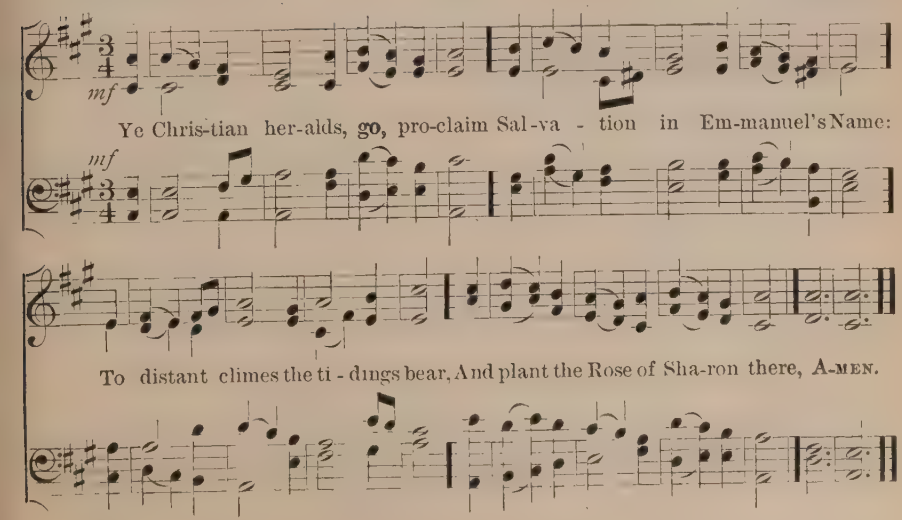

mf
Ye Christian her-alds, go, pro-claim Sal - va-tion in Em - man-uel's Name:
mf
To distant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha-ron there. A-MEN.

mf 2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
dim Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

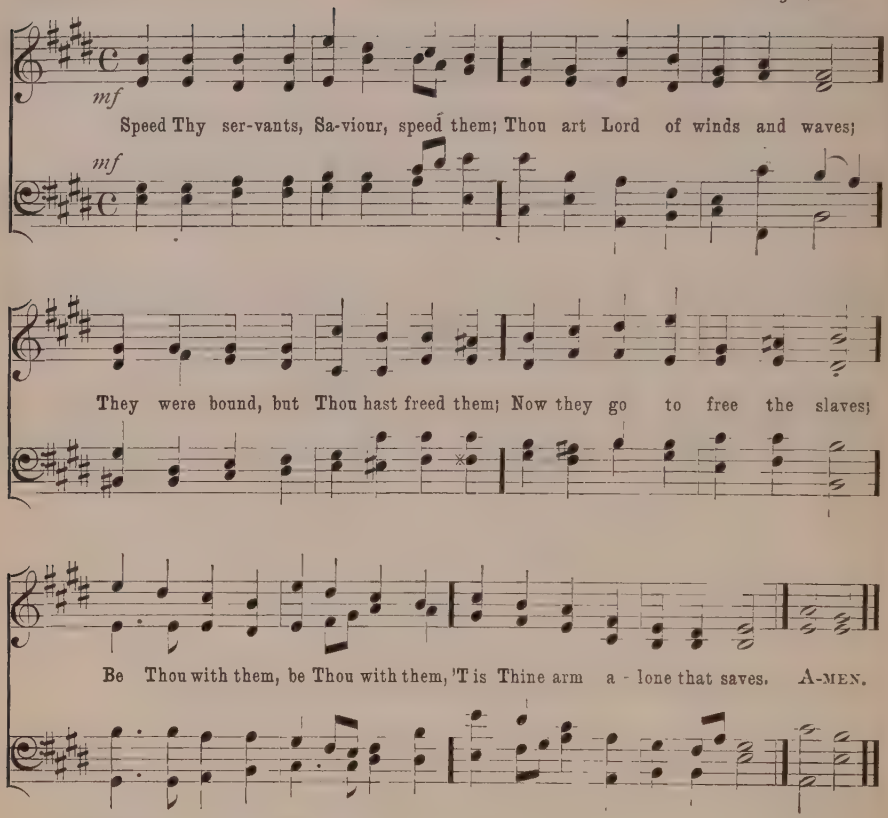
mf 3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more,
cr Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
f And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

B. H. Draper

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. WAREHAM *Wm. Knapp*


mf
Ye Chris-tian her-alds, go, pro-claim Sal-va - tion in Em-manuel's Name:
mf
To distant climes the ti - dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha-ron there, A-MEN.

264 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. LAUDA ANIMA *J. Goss*


mf
Speed Thy ser-vants, Sa-viour, speed them; Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
mf
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them; Now they go to free the slaves;
Be Thou with them, be Thou with them, 'T is Thine arm a - lone that saves. A-MEN.

p 2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
cr Lord, they go at Thy command,
As their stay Thy promise taking,
mf While they traverse sea and land:
p O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.

p 3 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be Thou with them;
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

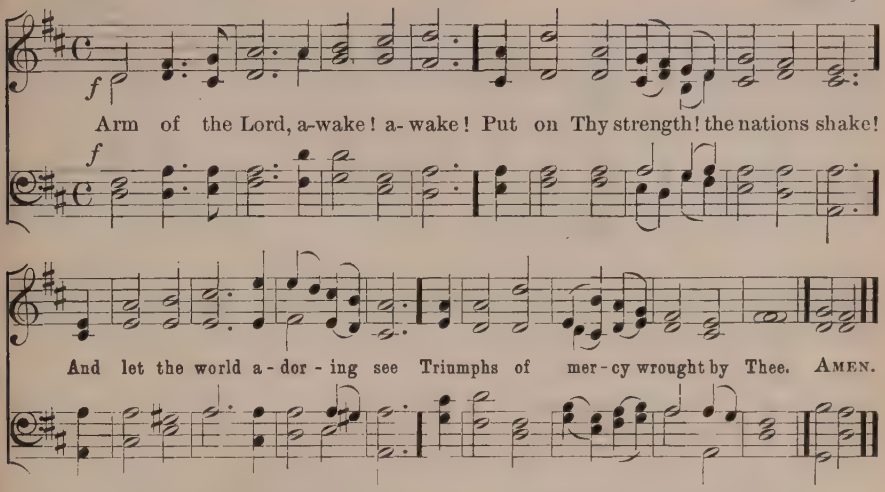
p 4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain;
cr Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
f Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

p 5 In the midst of opposition,
cr Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
f When success attends their mission,
dim Let Thy servants humbler be;
p Never leave them,
cr Till Thy face in heaven they see:

f 6 There to reap in joy for ever
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with Him, Who never
Ceases to preserve His own;
And with gladness
Give the praise to Him alone.

T. Kelly

265 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. TRURO *C. Burney*


Arm of the Lord, a-wake! a-wake! Put on Thy strength! the nations shake!
And let the world a-dor-ing see Triumphs of mer-cy wrought by Thee. AMEN.

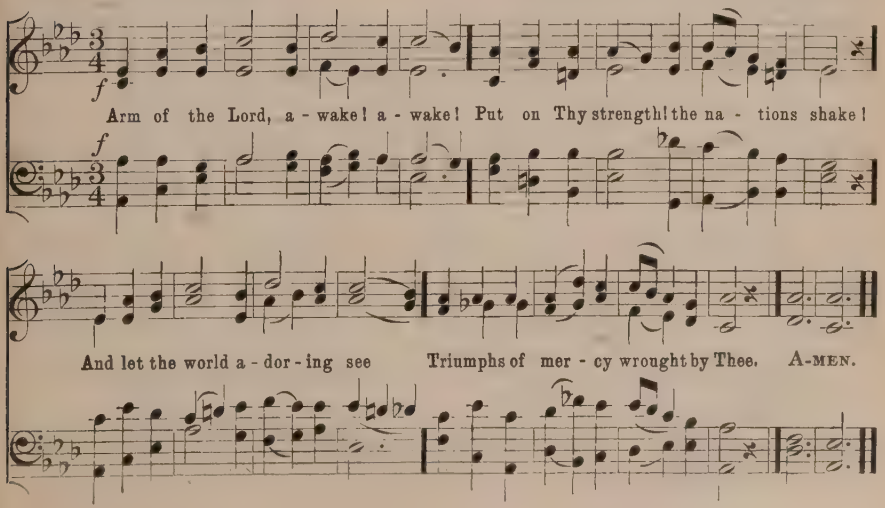
mf 2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

mf 3 Let Sion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' Fold.

f 4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

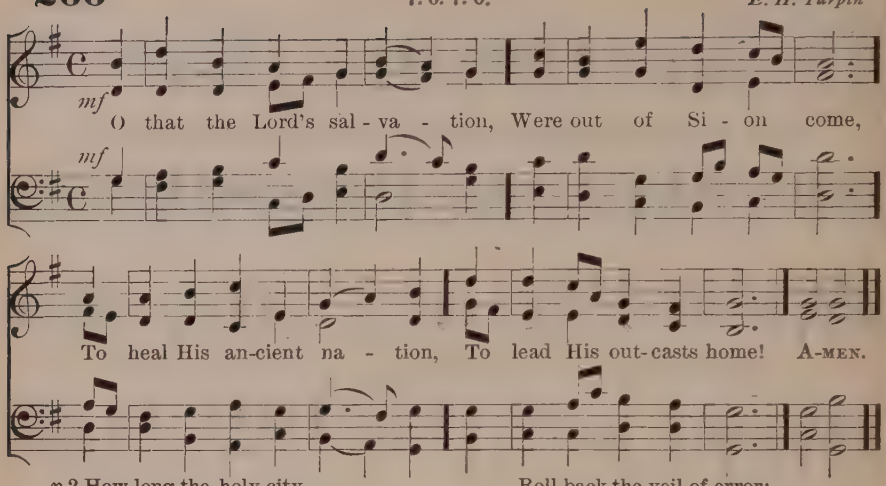
W. Shrubsole

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. BARTHOLDY *Mendelssohn*


Arm of the Lord, a-wake! a-wake! Put on Thy strength! the na-tions shake!
And let the world a-dor-ing see Triumphs of mer-cy wrought by Thee. A-MEN.

FOR THE JEWS

266 7. 6. 7. 6. ARGYLE *E. H. Turpin*



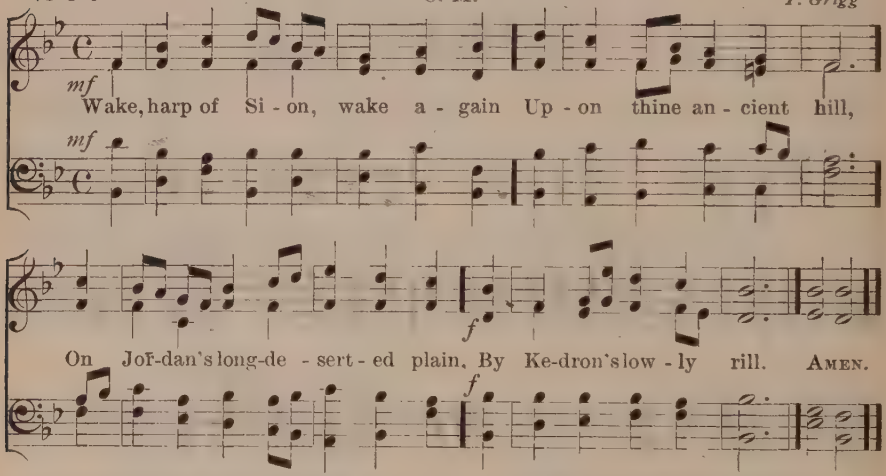
p 2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
cr Rebuild her walls again.

p 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
cr Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error:
Release the fettered heart.

mf 4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

H. F. Lyte

267 C. M. TIVERTON *T. Grigg*



cr 2 The hymn shall yet in Sion swell,
That sounds Messiah's praise,
And Thy loved Name, Emmanuel,
As once in ancient days.

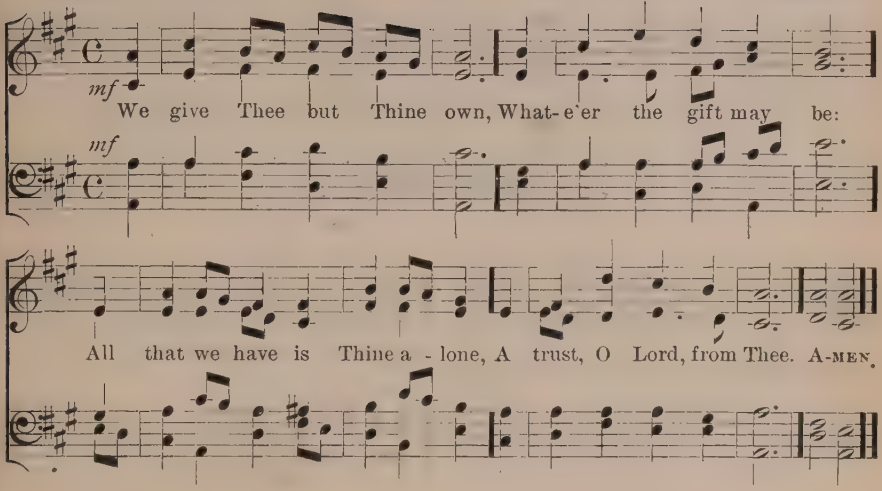
mf 3 For Israel yet shall own her King,
For her salvation waits,
And hill and dale shall sweetly sing,
With praise in all her gates.

p 4 O hasten, Lord, these promised days,
cr When Israel shall rejoice;
f And Jew and Gentile join in praise,
With one united voice!

J. Edmeston

Almsgiving

268 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. CAMBRIDGE *R. Harrison*



mf 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

p 3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the Fold!

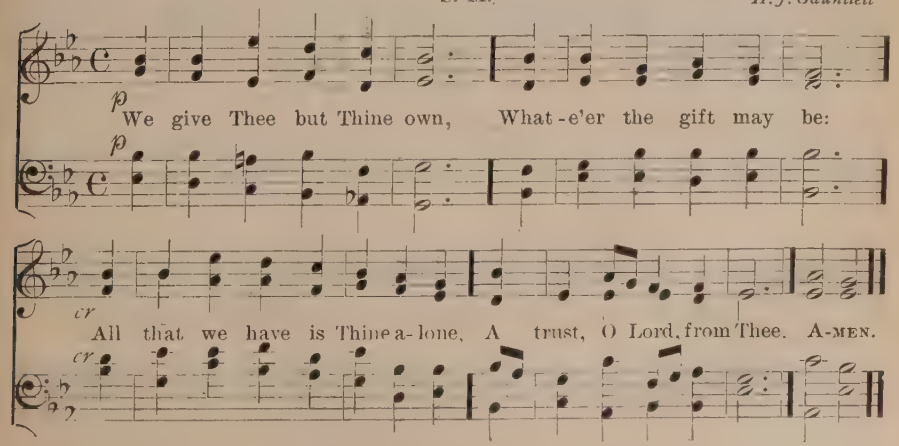
mp 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

mf 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
cr To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

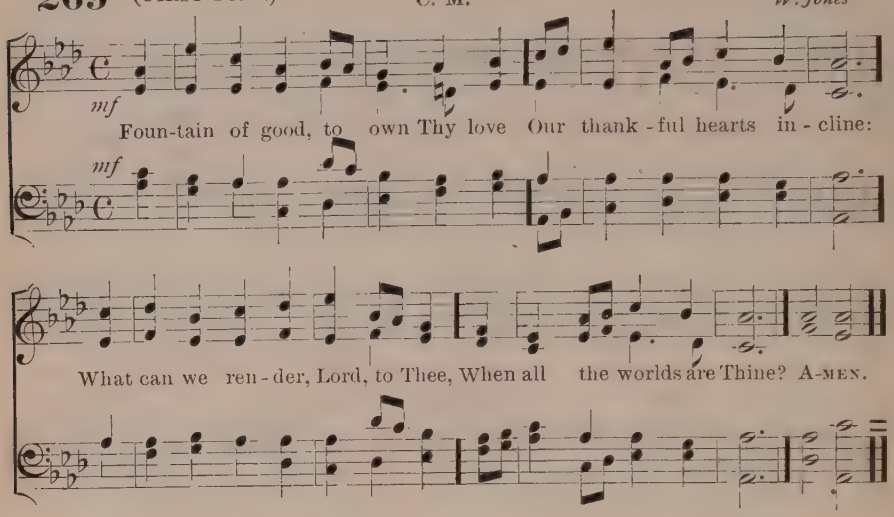
mf 6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it into Thee.

W. W. How

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. NEWLANDS *H. J. Gauntlett*



269 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. ST. STEPHEN *W. Jones*


mf
Foun-tain of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in-cline:
mf
What can we ren-der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A-MEN.

p 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy Grace,
cr Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

p 3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
cr In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

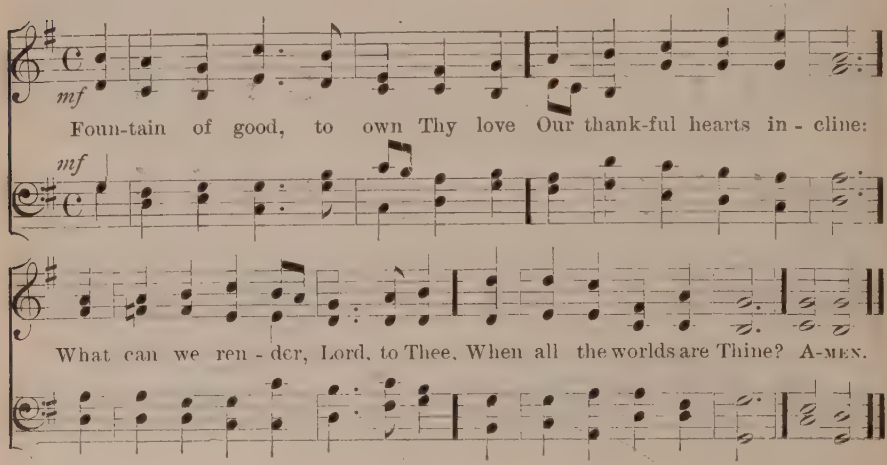
mf 4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.

mf 5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.

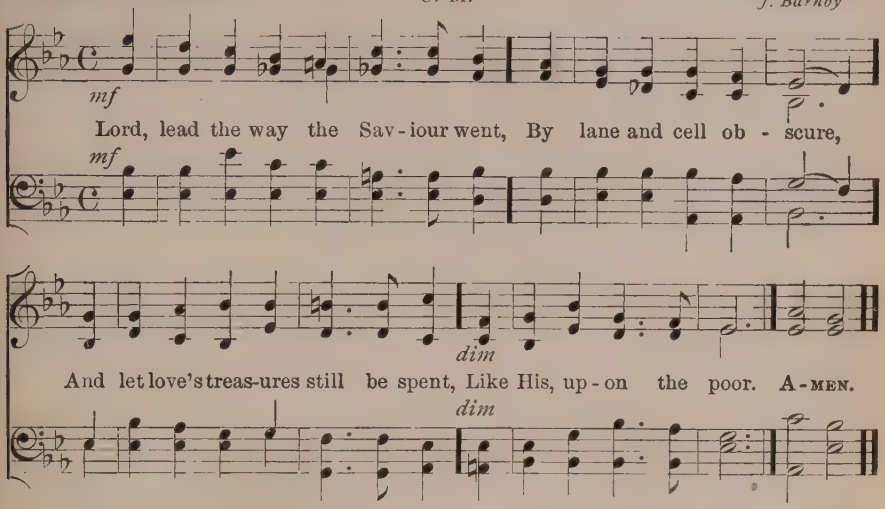
mf 6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving: greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

P. Doddridge and *E. Osler*

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. DULCIS MEMORIA *J. B. Dykes*


mf
Foun-tain of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in-cline:
mf
What can we ren-der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A-MEN.

270 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. HOLY TRINITY *J. Barnby*


mf
Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,
mf
dim
And let love's treas-ures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor. A - MEN.
dim

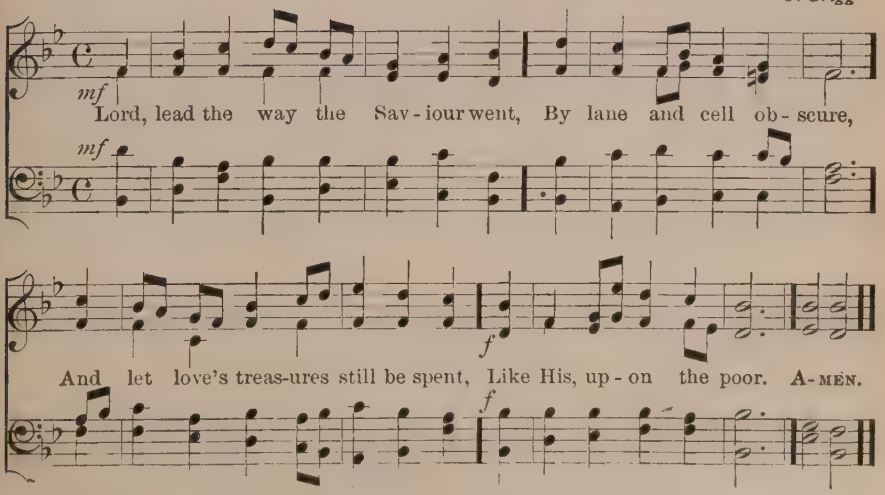
p 2 Like Him through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

mf 3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,
dim And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

mf 4 Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
cr If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Wm. Croswell

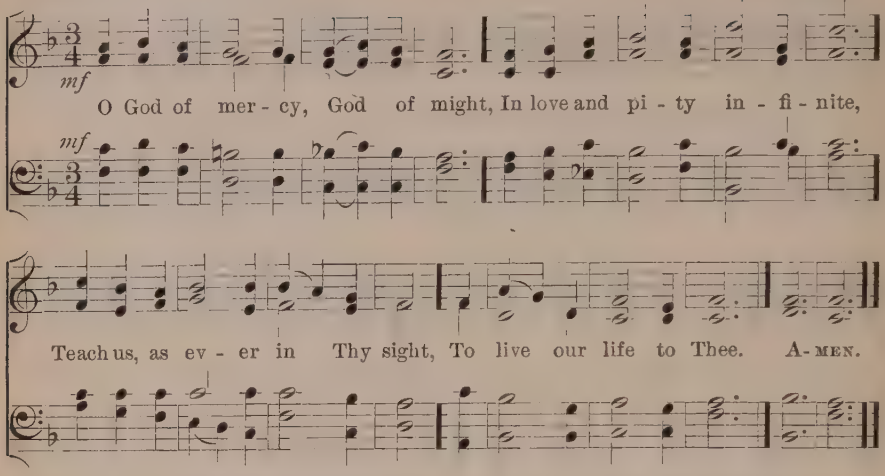
(SECOND TUNE) C. M. TIVERTON *T. Grigg*


mf
Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,
mf
f
And let love's treas-ures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor. A - MEN.
f

271 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 6.

AGNUS DEI
W. Blow



mf 2 And Thou, Who cam'st on earth to die,
cr That fallen man might live thereby,
dim O hear us, for to Thee we cry,
cr In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

mf 3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.

f 4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, (*dim*) for all hast died;
cr Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
f To love them all in Thee.

p 5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 't is ours to share;
cr May we, where help is needed, there
f Give help as unto Thee.

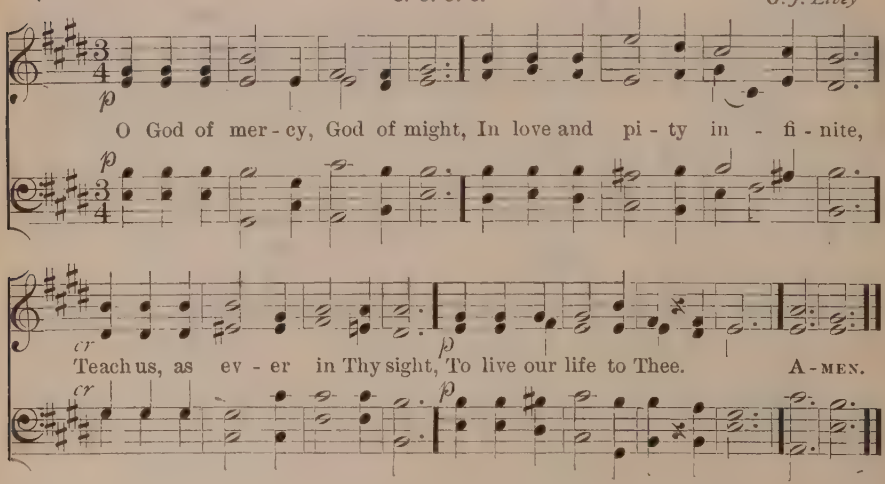
mf 6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
cr Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
f All those who give to Thee.

G. Thring

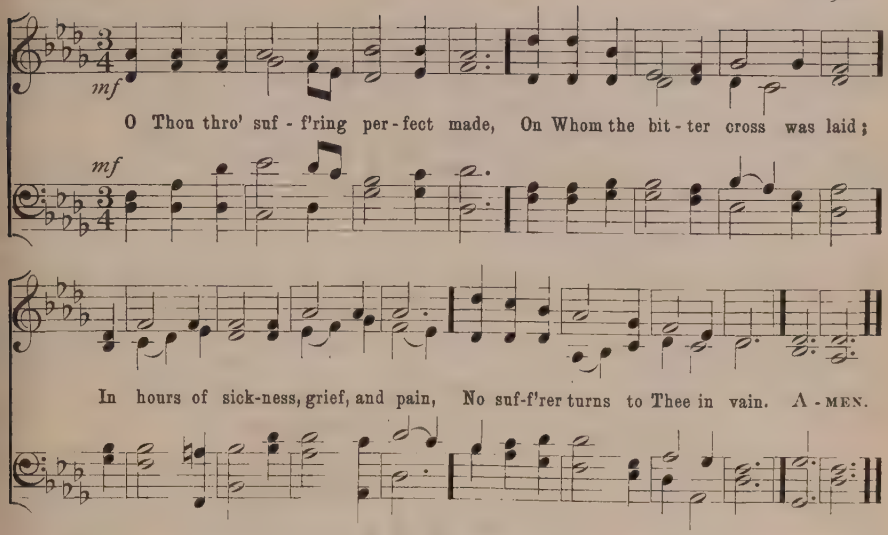
(SECOND TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 6.

ST. CRISPIN
G. J. Elvey



272 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. RIVAULX *I. B. Dykes*


mf
O Thou thro' suf - f'ring per - fect made, On Whom the bit - ter cross was laid;
mf
In hours of sick-ness, grief, and pain, No suf-f'rer turns to Thee in vain. A - MEN.

mf 2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

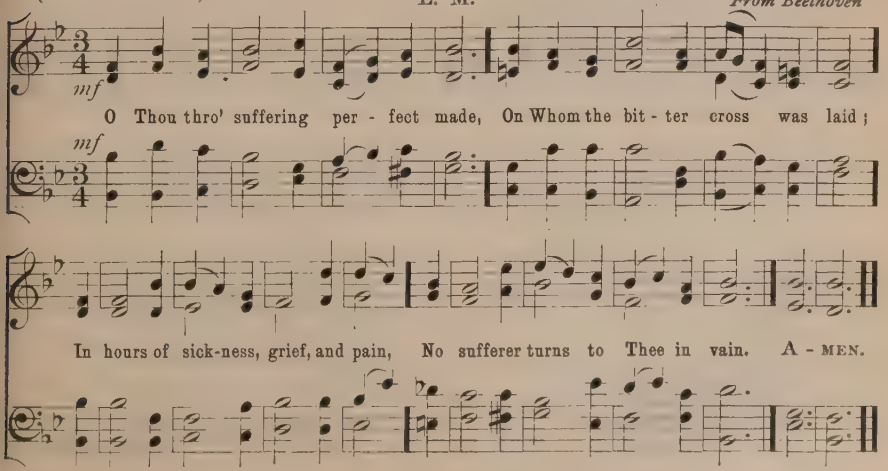
mf 3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure;
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

p 4 But, O far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God!

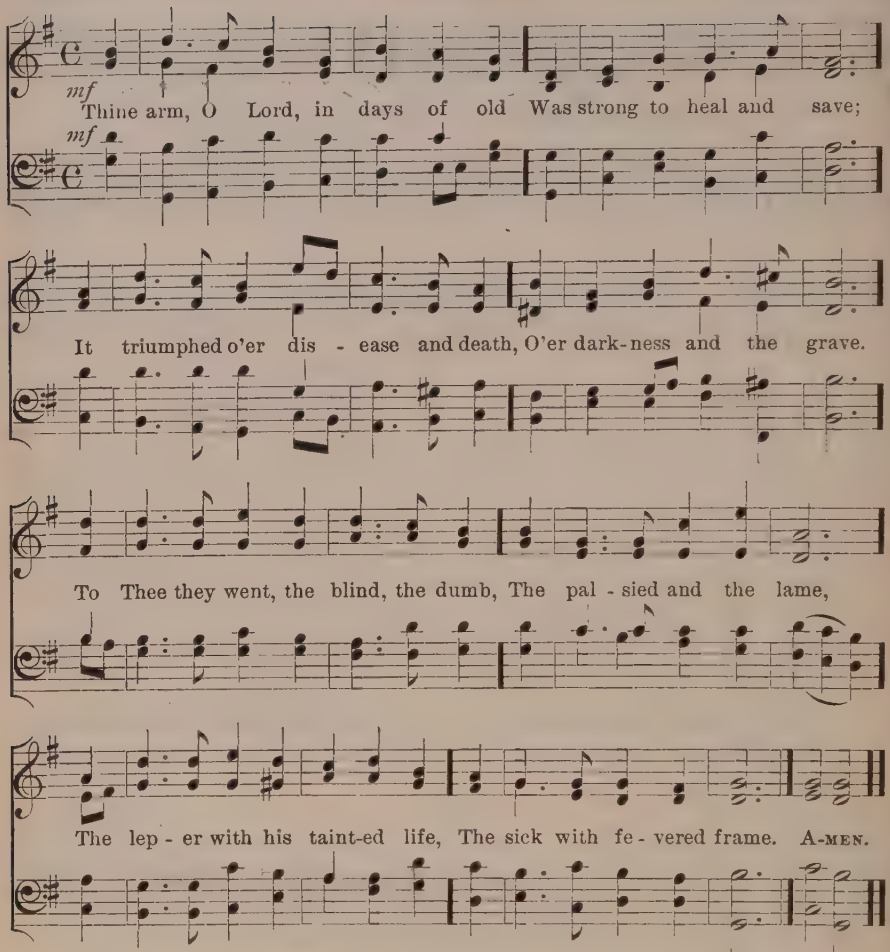
mf 5 O heal the bruisèd heart within!
O save our souls all sick with sin!
cr Give life and health in bounteous store,
f That we may praise Thee evermore.

W. W. How

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. GERMANY *From Beethoven*


mf
O Thou thro' suffering per - fect made, On Whom the bit - ter cross was laid;
mf
In hours of sick-ness, grief, and pain, No sufferer turns to Thee in vain. A - MEN.

273 C. M. D. St. Ursula *F. Westlake*


mf
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;
mf
It triumphed o'er dis - ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,
The lep - er with his taint-ed life, The sick with fe - vered frame. A-MEN.

cr 2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.
mf And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
cr Almighty as of yore,
mf In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

mf 3 Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look;
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in nature's book;
cr Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint,
Give joy and peace, where all is strife,
And strength, where all is faint.

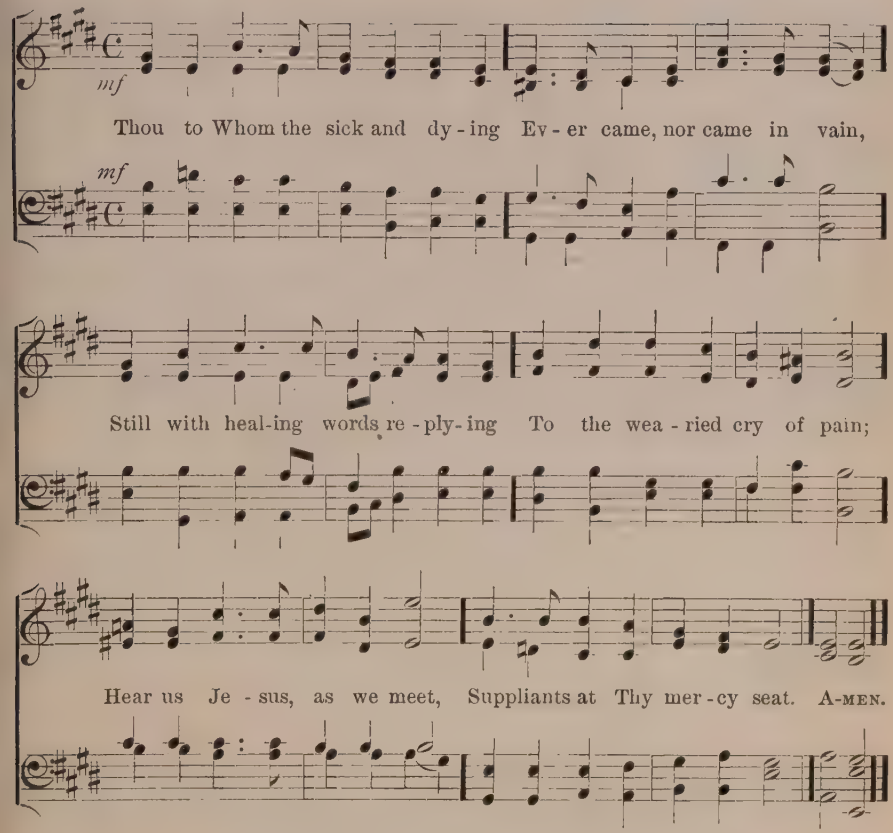
mf 4 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
cr Thou Lord of life and death,
mf Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
cr With Thine Almighty breath.
mf To hands that work and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
cr That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
f May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. Plumptre

274 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

STONELEIGH
C. S. Jekyll


mf
Thou to Whom the sick and dy - ing Ev - er came, nor came in vain,
mf
Still with heal-ing words re - ply - ing To the wea - ried cry of pain;
Hear us Je - sus, as we meet, Suppliants at Thy mer - cy seat. A-MEN.

mf 2 Every care, and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday, to-day, to morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall,
dim Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

p 3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's, care;
cr On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
mf Bringing all our offerings meet,
dim Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

mf 4 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
cr All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
mf Ever bringing offerings meet,
dim Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.

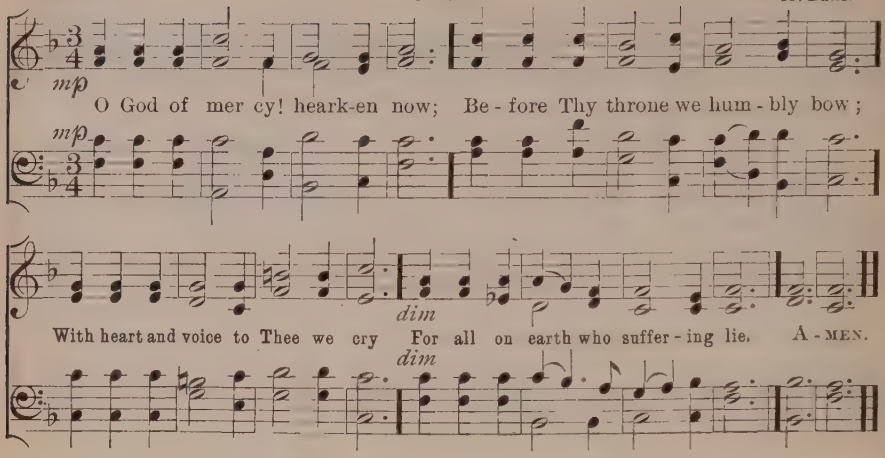
cr 5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing virtue yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
f Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, heal-
One in Thee together meet, [ed,
Pardoned at Thy judgment seat.

G. Thring

275

L. M.

HESPERUS
H. Baker


mp
O God of mer cy! heark-en now; Be - fore Thy throne we hum - bly bow;
mp
dim
With heart and voice to Thee we cry For all on earth who suffer - ing lie. A - MEN.
dim

mf 2 We seek Thee where Thou dwell'st on high,
Beyond the glittering, starry sky:
We find Thee where Thou dwell'st below
dim Beside the beds of want and woe.

mf 3 Be ours the hearts and hands to bless
The sorrowing sons of wretchedness;
Send Thou the help we cannot give;
cr Bid dying souls arise and live.

mp 4 O let the healing waters spring,
Touched by Thy pitying angel's wing;
cr With quickening power new strength impart
To palsied will, to withered heart.

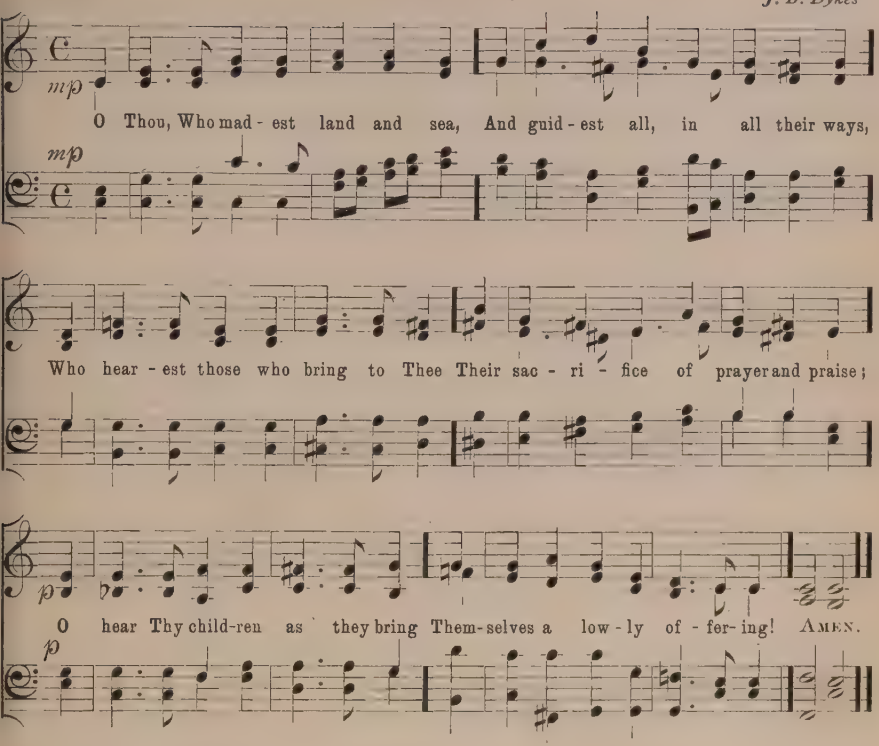
p 5 Where poverty in pain must lie,
Where little suffering children cry,
cr Bid us haste forth as called by Thee,
And in Thy poor, Thyself to see.

mf 6 Be Thou, O God eternal, blest,
Thy holy Name on earth confest!
Echo Thy praise from every shore
For ever and for evermore.

E. S. Clark

Orphans

276 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. MELITA *J. B. Dykes*


mp
O Thou, Who mad - est land and sea, And guid - est all, in all their ways,
mp
Who hear - est those who bring to Thee Their sac - ri - fice of prayer and praise;
p
O hear Thy child-ren as they bring Them-selves a low - ly of - fer - ing! AMEN.
p

mf 2 Great God, Who with a Father's love
Dost watch o'er all created things
And gatherest all, below, above,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings;
p Protect, we pray Thee, now, and bless
Thy children who are fatherless.

mf 3 Thou hearest still the eagle's cry,
And notest e'en a sparrow's fall,
Thy listening ear doth heed on high,
And hearken to the raven's call;
Then, heavenly Father, hear and bless
p Thy children who are fatherless.

mf 4 Come, heavenly Father, come to-day,
For we Thy children come to Thee,
And Thou wilt never say us, nay,
If come we in humility;
New-born in Thee, O Father, bless
p Thy children who are fatherless.

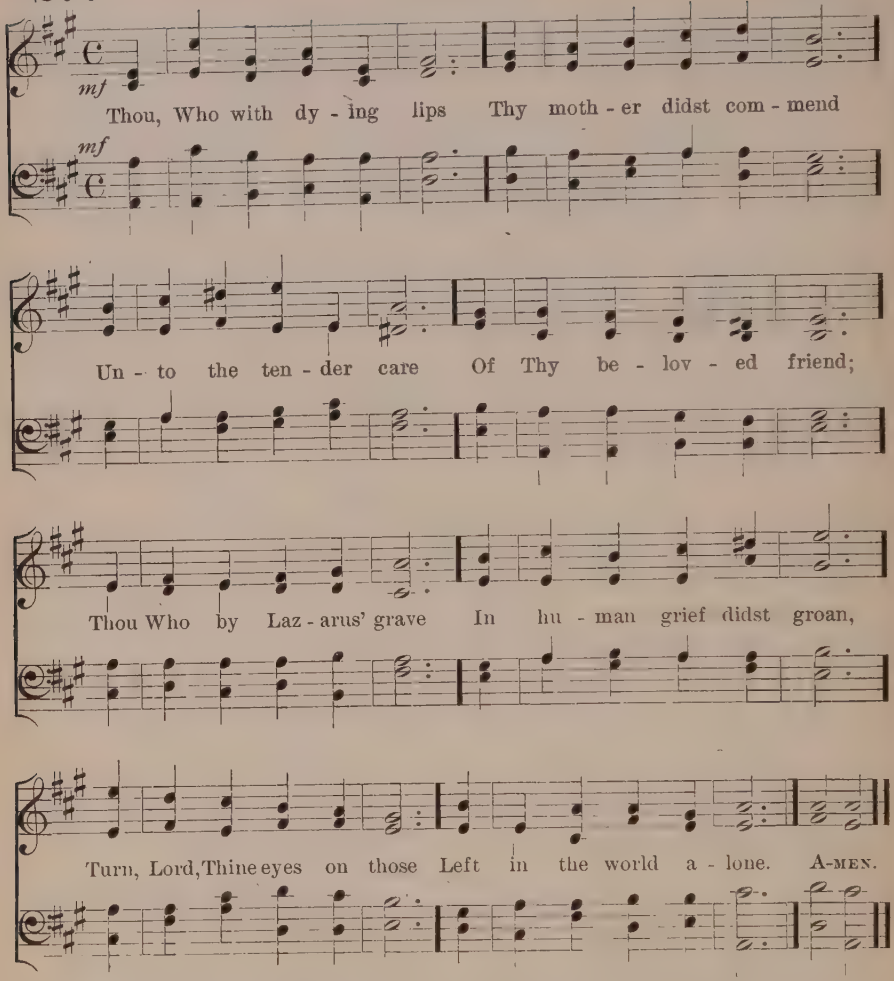
p 5 Cast forth upon the barren strand
Of this lone world, to Thee we fly;
mf In faith and hope, we fain would stand
Beneath Thy sheltering arm for aye;
f Stretch forth Thy hand, and pity ing bless
p Thy children who are fatherless.

mf 6 And may we all with joyful mind
Our hearts as living offerings bring,
The first-fruits of our life, to find
A Father in our heavenly King;
f And learn in life and death to bless
Thee, "Father of the fatherless."

G. Thring

Orphans

277 6. 6. 6. 6. D. HOME *G. J. Elvey*


mf
Thou, Who with dy - ing lips Thy moth - er didst com - mend
Un - to the ten - der care Of Thy be - lov - ed friend;
Thou Who by Laz - arus' grave In hu - man grief didst groan,
Turn, Lord, Thine eyes on those Left in the world a - lone. A-MEN.

mf 2 Thou Who didst call Thy Twelve
Their home and friends to leave,
And in Thy kingdom all,
Yea, more than all, receive,
p To those bereft of all,
Thy pitying love extend,
cr And let them find in Thee
Father, and Home, and Friend.

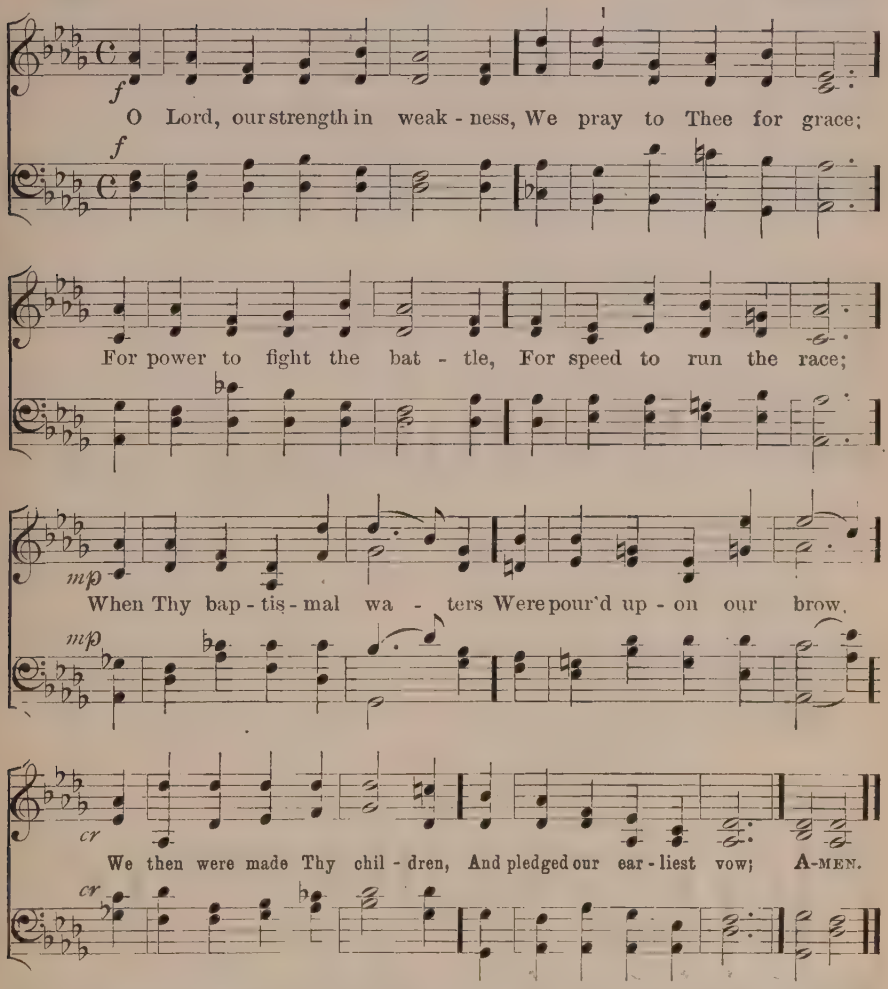
mf 3 Thou Who didst say of old,
"Thine orphans lend to Me;
p Unto the fatherless
I will a Father be,"
cr Thy promises are sure;
Help us to trust Thee still;
To those who need Thee sore,
That faithful word fulfil.

mf 4 Thou Who in Thy still rest
Our dear ones safe dost keep;
cr Thou Who shalt bring them back
One day from their long sleep,
f O keep us by Thy grace,
That we at last may be,
When that bright morning dawns,
At home with them and Thee.

E. Wiglesworth

Temperance

278 7. 6. 7. 6. D. LANCASHIRE *H. Smart*


f
O Lord, our strength in weak - ness, We pray to Thee for grace;
f
For power to fight the bat - tle, For speed to run the race;
mp
When Thy bap - tis - mal wa - ters Were pour'd up - on our brow,
mp
cr
We then were made Thy chil - dren, And pledged our ear - liest vow; A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 We then were sealed and hallowed
By Thy life-giving word;
Were made the Spirit's temples,
And members of the Lord;
p With His own blood He bought us,
And made the purchase sure;
His are we: may He keep us
Sober, and chaste, and pure.

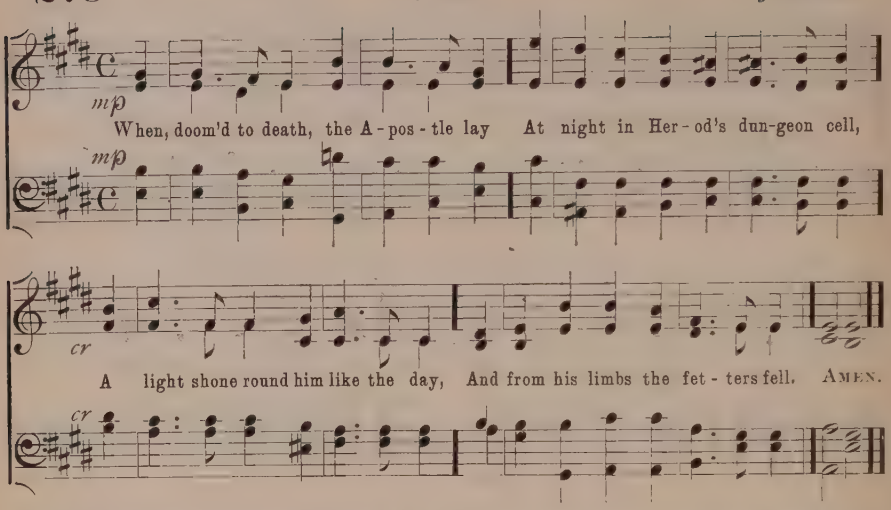
mf 3 Conformed to His own likeness
May we so live and die,
p That in the grave our bodies
In holy peace may lie;
cr And at the resurrection
Forth from those graves may spring,
Like to the glorious body
Of Christ, our Lord and King.

mf 4 The pure in heart are blessèd,
For they shall see the Lord
For ever and for ever
By seraphim adored;
cr And they shall drink the pleasures,
Such as no tongue can tell,
From the clear crystal river,
And life's eternal well.

C. Wordsworth

Temperance

279 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. SEFTON *J. B. Calkin*


mp
When, doom'd to death, the A - pos - tle lay At night in Her - od's dun-geon cell,
mp
cr
A light shone round him like the day, And from his limbs the fet - ters fell. AMEN.
cr

mf 2 A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain and bid him rise;
And lo! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies. *cr*

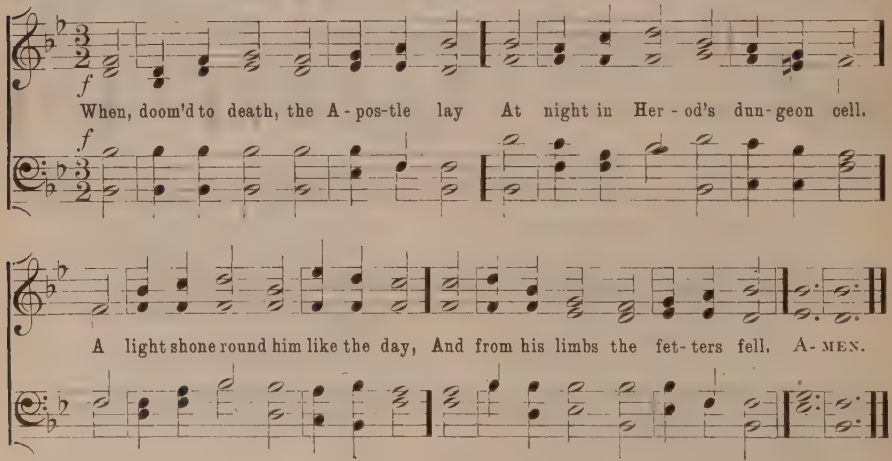
p 3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

mf 4 O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send them succour from on high!

f 5 Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more!

W. C. Bryant

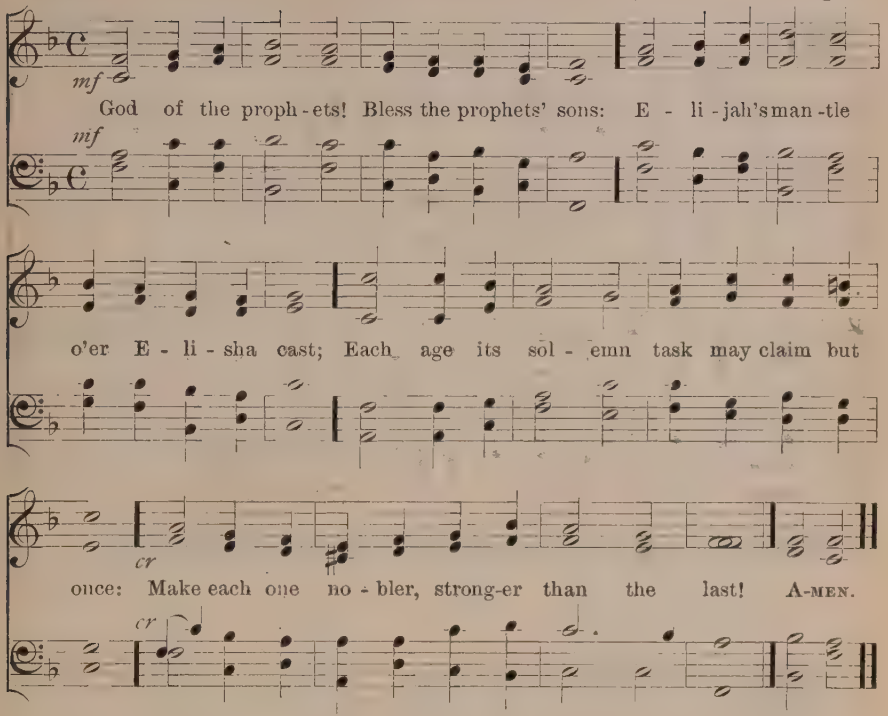
(SECOND TUNE) L. M. HEBRON *L. Mason*


f
When, doom'd to death, the A - pos-tle lay At night in Her - od's dun-geon cell.
f
A light shone round him like the day, And from his limbs the fet-ters fell. A-MEN.

280

10. 10. 10. 10.

OLD 124TH
L. Bourgeois


mf
God of the proph-ets! Bless the prophets' sons: E-li-jah's man-tle
mf
o'er E-li-sha cast; Each age its sol-emn task may claim but
cr
once: Make each one no-bler, strong-er than the last! A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attent
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and every evil break.

mf 3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they
p For pardon, and for charity and peace!
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

f 4 Anoint them kings! Aye kingly kings, O Lord!
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son:
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood stained sword;
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.

mf 5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy Cross,
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace:
cr Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

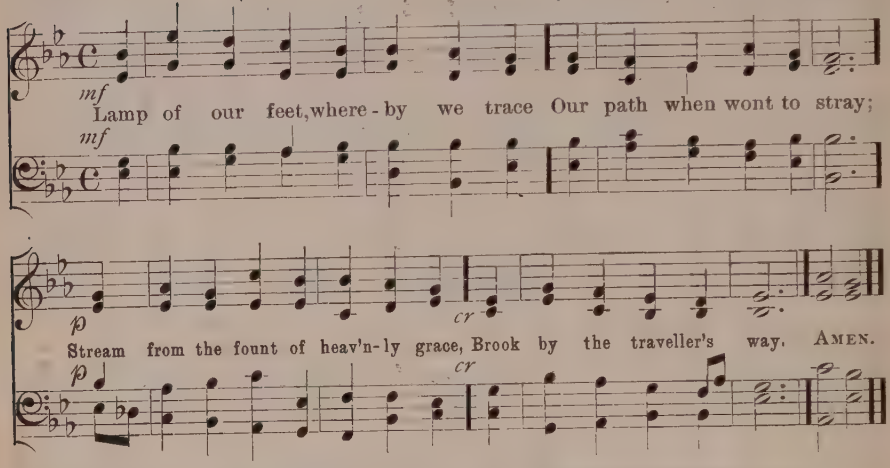
f 6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
O truth, O faith enrich our urgent time!
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn:
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!

D. Wortman

281

C. M.

ST. PETER
A. R. Reinagle


mf
Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;
mf
p
cr
Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the traveller's way. AMEN.
p
cr

mp 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

mp 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

mp 4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

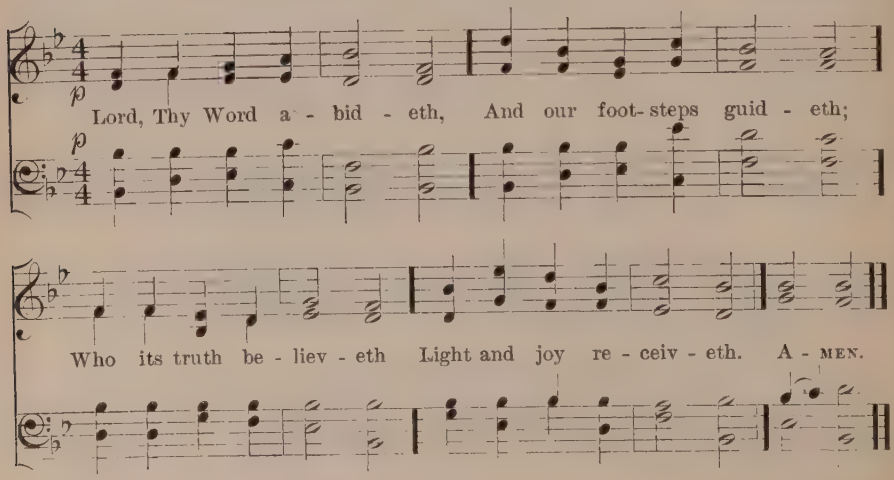
mf 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

B. Barton

282

6. 6. 6. 6.

ST. CYPRIAN
R. R. Chope



p 2 When our foes are near us,
cr Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

p 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
cr Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

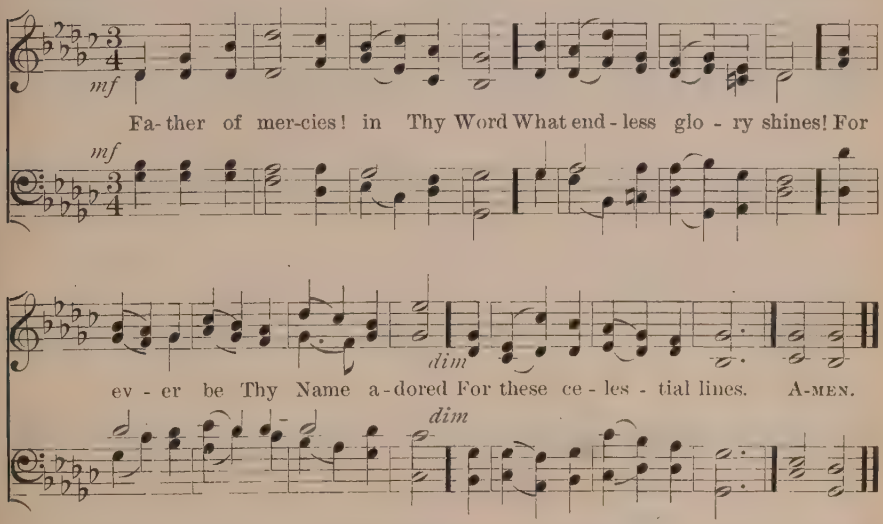
mf 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

cr 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
p Comfort to the dying!

mf 6 O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee!
Evermore be near Thee!

H. W. Baker

283 C. M. CHESTERFIELD *T. Haweis*


mf
Fa-ther of mer-cies! in Thy Word What end-less glo-ry shines! For
mf
dim
ev-er be Thy Name a-dored For these ce-les-tial lines. A-MEN.
dim

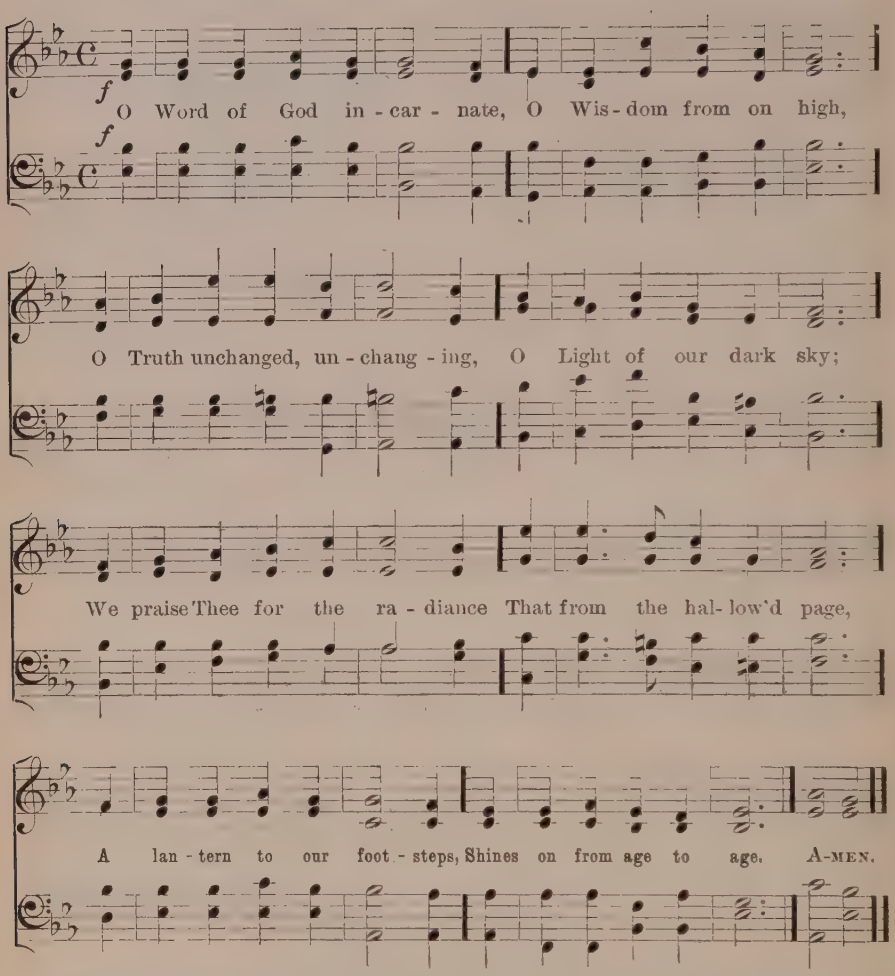
f 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

mp 3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
cr And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

mf 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

A. Steele

284 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. AURELIA *Dr. Wesley*


f
O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
f
O Truth unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,
A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A-MEN.

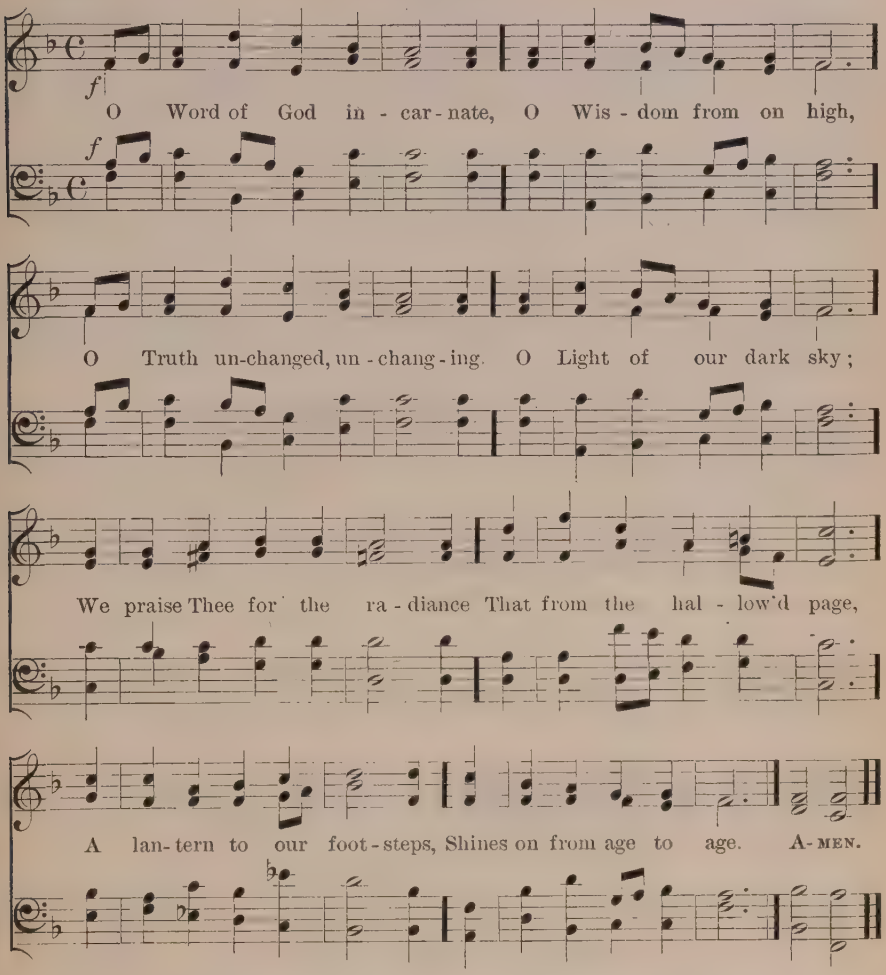
mf 2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

f 3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
p Above the darkling world;
cr It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
p 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

mf 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
p O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this, their path to trace,
cr Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face

W. W. How

284 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. MUNICH *German*


f
O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
O Truth un-changed, un - chang - ing. O Light of our dark sky;
We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,
A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A-MEN.

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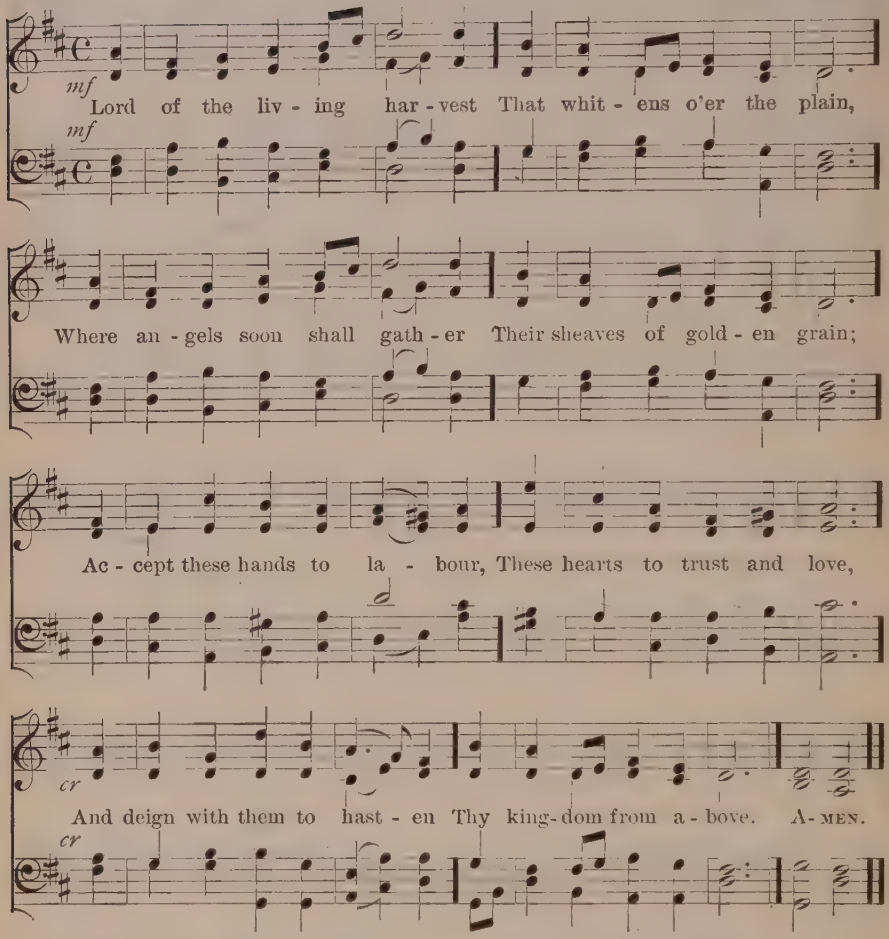
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
p O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this, their path to trace,
cr Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

W. W. How

Ordination

285 7. 6. 7. 6. D. PÆAN *F. Weber*


mf
Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain,
Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain;
Ac - cept these hands to la - bour, These hearts to trust and love,
cr
And deign with them to hast - en Thy king-dom from a - bove. A-MEN.

mf 2 As labourers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may they be,
p Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
mf To ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

mf 3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill their souls with light;
Clothe them in spotless raiment,
In vesture clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with them where they stand,
To guide and teach Thy people
Throughout our native land.

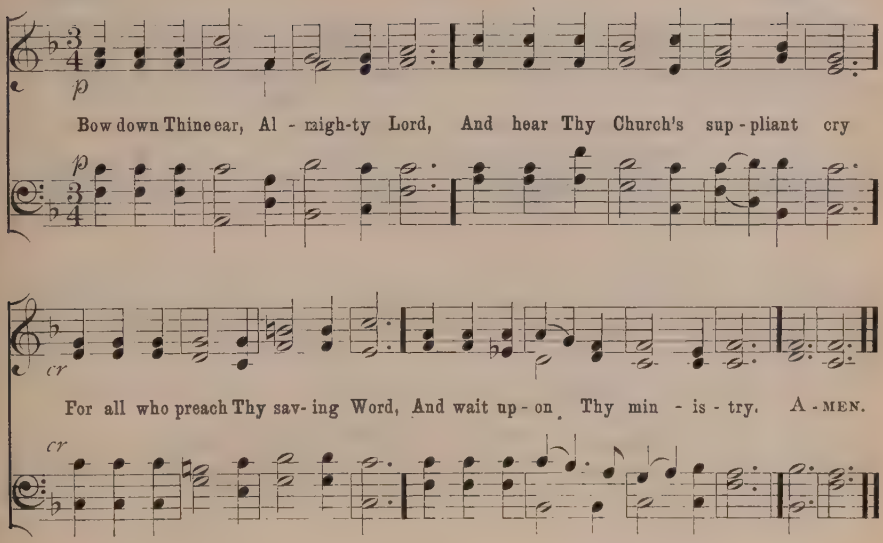
mf 4 Be with them, God the Father!
Be with them, God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
Most blessèd Three in One!
cr Make them a holy priesthood,
Thee humbly to adore,
f And fill them with Thy fulness
Both now and evermore!

J. S. B. Monsell

286

L. M.

HESPERUS
H. Baker


Bow down Thine ear, Al - migh-ty Lord, And hear Thy Church's sup - pliant cry
For all who preach Thy sav- ing Word, And wait up - on Thy min - is - try. A - MEN.

mf 2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,
And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath
On those whom Thou dost call to feed,
Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.

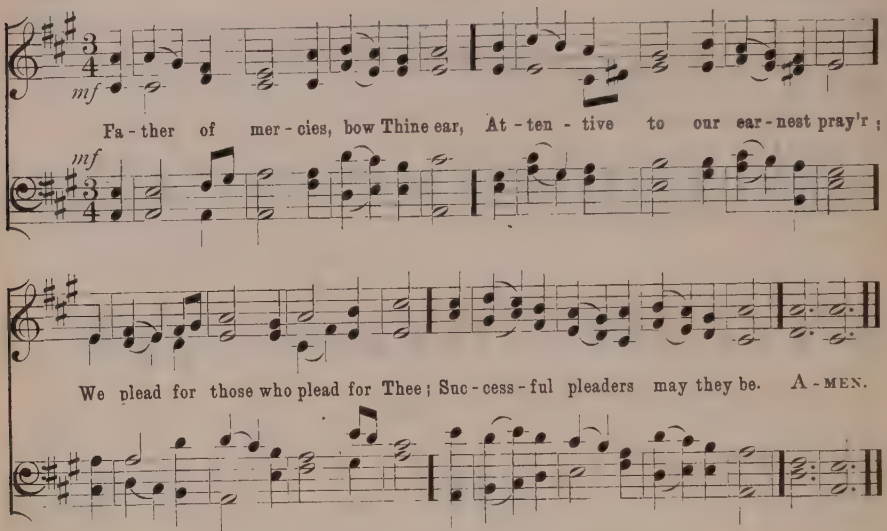
mf 3 O Saviour, from Thy piercèd hand
cr Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine:
That those who in Thy presence stand
f May do Thy will with love like Thine.

p 4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,
And give them grace to watch and pray;
That as they seek Thy flock to guide,
Themselves may keep the narrow way.

p 5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send
To shield them in their strife with sin;
cr Grant them, enduring to the end,
f The crown of life at last to win.

T. E. Powell

287 L. M. WAREHAM *Wm. Knapp*


mf
Fa - ther of mer - cies, bow Thine ear, At - ten - tive to our ear - nest pray'r;
mf
We plead for those who plead for Thee; Suc - cess - ful pleaders may they be. A - MEN.

mp 2 How great their work, how vast their charge
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

f 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

mf 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

f 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

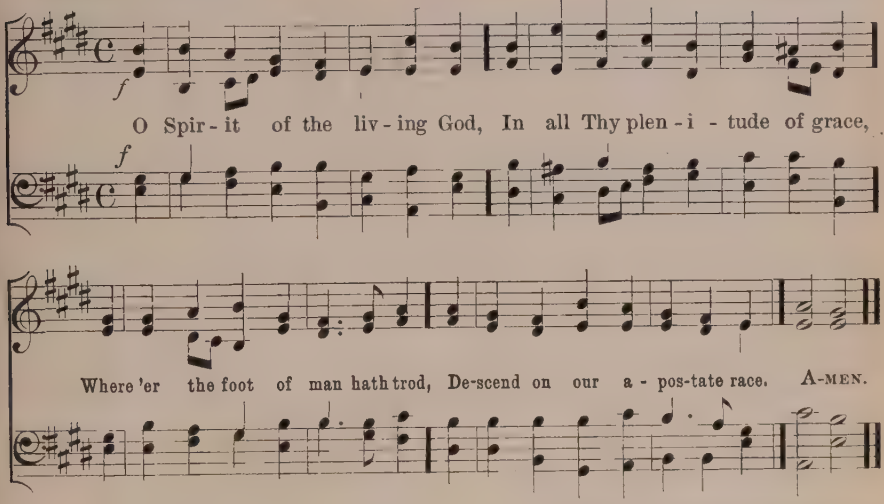
f 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressèd souls forget their pains;
cr Let light thro' distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head.

B. Beddome

288 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

MELCOMBE
S. Webbe


O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In all Thy plen - i - tude of grace,
Where 'er the foot of man hath trod, De-scend on our a - pos-tate race. A-MEN.

mf 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
cr Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

p 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
cr Confusion, order, in Thy path;
mf Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

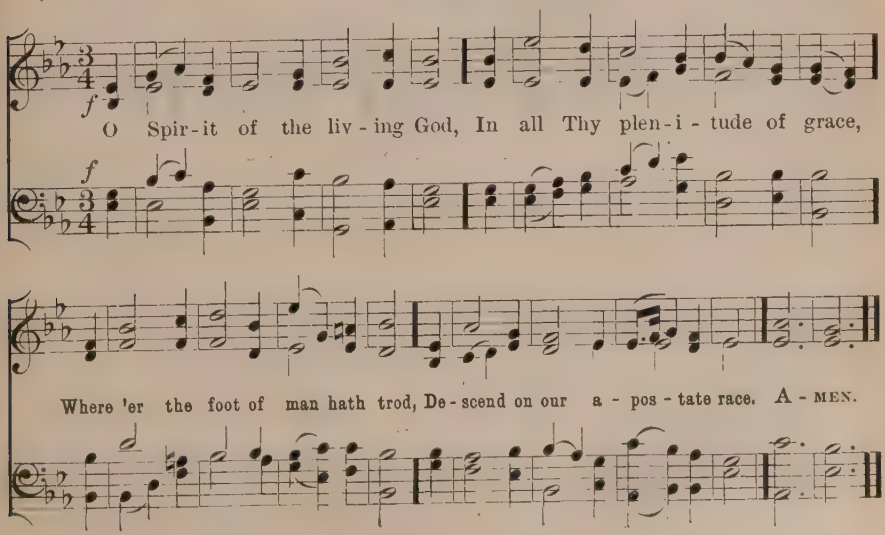
mf 4 Convert the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record;
f The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call Him Lord.

J. Montgomery

(SECOND TUNE)

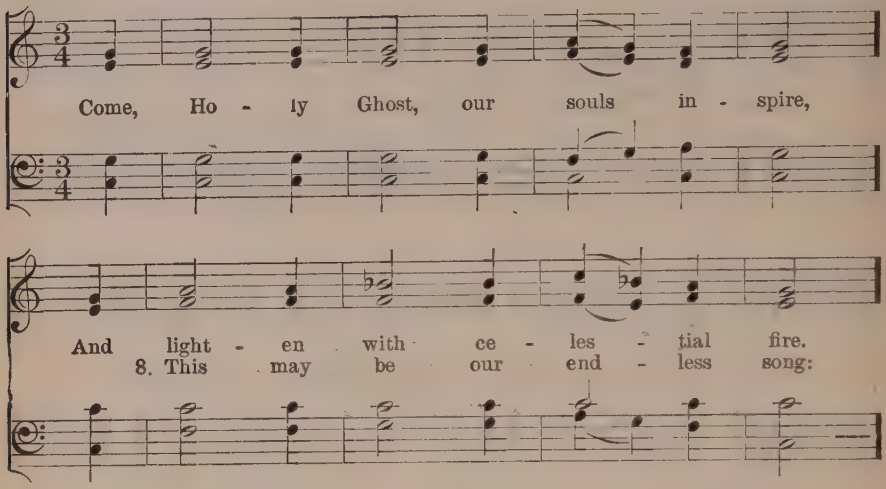
L. M.

ROCKINGHAM
Edward Miller


O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In all Thy plen - i - tude of grace,
Where 'er the foot of man hath trod, De - scend on our a - pos - tate race. A - MEN.

Ordination

289 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 8. VENI CREATOR No. 1. *J. H. Hopkins*



2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

3 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

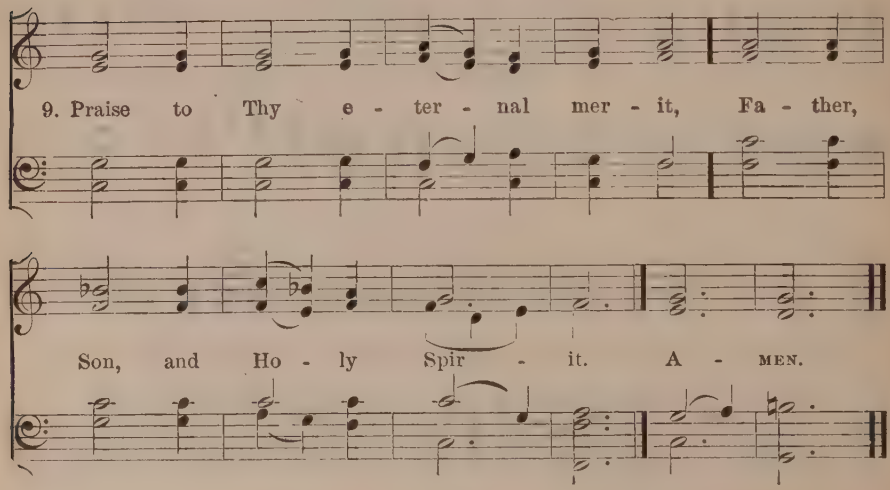
5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One.

8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

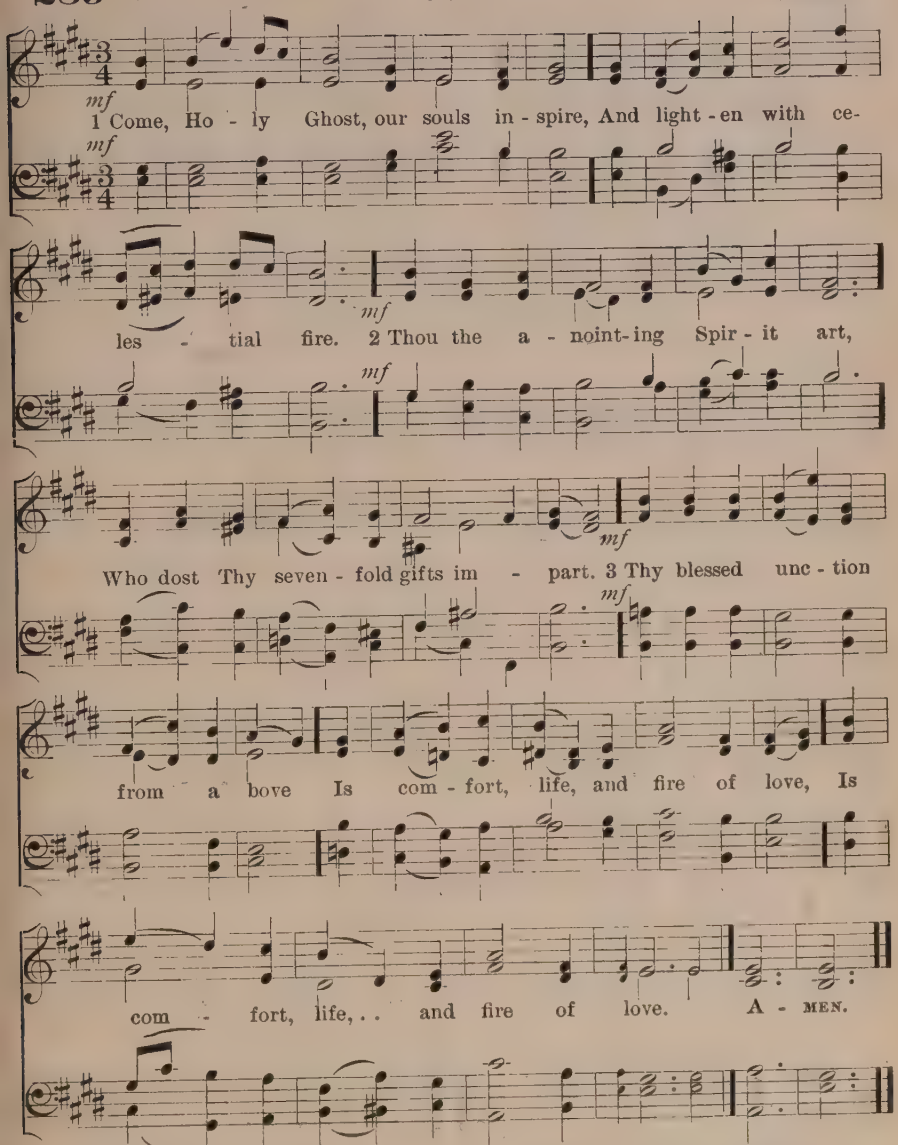
Bp. John Cosin, 1627.



289 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 8.

VENI CREATOR
T. Attwood


mf
1 Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce-
les - tial fire. 2 Thou the a - noint - ing Spir - it art,
Who dost Thy seven - fold gifts im - part. 3 Thy blessed unc - tion
from a bove Is com - fort, life, and fire of love, Is
com - fort, life, . . and fire of love. A - MEN.

p 4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

mf 5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

p 6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

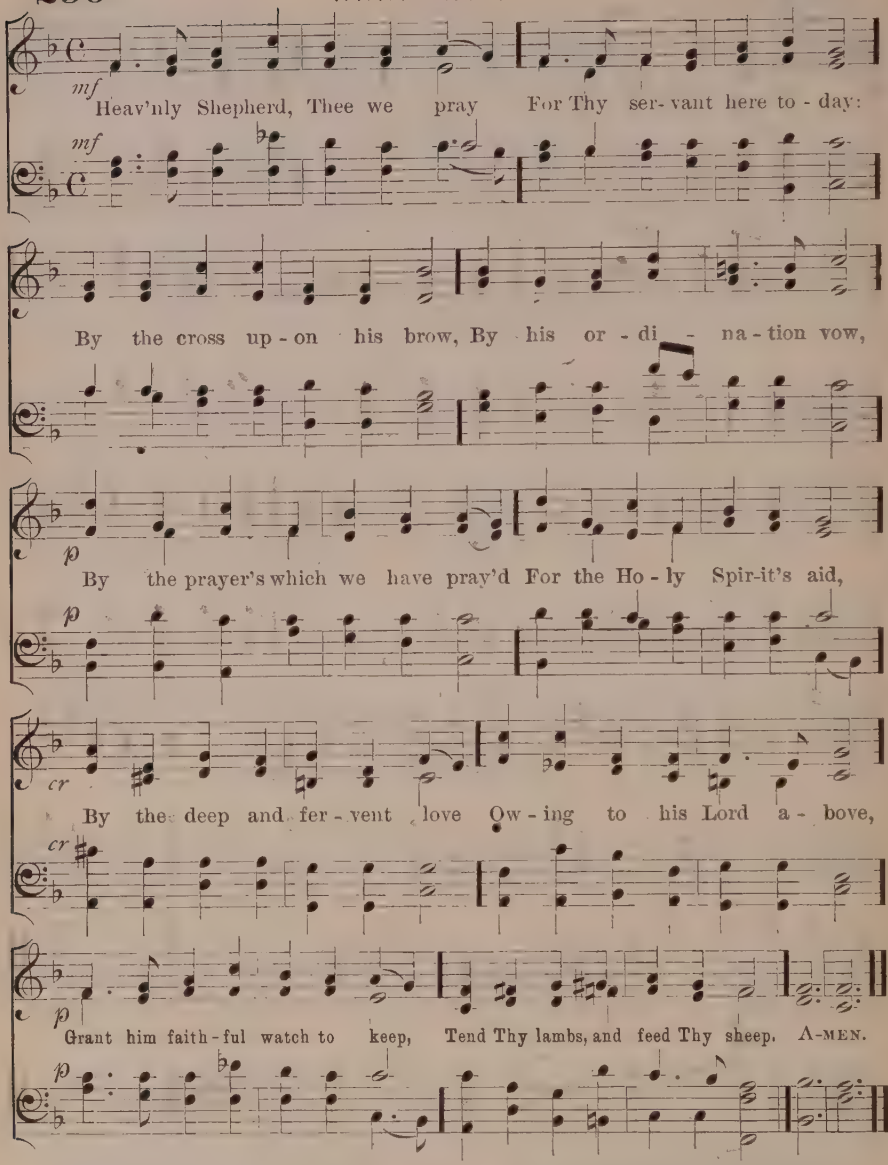
mf 7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,

f 8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

f 9 Praise to Thy eternal merit
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

TR. *John Cosin*

290 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. VESPERS *P. H. Diemer*


mf
Heav'nly Shepherd, Thee we pray For Thy ser-vant here to-day:
By the cross up-on his brow, By his or-di-na-tion vow,
p
By the prayer's which we have pray'd For the Ho-ly Spir-it's aid,
cr
By the deep and fer-vent love Ow-ing to his Lord a-bove,
p
Grant him faith-ful watch to keep, Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep. A-MEN.

p 2 From the silent power of sin
Lurking secretly within,
cr May the grace that flows from Thee,
Heavenly Shepherd, set him free;
mf By the blessing on him breathed,
By the charge to him bequeathed,
cr Thou the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Gird him for the sacred strife,
p Aye his faithful watch to keep,
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

Laying of a Corner-Stone

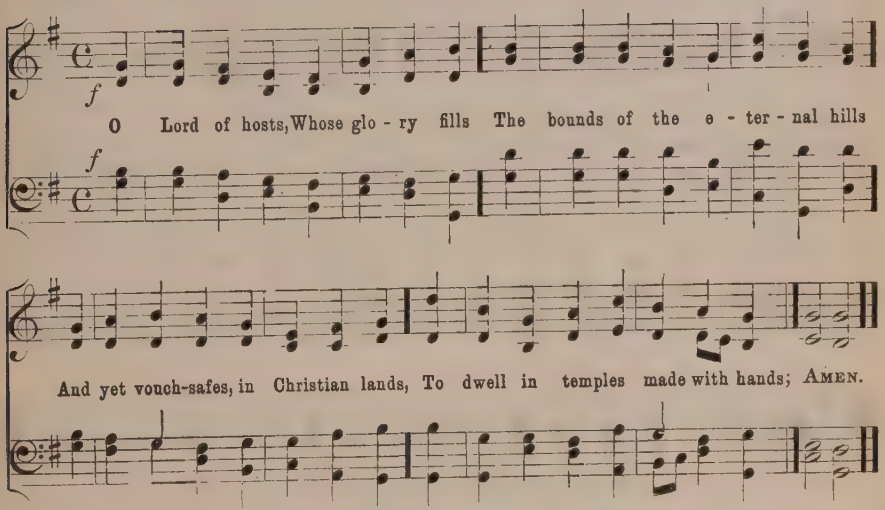
mf 3 Speed him on his life-long way,
Speed him whom we speed to-day;
cr Thou, the gracious, loving Lord,
Give him souls for his reward:
f Till he win the promised crown,
p When he lays his burden down
Humbly at his Saviour's feet,
Low before the mercy-seat;
Give him, Lord, Thy grace to keep,
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

f 4 To the blessèd Trinity
Now let praise and glory be,
In Whose Name we meet to-day
For our guidance, as we pray
That we may, in all we do,
Pastor, and his flock, be true;
True to man in heavenly love,
True to Thee, our God above,
Till we, sheep and shepherd, meet,
Ransomed at Thy Judgment seat.

C. G. Woodhouse: G. Thring

Laying of a Corner-Stone

291 L. M. OLD 100TH *L. Bourgeois*


f
O Lord of hosts, Whose glo - ry fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills
f
And yet vouch-safes, in Christian lands, To dwell in temples made with hands; AMEN.

mf 2 Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
cr May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

mf 3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

mf 4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine own.

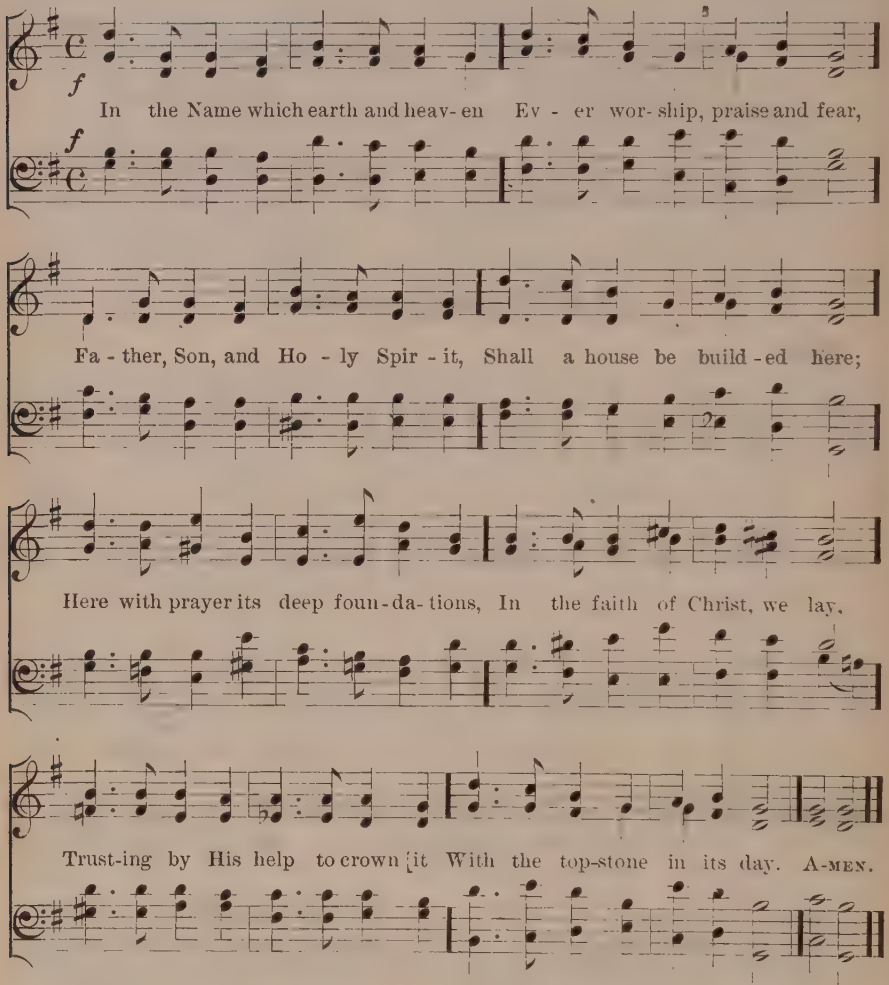
mf 5 The minds that guide, endue with skill;
The hands that work, preserve from ill;
cr That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the top-stone in its day.

mf 6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
cr Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever blessèd Trinity!

J. M. Neale

Laying of a Corner-Stone

292 8. 7. 8. 7. D. MOULTRIE *G. F. Cobbe*


In the Name which earth and heav-en Ev - er wor-ship, praise and fear,
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Shall a house be build-ed here;
Here with prayer its deep foun-da-tions, In the faith of Christ, we lay,
Trust-ing by His help to crown it With the top-stone in its day. A-MEN.

mf 2 Here as in their due succession
Stone on stone the workmen place,
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,
Jesu, build us up in grace;
Till, within these walls completed,
We complete in Thee are found;
And to Thee, the one Foundation,
Strong and living stones, are bound.

f 3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple:
Here the careless passer-by
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
Of the holier House on high;

p Weary hearts and troubled spirits
Here shall find a still retreat;
Sinful souls shall bring their burden
Here to the Absolver's feet.

mf 4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,
Lord, we pray, this house adorn,
Where Thy Bride, Thy Church redeemèd,
Robes her for her marriage morn;
Clothed in garments of salvation,
Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
Till she may behold His face.

Laying of a Corner-Stone

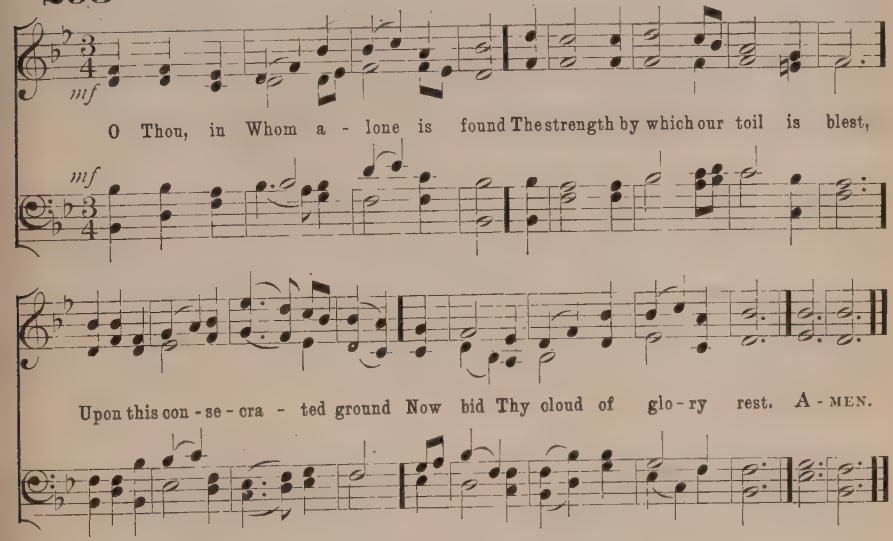
mf 5 Here in due and solemn order
May her ceaseless prayer arise;
cr Here may strains of holy gladness
Lift her heart above the skies;
Here the word of life be spoken;
Here the Child of God be sealed;
p Here the Bread of Heaven be broken,
"Till He come," Himself revealed.

f 6 Praise to Thee, O Master-Builder,
Maker of the earth and skies;
Praise to Thee in Whom Thy temple
Fitly framed together lies;
Praise to Thee, eternal Spirit,
Binding all that lives in one:
Till our earthly praise be ended,
And the eternal song begun!

J. Ellerton

293 L. M.

WARRINGTON
R. Harrison


mf
O Thou, in Whom a - lone is found The strength by which our toil is blest,
mf
Upon this con - se - cra - ted ground Now bid Thy cloud of glo - ry rest. A - MEN.

f 2 In Thy great Name we place this stone;
To Thy great truth these walls we rear:
Long may they make Thy glory known,
And long our Saviour triumph here.

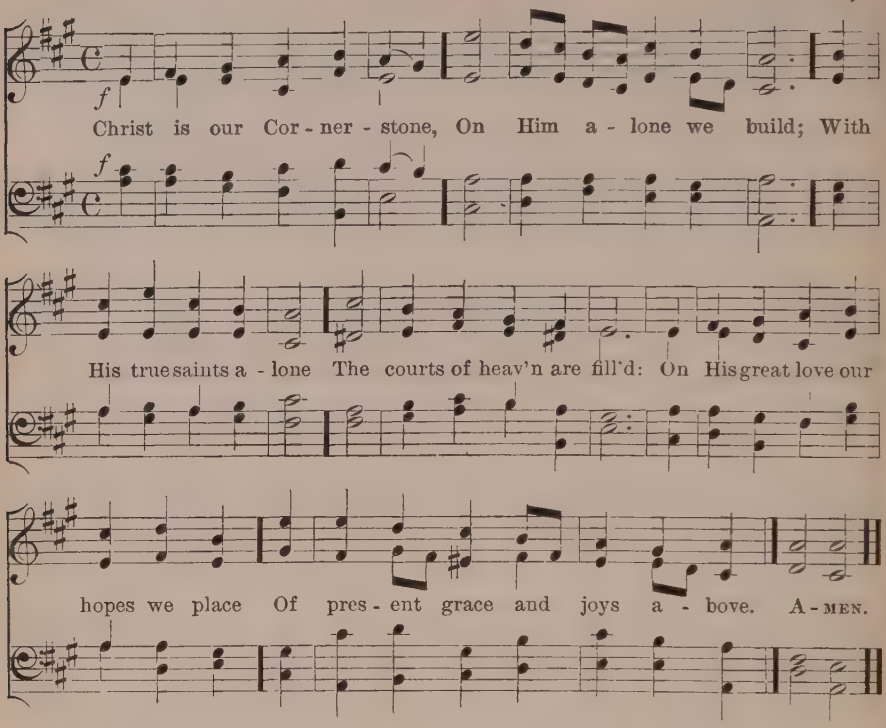
mf 3 And while Thy sons, from earth apart,
Here seek the truth from heaven that sprung,
Fill with Thy Spirit every heart,
With living fire touch every tongue.

mf 4 Lord, feed Thy Church with peace and love;
Let sin and error pass away,
cr Till truth's full influence from above
f Rejoice the earth with cloudless day.

H. Ware

Laying of a Corner-Stone

294 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. HAREWOOD *S. S. Wesley*


Christ is our Cor - ner - stone, On Him a - lone we build; With
His true saints a - lone The courts of heav'n are fill'd: On His great love our
hopes we place Of pres - ent grace and joys a - bove. A - MEN.

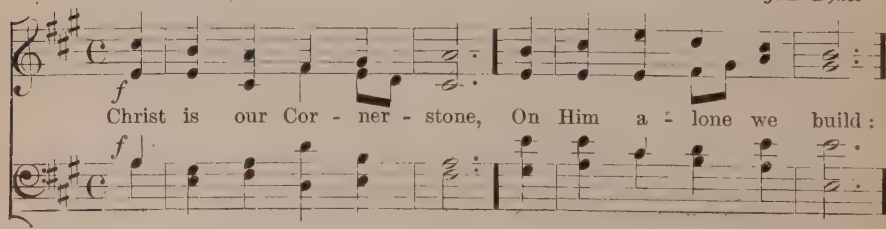
f 2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
cr Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing,
ff And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

p 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
cr In copious shower on all who pray,
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.

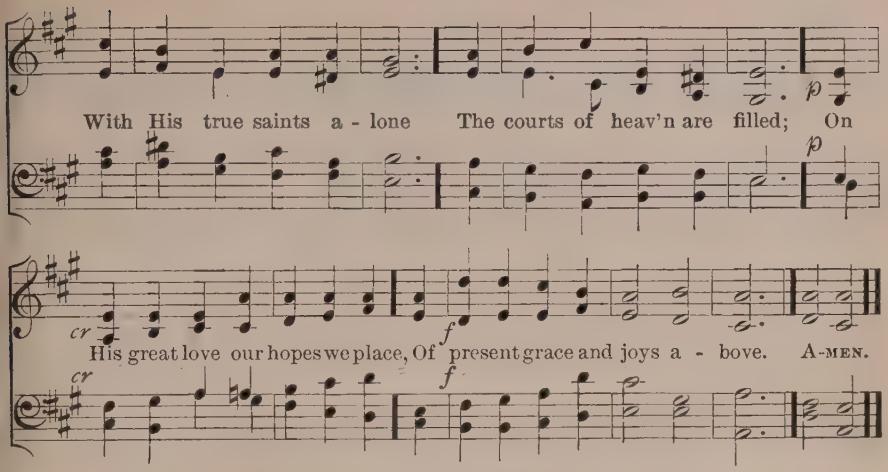
p 4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
cr And may that grace, once given,
f Be with us evermore;
p Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

TR. *J. Chandler*

(SECOND TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. ST. GODERIC *J. B. Dykes*

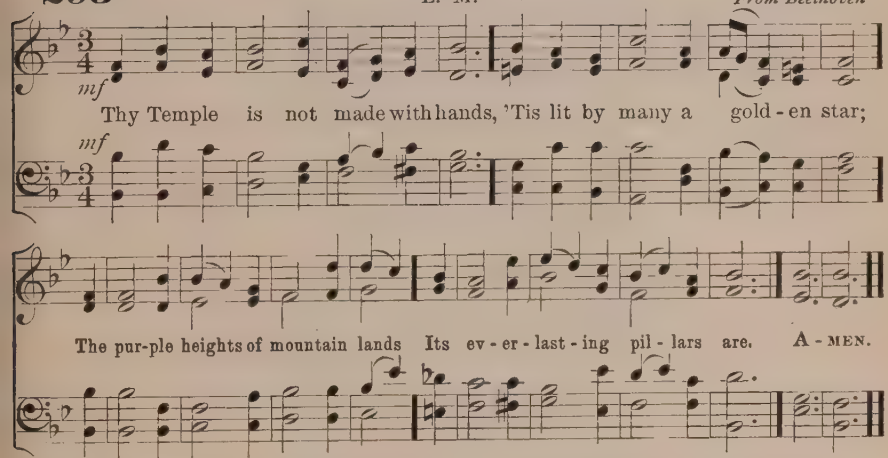


Laying of a Corner-Stone


With His true saints a - lone The courts of heav'n are filled; On
His great love our hopes we place, Of present grace and joys a - bove. A-MEN.

Consecration of Churches

295 L. M. GERMANY *From Beethoven*


Thy Temple is not made with hands, 'Tis lit by many a gold - en star;
The pur-ple heights of mountain lands Its ev - er - last - ing pil - lars are. A - MEN.

mf 2 Thee, highest heaven cannot contain,
Great Lord of earth, and sky, and sea!
Yet enter in, and bless the fane
Adoring hands have reared for Thee.

p 3 [*Unworthy gift and touched with fears,
And memories of our loved at rest;
Draw nigh, O Lord, and dry our tears,
And be Thy presence here confest.]

mf 4 For welcome to the babe new-born,
For strengthening hands on bended head,
For blessings on the marriage morn,
And sweet words whispered o'er the dead;

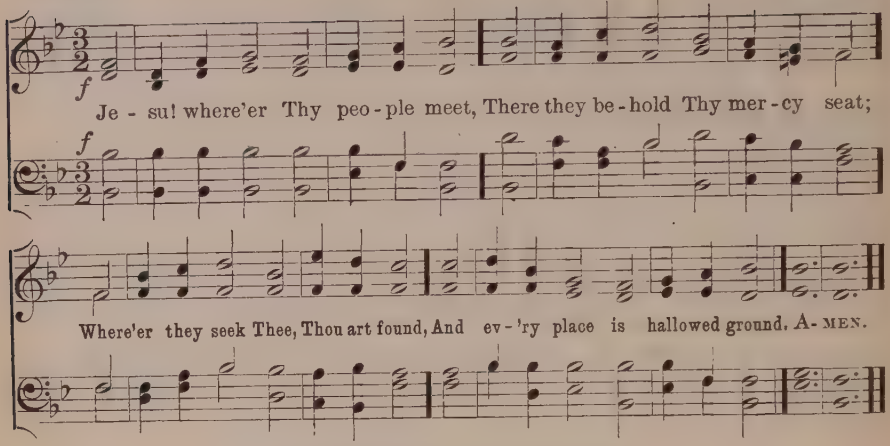
mp 5 For food divine to souls sufficed,
For words that warn, for prayers that
cr Arise and enter in, O Christ! [press,
And with Thy presence all things bless.

f 6 So praise to Thy great Name shall rise
Up from these walls, this sacred floor,
Who made, Who saves, Who sanctifies,
For ever and for evermore.

C. F. Alexander

* To be used of a memorial church.

296 L. M. HEBRON *L. Mason*


Je - su! where'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev - 'ry place is hallowed ground. A - MEN.

mf 2 And since within no walls confined,
Thou dwellest in the humble mind:
Let all within Thy house who come,
Departing, take Thee to their home.

mf 3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord!

mf 4 [*Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come Thou and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.]

mf 5 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
p And here to wayward hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name!

mf 6 Here may we prove the might of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care:
cr To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes!

mf 7 Here to the babe new-born on earth,
Grant Thou the newer, better birth;
By water and the Holy Ghost
Restoring all that Adam lost.

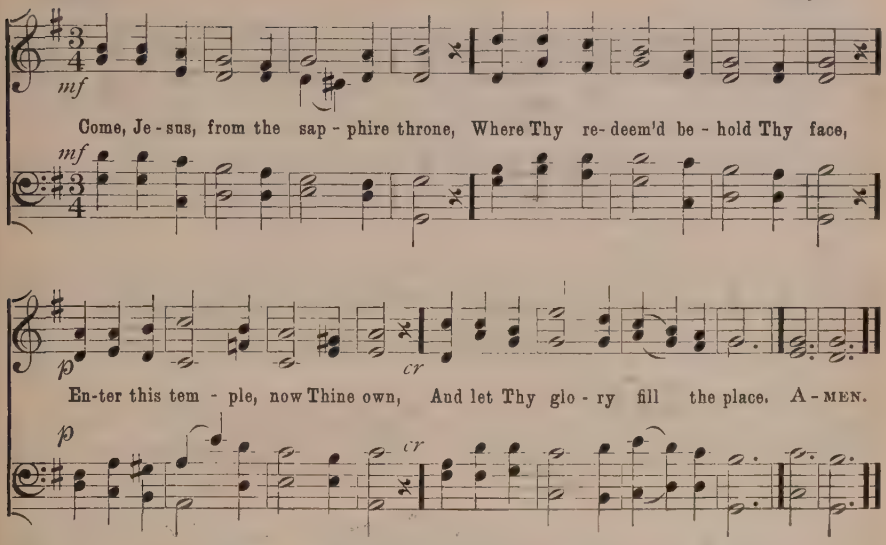
p 8 Here to the weary, hungry soul,
cr Give Thou the gift that maketh whole;
The bread that is Christ's flesh, for food,
The wine that is the Saviour's blood.

mf 9 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
f O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

W. Cowper

* For enlargment of the Church.

297 L. M. GRACE CHURCH *I. Pleyel*


mf
Come, Je - sus, from the sap - phire throne, Where Thy re - deem'd be - hold Thy face,
mf
p
cr
En-ter this tem - ple, now Thine own, And let Thy glo - ry fill the place. A - MEN.
p
cr

f 2 We praise Thee that to-day we see
Its sacred walls before Thee stand;
'Tis Thine for us: 'tis ours for Thee;
Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.

mf 3 Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;
With Thine own joy fill every breast,
With Thine own pow'r Thy word attend.

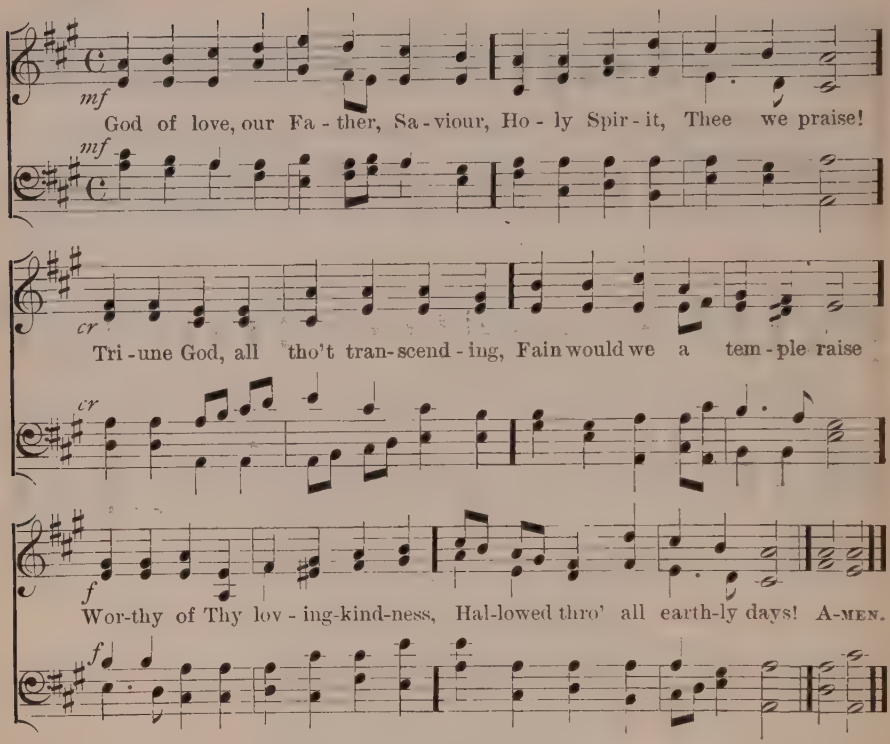
p 4 Here in the dark and sorrowing day,
Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still;
cr O wipe the mourner's tears away,
And give new strength to meet Thy will.

mp 5 When round this Board Thine own shall meet,
And keep the feast of dying love,
cr Be our communion ever sweet
With Thee, and with Thy Church above.

mf 6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep;
In Thine own arms the lambs infold:
cr Give help to climb the heav'nward steep,
Till Thy full glory we behold.

R. Palmer

298 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. DULCE CARMEN *Haydn*

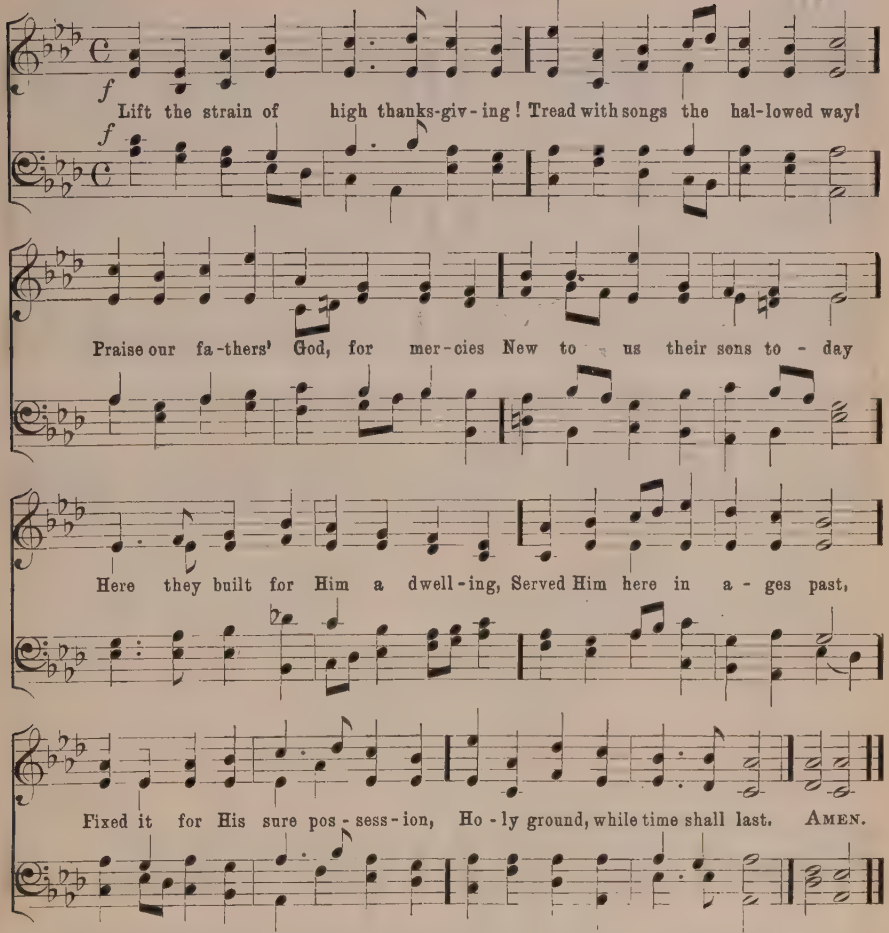

mf
God of love, our Fa - ther, Sa - viour, Ho - ly Spir - it, Thee we praise!
cr
Tri - une God, all tho't tran - scend - ing, Fain would we a tem - ple raise
f
Wor - thy of Thy lov - ing-kind-ness, Hal-lowed thro' all earth-ly days! A-MEN.

mf 2 Make these stones a hallowed symbol,
Saints of God who run may read,
Types of those whom, blest Redeemer,
Thou from sin and woe hast freed,
Pillars Thou hast hewn and shapen,
Thine elect in very deed!

f 3 Lord! restore the gates of Sion,
Let her courts with praise resound!
May Thy light and love descending
Shed their radiant joys around,
So shall man reveal Thy glory:
Earth, like heaven, be hallowed ground!

H. W. Robilliard

299 8. 7. 8. 7. D. REX GLORIÆ *H. Smart*


Lift the strain of high thanks-giv-ing! Tread with songs the hal-lowed way!
Praise our fa-thers' God, for mer-cies New to us their sons to-day
Here they built for Him a dwell-ing, Served Him here in a-ges past,
Fixed it for His sure pos-sess-ion, Ho-ly ground, while time shall last. AMEN.

mf 2 When the years had wrought their chang- He, our own unchanging God, (es,
Thought on this His habitation,
Looked on His decayed abode;
cr Heard our prayers, and helped our coun- Blessed the silver and the gold, [sels,
f Till once more His house is standing
Firm and stately as of old.

f 3 Entering then Thy gates with praises,
p Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer:
mf "Rise into Thy place of resting,
Show Thy promised presence there!"
Let the gracious word be spoken
Here, as once on Sion's height,
cr "This shall be My rest for ever,
f This my dwelling of delight."

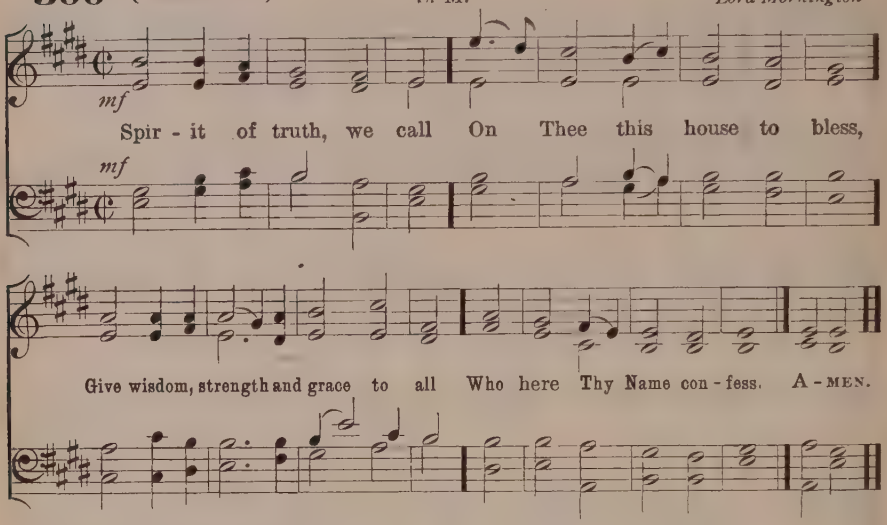
mf 4 Fill this latter house with glory
Greater than the former knew;
Clothe with righteousness its priesthood.
Guide us all to reverence true;
Let Thy Holy One's anointing
Here its sevenfold blessing shed;
Spread for us the heavenly banquet,
Satisfy Thy poor with bread.

f 5 Praise to Thee, Almighty Father,
Praise to Thee, Eternal Son,
Praise to Thee, all-quickening Spirit,
Ever blessed Three in One:
Threefold Power and Grace and Wisdom,
Molding out of sinful clay,
Living stones for that true temple
Which shall never know decay.

J. Ellerton

HOSPITAL

300 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. MORNINGTON *Lord Mornington*


mf
Spir - it of truth, we call On Thee this house to bless,
mf
Give wisdom, strength and grace to all Who here Thy Name con - fess. A - MEN.

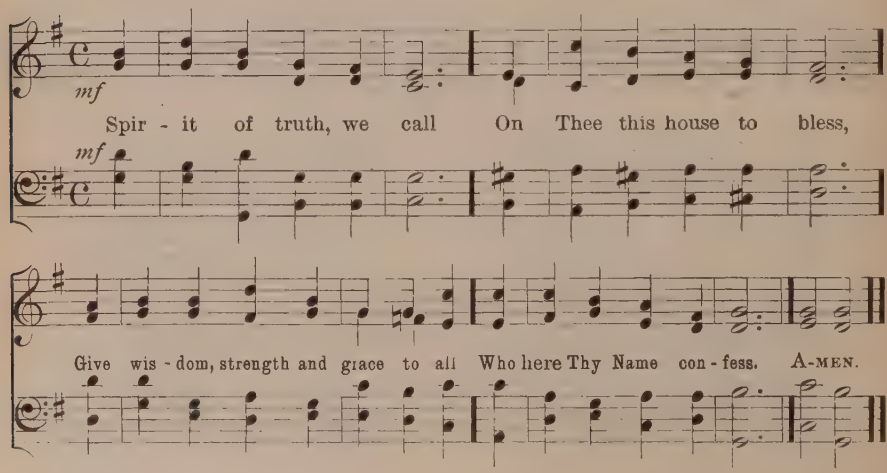
mp 2 Spirit of mercy, bring
Thy balm the sick to heal;
cr And make the weary ones to sing,
Who shall Thy presence feel.

p 3 Spirit of peace, descend,
Thyself the heavenly Dove;
Let care for souls and bodies blend
In ministries of love.

mf 4 Spirit of Christ abide
In every heart alway;
And crown, O Jesus crucified,
The work begun to-day.

W. A. White

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. EASTNOR *A. King*

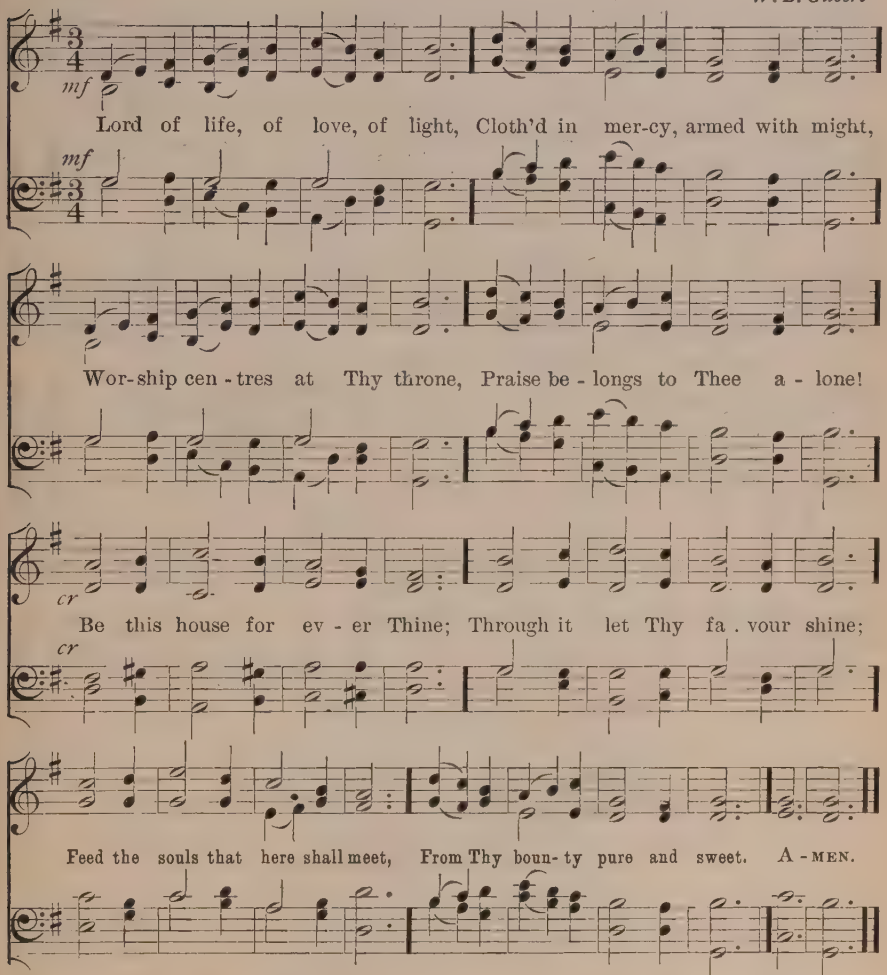

mf
Spir - it of truth, we call On Thee this house to bless,
mf
Give wis - dom, strength and grace to all Who here Thy Name con - fess. A-MEN.

HOME FOR THE AGED

301

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

MAIDSTONE
W. B. Gilbert


mf
Lord of life, of love, of light, Cloth'd in mer-cy, armed with might,
mf
Wor-ship cen-tres at Thy throne, Praise be-longs to Thee a-lone!
cr
Be this house for ev-er Thine; Through it let Thy fa-vour shine;
cr
Feed the souls that here shall meet, From Thy boun-ty pure and sweet. A-MEN.

mf 2 Write salvation on these walls;
Succour those whom sin enthrals;
Lightened with celestial rays,
Let these gates reflect Thy praise.
Thou Who dwellest where is sung
Praise to Thee by human tongue,
With the presence of Thy grace
Dwell henceforth within this place.

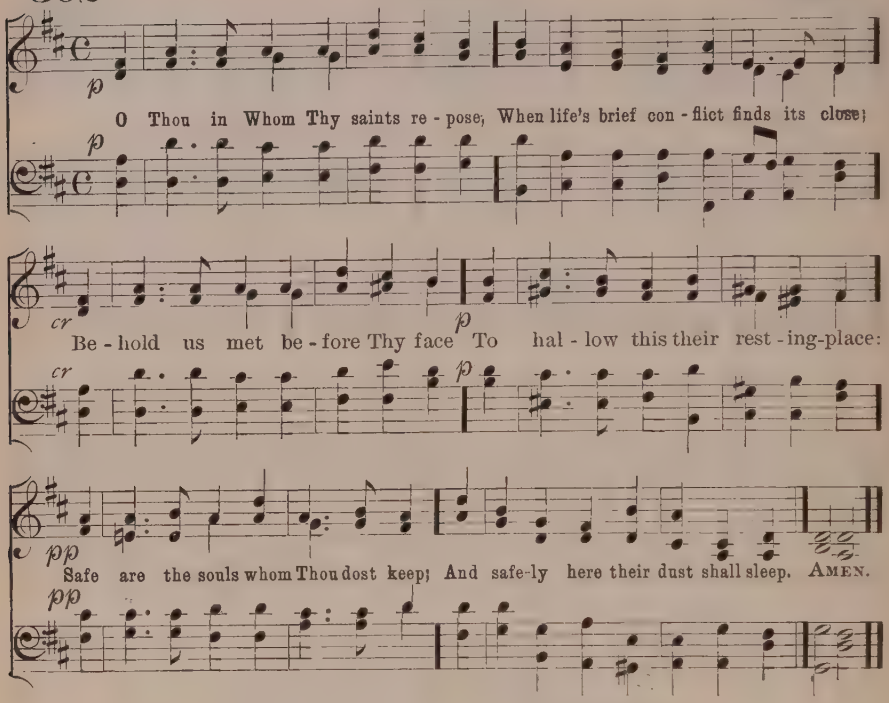
p 3 On Thine aged servants pour
cr Richest mercies from Thy store,
And till life's brief hour shall end,
Be their Guardian, Saviour, Friend,
mf Father holy! Christ most blest!
Evermore within us rest!
Spirit pure, illume our ways
With Thy bright, celestial rays!

B. H. Hall

BURIAL GROUND

302 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

SAINTS OF GOD
A. S. Sullivan


O Thou in Whom Thy saints re - pose; When life's brief con - flict finds its close;
Be - hold us met be - fore Thy face To hal - low this their rest - ing-place:
Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep; And safe-ly here their dust shall sleep. AMEN.

p 2 Thou knowest, Lord,—for Thou hast wept
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,—
pp What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed,
When here we sow the precious seed:
cr Thou still rememberest, on Thy throne,
p Thy garden grave and sealèd stone.

mf 3 Bid then Thy hosts encamp around
This chosen spot of holy ground:
Here let calm hope with memory dwell,
cr And faith of heavenly comfort tell:
p No thought of ill, no footstep rude
Profane the sacred solitude.

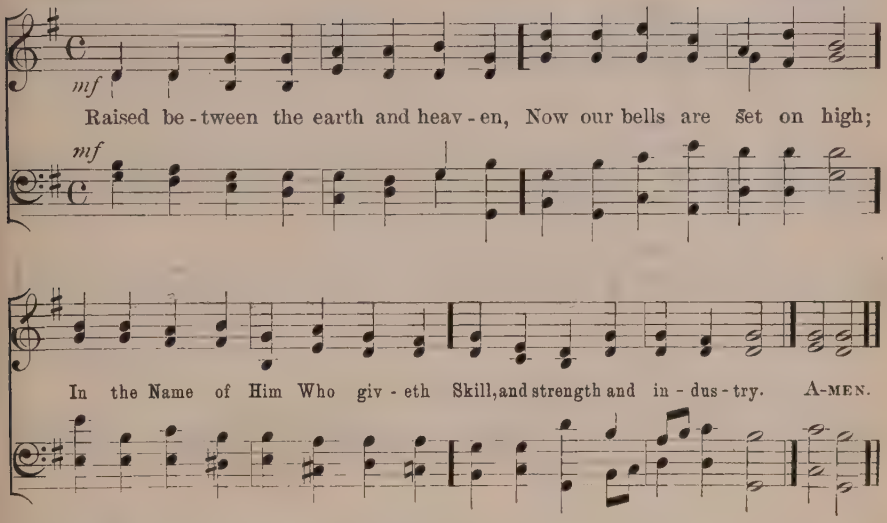
p 4 Here when Thy mourners shall repair
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,
cr Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes
To those fair glades of Paradise,
f Where safe within the guarded gate
p Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

cr 5 And when the valley, thick with corn,
Shall laugh to see Thy harvest-morn,
Here may the angel-reapers find
Full many a sheaf for Thee to bind,
f And in Thy golden garner store,
p Our fruit of tears for evermore.

J. Ellerton

Church Bells

303 8. 7. 8. 7. STUTTGARD *H. L. Hassler*


mf
Raised be - tween the earth and heav - en, Now our bells are set on high;
mf
In the Name of Him Who giv - eth Skill, and strength and in - dus - try. A-MEN.

mf 2 For His praise we meekly lay them
As a gift beneath His throne;
All their sweet and noblest music
Shall resound for Him alone.

mf 3 Faithful men afar shall listen,
'Mid their daily toil or rest,
While the melody shall bid them
Love the Church where all are blest.

f 4 Earth's rejoicings, bright and holy,
Shall be signed with joyful peal;
And the music from the steeple
Shall our faith and love reveal.

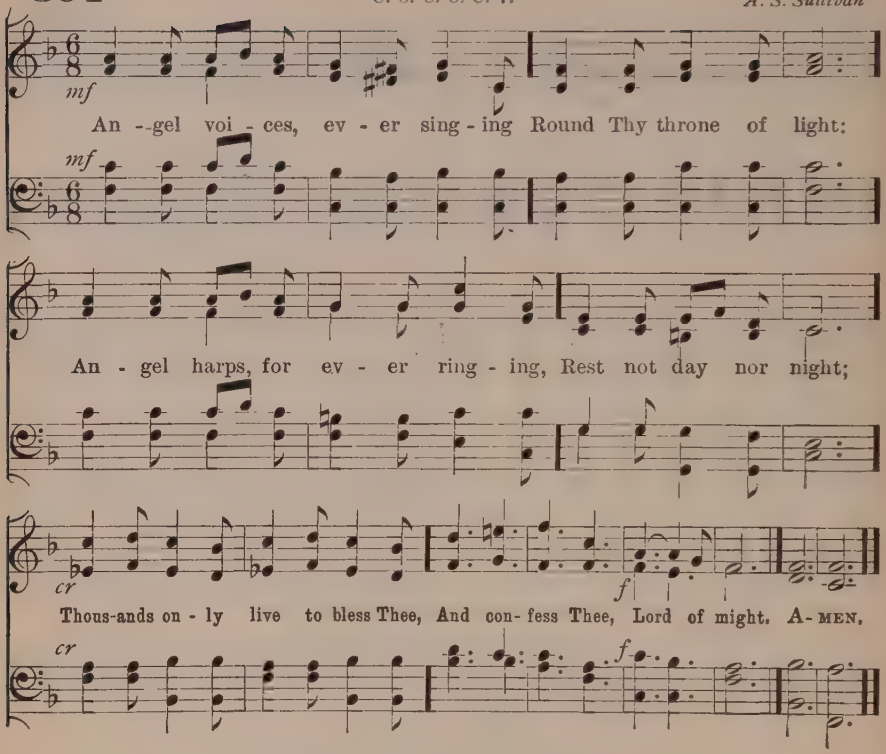
p 5 They who languish, sick and lonely,
Shall be minded, as they sigh,
cr Of the Church's one communion,
God's true home and family.

p 6 When the spirits of the faithful
Pass away to light and peace;
Solemn tones shall then forewarn us,
Soon our life and work must cease.

f 7 May these loud and well-tuned voices,
Pealing forth in grand accord,
Lift our hearts through joy and sorrow
To Thy throne, most gracious Lord.

W. B. Smith

304 8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 7. ANGEL VOICES *A. S. Sullivan*


mf
An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light:
mf
An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
cr
f
Thous-ands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con- fess Thee, Lord of might. A- MEN.
cr
f

mf 2 Lord, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
f Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure didst design.

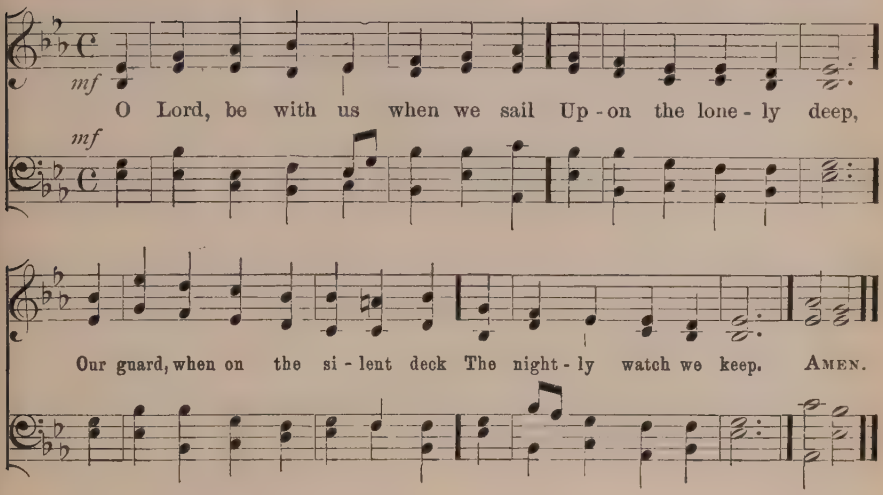
mf 3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
p All unworthily
mf Hearts and minds, and hands and voices
cr In our choicest melody.

f 4 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be!
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven render Thee.

F. Pott

Travellers by Sea or Land

305 C. M. DUNDEE *Scotch Psalter*



mf 2 We need not fear, though all around,
cr 'Mid rising winds, we hear
f The multitude of waters surge;
mf For Thou, O God, art near.

mf 3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

f 4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
mf One word of Thine could save;

mf 5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

mp 6* If duty calls, from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
cr And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar;

mf 7 Be Thou the mainguard of our host
Till war and dangers cease.
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

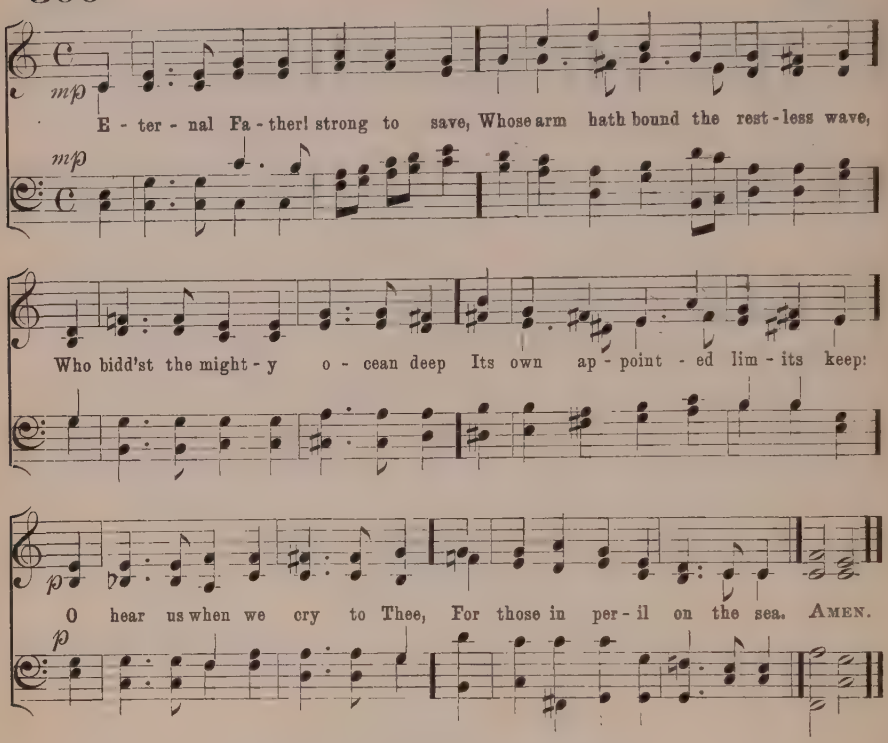
mf 8 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
cr Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

E. A. Dayman

* To be added in time of war.

Travellers by Sea or Land

306 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. MELITA *J. B. Dykes*


mp
E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave,
mp
Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep:
p
O hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea. AMEN.
p

mf 2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
p And hushed their raging at Thy word,
cr Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
p And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when (*cr*) we cry to Thee
f For those in peril on the sea!

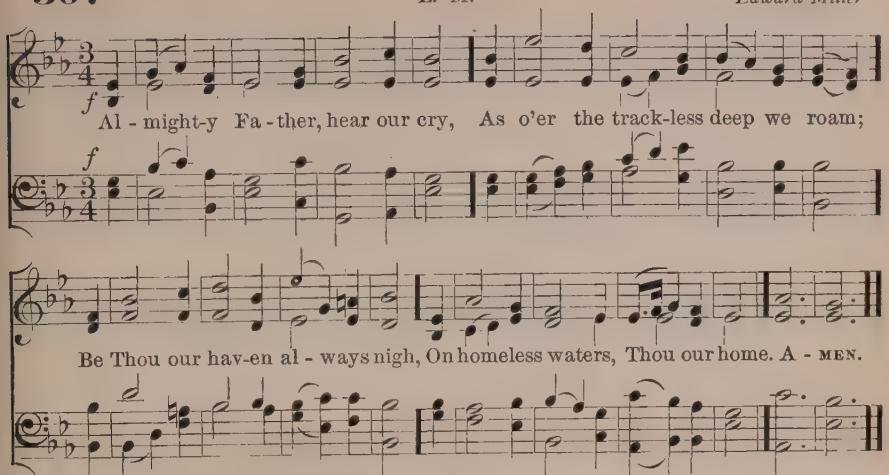
mf 3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, (*cr*) peace;
p O hear us when (*cr*) we cry to Thee
p For those in peril on the sea!

mf 4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
cr Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
f Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. Whiting

Travellers by Sea or Land

307 L. M. ROCKINGHAM *Edward Miller*


f
Al - might-y Fa - ther, hear our cry, As o'er the track-less deep we roam;
Be Thou our hav-en al - ways nigh, On homeless waters, Thou our home. A - MEN.

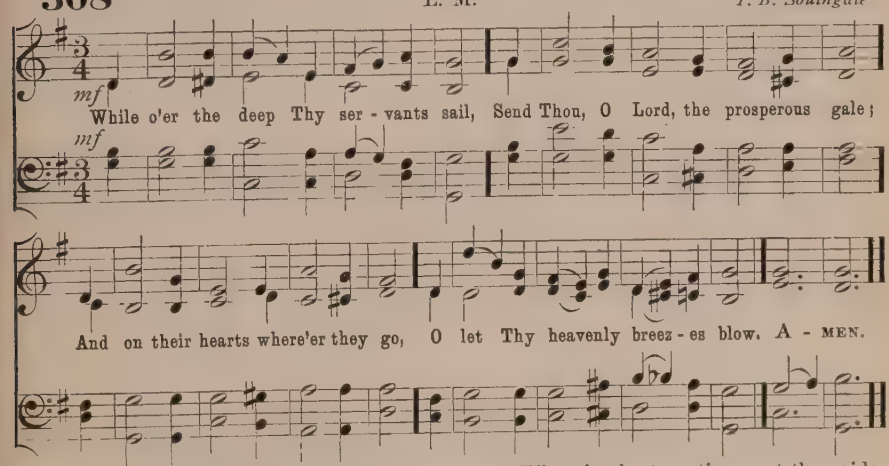
p 2 O Jesus, Saviour, at Whose voice
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice,
And cleanse and calm the troubled [breast.

mf 3 O Holy Ghost, beneath Whose power,
The ocean woke to life and light,
Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quicken- [ing might.

f 4 Great God of our salvation, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore.

E. H. Bickersteth

308 L. M. BROOKFIELD *T. B. Southgate*


mf
While o'er the deep Thy ser - vants sail, Send Thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;
And on their hearts where'er they go, O let Thy heavenly breez - es blow. A - MEN.

mf 2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond Thine eye: [hear:
p The wanderer's prayer Thou bend'st to
cr And faith exults to know Thee near.

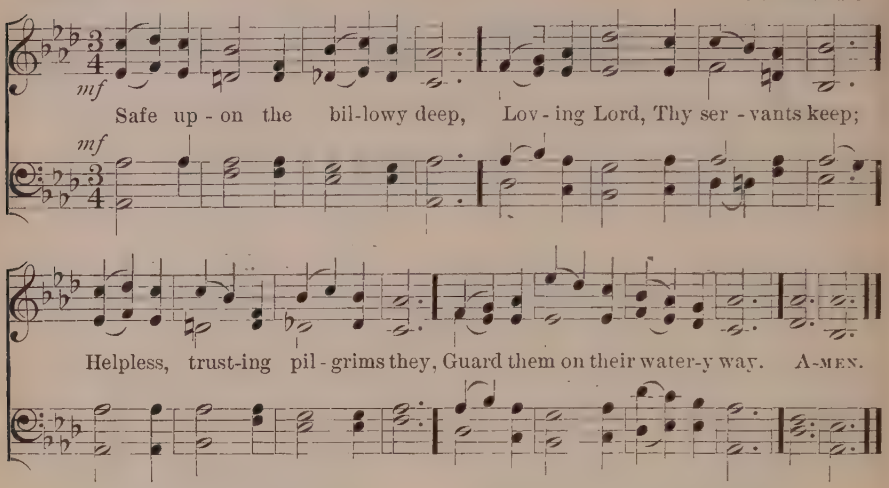
p 3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
O hide them safe in Jesus' ark!
cr When in the tempting port they ride,
O keep them safe at Jesus' side!

mf 4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
p And grant their dust in Christ may
Abroad, at home, or in the deep. [sleep,

G. Burgess

Travellers by Sea or Land

309 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. HAVEN
E. H. Lemare


mf
Safe up - on the bil-lowy deep, Lov - ing Lord, Thy ser - vants keep;
mf
Helpless, trust-ing pil - grims they, Guard them on their water-y way. A-MEN.

mf 2 In the morning fill their sails,
'Mid the dark send favouring gales;
dim If their sky be overcast,
Calm the waves, and still the blast.

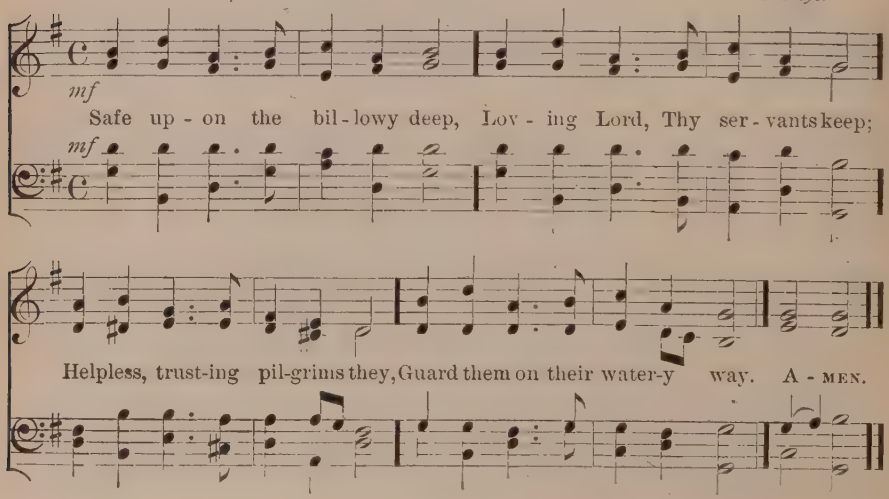
mf 3 Let Thy sunshine guide by day;
Send at eve the starry ray;
Through the watches of the night,
Be Thou, Lord, their shining light.

mf 4 Thus as hour by hour rolls by
Watch them with Thy sleepless eye:
Guide with Thine almighty hand
Safe unto the haven-land.

p 5 And at last, life's voyage o'er,
Take us to the heavenly shore,
cr Safe in port, to dwell with Thee
Where there shall be "no more sea."

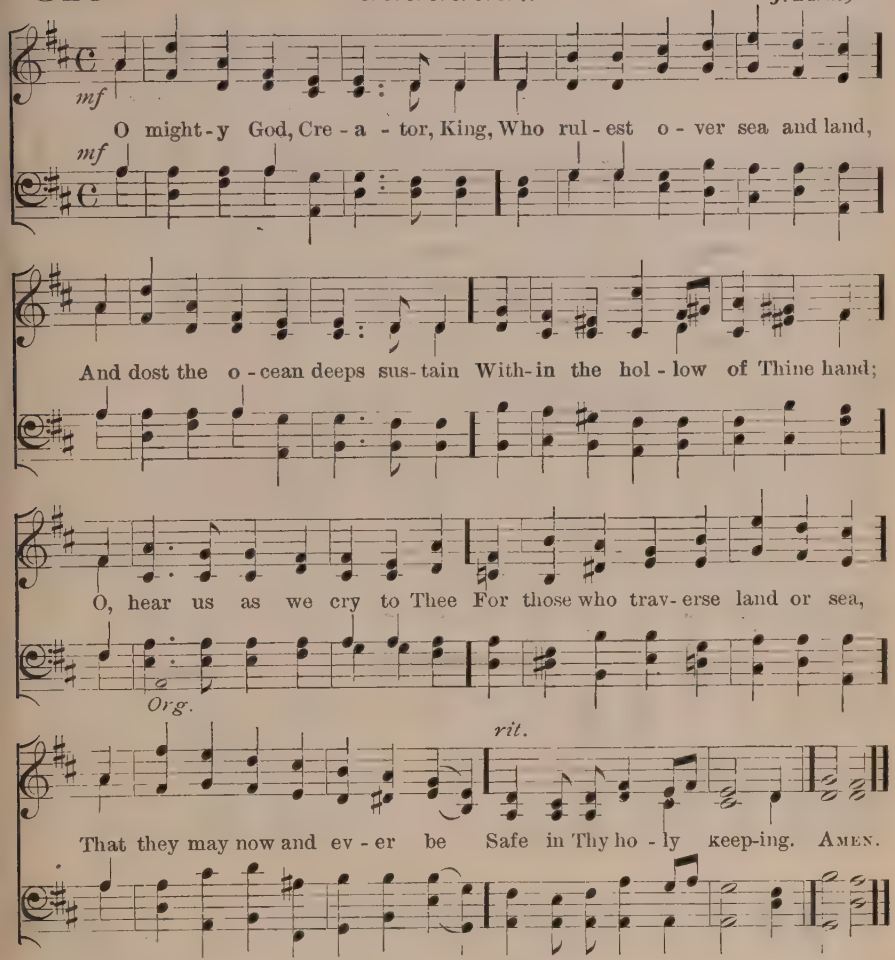
H. Coppee

(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. PLEYEL'S HYMN
I. Pleyel


mf
Safe up - on the bil-lowy deep, Lov - ing Lord, Thy ser - vants keep;
mf
Helpless, trust-ing pil-grims they, Guard them on their water-y way. A - MEN.

Travellers by Sea or Land

310 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 7. WOODLEIGH *J. Barnby*


mf
O might-y God, Cre-a-tor, King, Who rul-est o-ver sea and land,
mf
And dost the o-cean deeps sus-tain With-in the hol-low of Thine hand;
O, hear us as we cry to Thee For those who trav-erse land or sea,
Org.
rit.
That they may now and ev-er be Safe in Thy ho-ly keep-ing. AMEN.

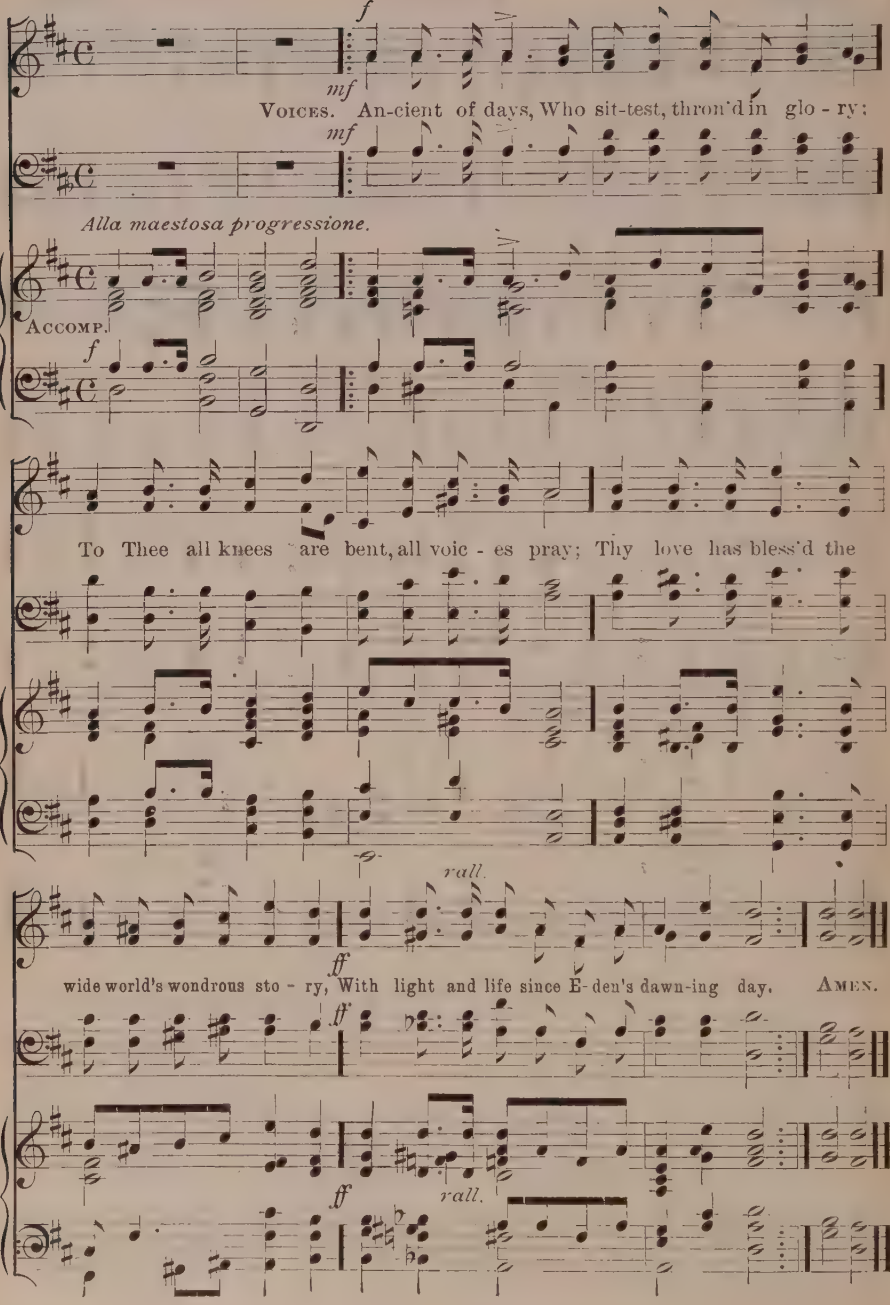
mp 2 And Thou Who cam'st on earth to breathe
The breath of peace o'er heath and hill,
dim Didst walk upon the angry wave,
And bid the troubled sea "be still;"
cr O, hear us as we cry to Thee
For those who traverse land or sea,
That they may now and ever be
f Safe in Thy holy keeping.

f 3 Wherever danger threatens, then,
O Holy Spirit, be Thou there,
And breath into each trembling heart
The will and power of fervent prayer:
mf That we and all who cry to Thee,
With those who traverse land or sea,
Both now and evermore may be,
O ever Blessèd Trinity,*
f Safe in Thy holy keeping.

G. Thring

* This line to be repeated.

311 (FIRST TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 10. ANCIENT OF DAYS *J. A. Jeffery*



mf 2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
p To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

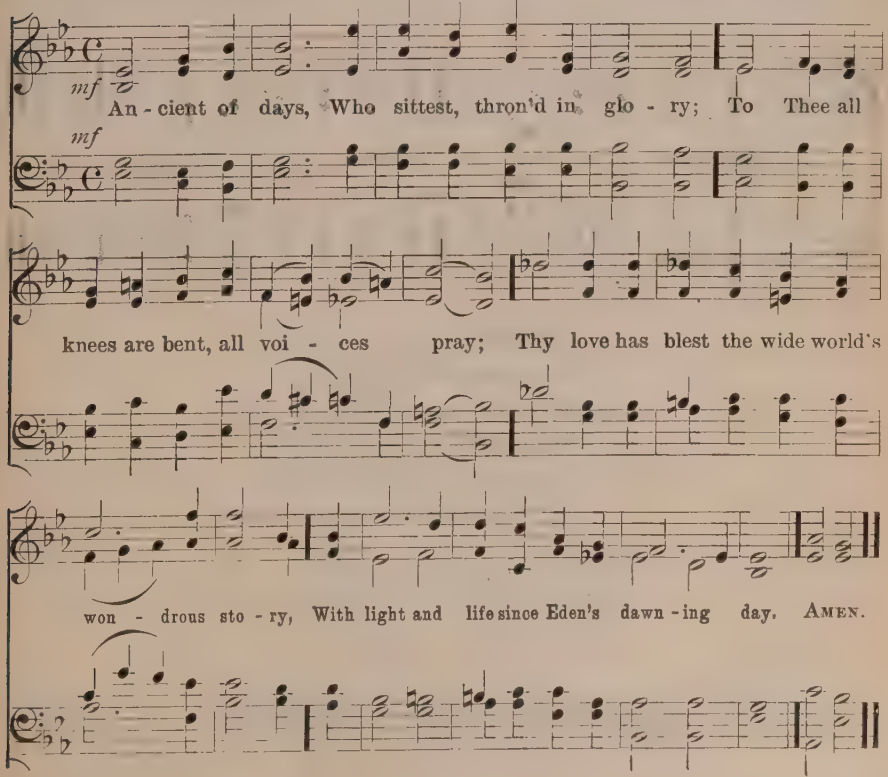
mf 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
p Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behaviour,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

mf 4 O Holy Ghost, The Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

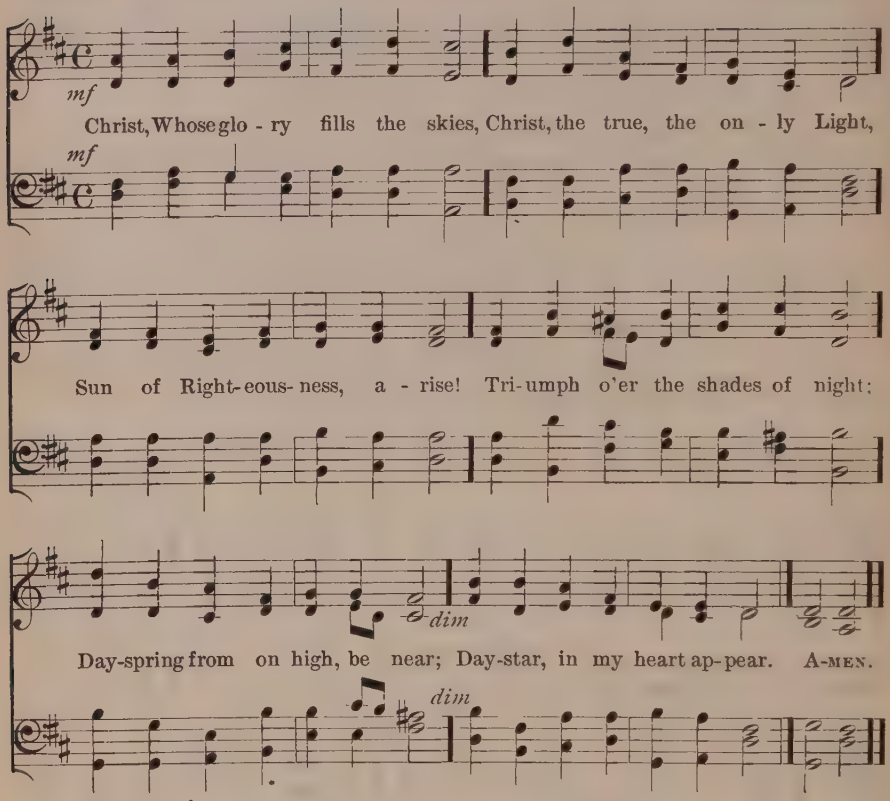
f 5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favour, kept to us always.

W. C. Doane

311 (SECOND TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 10. ANCIENT OF DAYS *H. W. Parker*


mf
An - cient of days, Who sittest, thron'd in glo - ry; To Thee all
mf
knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has blest the wide world's
won - drous sto - ry, With light and life since Eden's dawn - ing day. AMEN.

312 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. RATISBON *J. Neander*

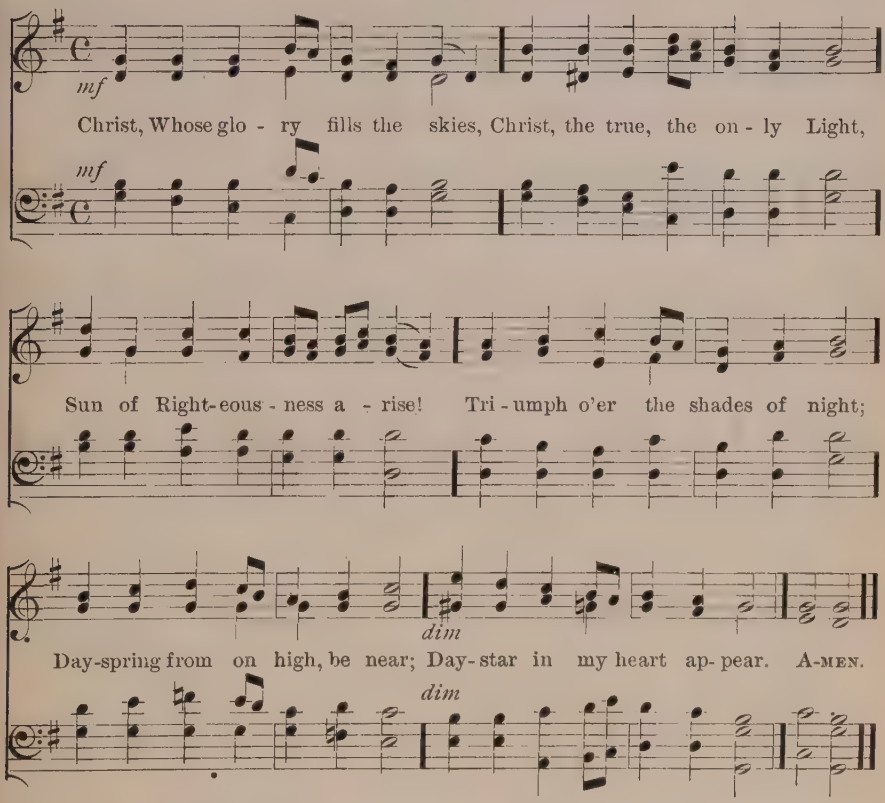

mf
Christ, Whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,
mf
Sun of Right-eous-ness, a - rise! Tri-umph o'er the shades of night;
dim
Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap-pear. A-MEN.
dim

p 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
cr Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

p 3 Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief!
cr More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

C. Wesley

312 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. LUX PRIMA *C. Gounod*

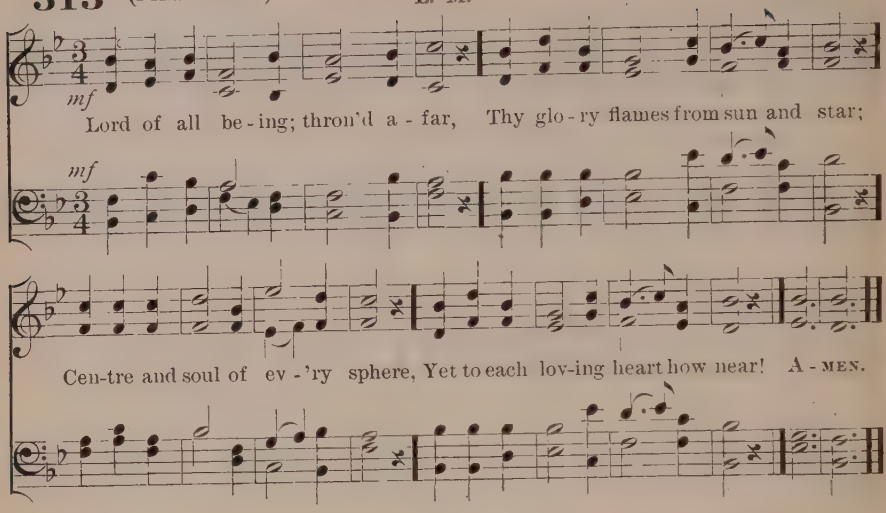

mf
Christ, Whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,
mf
Sun of Right-eous - ness a - rise! Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;
dim
Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star in my heart ap- pear. A-MEN.
dim

p 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
cr Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

p 3 Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
cr More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley

313 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. MENDON *German*


mf
Lord of all be - ing; thron'd a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
mf
Cen-tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near! A - MEN.

mf 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

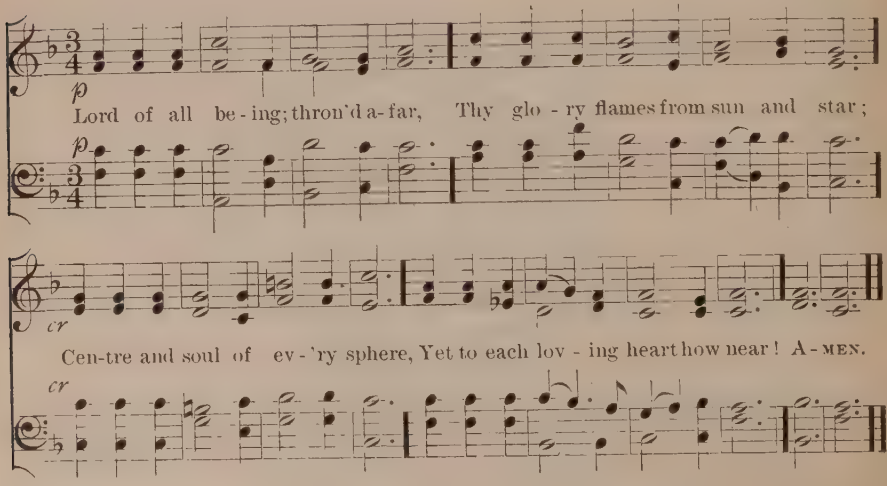
p 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
cr Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

mf 4 Lord of all life, below, above, [love,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

mf 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes

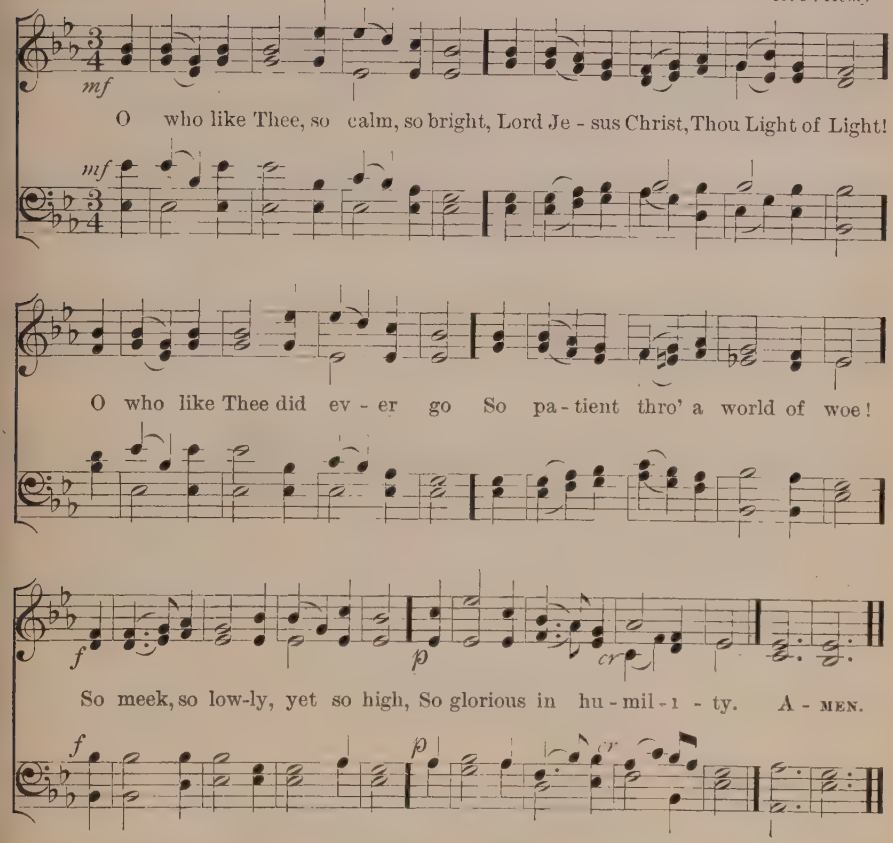
(SECOND TUNE) L. M. HESPERUS *H. Baker*


p
Lord of all be - ing; thron'd a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
cr
Cen-tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A - MEN.

314

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

STELLA
H. F. Hemy


mf
O who like Thee, so calm, so bright, Lord Je - sus Christ, Thou Light of Light!
mf
O who like Thee did ev - er go So pa - tient thro' a world of woe!
f
p
cr
So meek, so low-ly, yet so high, So glorious in hu - mil - i - ty. A - MEN.
f
p
cr

mf 2 O wondrous Lord, our souls would be
Still more and more conformed to Thee;
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
That burns these fevered veins within;
And learn of Thee the lowly One,
And like Thee all our journey run.

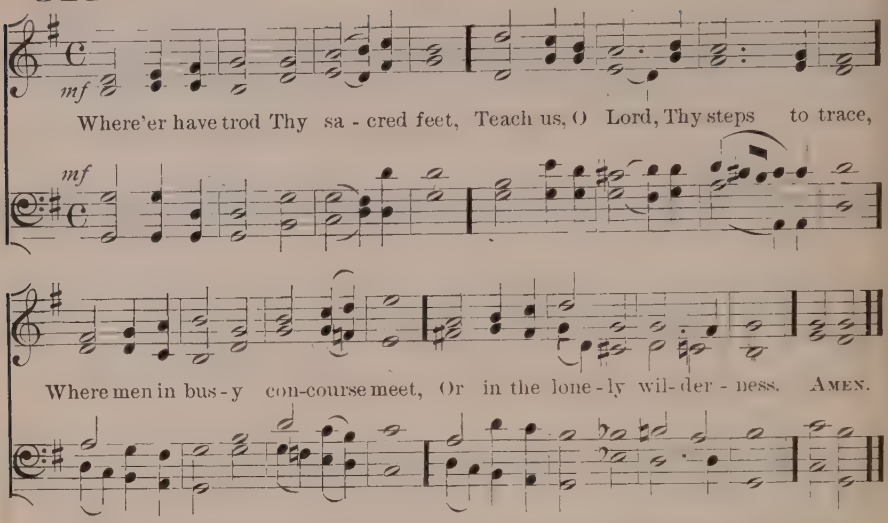
mf 3 O grant us ever on the road
To trace the footsteps of our God;
p That when Thou shalt appear, arrayed
In light to judge the quick and dead,
cr We may to life immortal soar,
Through Thee, Who livest evermore.

A. C. Coxe

315 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

LADUS
A. H. Mann


mf
Where'er have trod Thy sa - cred feet, Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace,
mf
Where men in bus - y con-course meet, Or in the lone - ly wil - der - ness. AMEN.

mf 2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,
cr With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,
p With Thee to bear our cross each day,
cr With Thee to soar beyond the skies.

mf 3 Where'er Thou art may we remain:
Where'er Thou goest may we go:
cr With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain;
p Away from Thee, all joy is woe.

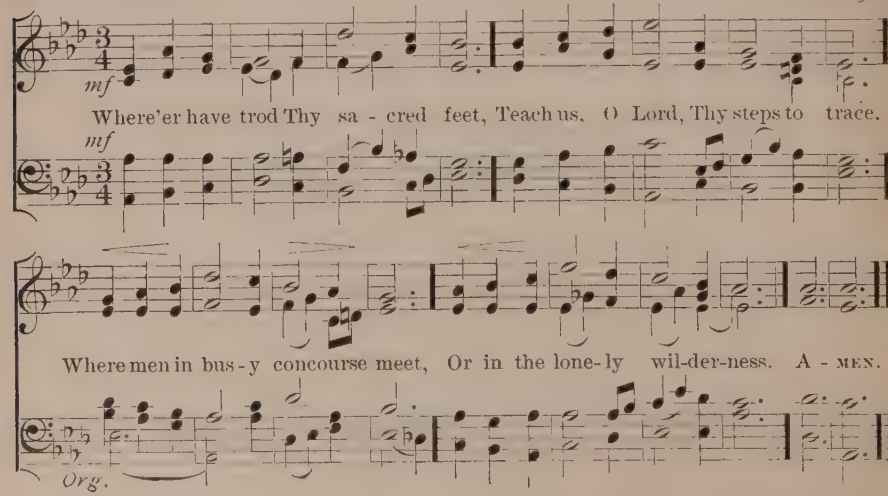
mf 4 O may we in each holy Tide,
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee!
cr Content if only by Thy side
f In life or death we still may be.

Anon

(SECOND TUNE)

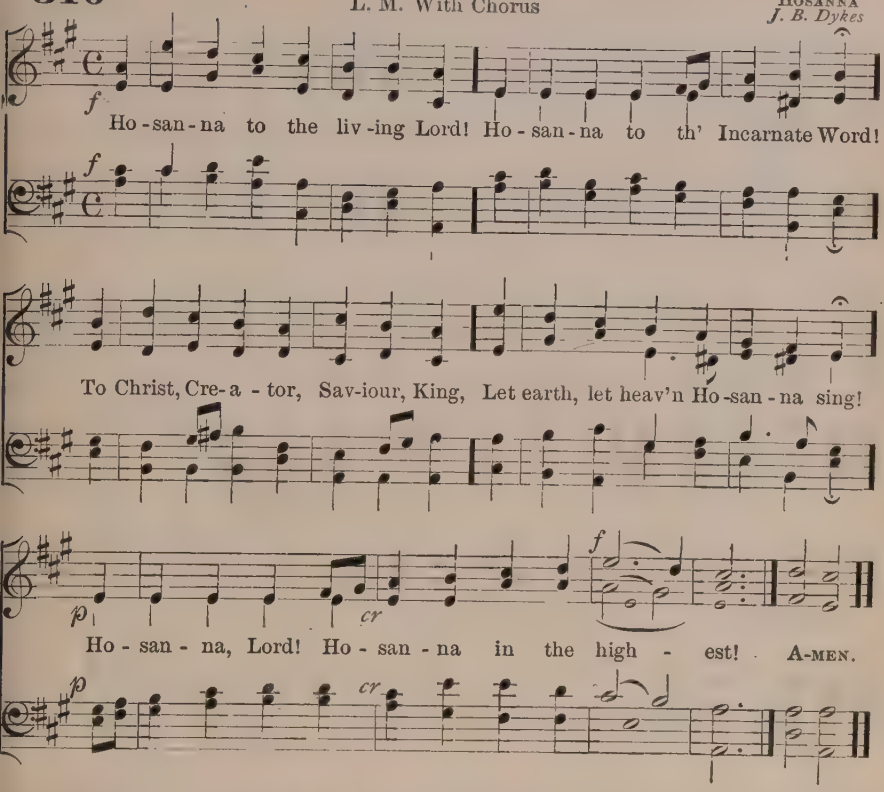
L. M.

ABENDS
H. S. Oakeley


mf
Where'er have trod Thy sa - cred feet, Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace.
mf
Where men in bus - y concourse meet, Or in the lone - ly wil - der - ness. A - MEN.
Org.

316 L. M. With Chorus

HOSANNA
J. B. Dykes


f
Ho-san-na to the liv-ing Lord! Ho-san-na to th' Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Cre-a-tor, Sav-iour, King, Let earth, let heav'n Ho-san-na sing!
p
cr
f
Ho-san-na, Lord! Ho-san-na in the high-est! A-MEN.

f 2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! (*cr*) Hosanna in the highest!

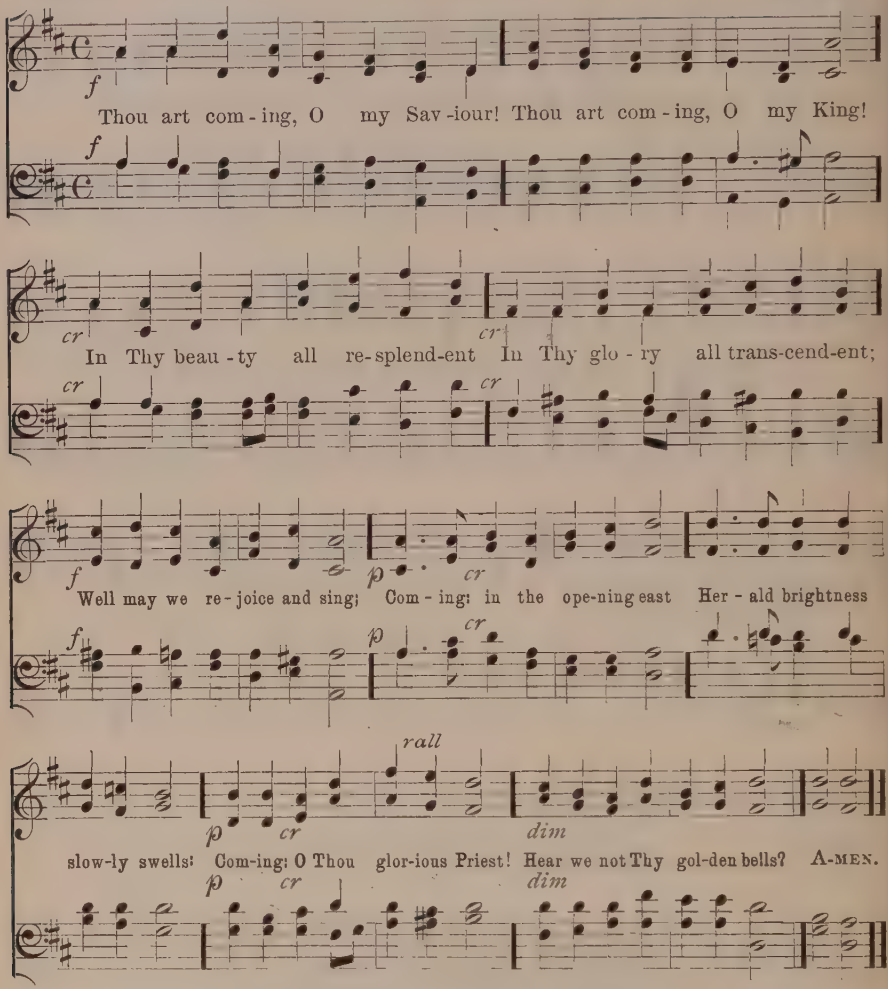
mf 3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

p 4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
cr A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

p 5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
cr Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
f Shall swell the sound of praise again.
ff Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

R. Heber

317 (FIRST TUNE) 8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7. BEVERLY *W. H. Monk*


Thou art com-ing, O my Sav-iour! Thou art com-ing, O my King!
In Thy beau-ty all re-splend-ent In Thy glo-ry all trans-cend-ent;
Well may we re-joice and sing; Com-ing in the ope-ning east Her-ald brightness
slow-ly swells; Com-ing, O Thou glor-ious Priest! Hear we not Thy gol-den bells? A-MEN.

mf 2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
p All our hearts could never say;
cr What an anthem that will be,
Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to Thee
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

mf 3 Thou art coming; at Thy Table
We are witnesses for this;
While rememb'ring hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
cr And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

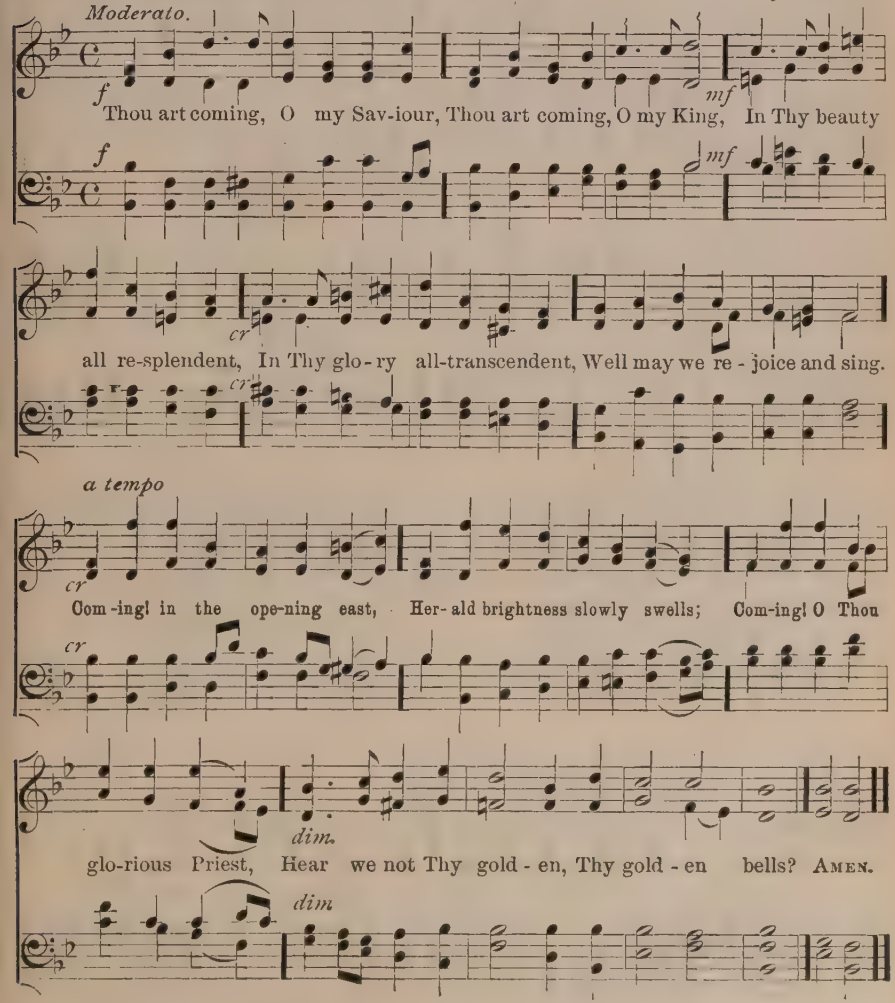
mf 4 Thou art coming, (*p*) we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
mf Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

f 5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, our own belovèd Lord!
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord;
Thee, our Master, and our Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned;
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

F. R. Havergal

317 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

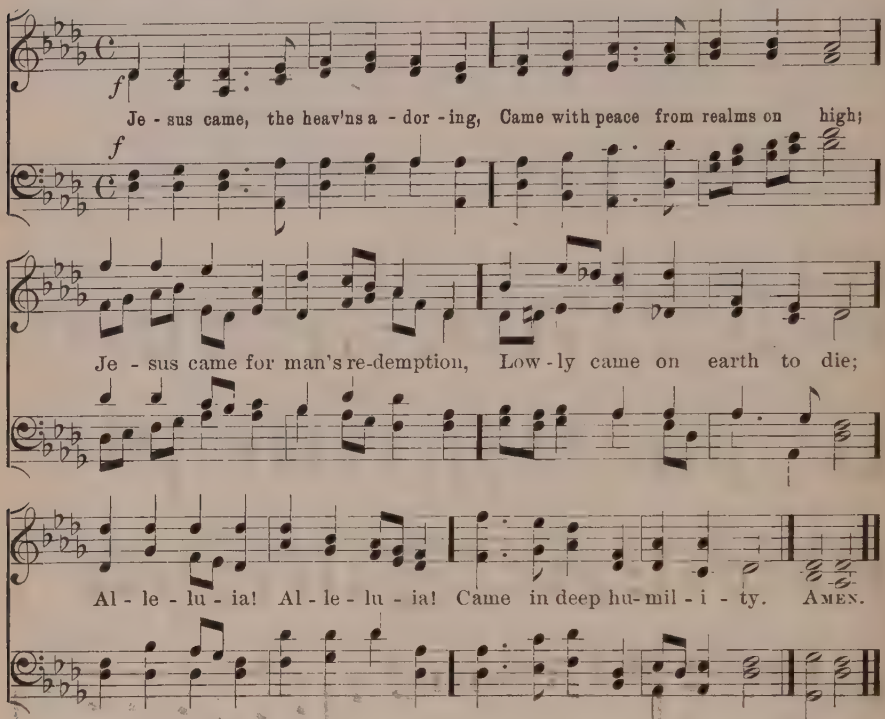
ADVENT
J. C. Knox


Moderato.
Thou art coming, O my Sav-iour, Thou art coming, O my King, In Thy beauty
all re-splendent, In Thy glo-ry all-transcendent, Well may we re-joice and sing.
a tempo
Com-ing! in the ope-ning east, Her-ald brightness slowly swells; Com-ing! O Thou
glo-rious Priest, Hear we not Thy gold-en, Thy gold-en bells? AMEN.

318 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

St. Peter's Westminster
J. Turle


Je - sus came, the heav'ns a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;
Je - sus came for man's re-demption, Low - ly came on earth to die;
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. Amen.

p 2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
cr Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heart-felt prayer;
f Alleluia, Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

mf 3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

mf 4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts and dries our tears;
cr Alleluia! Alleluia!
mf Cheering e'en our failing years.

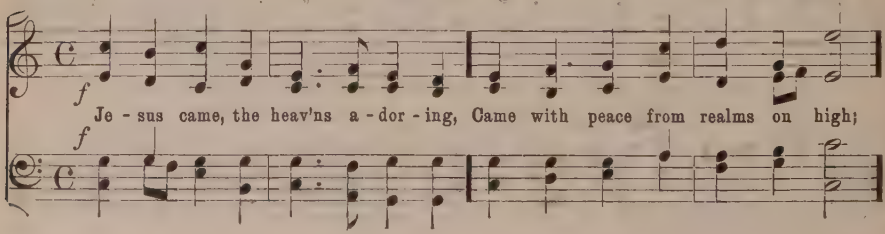
ff 5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

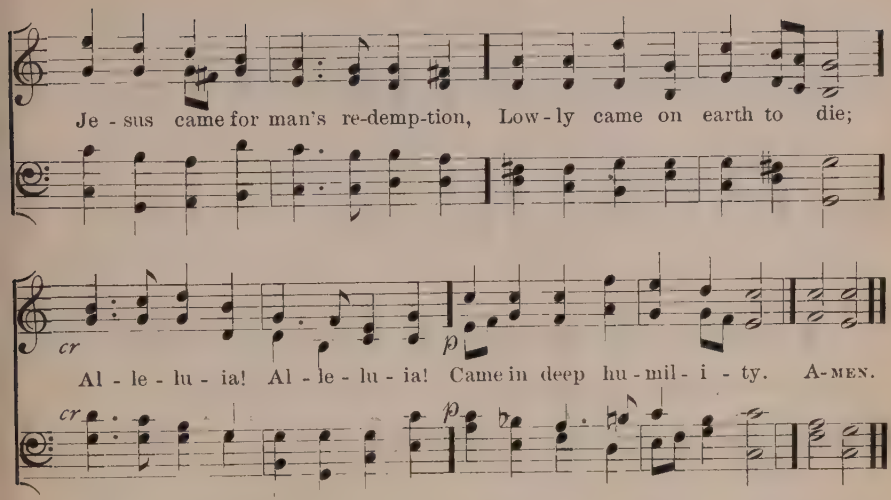
G. Thring

(SECOND TUNE)

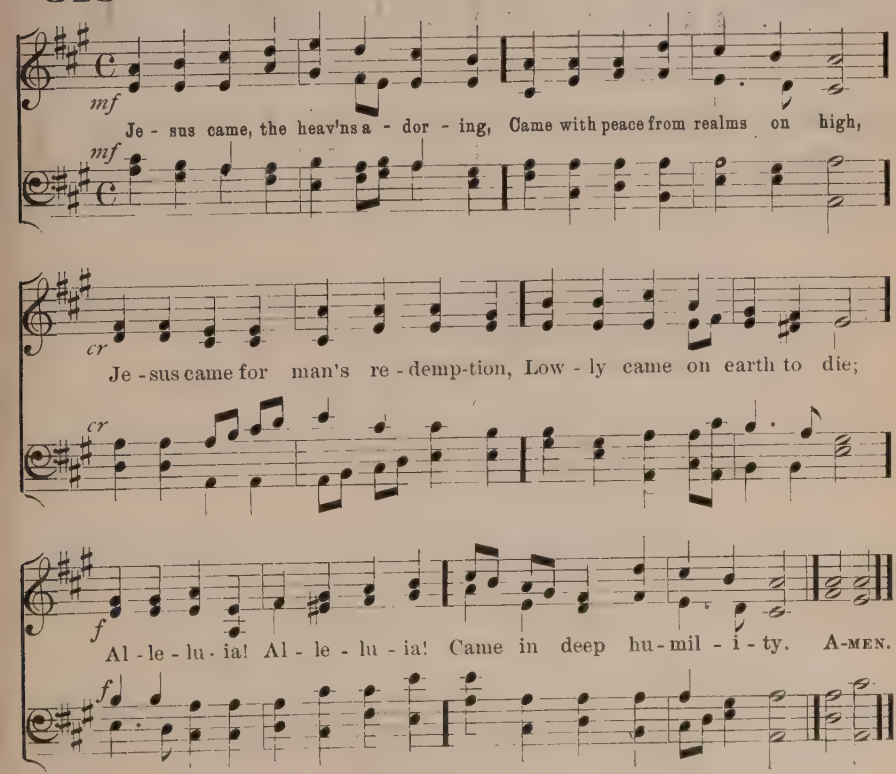
8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

St. Pancras
H. Smart

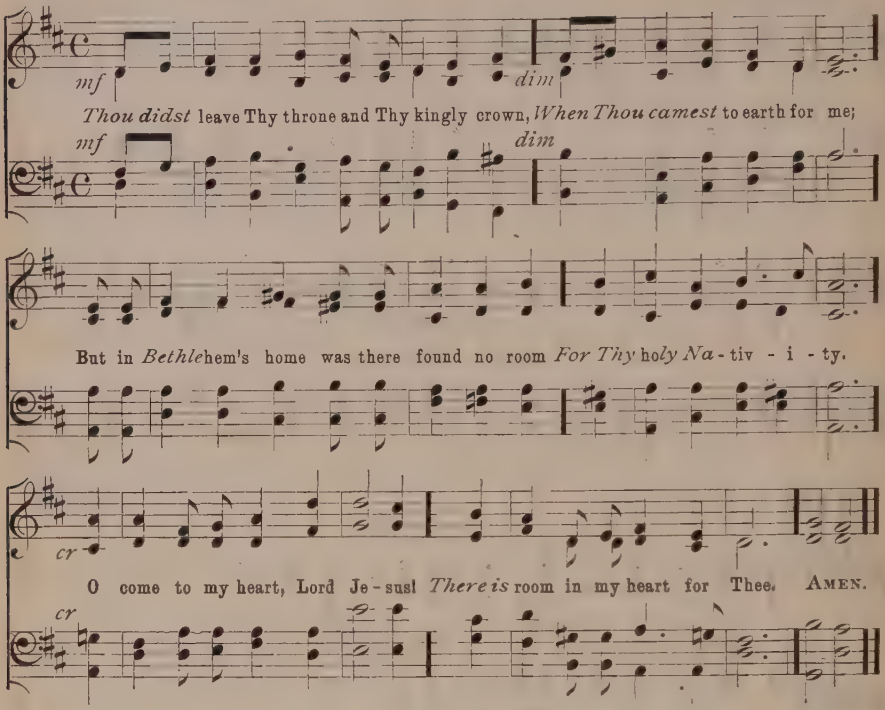




318 (THIRD TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. DULCE CARMEN *Haydn*


Je - sus came, the heav'ns a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high,
Je - sus came for man's re - demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A-MEN.

319 (FIRST TUNE) P. M. MARGARET *T. R. Matthews*


mf
dim
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me;
mf
dim
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room For Thy holy Na - tiv - i - ty.
cr
O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. AMEN.
cr

f 2 *Heaven's* arches rang when the angels sang,
Pro*claiming* Thy royal degree;
dim But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

mf 3 The *foxes* found rest, and the birds *had their* nest
In the shade *of the* forest tree;
dim But Thy couch *was the* sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

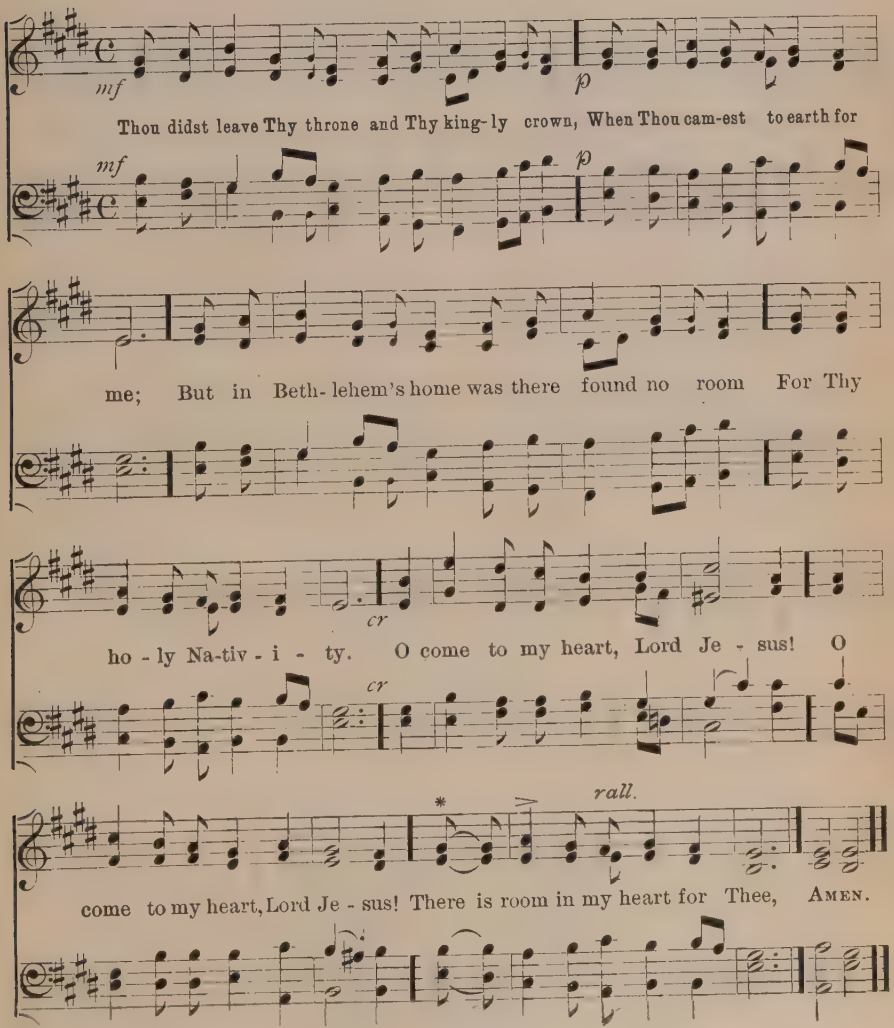
mf 4 Thou *camest*, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
dim But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
p They bore *Thee to* Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy Cross is my only plea.

Syllables in italics must be sung two to one note or beat.

mf 5 *When the* heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At *Thy coming* to victory,
Let Thy voice *call me* home, saying, "Yet *there is* room,
There is room at My side for Thee."
f *And my* heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and *callest* for me.

E. E. S. Elliott

319 (SECOND TUNE) P. M. VENI *E. S. Elliott*

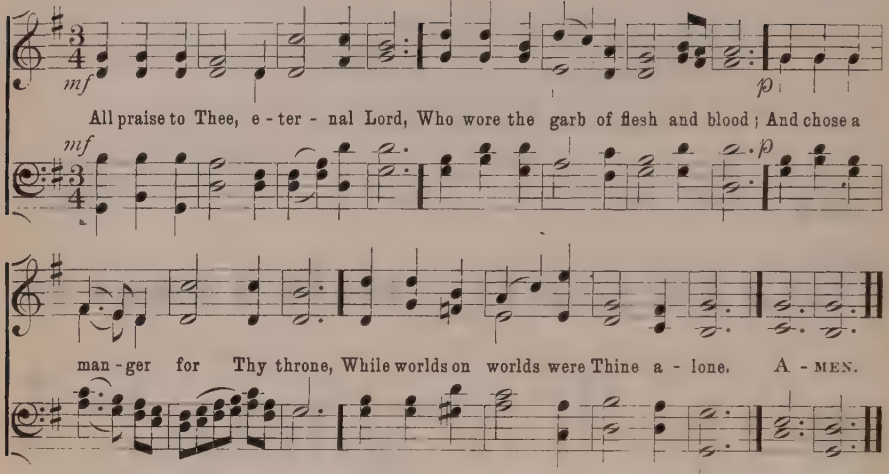

mf
p
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king-ly crown, When Thou cam-est to earth for
me; But in Beth-lehem's home was there found no room For Thy
cr
ho-ly Na-tiv-i-ty. O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus! O
rall.
come to my heart, Lord Je-sus! There is room in my heart for Thee, AMEN.

* The quavers and ties to be used as the syllables require.

320 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

ST MARK
Mozart


All praise to Thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Who wore the garb of flesh and blood; And chose a
man - ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds were Thine a - lone. A - MEN.

mf 2 Once did the skies before Thee bow;
dim A virgin's arms contain Thee now;
While angels who in Thee rejoice
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

p 3 A little child, Thou art our Guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest:
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

mf 4 Thou comest in the darksome night,
To make us children of the light,
To make us, in the realms divine, [shine.
Like Thine own angels, round Thee

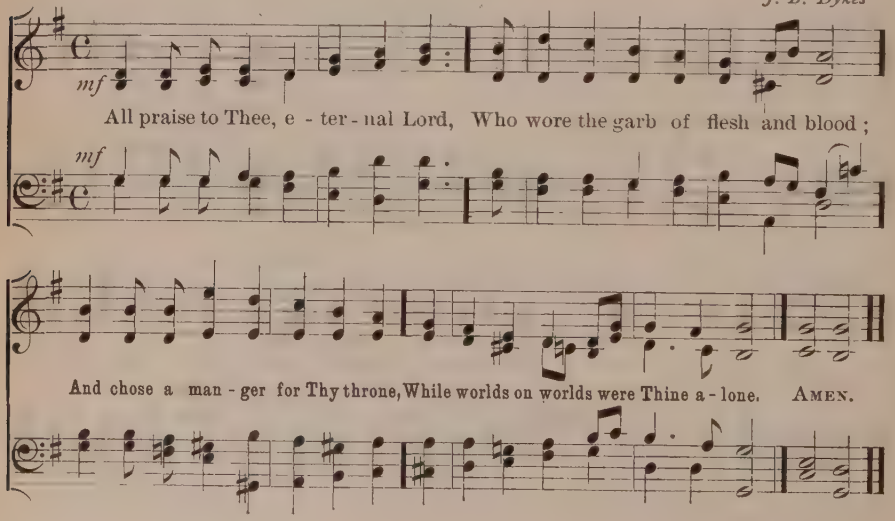
mf 5 All this for us Thy love hath done;
By this to Thee our love is won;
cr For this our joyful songs we raise;
For this we sing Thee ceaseless praise.

M. Luther

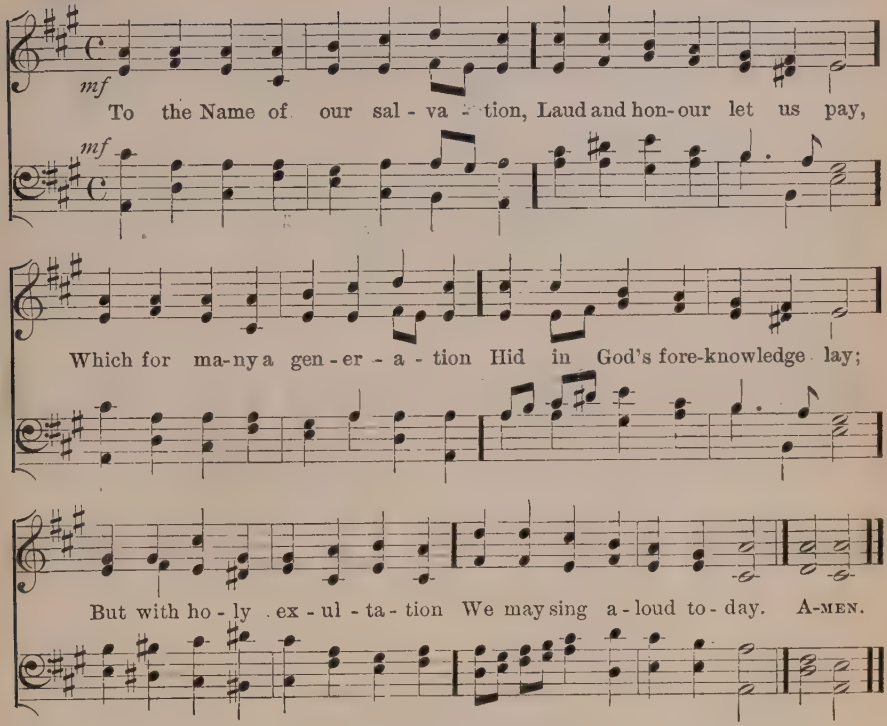
(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

KEBLE
J. B. Dykes


All praise to Thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Who wore the garb of flesh and blood;
And chose a man - ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds were Thine a - lone. AMEN.

321 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. ORIEL *Tantum ergo*


mf
To the Name of our sal - va - tion, Laud and hon-our let us pay,
mf
Which for ma-ny a gen-er - a - tion Hid in God's fore-knowledge lay;
But with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion We may sing a-loud to-day. A-MEN.

mf 2 Jesus is the Name we treasure;
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

f 3 'T is the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

mf 4 'T is the Name that whoso preacheth
dim Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
cr Who its perfect wisdom reacheth,
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

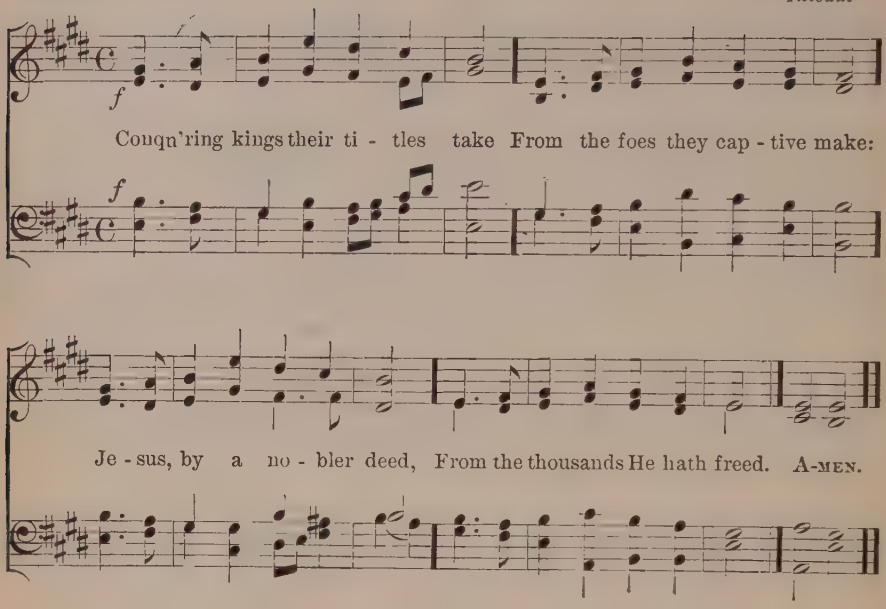
mf 5 Therefore we in love adoring,
This most blessèd Name revere;
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
cr That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.

TT. *J. M. Neale*

322

7. 7. 7. 7.

INNOCENTS
Thibaut


Conqu'ring kings their ti - tles take From the foes they cap - tive make:
Je - sus, by a no - bler deed, From the thousands He hath freed. A-MEN.

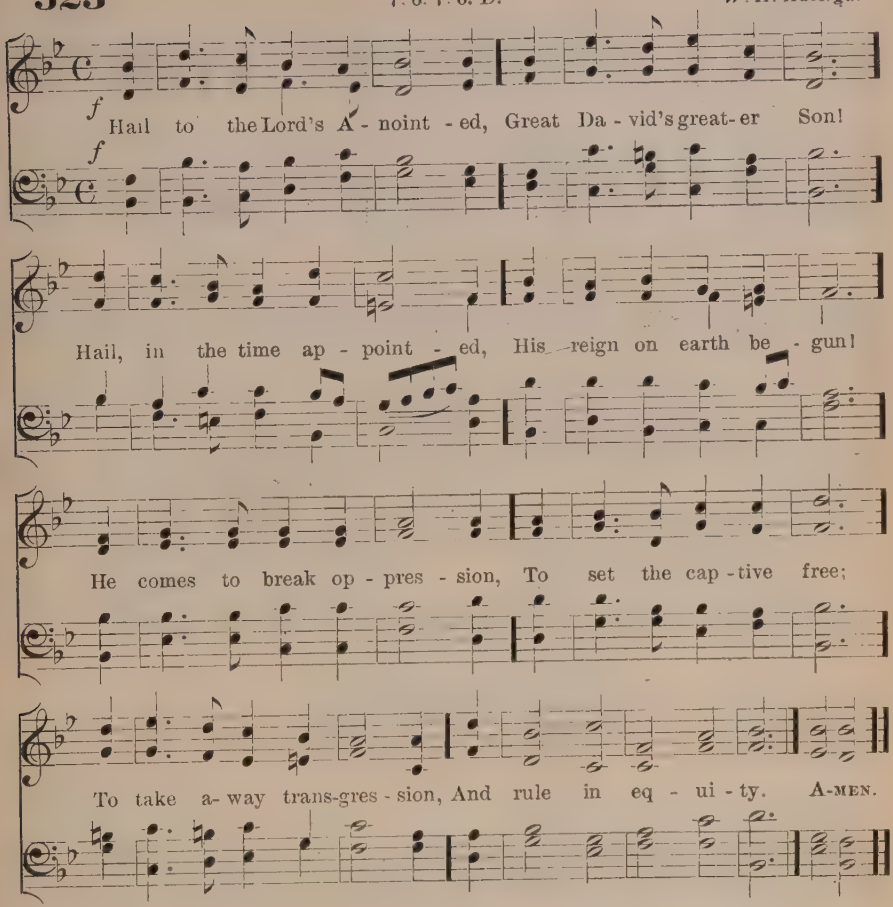
mf 2 Yes: none other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

mf 3 We would gladly for that Name
p Bear the cross, endure the shame:
cr Joyfully for Him to die,
Is not death but victory.

mp 4 Jesus, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
cr Hear us, as to the we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

TR. *J. Chandler*

323 7.6.7.6.D. ZOAN *W. H. Havergal*


f
Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
f
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free;
To take a - way trans-gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty. A-MEN.

mf 2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
cr To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
p Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

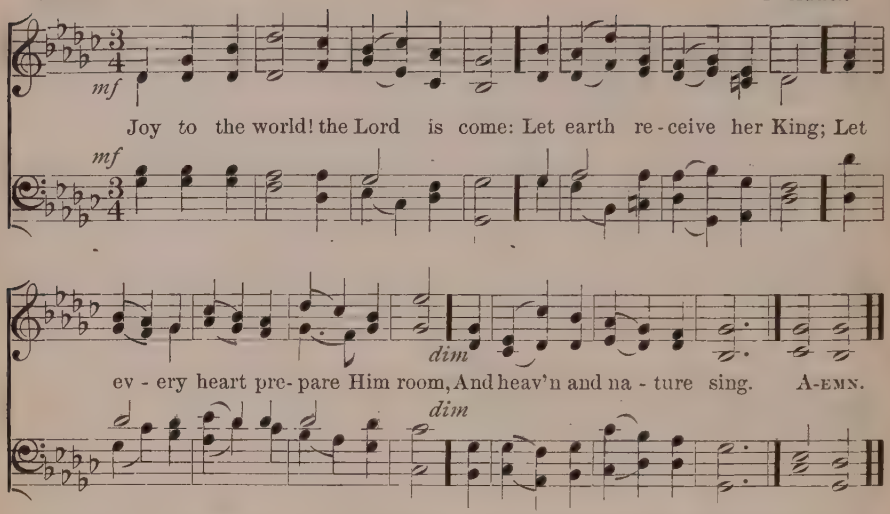
f 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
mf Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
cr And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

f 4 Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
mp To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
cr His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

ff 5 O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love.

J. Montgomery

324 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. CHESTERFIELD *T. Haweis*


mf
Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
mf
dim
ev-ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing. A-EMN.
dim

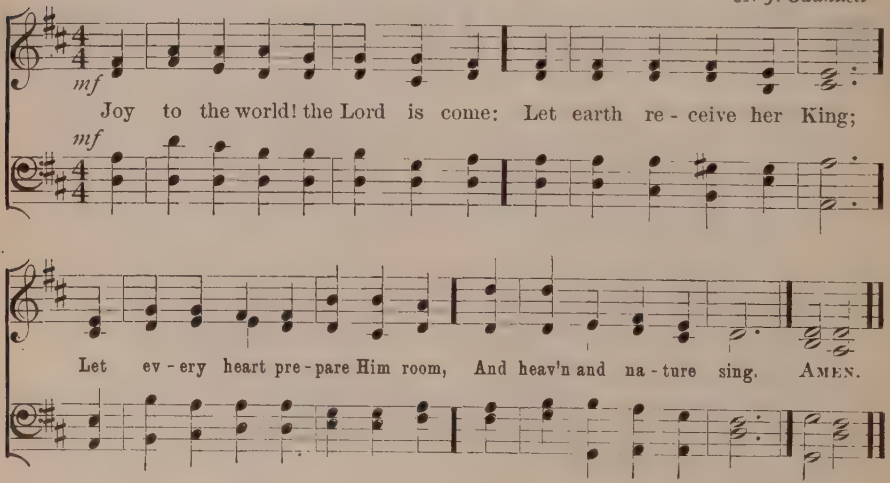
mf 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

mf 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

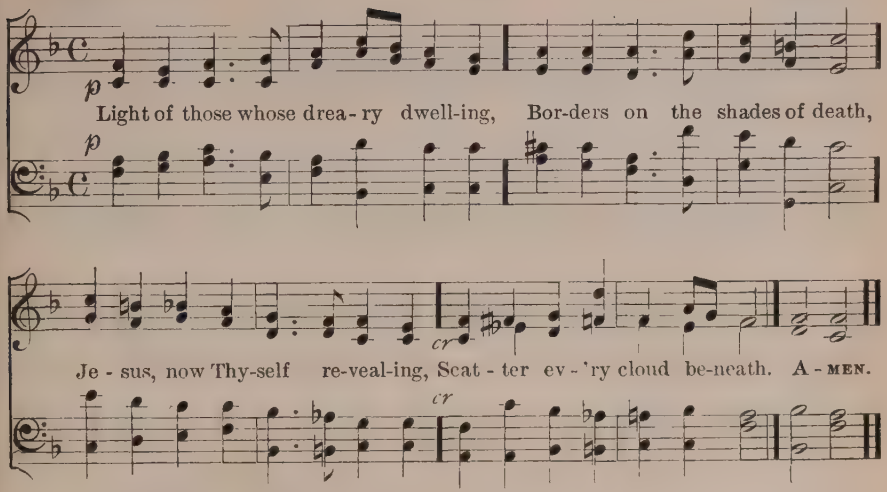
cr 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. Watts

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. ST. MARK *H. J. Gauntlett*


mf
Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;
mf
Let ev-ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing. AMEN.

325 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. SARDIS *From Beethoven*


p
Light of those whose drea-ry dwell-ing, Bor-ders on the shades of death,
p
cr
Je - sus, now Thy-self re-veal-ing, Scat - ter ev - 'ry cloud be-neath. A - MEN.
cr

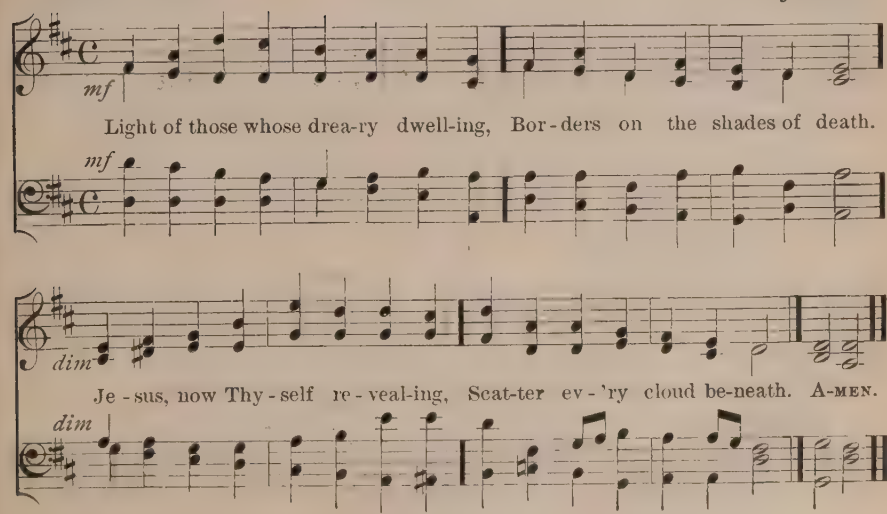
mf 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

f 3 Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

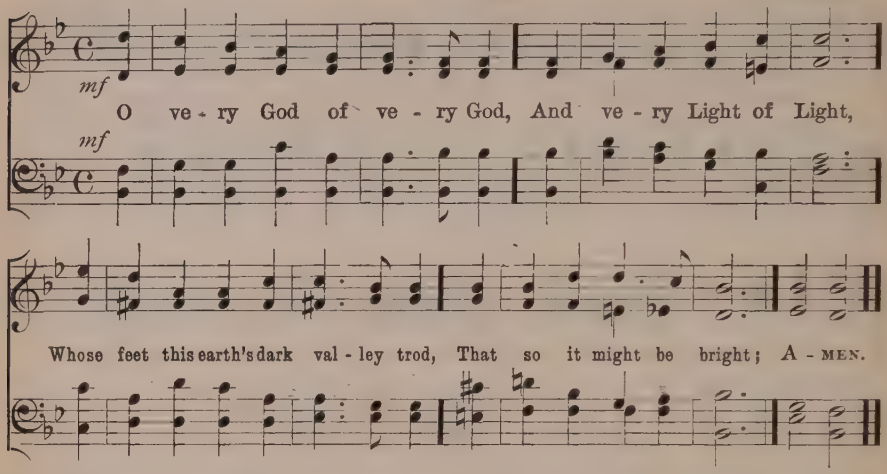
p 4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release:
By the presence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

C. Wesley

(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. OXFORD *J. Stainer*


mf
Light of those whose drea-ry dwell-ing, Bor-ders on the shades of death.
mf
dim
Je - sus, now Thy - self re - veal-ing, Scat-ter ev - 'ry cloud be-neath. A-MEN.
dim

326 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. MOUNT CALVARY *R. P. Stewart*



p 2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night; Thy people long
cr That Thou, their Sun, wouldst rise.

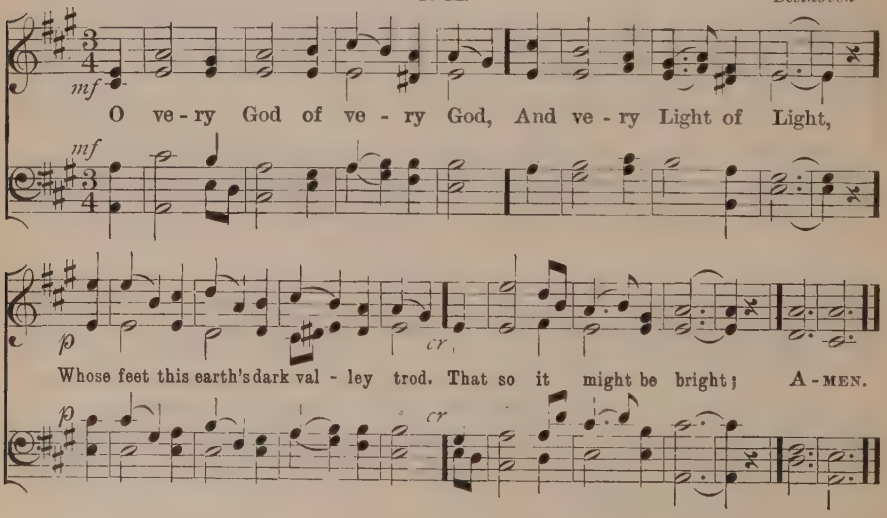
mp 3 And even now, though dull and gray,
cr The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day,
That never shall be past.

mf 4 O guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!

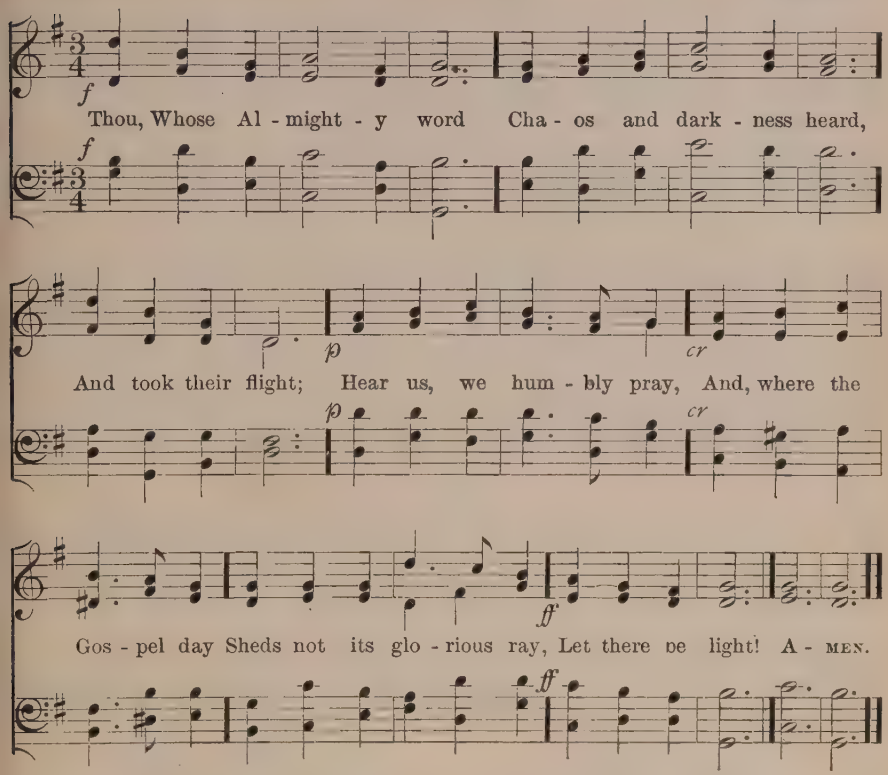
p 5 We wait in faith, and turn our face
cr To where the daylight springs,
mf Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing in Thy wings.

I. M. Neale

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. THRAXTED *Beethoven*


mf
O ve - ry God of ve - ry God, And ve - ry Light of Light,
mf
p
cr
Whose feet this earth's dark val - ley trod. That so it might be bright; A - MEN.
p
cr

327 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. Moscow *F. Giardini*


f
Thou, Whose Al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
p
cr
And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the
ff
Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! A - MEN.

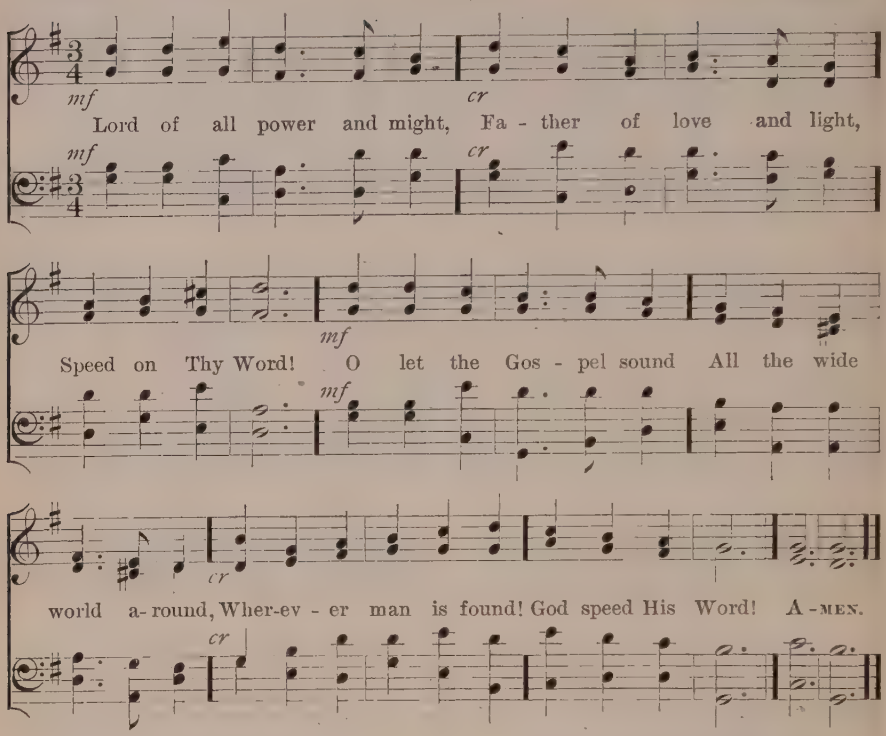
mf 2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly-blind,
cr O now, to all mankind,
ff Let there be light!

mf 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
cr Move on the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place
ff Let there be light!

f 4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
cr Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
ff Let there be light!

J. Marriott

328 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6, 6. 4. PHILIPPI *J. G. Ebeling*


mf
cr
Lord of all power and might, Fa - ther of love and light,
mf
cr
mf
Speed on Thy Word! O let the Gos - pel sound All the wide
mf
cr
world a-round, Wher-ev - er man is found! God speed His Word! A-MEN.
cr

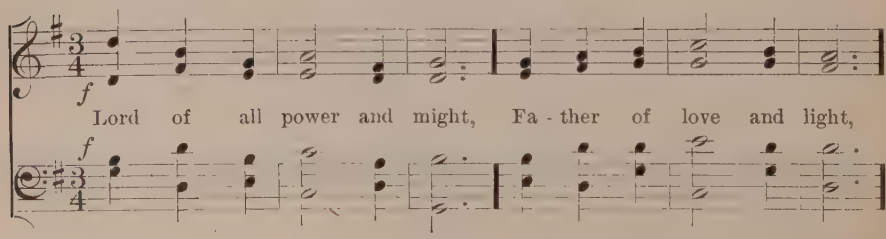
f 2 Hail, blessèd Jubilee!
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Alleluia!
Thine was the mighty plan;
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man!
Glory to God!

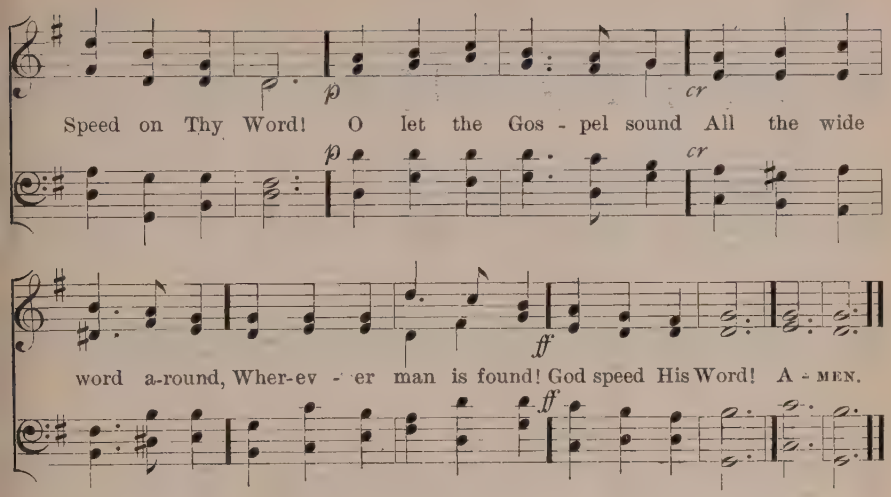
mp 3 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy Word!
cr One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band:
God shield His Word!

f 4 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before.
His words ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless His Word!

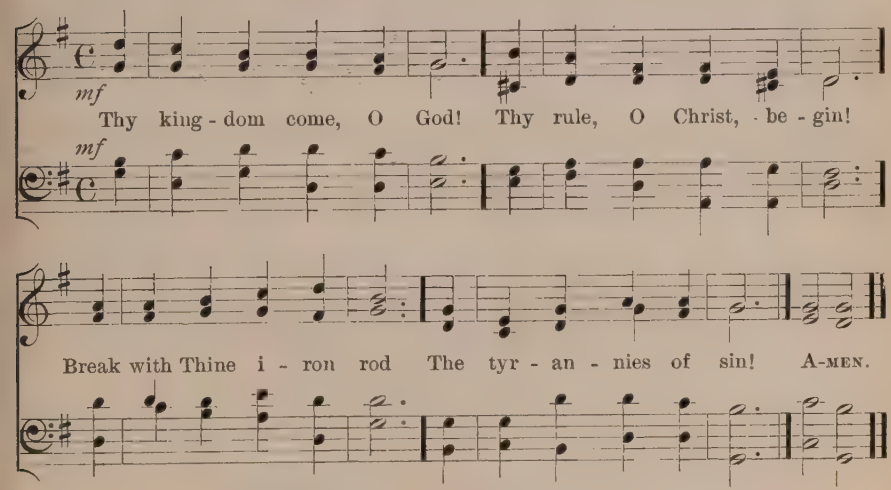
H. Stowell

(SECOND TUNE) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. MOSCOW *F. Giardini*





329 6.6.6.6. ST. CECILIA *L. G. Hayne*



mf 2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

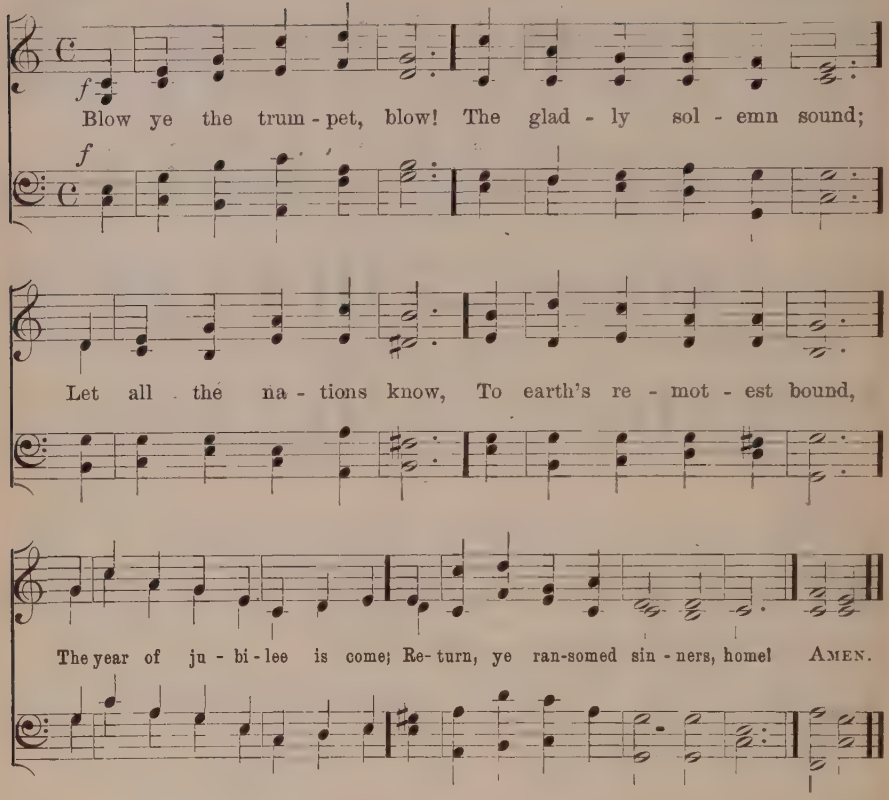
p 3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

cr 4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
f And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
p Which languish for Thy sight.

mf 5 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

L. Hensley

330 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. CHRISTCHURCH *C. Steggall*

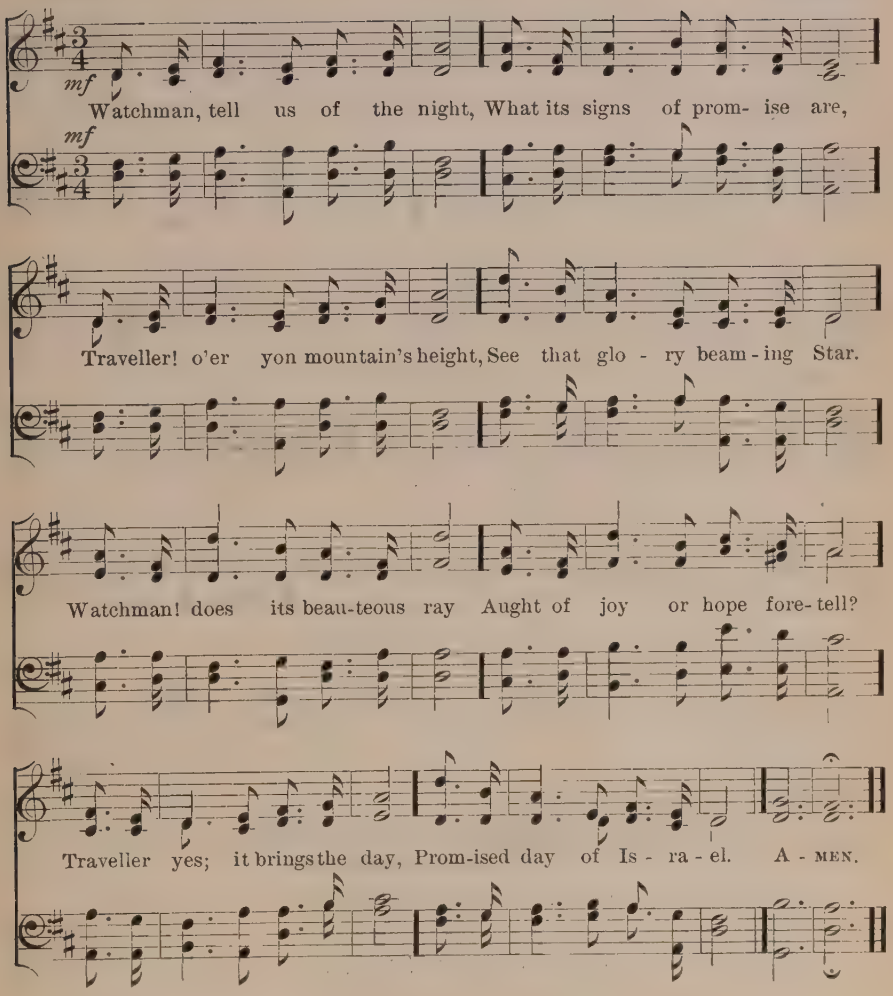

Blow ye the trum - pet, blow! The glad - ly sol - emn sound;
Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound,
The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran-somed sin - ners, home! AMEN.

mf 2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
p Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest!
Ye mournful souls be glad!
cr The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

f 3 Extol the Lamb of God!
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His Blood
Through all the world proclaim!
The year of Jubilee is come;
cr Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

C. Wesley

331 7. 7. 7. 7. D. WATCHMAN *L. Mason*

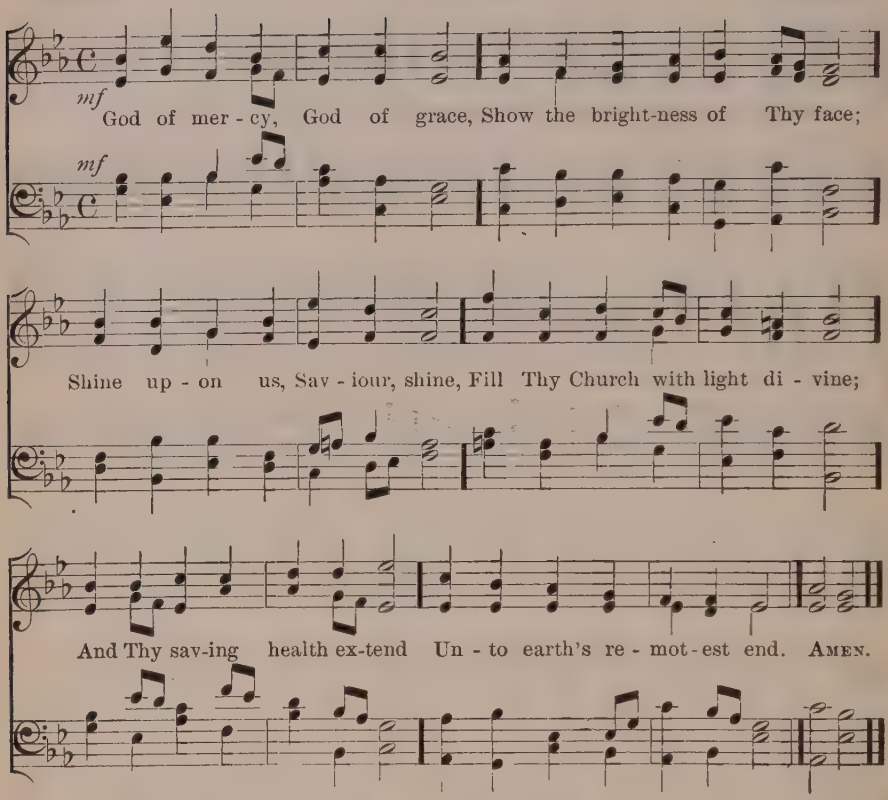

mf
Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom- ise are,
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry beam - ing Star.
Watchman! does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore- tell?
Traveller yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el. A - MEN.

mf 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that Star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
p Peace and truth its course portends.
mf Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it burst o'er all the earth.

mf 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
p Watchman, let Thy wanderings cease;
cr Hie Thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

J. Bowring

332 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. HEATHLANDS *H. Smart*

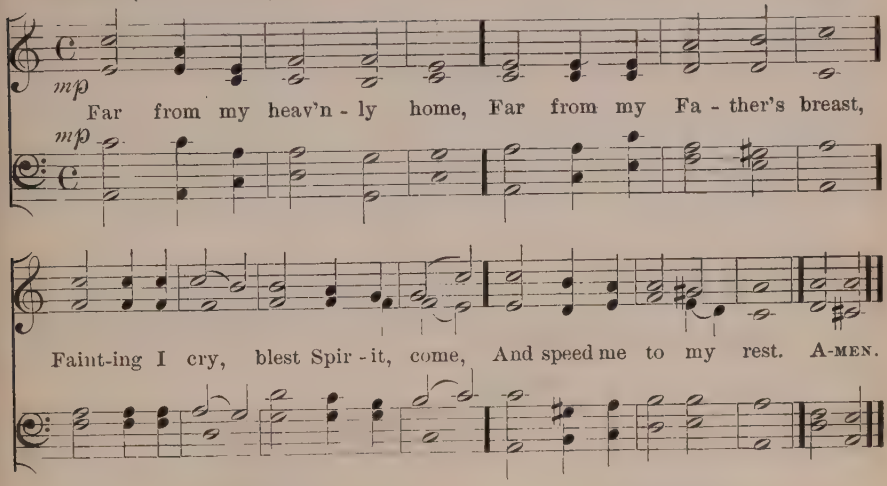

mf
God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the bright-ness of Thy face;
mf
Shine up - on us, Sav - iour, shine, Fill Thy Church with light di - vine;
And Thy sav-ing health ex-tend Un - to earth's re - mot-est end. AMEN.

f 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
ff Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
p At Thy feet their tribute pay,
mf And Thy holy will obey.

f 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

H. F. Lyte

333 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. LYTE *J. Wilkes*



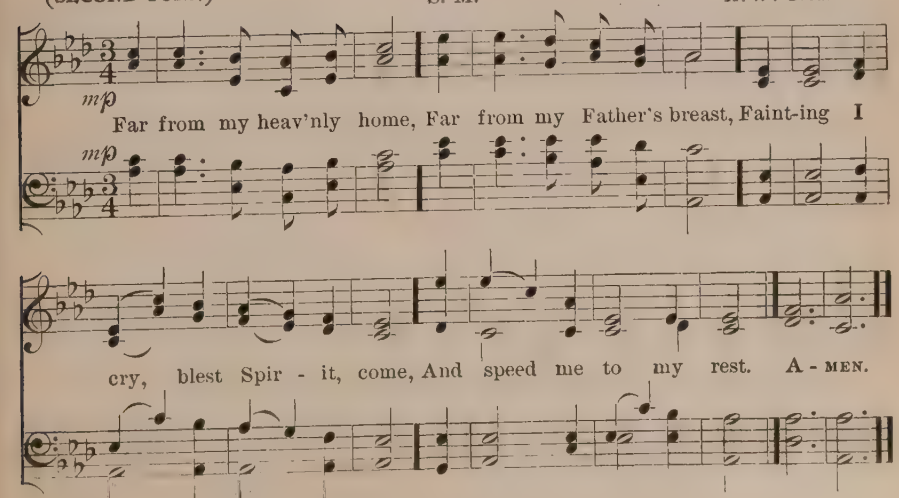
p 2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

cr 3 To thee, to thee I press,
p A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode.

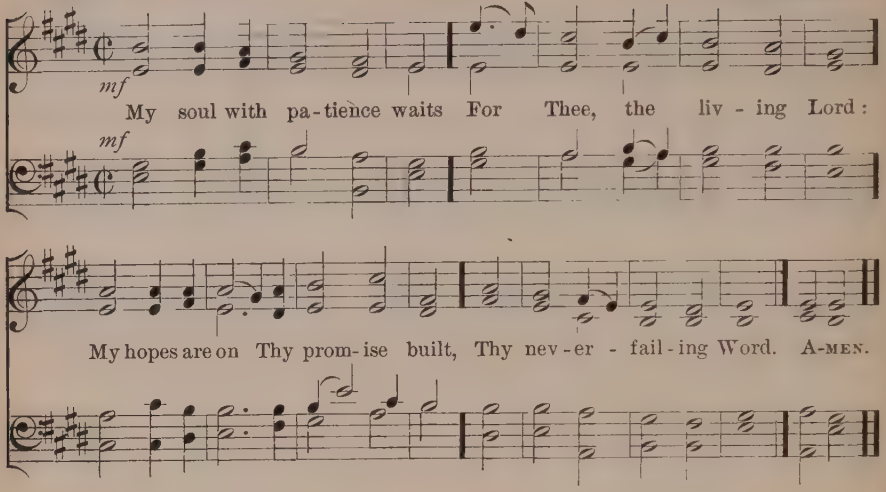
mf 4 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

H. F. Lyte

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. LEIGHTON *H. W. Greatorex*



334 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. MORNINGTON *Lord Mornington*



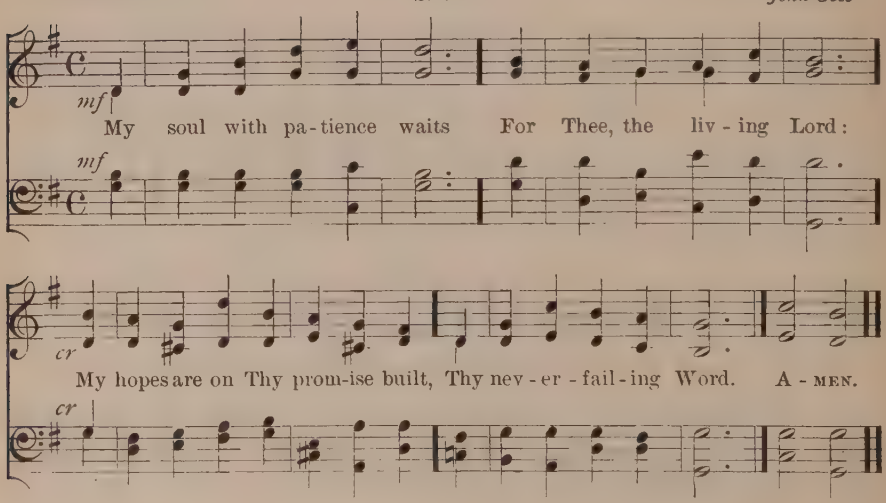
mf 2 My longing eyes look out
For Thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

mf 3 Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from [whence
Eternal succour flows;

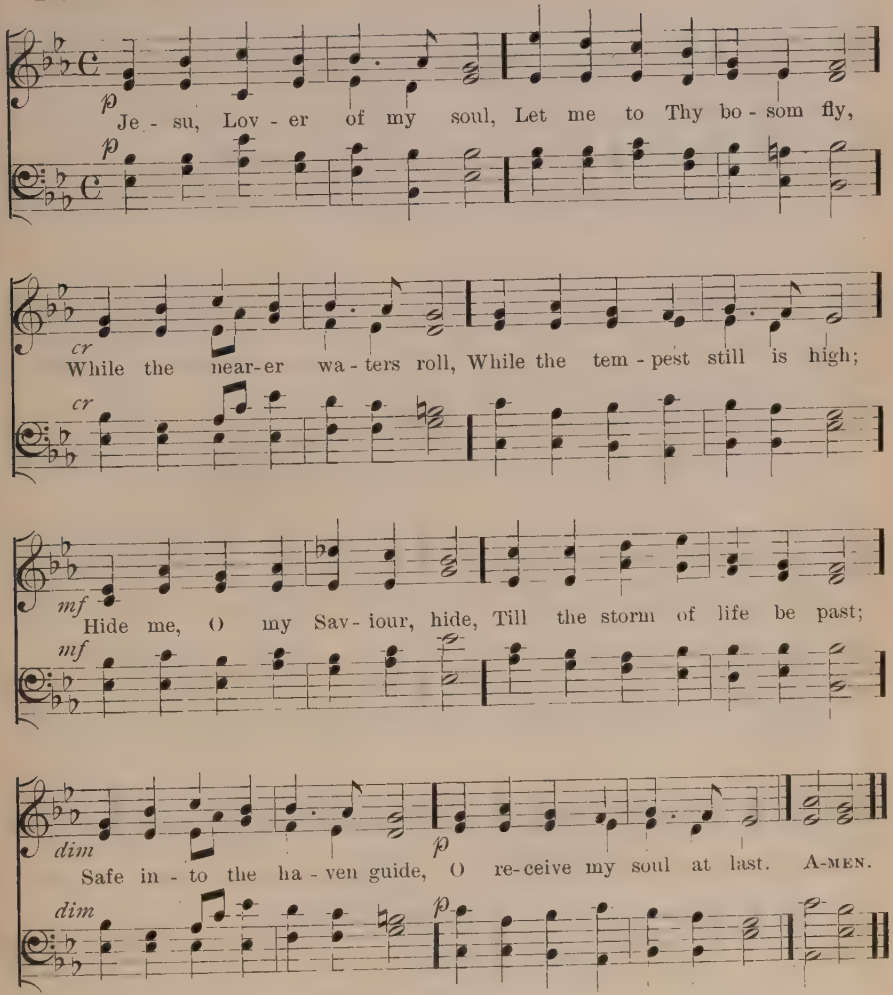
mf 4 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

Tate and Brady

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. CHRISTMATA *John Goss*


mf
My soul with pa-tience waits For Thee, the liv-ing Lord:
mf
cr
My hopes are on Thy prom-ise built, Thy nev-er-fail-ing Word. A-MEN.
cr

335 (FIRST TUNE) 7.7.7.7. D. HOLLINGSIDE *J. B. Dykes*

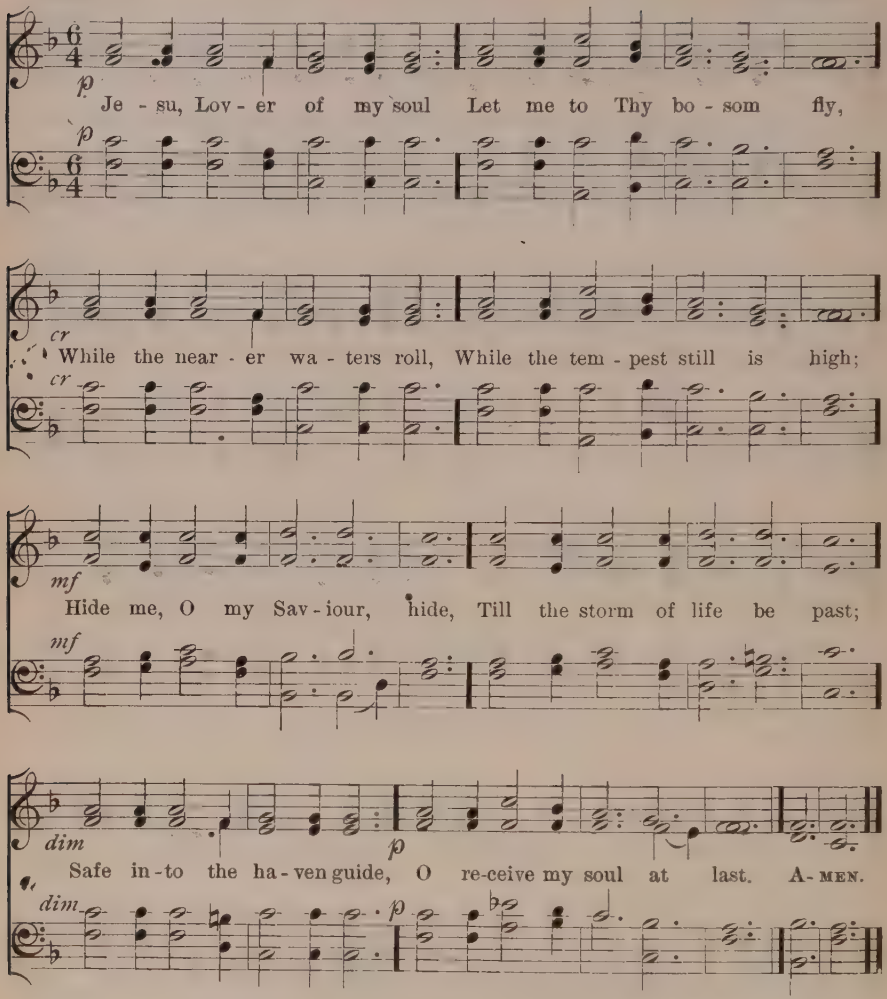

p
Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
cr
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
mf
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
dim
p
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last. A-MEN.

mp 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
cr All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
p Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

mf 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
cr Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
f Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley

335 (SECOND TUNE) 7.7.7.7. D. MARTYN *S. B. Marsh*

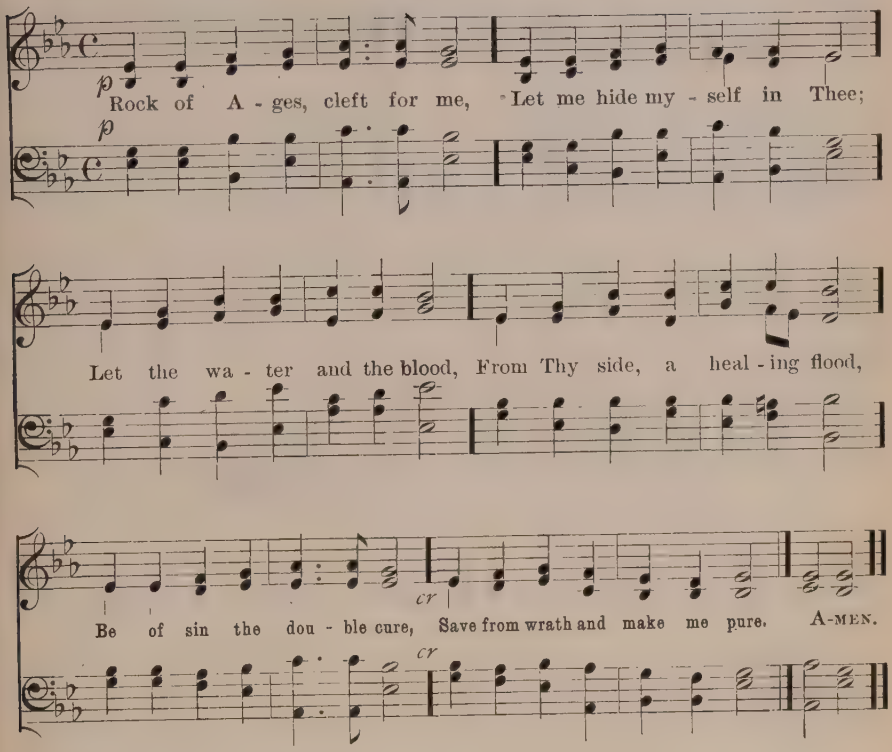

p
Je - su, Lov - er of my soul Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
p
cr
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
cr
mf
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
mf
dim
p
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last. A - MEN.
dim
p

mf 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
cr All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
p Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

mf 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
cr Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
f Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley

336 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. REDHEAD, No. 76
R. Redhead

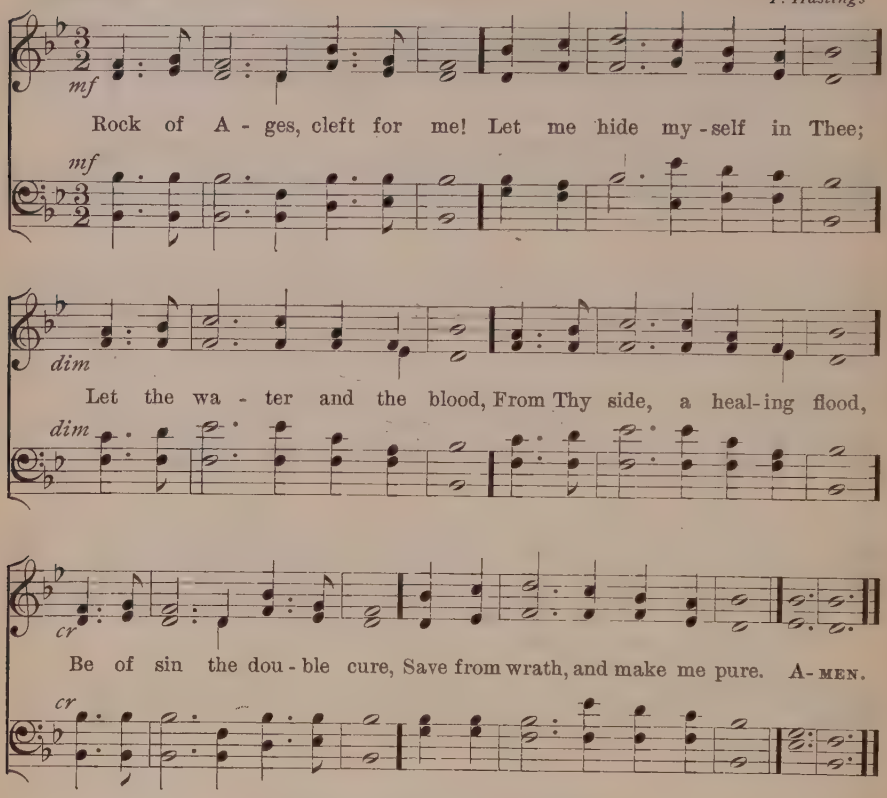

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. A-MEN.

p 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
cr Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

pp 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
cr When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
mf Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
p Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. Toplady; J. Cotterill

336 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7 7. 7. 7. TOPLADY *T. Hastings*


mf
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
mf
dim
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,
dim
cr
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure. A - MEN.
cr

p 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
cr Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

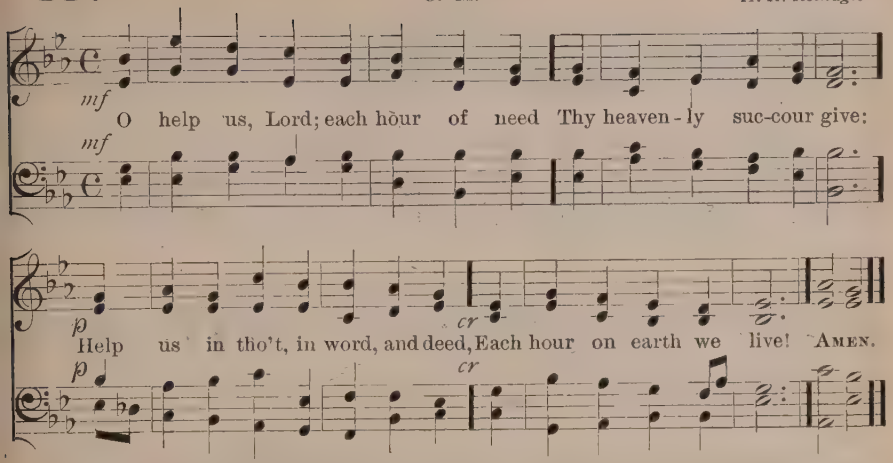
pp 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
cr When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
mf Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
b Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. Toplady; J. Cotterill

337

C. M.

ST. PETER
A. R. Reinagle


mf
O help us, Lord; each hour of need Thy heaven-ly suc-cour give:
mf
p
cr
Help us in tho't, in word, and deed, Each hour on earth we live! AMEN.
p
cr

p 2 O help us, when our spirits cry
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dry,
O help us, Lord, the more!

mf 3 O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe!
cr For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

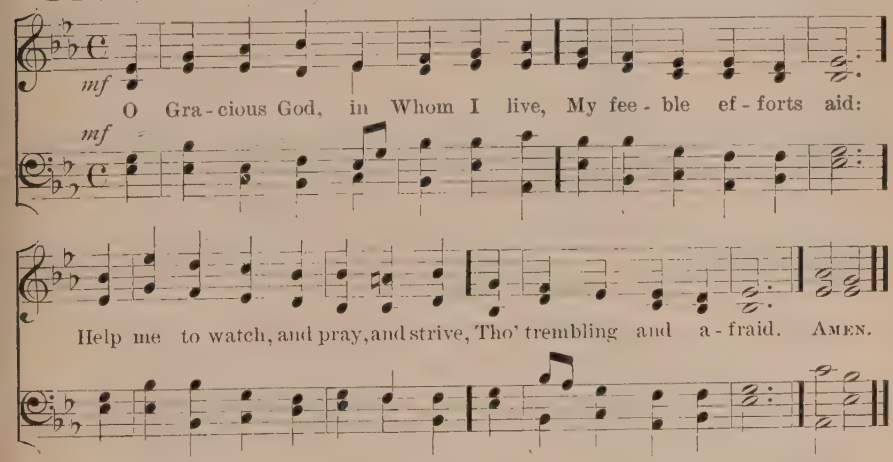
mf 4 O help us, Saviour, from on high:
We have no help but Thee.
cr O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be!

H. H. Milman

338

C. M.

DUNDEE
Scotch Psalter



cr 2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

p 3 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
cr My God, Thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

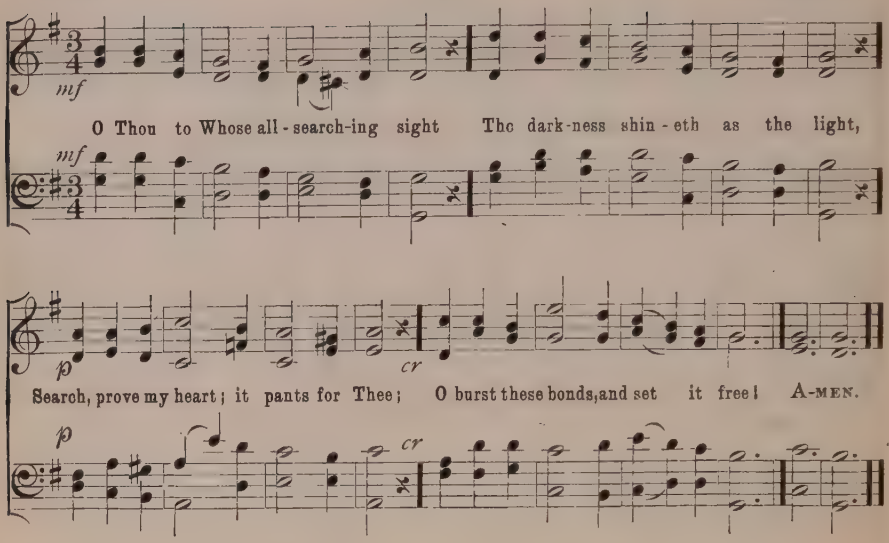
mf 4 O keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee.

A. Steele

339

L. M.

GRACE CHURCH
I. Pleyel


mf
O Thou to Whose all-search-ing sight The dark-ness shin-eth as the light,
mf
p
cr
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee; O burst these bonds, and set it free! A-MEN.
p
cr

mf 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the Cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

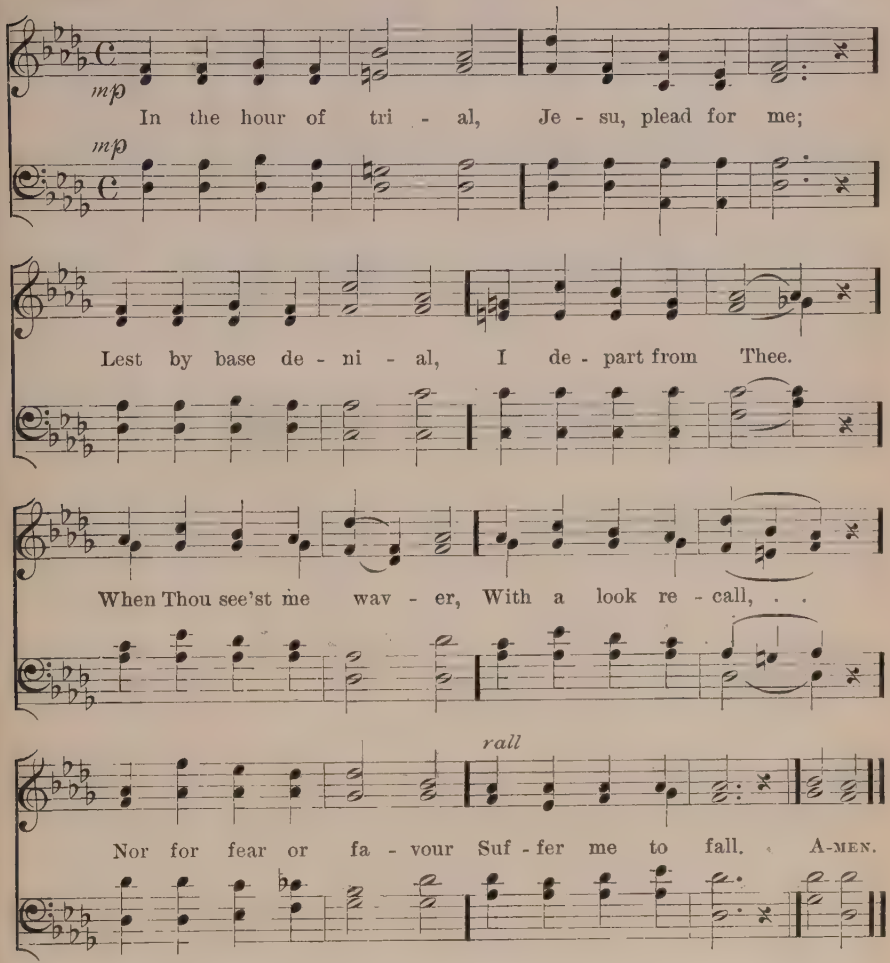
p 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
cr Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
f No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

p 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
cr Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

mf 5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

N. L. Zinzendorf. TR *J. Wesley*

340 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. PENITENCE *S. Lane*


mp
In the hour of tri - al, Je - su, plead for me;
mp
Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee.
When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call, . .
rall
Nor for fear or fa - vour Suf - fer me to fall. A-MEN.

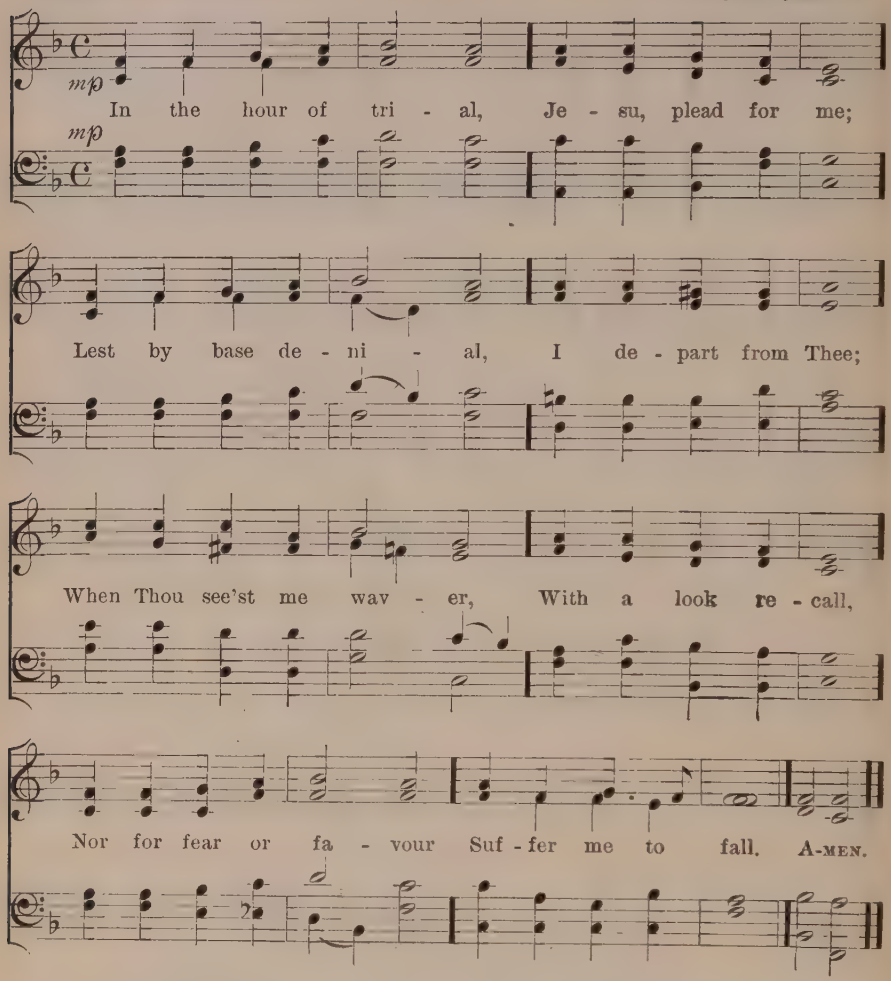
mf 2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
p Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
pp Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

p 3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
cr Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
p Cast my care on Thee.

pp 4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
cr On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
p Jesu, take me, dying,
cr To eternal life.

J. Montgomery: W. P. Hutton, and G. Thring

340 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. ST. MARY MAGDALENE *J. B. Dykes*


mp
In the hour of tri - al, Je - su, plead for me;
mp
Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee;
When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,
Nor for fear or fa - vour Suf - fer me to fall. A-MEN.

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Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
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cr Grant that I may never
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Grant that I may ever
p Cast my care on Thee.

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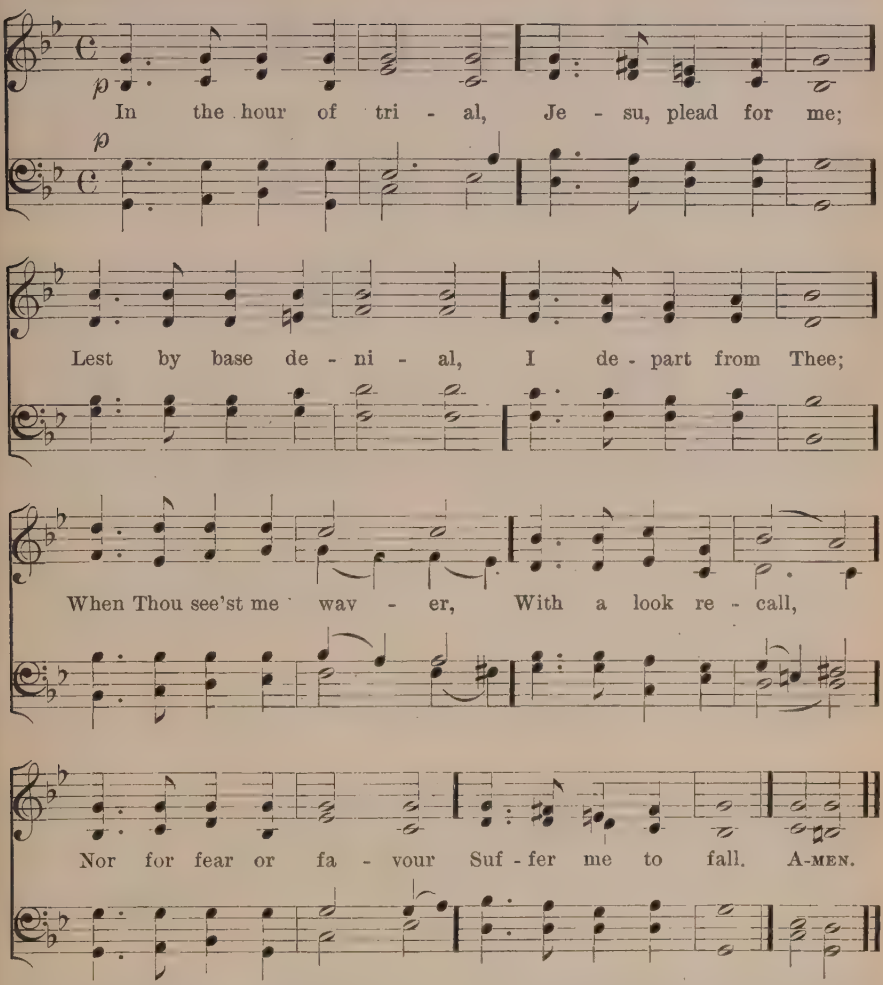
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
cr On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
p Jesu, take me, dying,
cr To eternal life.

J. Montgomery: W. P. Hutton, and G. Thring

340 (THIRD TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. CORPUS DOMINI *G. E. W. Malet*


p
In the hour of tri - al, Je - su, plead for me;
p
Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee;
When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,
Nor for fear or fa - vour Suf - fer me to fall. A-MEN.

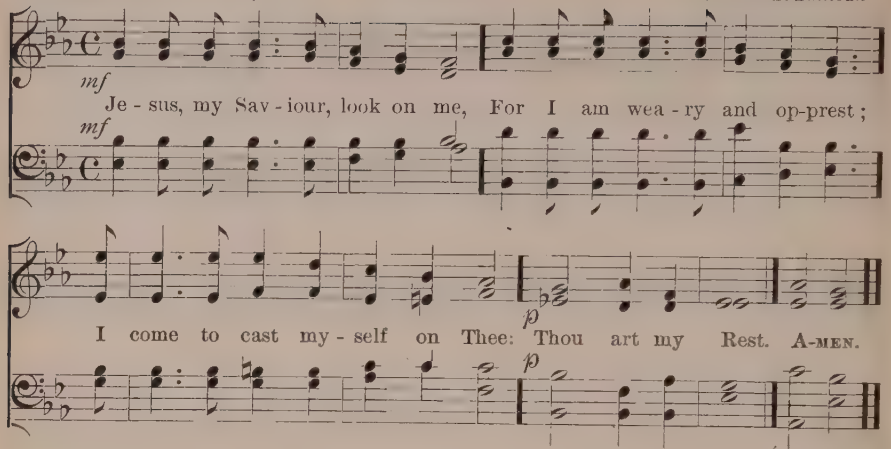
mf 2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
p Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
pp Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

p 3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
cr Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
p Cast my care on Thee.

pp 4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
cr On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
p Jesu, take me, dying,
cr To eternal life.

J. Montgomery: W. P. Hutton, and G. Thring

341 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 4. HANFORD *Arthur S. Sullivan*



mf 2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
cr Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

p 3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
cr O send Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my Light.

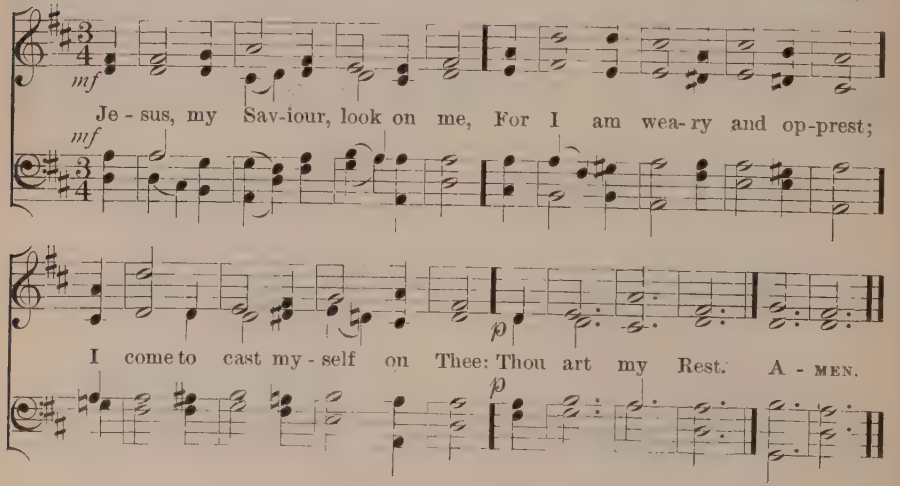
p 4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; (*cr*) my terrors cease;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts:
p Thou art my Peace.

p 5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
f Thou art my Life.

mf 6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
f Thou art my All.

C. Elliott.

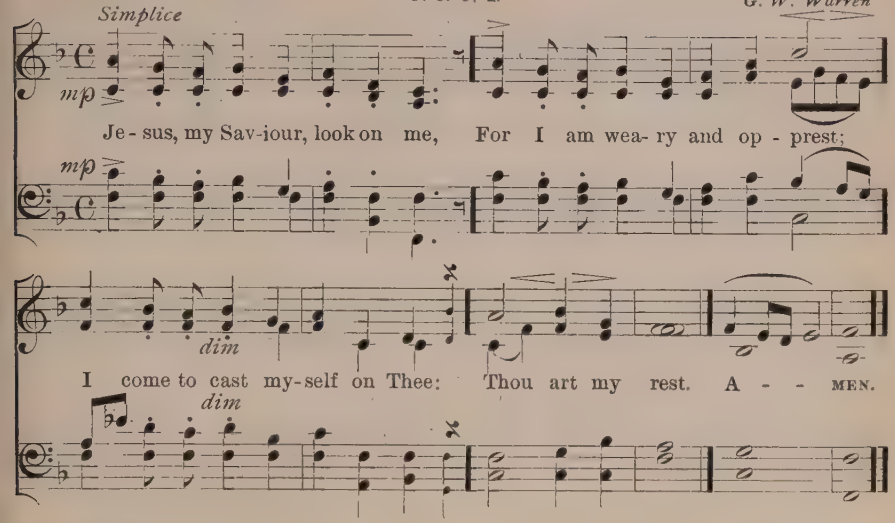
(SECOND TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 4. SOUTHPORT *G. Lomas*



341 (THIRD TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 4.

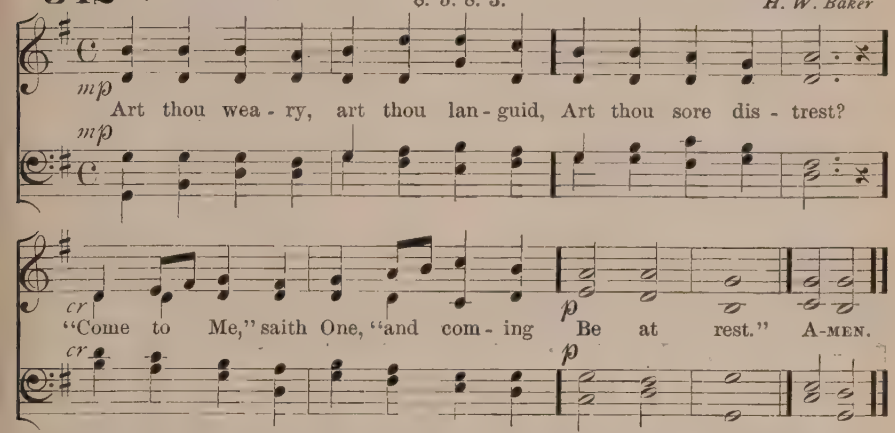
PEACE
G. W. Warren


Simplice
mp
Je - sus, my Sav-iour, look on me, For I am wea- ry and op - prest;
mp
dim
I come to cast my-self on Thee: Thou art my rest. A - - MEN.
dim

342 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 5. 8. 3.

STEPHANOS
H. W. Baker



mf 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
p "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

mf 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns."

mf 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

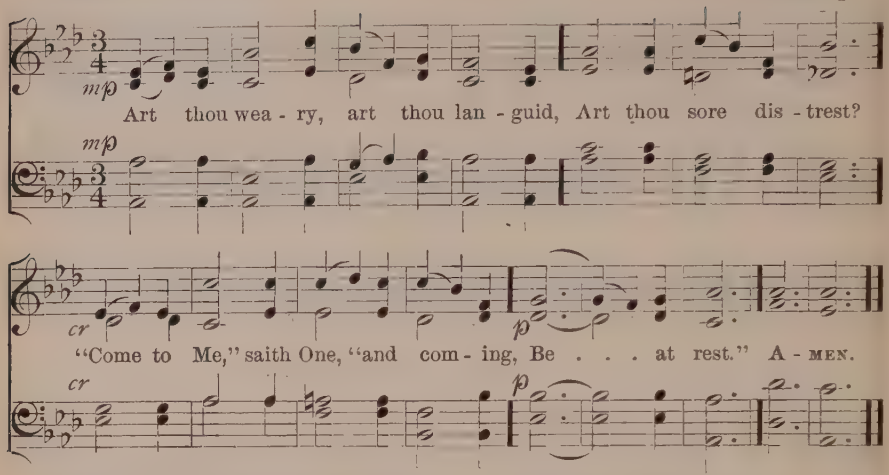
mf 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
cr "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

mf 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
cr "Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

mf 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
cr Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."

J. M. Neale

342 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 5. 8. 3. GENEVA *E. W. Bullinger*



mf 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
p "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

mf 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns."

mf 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

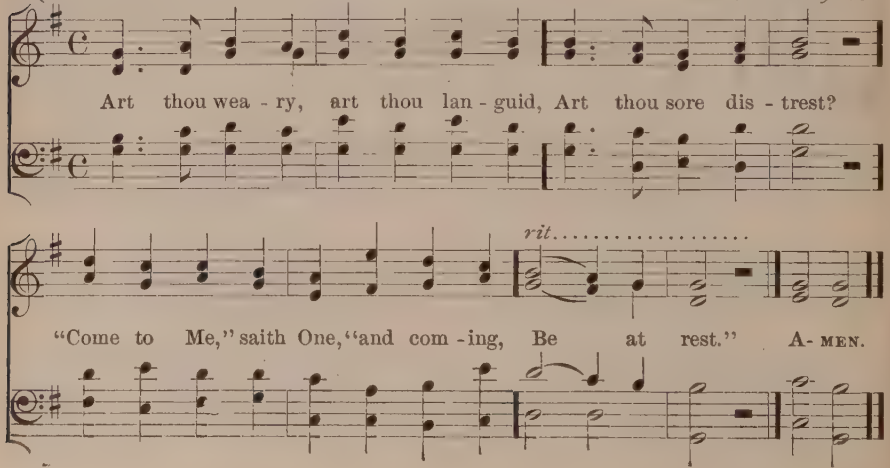
mf 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
cr "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

mf 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
cr "Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

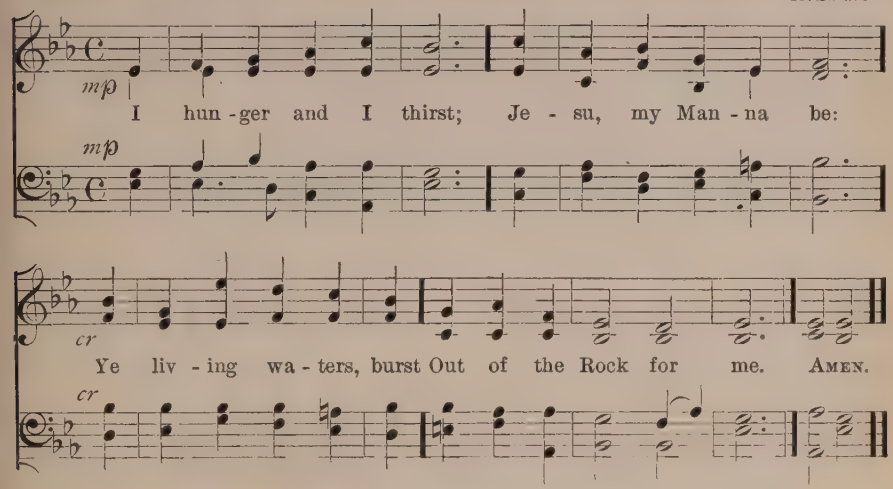
mf 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
cr Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."

J. M. Neale

(THIRD TUNE) 8. 5. 8. 3. MASON *Catholic Hymns*



343 (FIRST TUNE) 6.6.6.6. MOSELEY *H. Smart*



p 2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die!

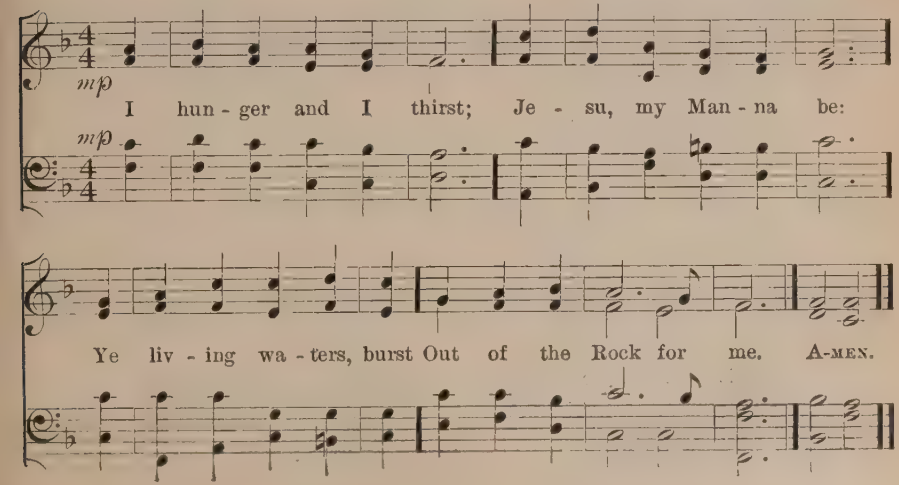
mf 3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

p 4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

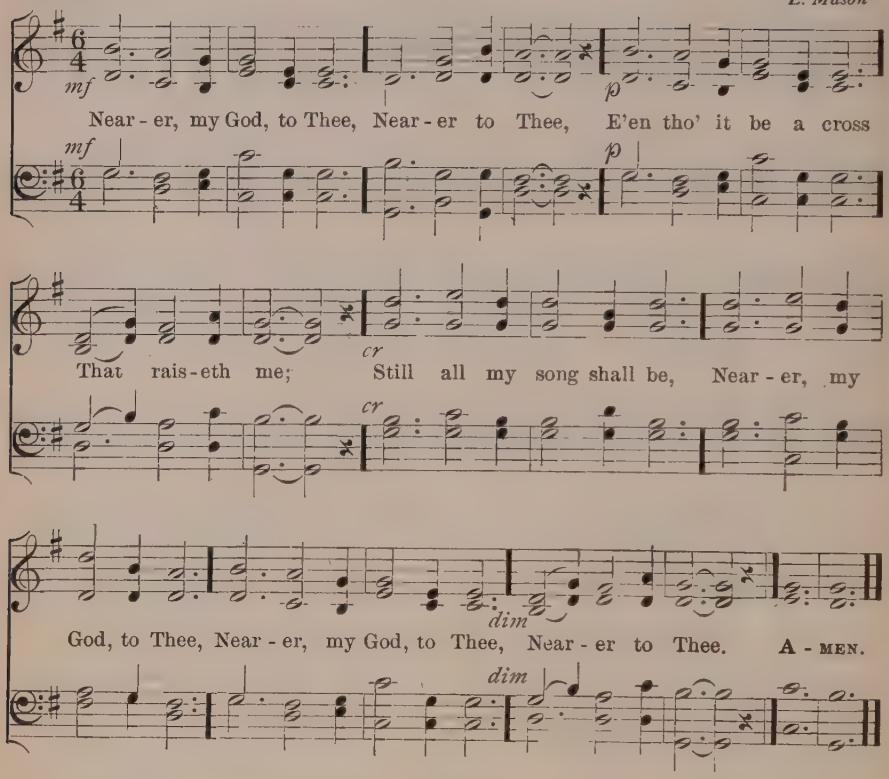
p 5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
cr O living waters, rise
Within me evermore!

J. S. B. Monsell

(SECOND TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. QUAM DILECTA *H. L. Jenner*



344 (FIRST TUNE) 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. BETHANY *L. Mason*


mf
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
p
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
cr
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - MEN.
dim

p 2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
cr Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee.

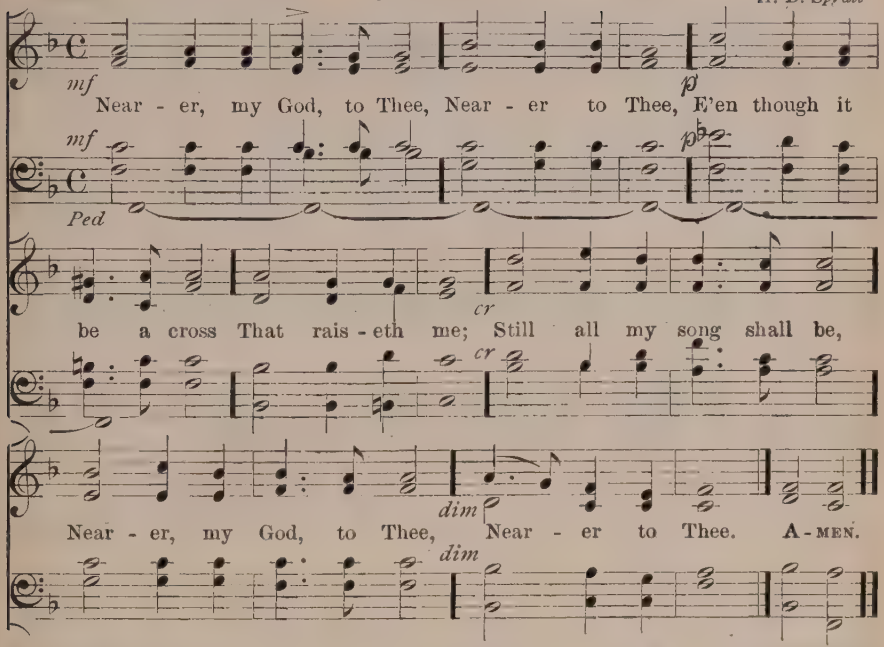
mf 3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
cr Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee.

mf 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
cr Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee.

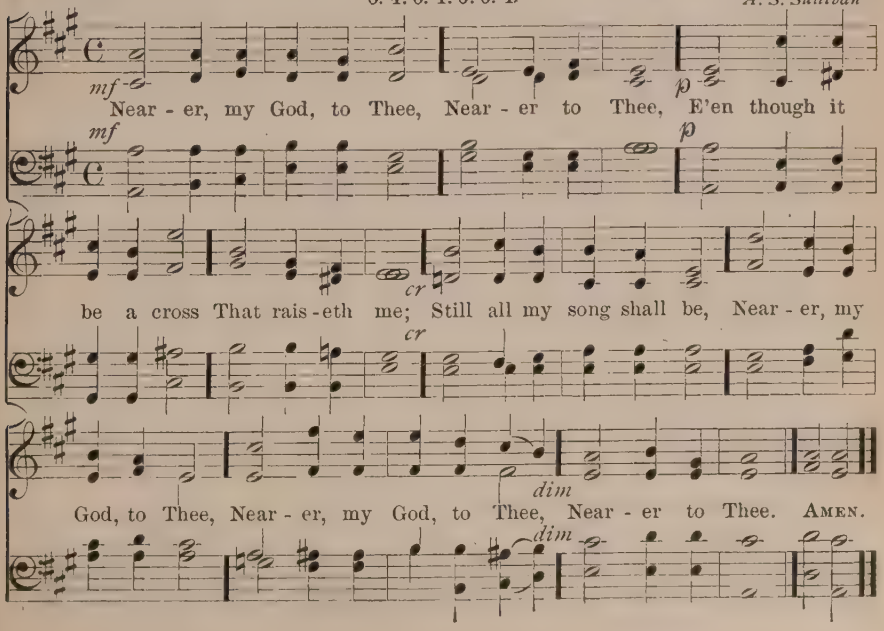
f 5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee.

S. Adams

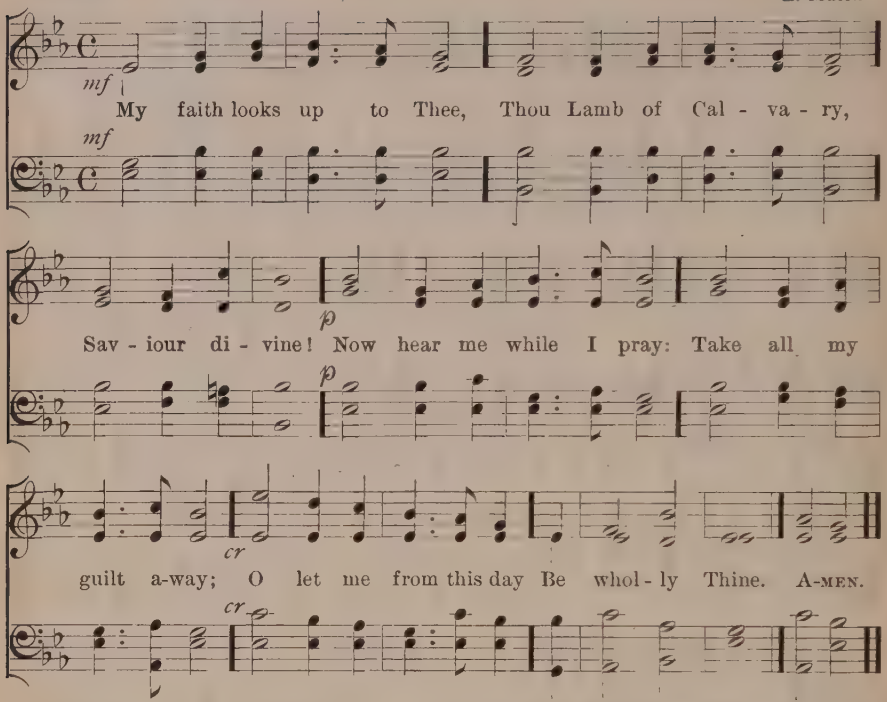
344 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4. KEDRON *A. B. Spratt*


mf
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it
p
Ped
cr
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
dim
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - MEN.

(THIRD TUNE) 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4. ST. EDMUND *A. S. Sullivan*


mf
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it
p
cr
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
dim
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. AMEN.

345 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. OLIVET *L. Mason*


mf
My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
mf
p
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray: Take all my
p
cr
guilt a-way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A-MEN.
cr

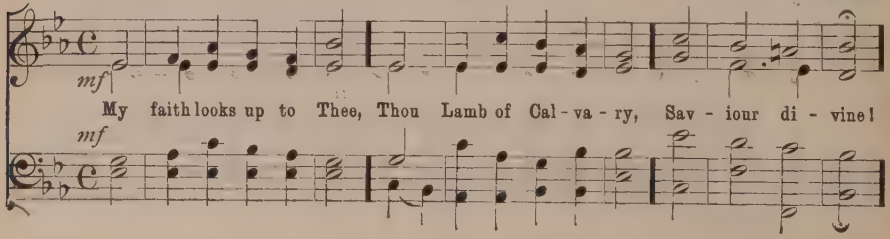
mf 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
p As Thou hast died for me,
cr O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

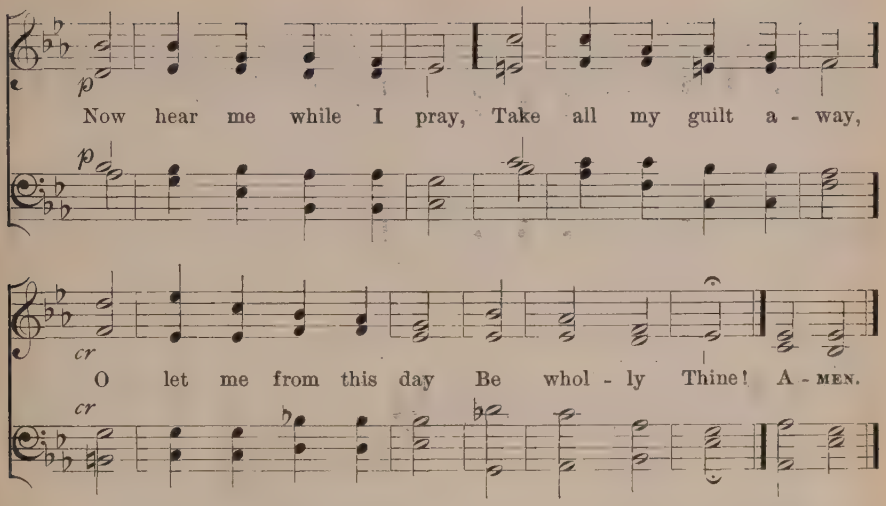
p 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
cr Be Thou my Guide;
mf Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
p Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

pp 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
cr Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
mf O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

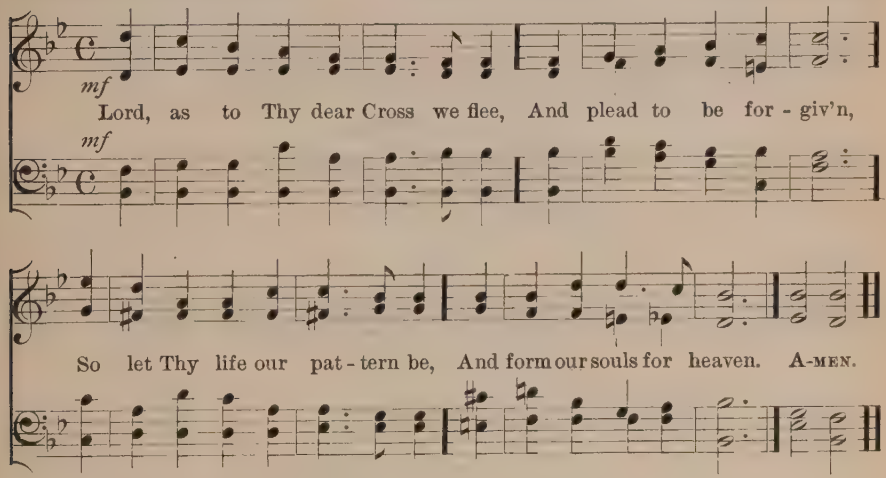
R. Palmer

(SECOND TUNE) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. ST. AMBROSE *W. H. Monk*





346 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. MOUNT CALVARY *R. P. Stewart*


mf
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee, And plead to be for - giv'n,
mf
So let Thy life our pat - tern be, And form our souls for heaven. A-MEN.

mf 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
p Our brethren's grief to share.

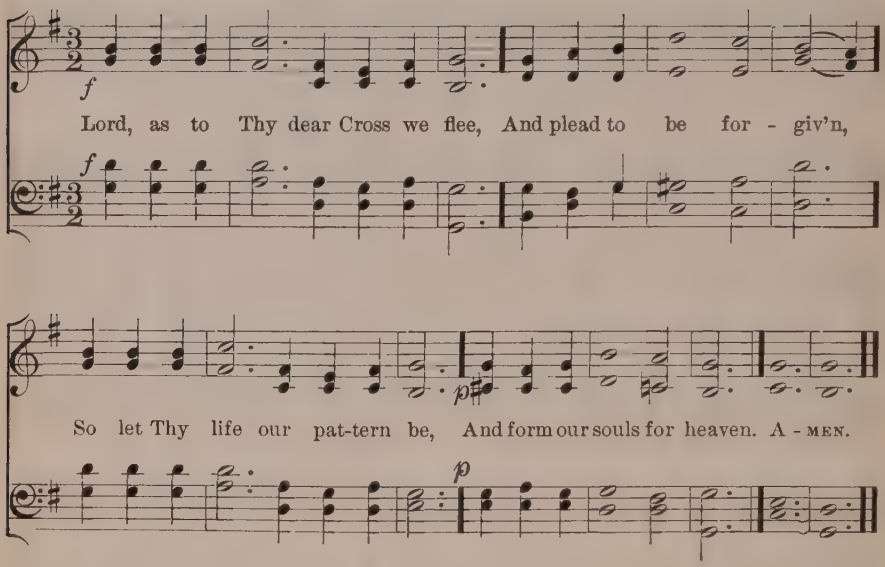
mf 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
cr And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

p 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
pp "Father, Thy will be done."

mf 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
cr O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

J. H. Gurney

346 (SECOND TUNE) C. M. LAMBETH *S. Webbe*


f
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee, And plead to be for - giv'n,
f
p
So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heaven. A - MEN.
p

mf 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
p Our brethren's grief to share.

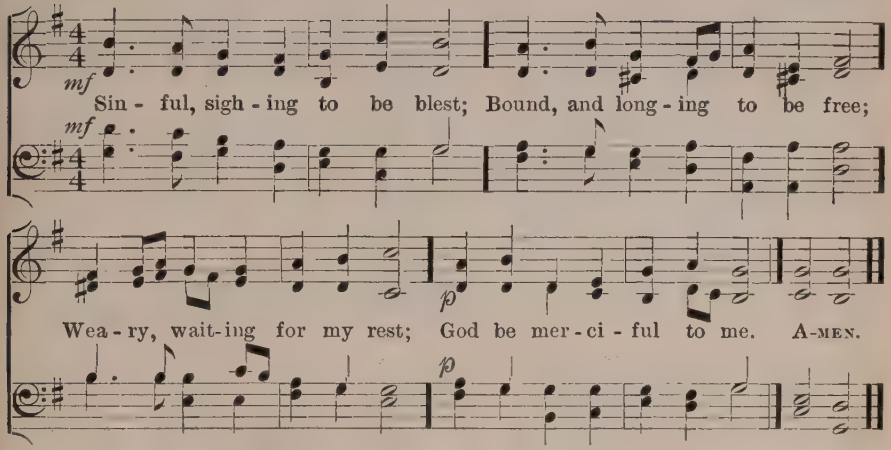
mf 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
cr And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

p 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
pp "Father, Thy will be done."

mf 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
cr O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

J. H. Gurney

347 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. HORSHAM *A. H. Brown*



mf 2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need;
p God be merciful to me.

p 3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
cr Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
p God be merciful to me.

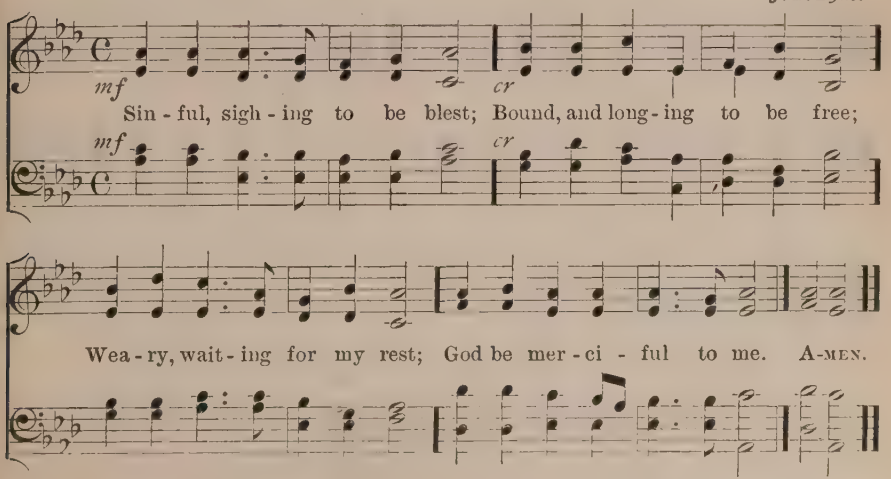
mf 4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee:
I am not mine own but Thine:
p God be merciful to me.

mp 5 There is one beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
p God be merciful to me.

mf 6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for His sake
p God be merciful to me.

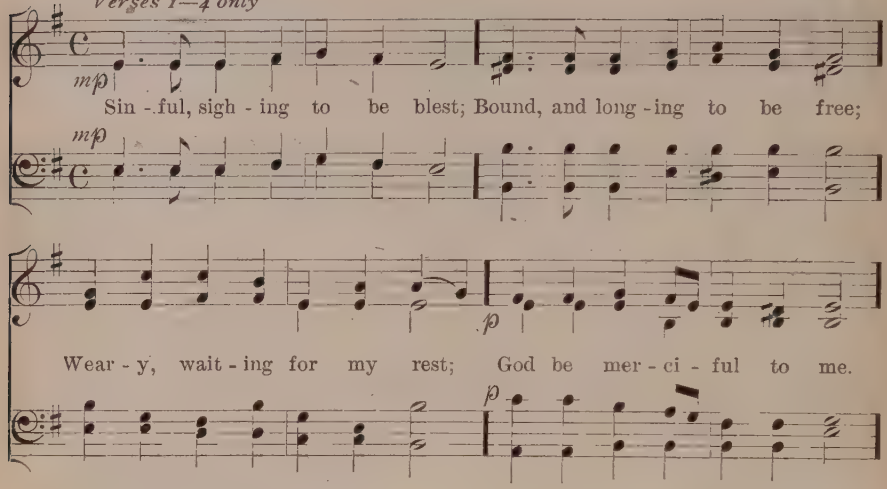
J. S. B. Monsell

(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. ST. BEES *J. B. Dykes*



347 (THIRD TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. CLARENCE *A. S. Sullivan*

Verses 1—4 only

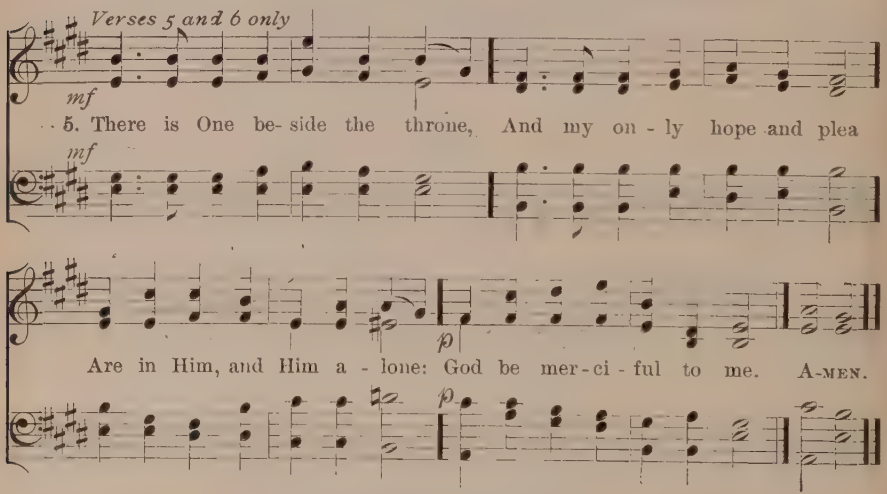


mp 2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need;
p God be merciful to me.

mp 3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
p God be merciful to me.

mp 4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee:
I am not my own but Thine:
p God be merciful to me.

Verses 5 and 6 only



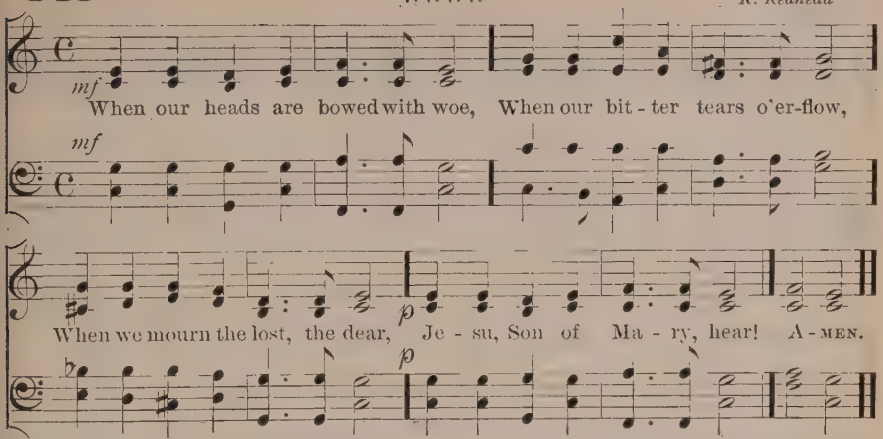
mf 6 He my cause will undertake,
My interpreter will be;
cr He's my all; and for His sake
p God be merciful to me.

J. S. B. Monsell

348

7. 7. 7. 7.

REDHEAD, No. 47
R. Redhead


mf
When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,
mf
When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - su, Son of Ma - ry, hear! A - MEN.
p
p

p 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

pp 3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

p 4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

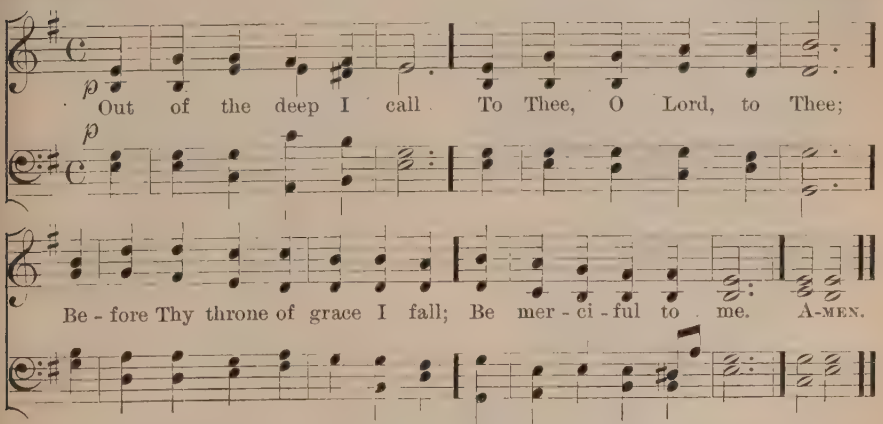
p 6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

H. H. Milman

349

S. M.

DENHAM
Denham's Psalter



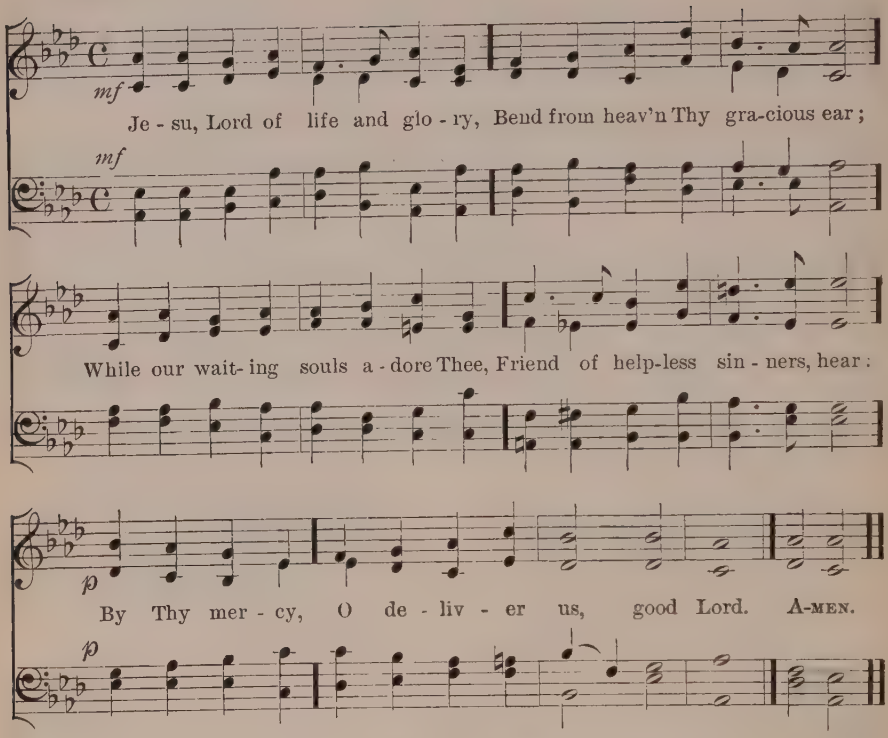
p 2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

p 3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
cr From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious Name.

mf 4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow
p Be merciful to me.

H. W. Baker

350 (FIRST TUNE) 8.7.8.7.4.7. ST. RAPHAEL *E. J. Hopkins*


mf
Je - su, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n Thy gra-cious ear;
mf
While our wait- ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help-less sin - ners, hear:
p
By Thy mer - cy, O de - liv - er us, good Lord. A-MEN.
p

p 2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

p 3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

mf 4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

p 5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness
When all human help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

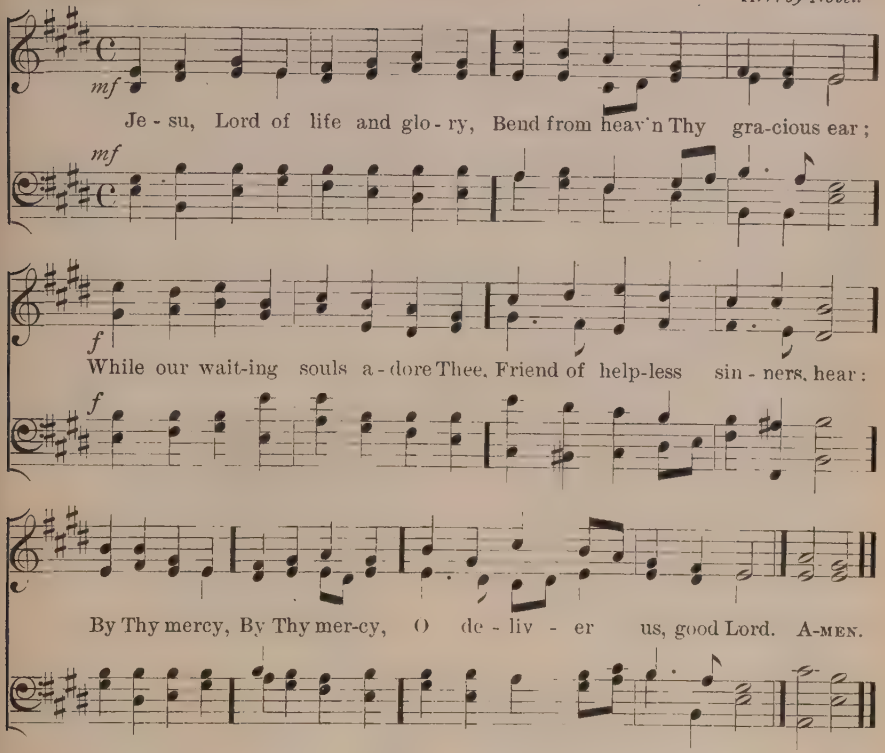
pp 6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
cr May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay:
b By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

J. J. Cummins

350 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

ST. THOMAS
Arr. by Novell


mf
Je - su, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n Thy gra-cious ear;
mf
f
While our wait-ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help-less sin - ners, hear:
f
By Thy mercy, By Thy mer-cy, O de - liv - er us, good Lord. A-MEN.

p 2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

p 3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

mf 4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

p 5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness
When all human help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

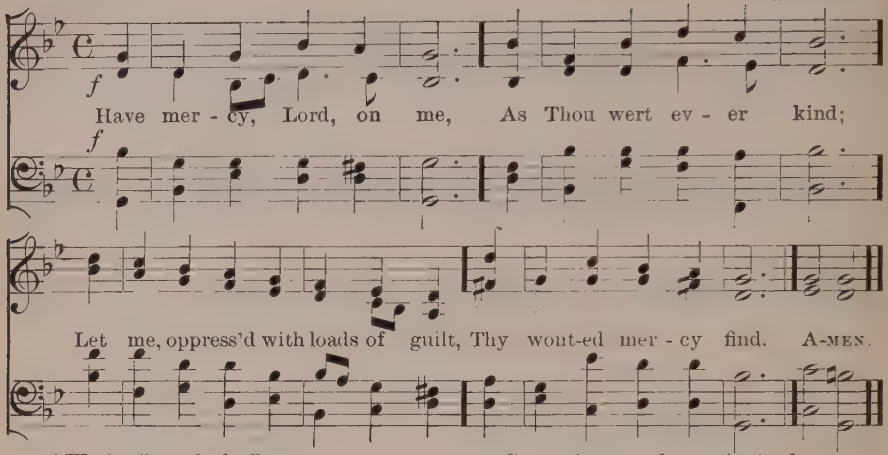
pp 6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
cr May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay:
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

J. J. Cummins

351

S. M.

ST. BRIDE
S. Howard



p 2 Wash off my foul offense,
And clease me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

mf 3 Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in Thy sight, [demned,
Have I transgressed; and, though con-
Must own Thy judgment right.

p 4 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:

cr Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

mf 5 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

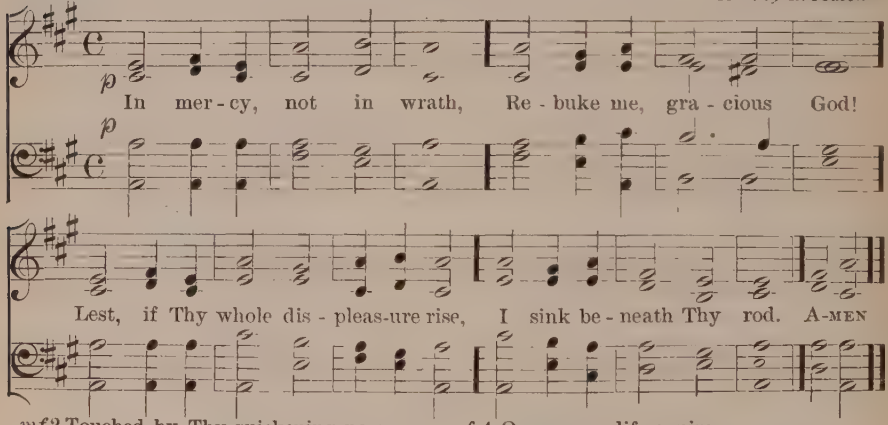
mf 6 The joy Thy favour gives
Let me, O Lord, regain;
cr And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

Tate and Brady

352

S. M.

OLMUTZ
Arr. by L. Mason



mf 2 Touched by Thy quickening power,
p My load of guilt I feel;
The wounds Thy Spirit hath unclosed,
O let that Spirit heal.

p 3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I for ever mourn?
And wilt Thou not at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

mf 4 O come, ere life expire;
Send down Thy power to save;
For who shall sing Thy Name in death,
Or praise Thee in the grave?

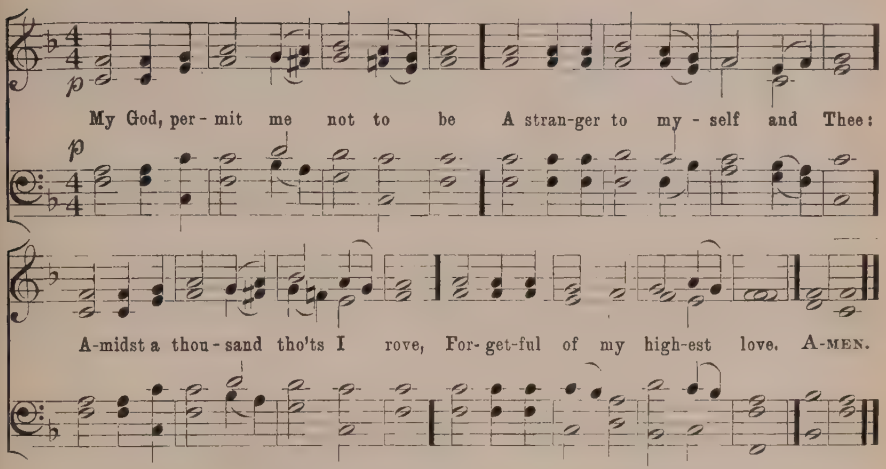
mf 5 Why should I doubt Thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
cr Thou wilt fulfil Thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer.

J. Newton

353

L. M.

HAMBURG
Lowell Mason



p 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

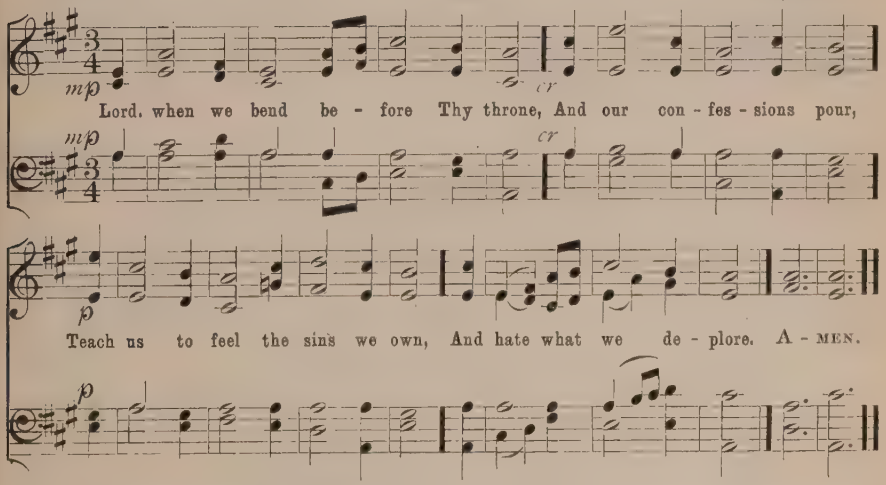
mf 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
cr Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

I. Watts

354

C. M.

MARTYRDOM
H. Wilson



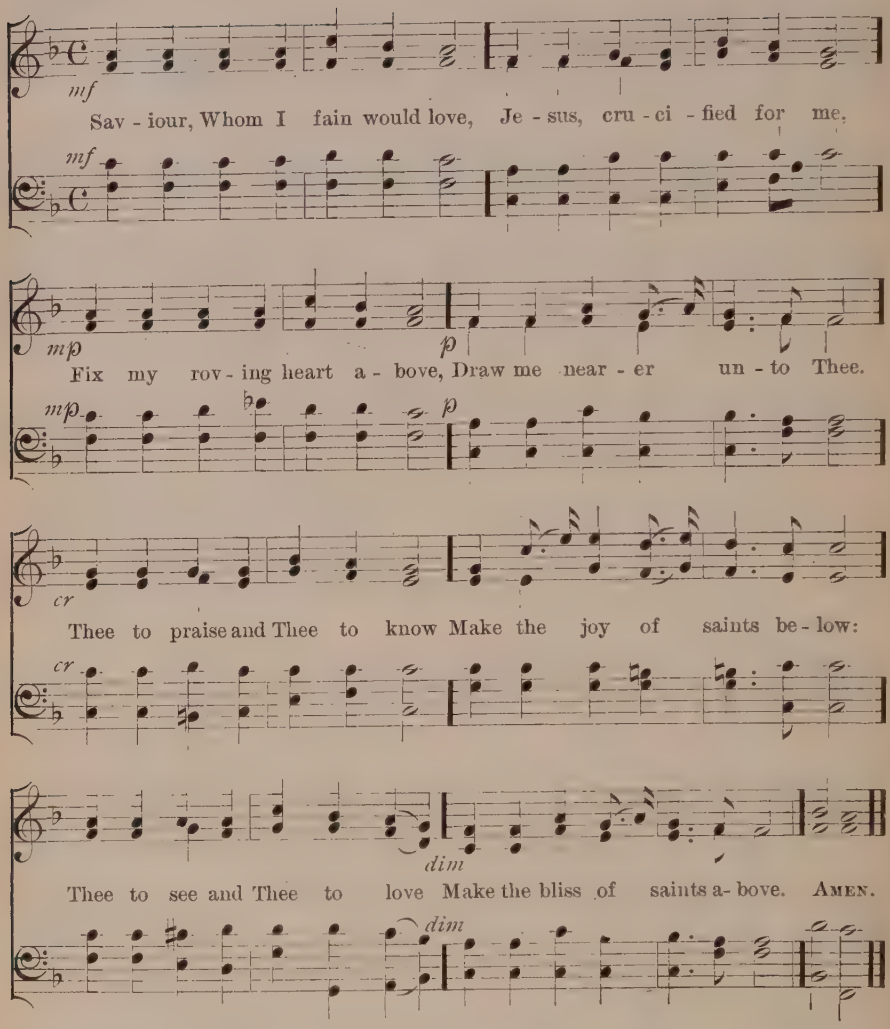
p 2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
cr And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

mf 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.

mf 4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
cr And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

J. D. Carlyle

355 7. 7. 7. 7. D. BLUMENTHAL *Blumenthal*


mf
Sav - iour, Whom I fain would love, Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for me,
mf
mp
p
Fix my rov - ing heart a - bove, Draw me near - er un - to Thee.
mp
p
cr
Thee to praise and Thee to know Make the joy of saints be - low:
cr
dim
Thee to see and Thee to love Make the bliss of saints a - bove. AMEN.
dim

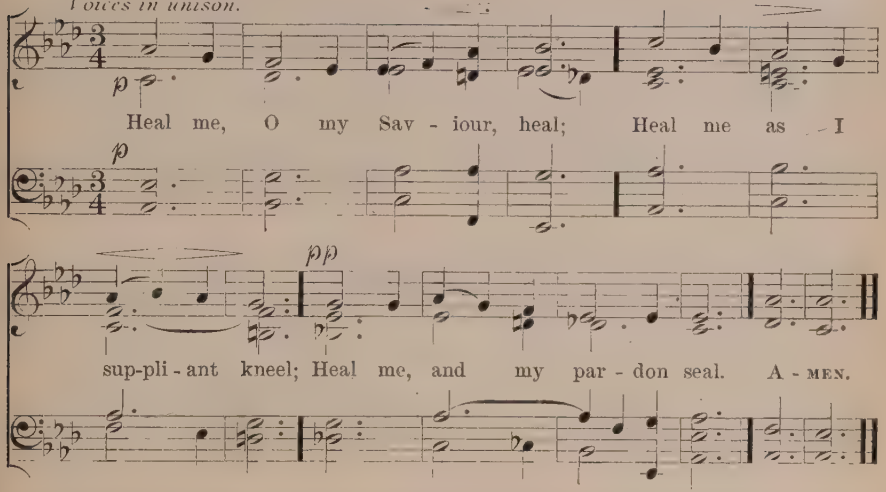
mf 2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny:
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'T is no longer death to die.

cr Source and Giver of repose,
Only from Thy Love it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

A. M. Toplady

356 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. HOLY CROSS
J. E. West

Voices in unison.



p 2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
cr And in mercy send me aid.

p 3 Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

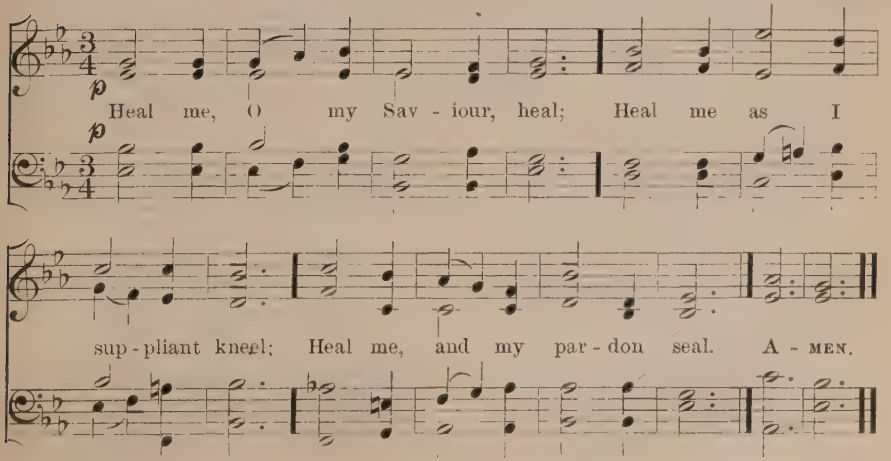
mf 4 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

p 5 Other comforters are gone;
cr Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

mf 6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
p To Thy mercy I appeal.

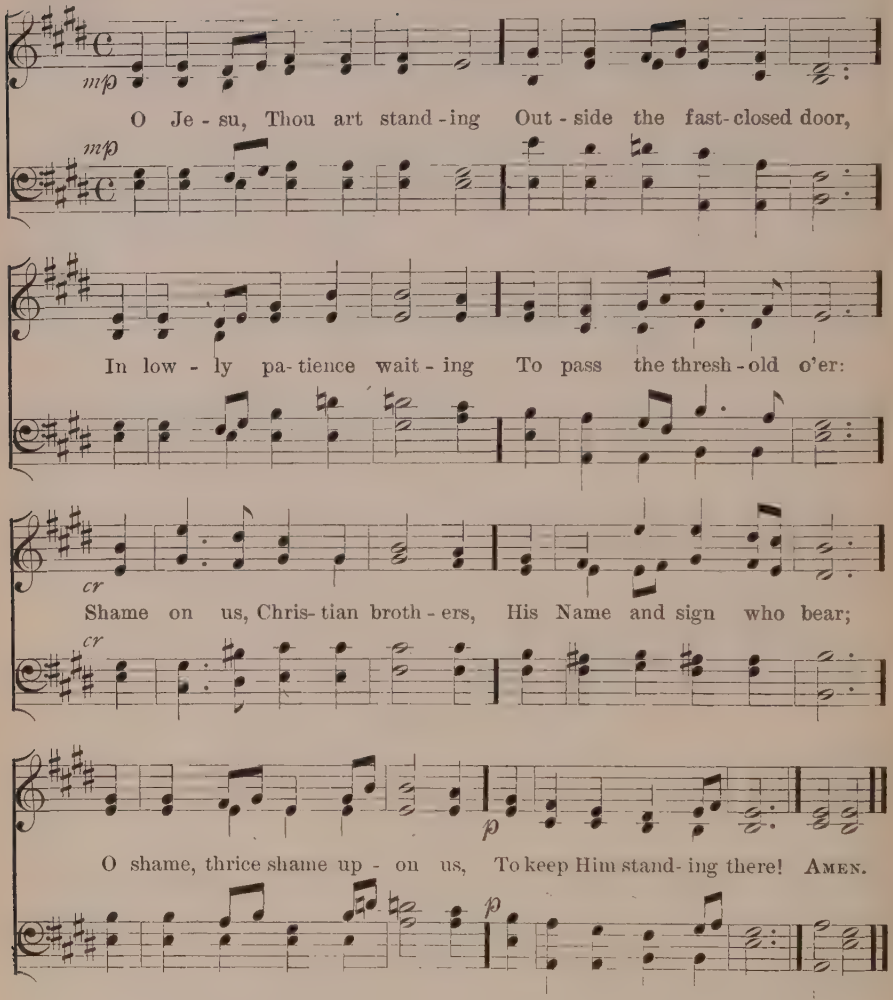
G. Thring

(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. LACRYMAE
Arthur S. Sullivan



357 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ST. EDITH
J. H. Knecht


mp
O Je - su, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,
mp
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:
cr
Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His Name and sign who bear;
cr
p
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! AMEN.
p

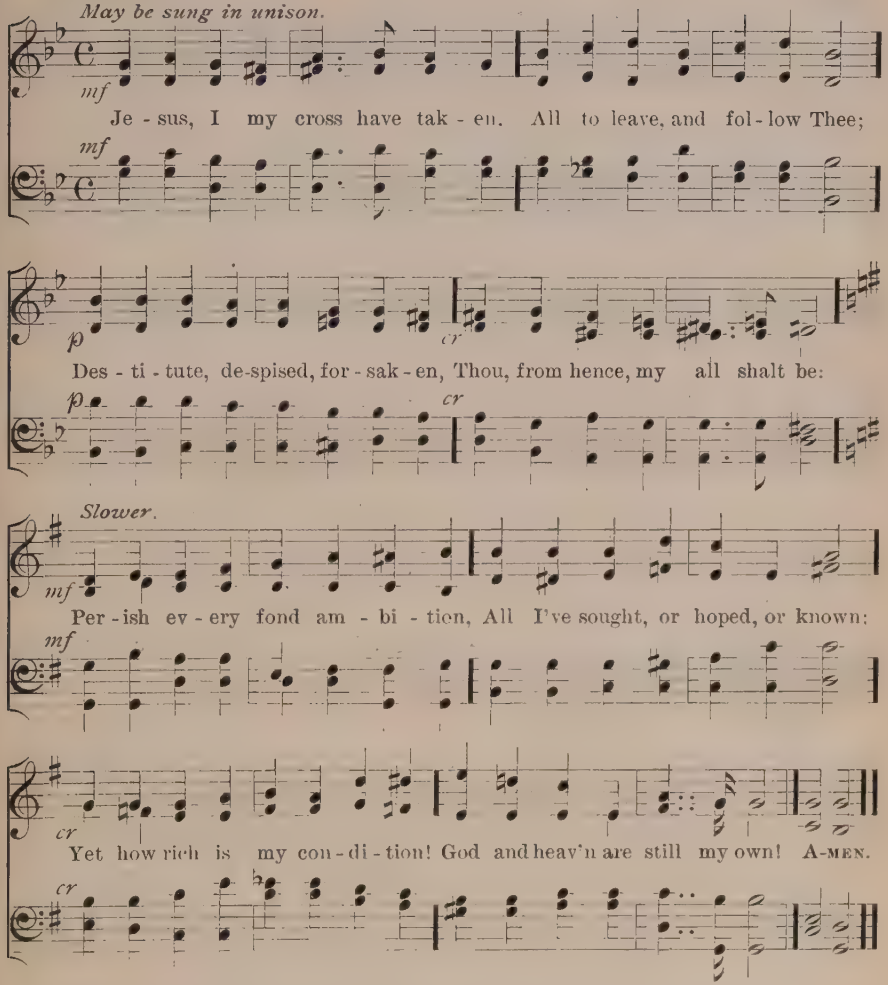
p 2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred.
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
cr O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
p O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

p 3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children.
cr And will ye treat Me so?"
mf O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

W. W. How

358 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D. ST. POLYCARP *J. Barnby*

May be sung in unison.


mf
Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en. All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
mf
p
cr
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
p
cr
Slower.
mf
Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
mf
cr
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own! A-MEN.
cr

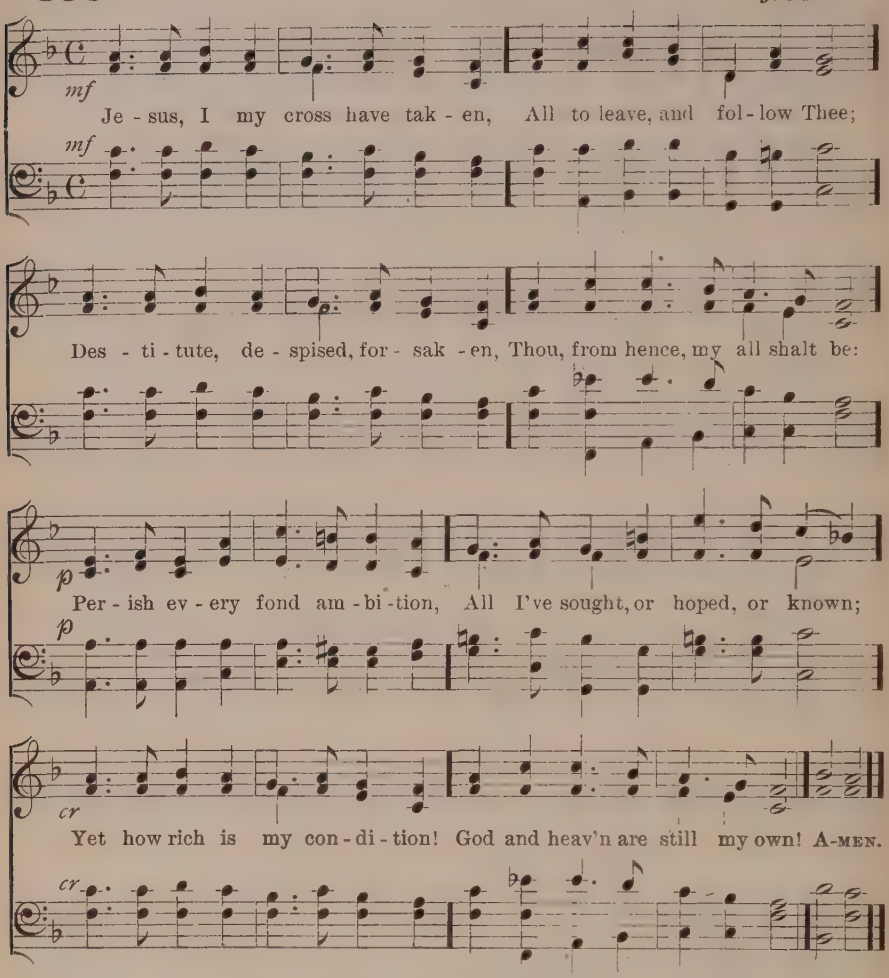
p 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
cr Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
mf O 't is not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me:
O 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

mf 3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation:
cr Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
p Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
cr What a Father's smile is thine:
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

f 4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
mp Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
cr Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte

358 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D. LOVE DIVINE *J. Stainer*


mf
Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
p
Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
cr
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own! A-MEN.

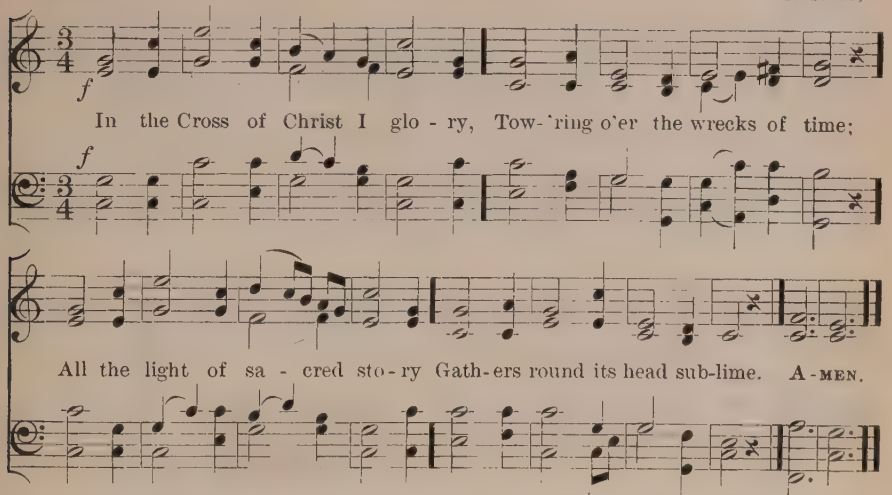
p 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive my to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
cr Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
mf O 't is not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me:
O 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

mf 3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
cr Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
p Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
cr What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

f 4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee.
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
mp Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
cr Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte

359 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. RATHBUN *I. Conkey*


In the Cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime. A-MEN.

p 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me:
cr Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

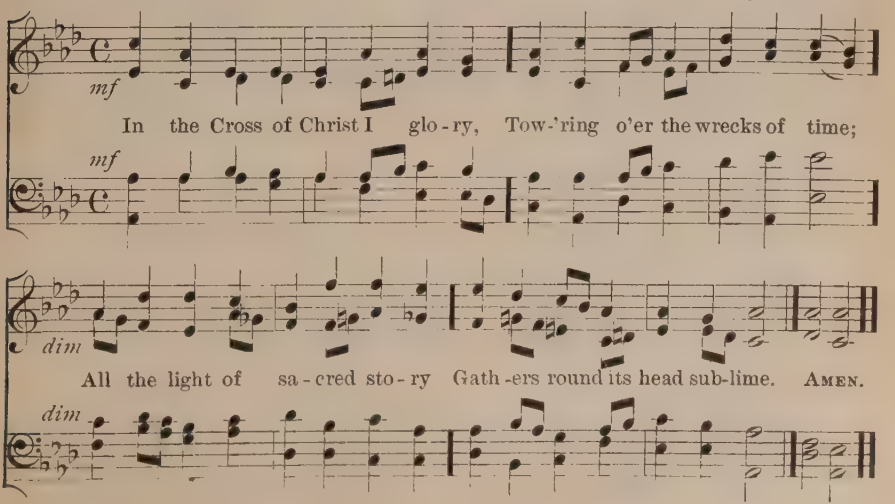
mf 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

p 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
cr Joys that through all time abide.

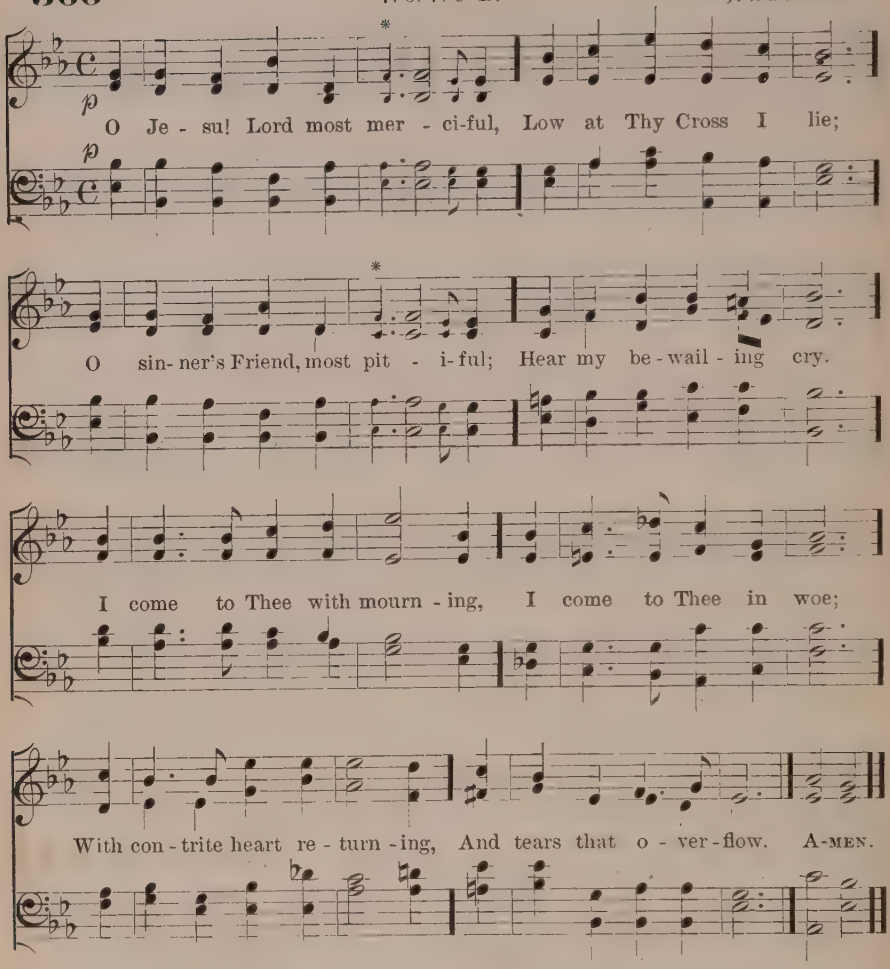
f 5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. Bowring

(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. CROSS OF JESUS *J. Stainer*


In the Cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime. AMEN.

360 7. 6. 7. 6 D. ST. GEORGE'S BOLTON *J. Walch*


O Je - su! Lord most mer - ci-ful, Low at Thy Cross I lie;
O sin-ner's Friend, most pit - i-ful; Hear my be-wail - ing cry.
I come to Thee with mourn - ing, I come to Thee in woe;
With con - trite heart re - turn - ing, And tears that o - ver-flow. A-MEN.

mp 2 O gracious Intercessor!
O Priest within the veil!
Plead, for a lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
I spread my sins before Thee,
I tell them one by one;
cr O for Thy Name's great glory,
p Forgive all I have done!

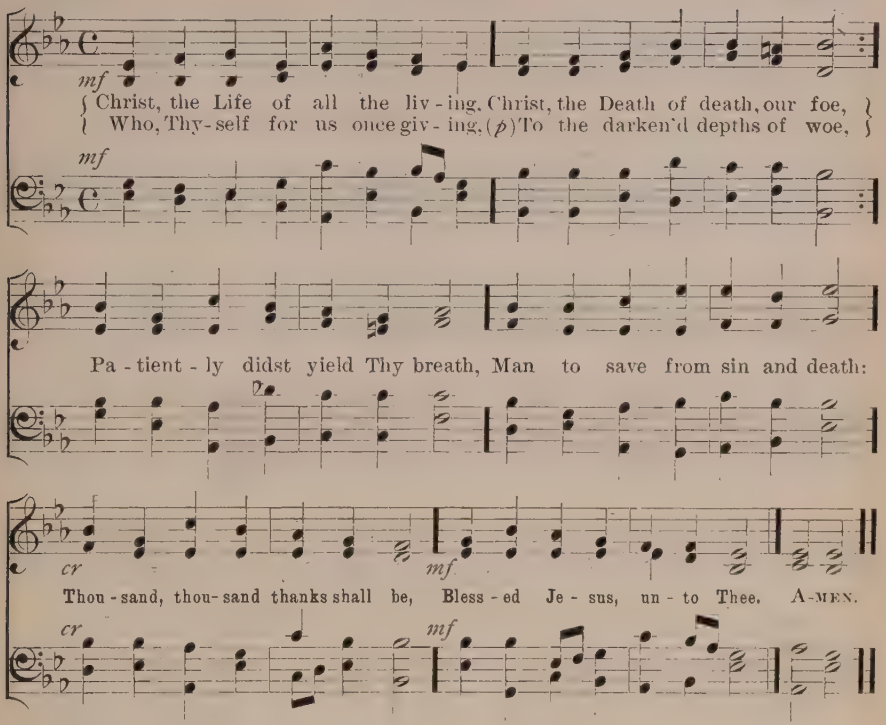
pp 3 O by Thy Cross and Passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary;
By all that untold suffering
Endured by Thee alone;
cr O Priest! O spotless Offering!
Plead, for Thou didst atone!

mp 4 And in this heart now broken,
cr Re-enter Thou and reign;
mf And say, by that dear token,
I am absolved again;
And build me up, and guide me,
And guard me day by day;
And in Thy presence hide me,
And keep my soul alway.

J. Hamilton

(* The ties are to be disregarded in the 1st verse.)

361 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7. HOMBURGH *German*


mf
Christ, the Life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the Death of death, our foe,
Who, Thy-self for us once giv - ing, (p) To the darken'd depths of woe,
mf
Pa - tient - ly didst yield Thy breath, Man to save from sin and death:
cr
mf
Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Bless - ed Je - sus, un - to Thee. A-MEN.
cr
mf

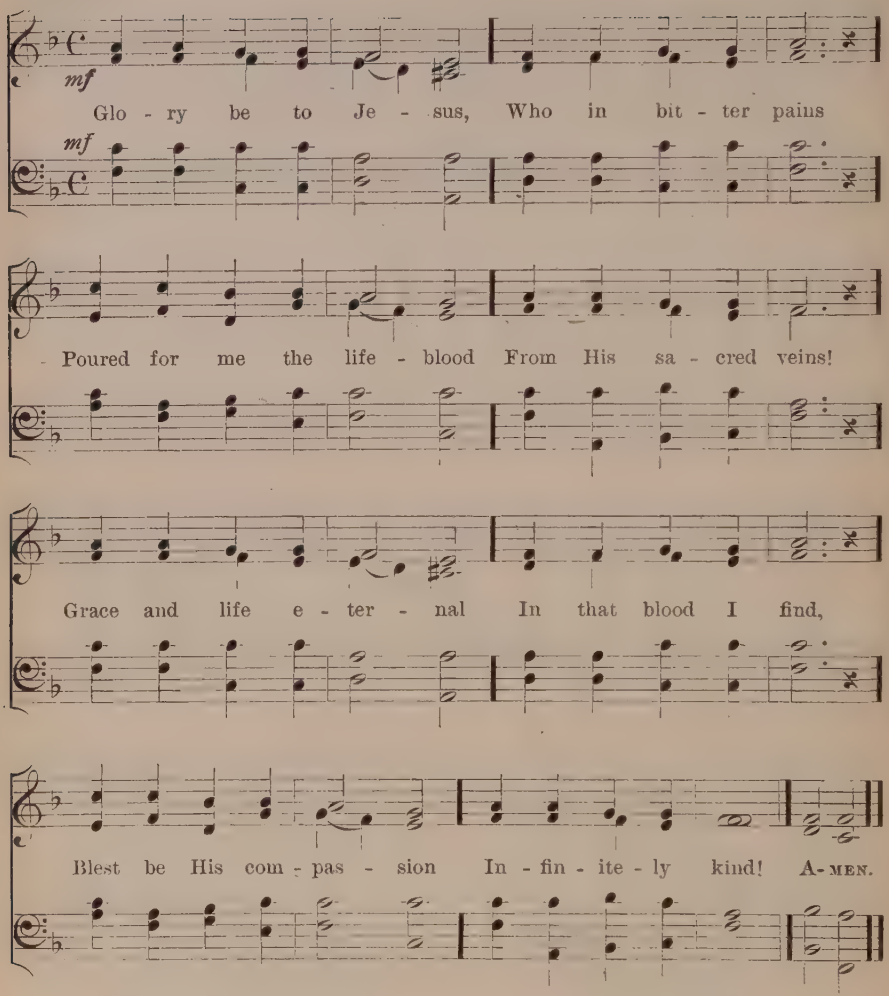
p 2 Thou, ah, Thou hast taken on Thee
Bitter strokes, a cruel rod;
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee.
O Thou sinless Son of God;
cr Only thus for us to win
Rescue from the bonds of sin:
mf Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

p 3 Thou didst bear the smiting, only
That it might not fall on me;
Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,
That I might be safe and free;
Comfortless, that I might know
Comfort from Thy boundless woe:
cr Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
mf Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

mp 4 Then for all that wrought our pardon,
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
For Thine anguish in the garden,
cr I will thank thee evermore;
p Thank Thee with the latest breath
For Thy sad and cruel death
For that last most bitter cry,
cr Praise Thee evermore on high.

E. C. Homburgh. TR. *C. Winkworth*

362 6. 5. 6. 5. D. CASWALL *F. Filitz*

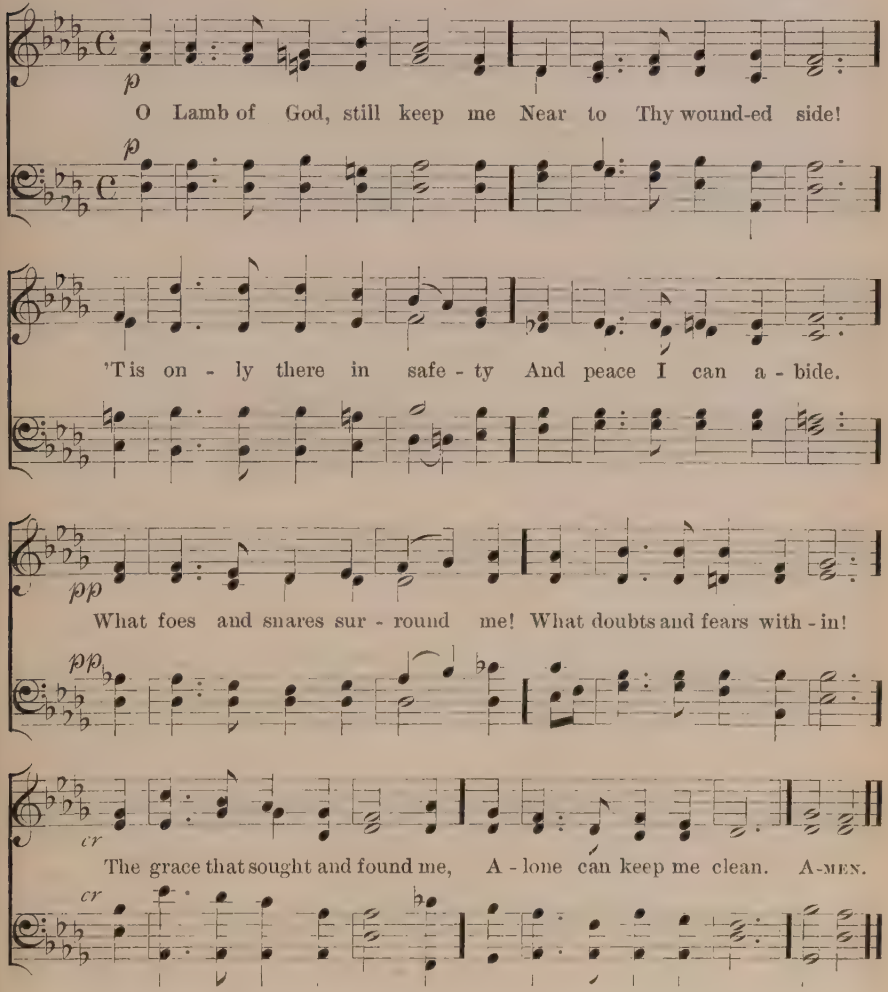

mf
Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains
mf
Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins!
Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find,
Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fin - ite - ly kind! A-MEN.

mf 2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
p Which from sin and sorrow
cr Doth the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

f 3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder.
Praise the precious Blood.

TR. *E. Caswall*

363 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. ST. CHRISTOPHER *F. C. Maker*


p
O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side!
'T is on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.
pp
What foes and snares sur - round me! What doubts and fears with - in!
cr
The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean. A-MEN.

p 2 'T is only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure;
cr Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
p In all its care and woe.

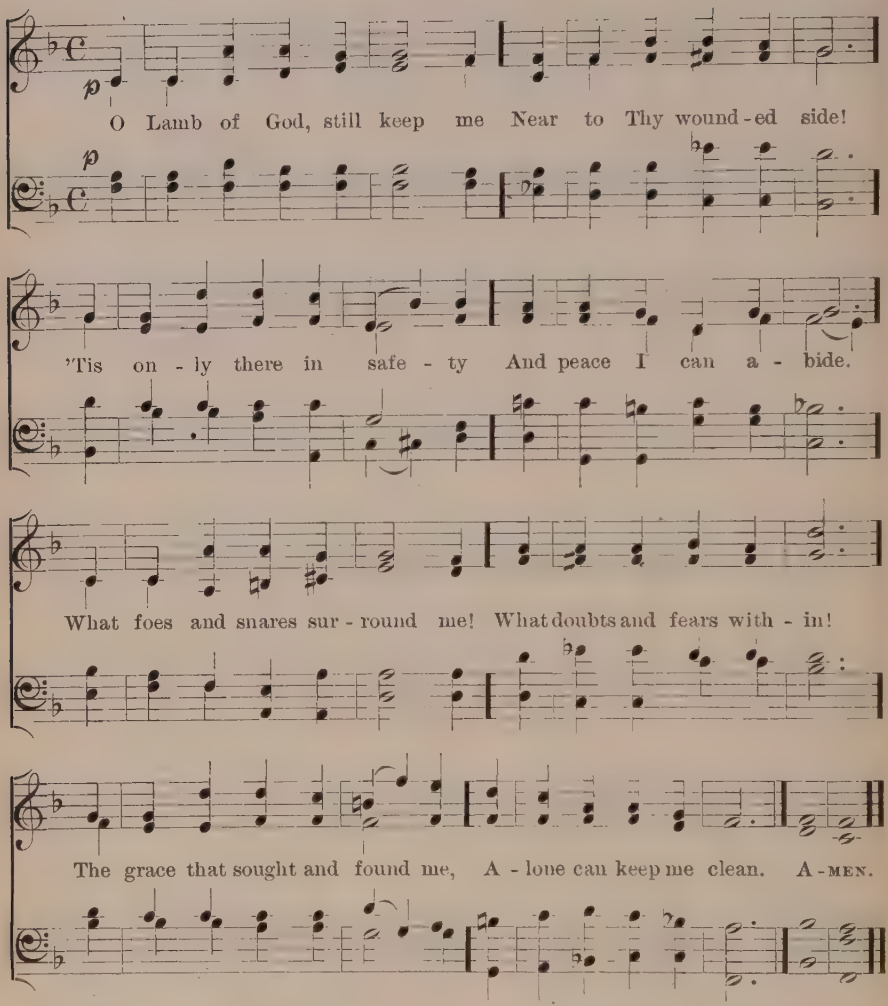
mf 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
cr One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
f Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

J. G. Deck

363 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

SAVOY CHAPEL
J. Baptist Catkin

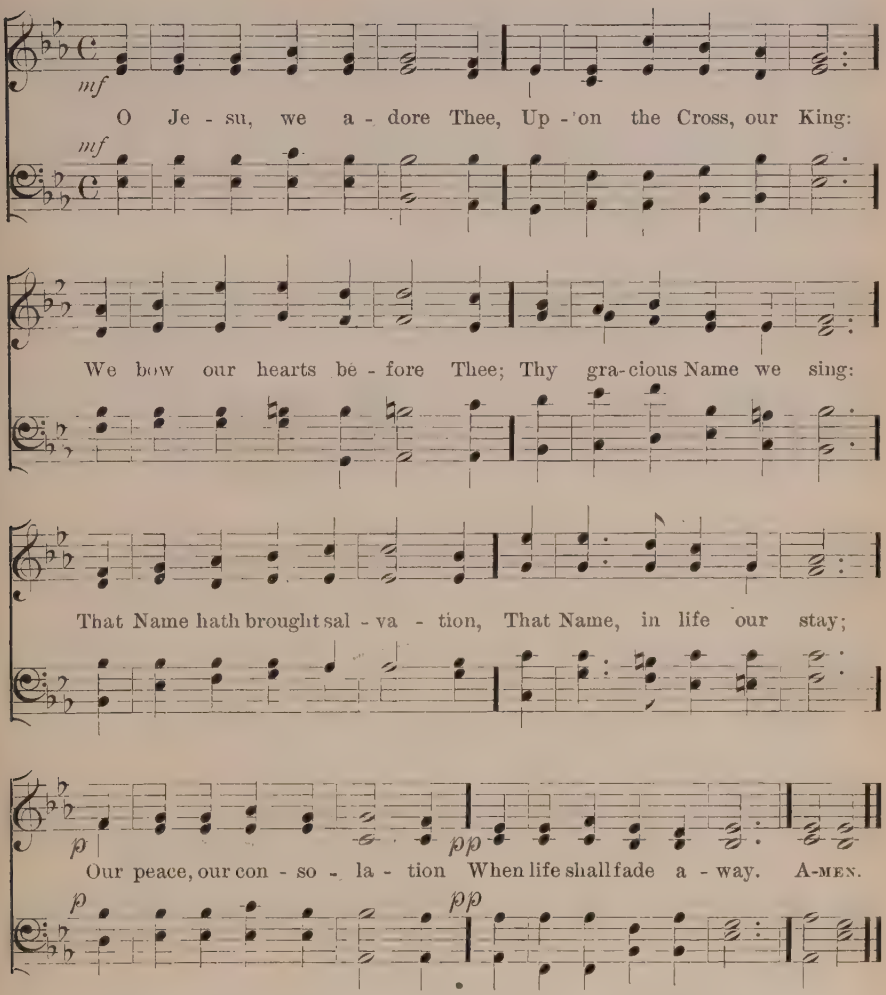

O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side!
'Tis on-ly there in safe-ty And peace I can a-bide.
What foes and snares sur-round me! What doubts and fears with-in!
The grace that sought and found me, A-lone can keep me clean. A-MEN.

p 2 'T is only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
cr Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
p In all its care and woe.

mf 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
cr One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
f Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

J. G. Deck

364 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. AURELIA *S. S. Wesley*

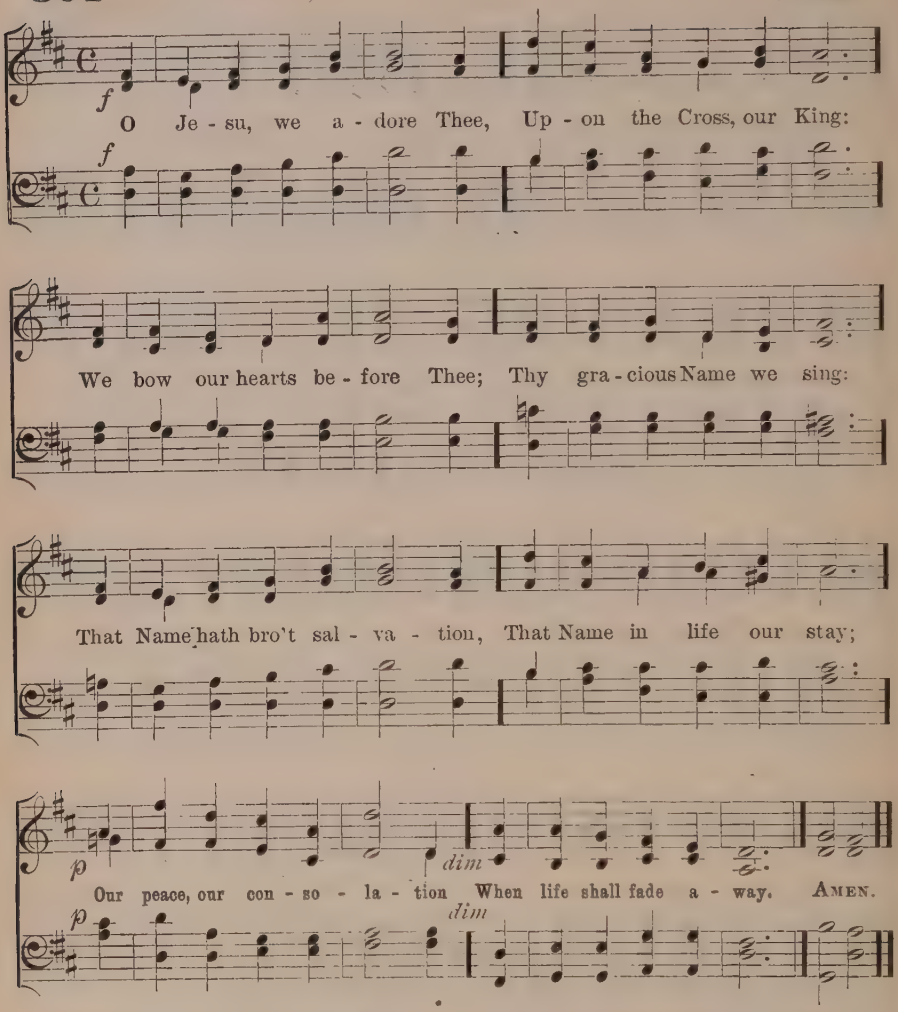

mf
O Je - su, we a - dore Thee, Up - 'on the Cross, our King:
We bow our hearts be - fore Thee; Thy gra-cious Name we sing:
That Name hath brought sal - va - tion, That Name, in life our stay;
p pp
Our peace, our con - so - la - tion When life shall fade a - way. A-MEN.

mf 2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still pressing by Thy Cross:
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,
Counting all else but loss.
The grief Thy soul endurèd,
Who can that grief declare?
Thy pains have thus assurèd
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

p 3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree:
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee;
Yet deign our hope to be.
cr O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesu, we confess Thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.

A. T. Russell

364 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. BENTLEY *J. Hullah*


f
O Je - su, we a - dore Thee, Up - on the Cross, our King:
We bow our hearts be - fore Thee; Thy gra - cious Name we sing:
That Name hath bro't sal - va - tion, That Name in life our stay;
p
dim
Our peace, our con - so - la - tion When life shall fade a - way. AMEN.

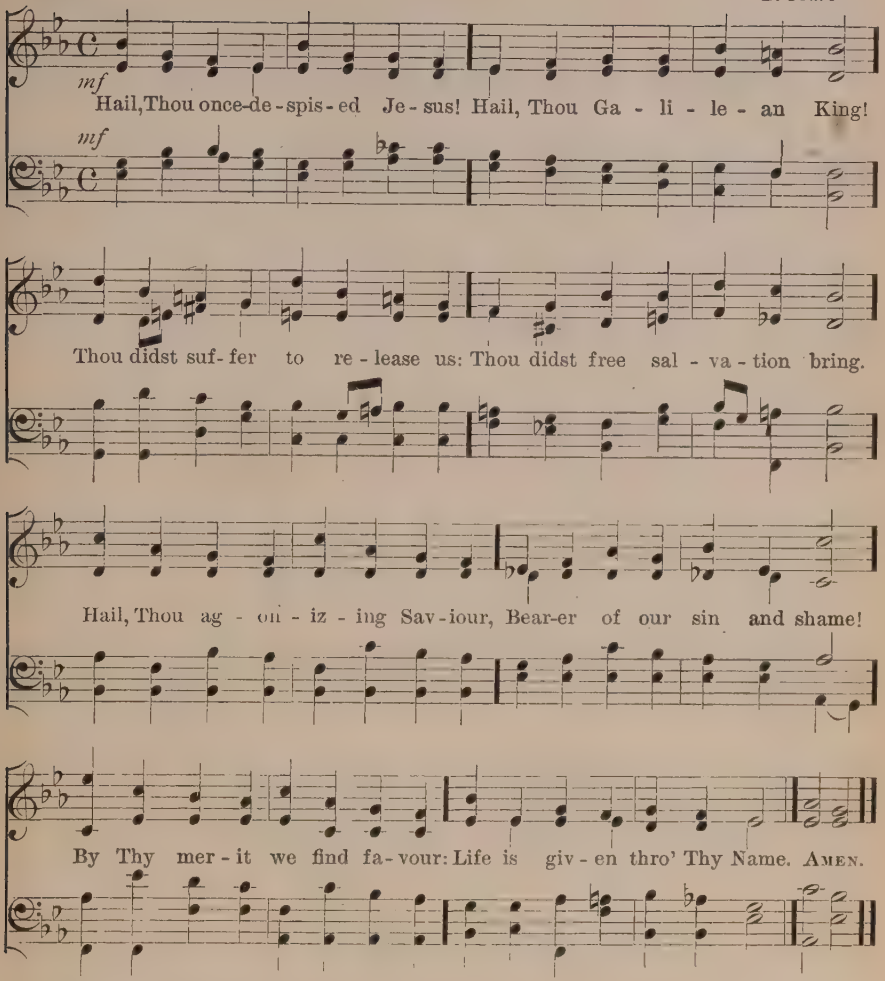
mf 2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still pressing by Thy Cross:
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,
Counting all else but loss.
The grief Thy soul endurèd,
Who can that grief declare?
Thy pains have thus assurèd
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

p 3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree:
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee;
Yet deign our hope to be.
cr O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesu, we confess Thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.

A. T. Russell

365 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

THE WISE MEN
B. Tours


mf
Hail, Thou once-de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Ga-li-le-an King!
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us: Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
Hail, Thou ag-on-iz-ing Sav-iour, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
By Thy mer-it we find fa-vour: Life is giv-en thro' Thy Name. AMEN.

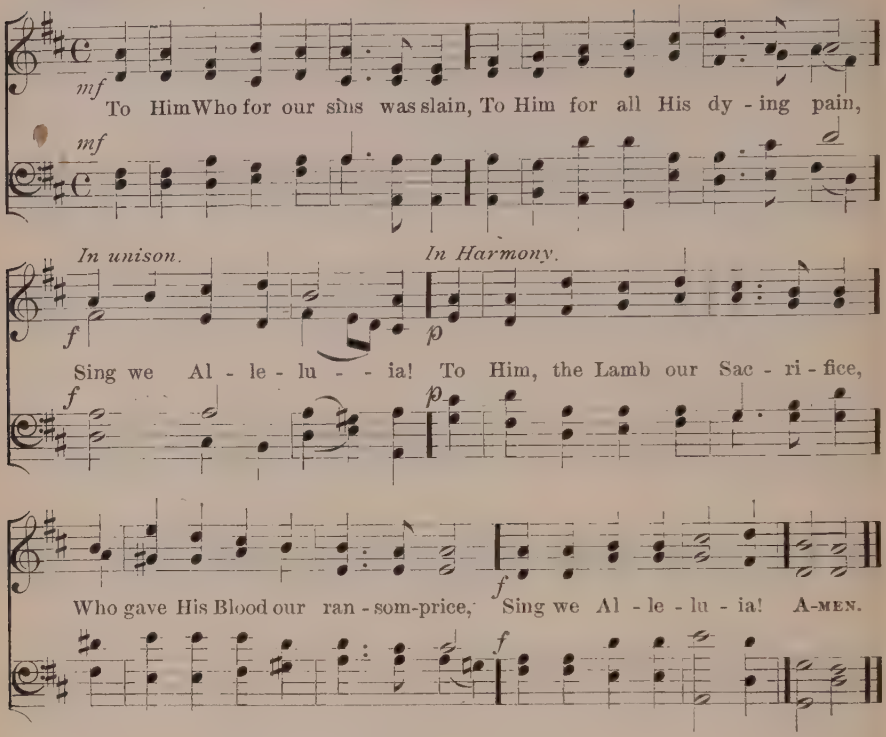
p 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
cr All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood:
mf Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

f 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
mf There for sinners Thou art pleading:
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

f 4 Worship, honour, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
cr Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!

J. Bakewell: M. Madan: A. M. Toplady

366 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. RANSOM *E. Bunnett*


mf
To HimWho for our sins was slain, To Him for all His dy - ing pain,
mf
In unison.
In Harmony.
f
p
Sing we Al - le - lu - - - ia! To Him, the Lamb our Sac - ri - fice,
f
p
f
Who gave His Blood our ran - som-price, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.
f

p 2 To Him Who died that we might die
To sin (*cr*) and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
f To Him Who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

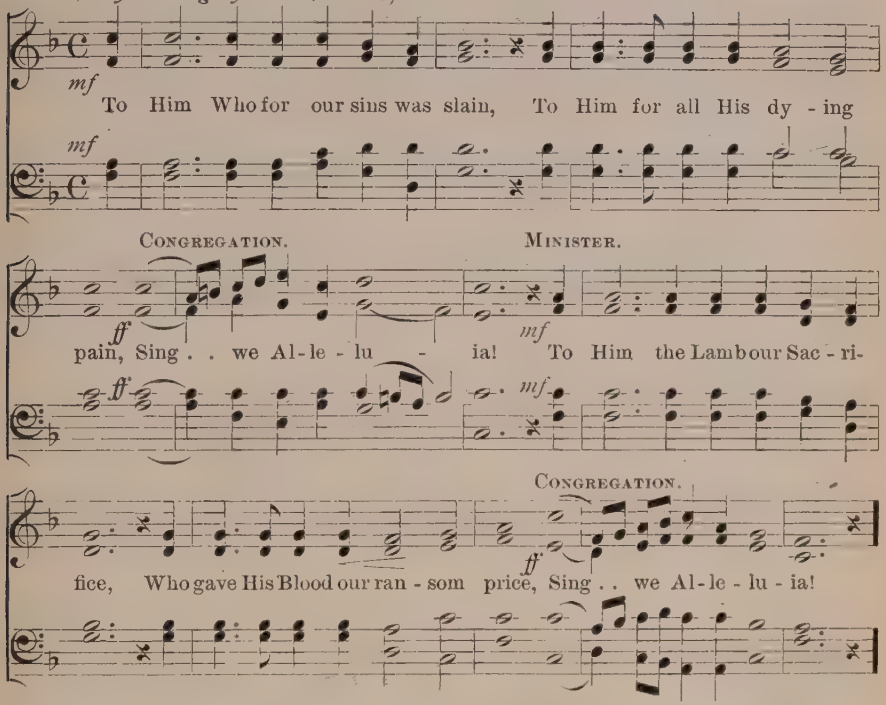
mp 3 To Him Who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
f Sing we Alleluia!
mf To Him Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
f Sing we Alleluia!

f 4 To Him be glory evermore:
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we Alleluia!

A. T. Russell

366 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. ALLELUIA *H. Wilson*

(May be sung by the Minister.)

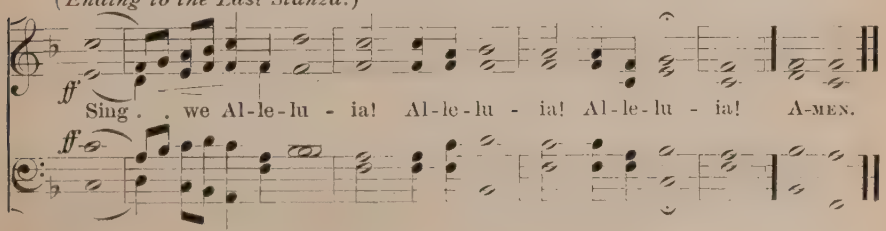

mf
To Him Who for our sins was slain, To Him for all His dy - ing
mf
CONGREGATION.
MINISTER.
ff
pain, Sing . . we Al-le-lu - ia!
mf
To Him the Lamb our Sac - ri-
ff
mf
CONGREGATION.
fice, Who gave His Blood our ran - som price, Sing . . we Al-le-lu - ia!
ff

2 To Him Who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him Who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

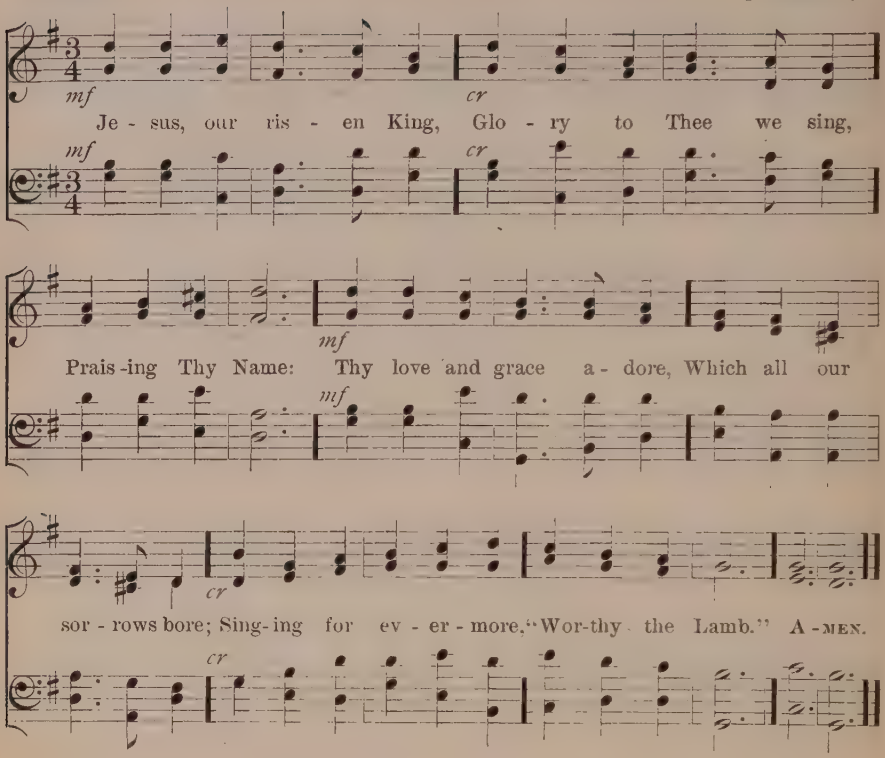
3 To Him Who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Him be glory evermore:
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore:
Sing we Alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we Alleluia! AMEN.

(Ending to the Last Stanza.)



367 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. PHILIPPI *J. G. Ebeling*


mf
Je - sus, our ris - en King, Glo - ry to Thee we sing,
cr
Prais-ing Thy Name: Thy love and grace a - dore, Which all our
sor - rows bore; Sing-ing for ev - er - more, "Wor-thy the Lamb." A - MEN.

mf 2 O haste, ye ransomed race!
For all His gifts of grace
f Praise ye His Name:
He wondrous things hath done;
Triumph o'er death hath won;
Heaven's gate hath open thrown;
"Worthy the Lamb."

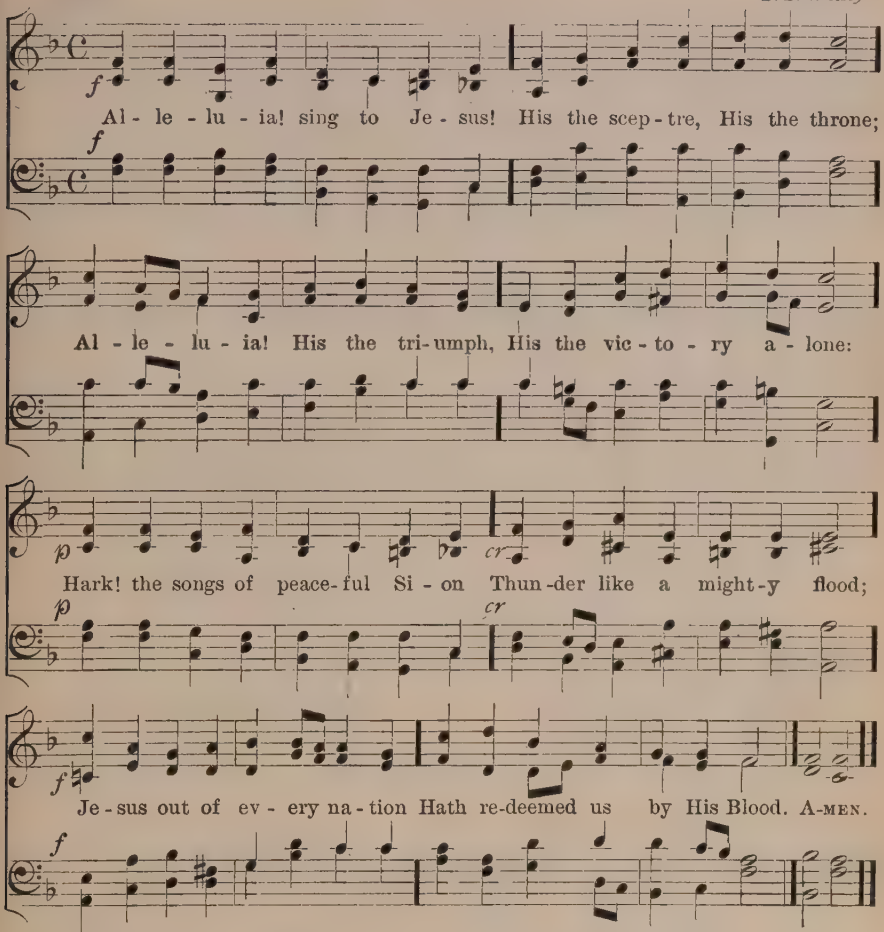
mf 3 Come, all ye hosts above!
Join in one song of love,
cr Praising His Name:
To Him ascribèd be
Honour and majesty
Through all eternity:
"Worthy the Lamb."

f 4 Blessèd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Praise to Thy Name:
mf Father, Thy love we bless;
Spirit of holiness,
cr We praise Thee and confess,
"Worthy the Lamb."

J. Allen: Cook and *Denton*

* The tune "Moscow," No. 388, can be used if preferred.

368 8. 7. 8. 7. D. ALLELUIA *S. S. Wesley*


Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - tre, His the throne;
Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri-umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:
Hark! the songs of peace-ful Si - on Thun-der like a might-y flood;
Je - sus out of ev - ery na - tion Hath re-deemed us by His Blood. A-MEN.

mf 2 Alleluia! (*p*) not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
cr Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
p Though the cloud from sight received
When the forty days were o'er: [Him,
cr Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

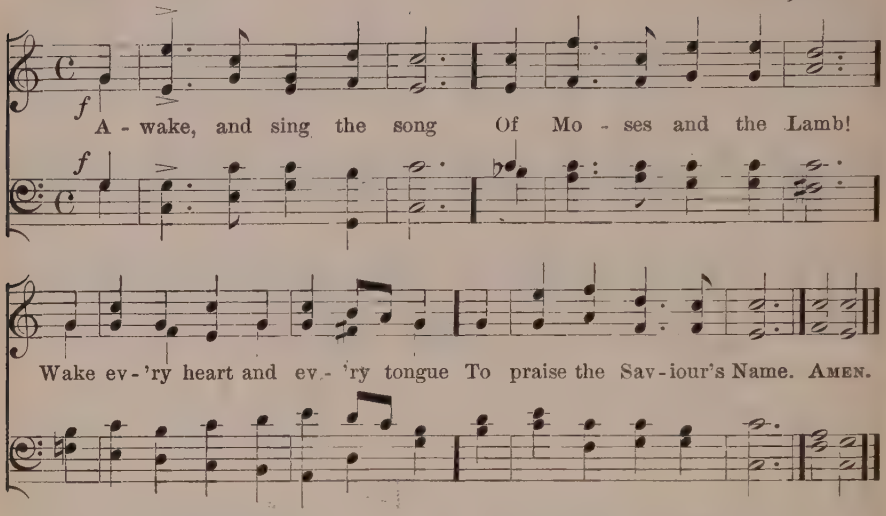
mf 3 Alleluia! Bread of Heaven,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day:
p Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
cr Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

f 4 Alleluia! King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia! born of Mary, [throne:
Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy
p Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High-Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic feast.

f 5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
p Hark! (*cr*) the songs of holy Sion
f Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His Blood.

W. C. Dix

369 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. KING EDWARD *E. A. Sydenham*



p 2 Sing of His dying love!
cr Sing of His rising power!
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore!

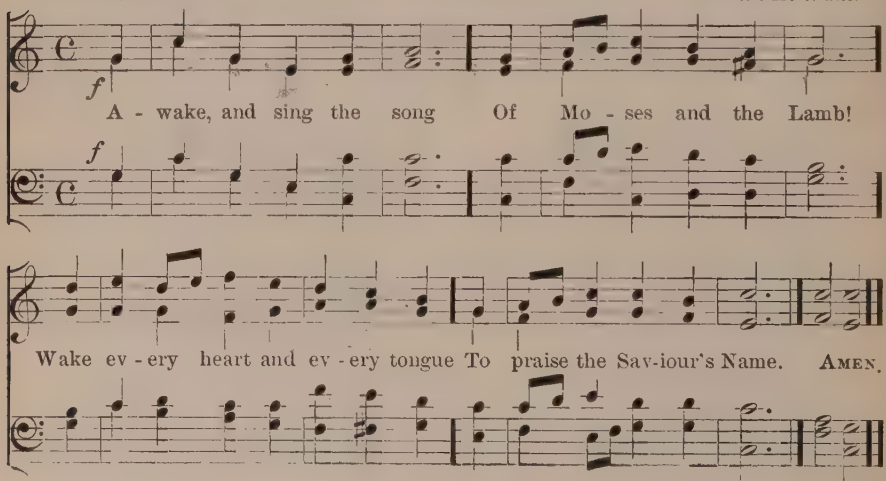
mf 3 Sing on your heavenly way!
Ye ransomed sinners sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the Eternal King!

p 4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come."
cr Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

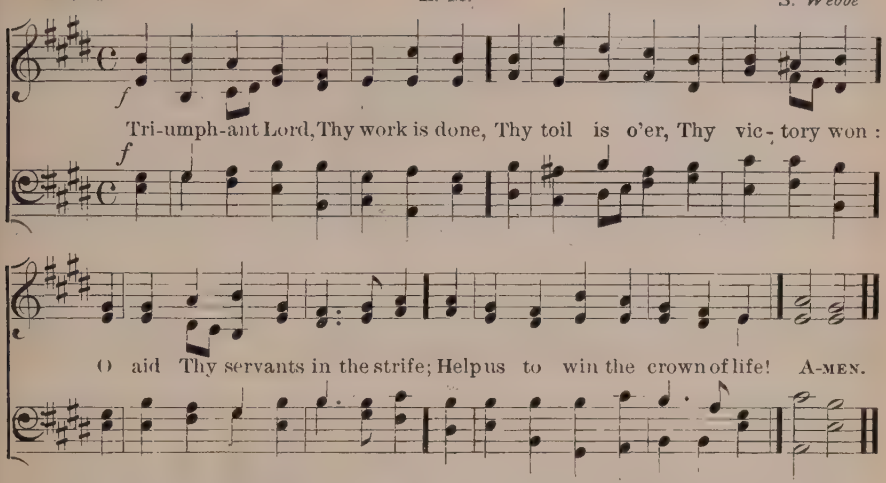
mf 5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
cr And sweeter voices swell the song
Of glory to the Lamb.

W. Hammond

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. FESTAL SONG *W. H. Walter*



370 L. M. MELCOMBE *S. Webbe*


Tri-umph-ant Lord, Thy work is done, Thy toil is o'er, Thy vic-tory won:
O aid Thy servants in the strife; Help us to win the crown of life! A-MEN.

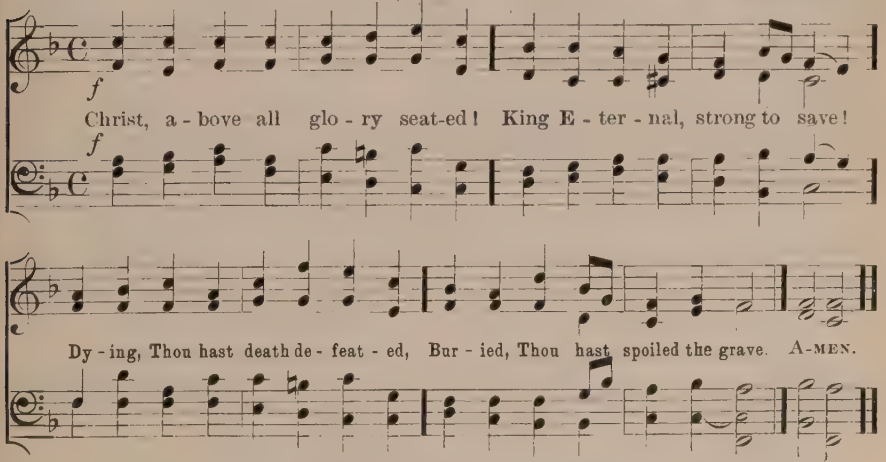
mf 2 Presenting Thine own sacrifice, [rise;
Our prayers like incense round Thee
For "Thou art Priest for ever," Thou
Art interceding for us now.

mp 3 O by Thy spotless, wondrous birth,
p
And by Thy bitter death on earth,
cr
And by Thy rising from the grave,
Ascended Lord, Thy people save!

f 4 "Thou art the King of Glory," Thine
All honour, praise, and power divine;
One with the Father now confest,
And with the Spirit ever blest.

W. J. Irons

371 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. HAVERGAL *W. H. Havergal*


Christ, a-bove all glo-ry seat-ed! King E-ter-nal, strong to save!
Dy-ing, Thou hast death de-feat-ed, Bur-ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave. A-MEN.

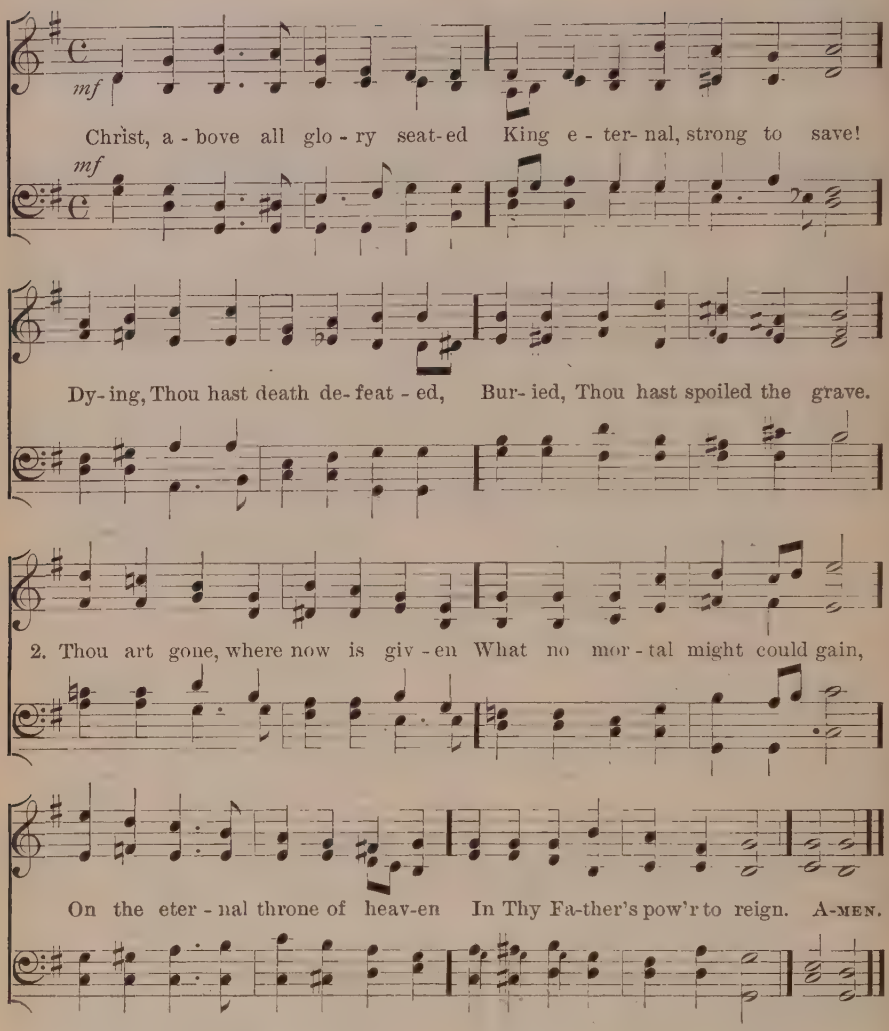
mf 2 Thou art gone, where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.

(For remaining verses see the following page.)

371 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

SANCTUARY
J. B. Dykes


mf
Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed King e - ter - nal, strong to save!
mf
Dy - ing, Thou hast death de - feat - ed, Bur - ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave.
2. Thou art gone, where now is giv - en What no mor - tal might could gain,
On the eter - nal throne of heav - en In Thy Fa - ther's pow'r to reign. A - MEN.

mf 3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee;
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and defeated bow.

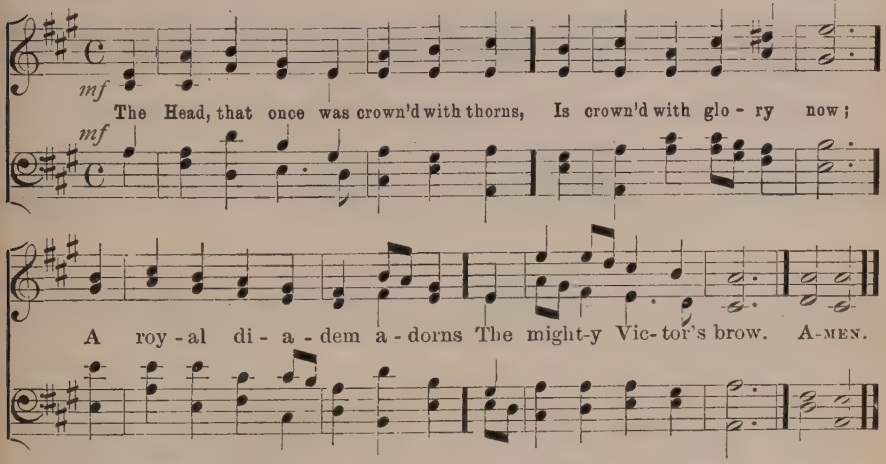
mf 4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky;
p Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,
cr Lift our souls to Thee on high;

p 5 So, when Thou again in glory
cr On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

f 6 Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,
Jesu, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one spirit evermore!

TR *J. R. Woodford*

372 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. ST. MAGNUS *J. Clark*


mf
The Head, that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crown'd with glo - ry now;
mf
A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic-tor's brow. A-MEN.

mf 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
cr The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

mf 3 The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

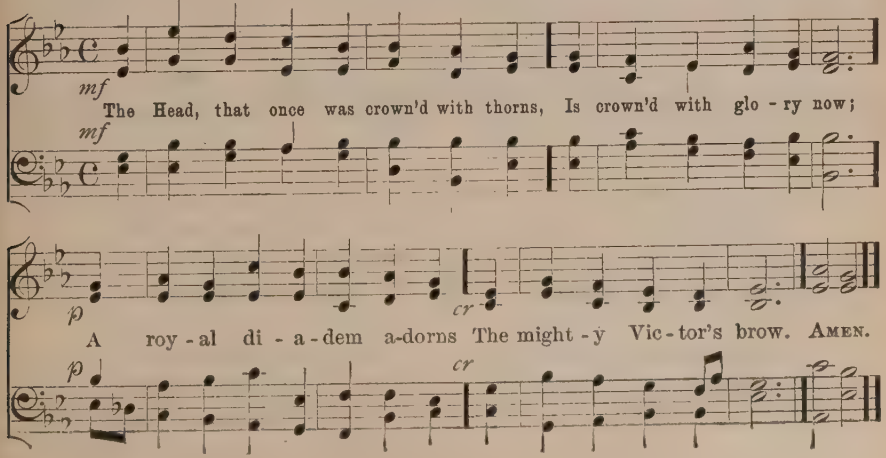
p 4 To them the cross with all its shame,
cr With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

p 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
cr They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
p The mystery of His love.

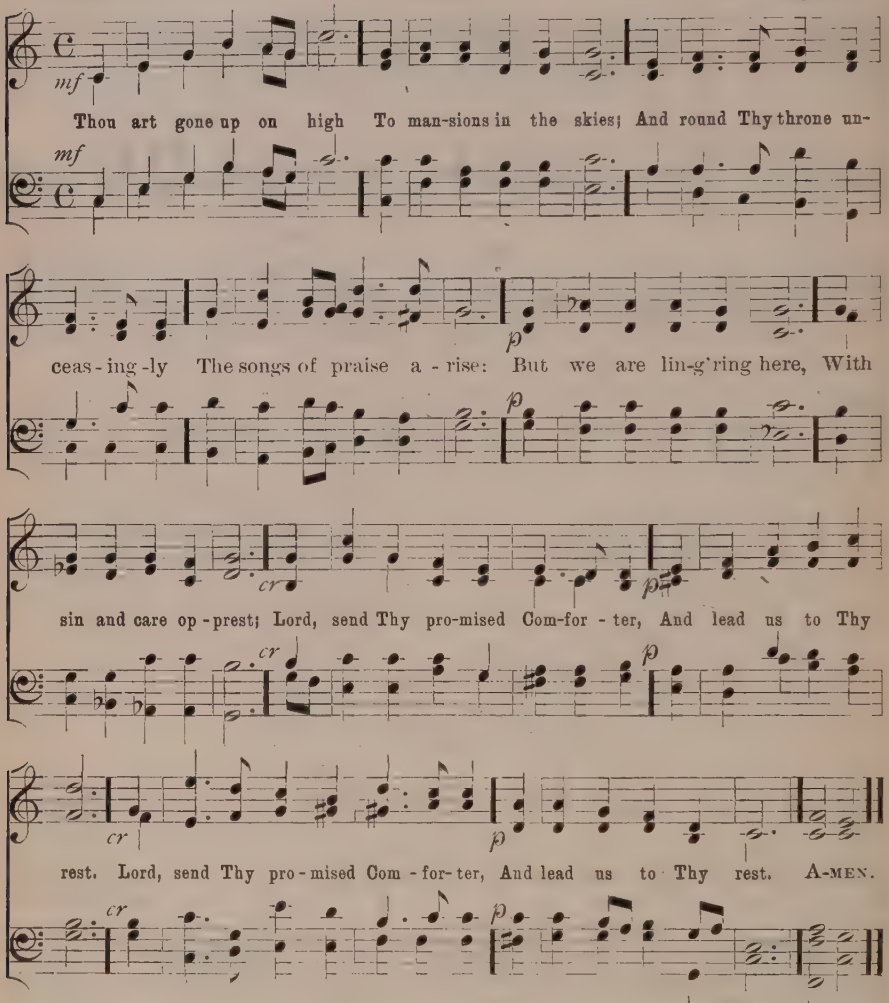
mf 6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
p Though shame and death to Him:
cr His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. ST. PETER *A. R. Reinagle*


mf
The Head, that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crown'd with glo - ry now;
mf
p
cr
A roy - al di - a - dem a-dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow. AMEN.
p
cr

373 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. D. ST. BARNABAS *Aliquis*

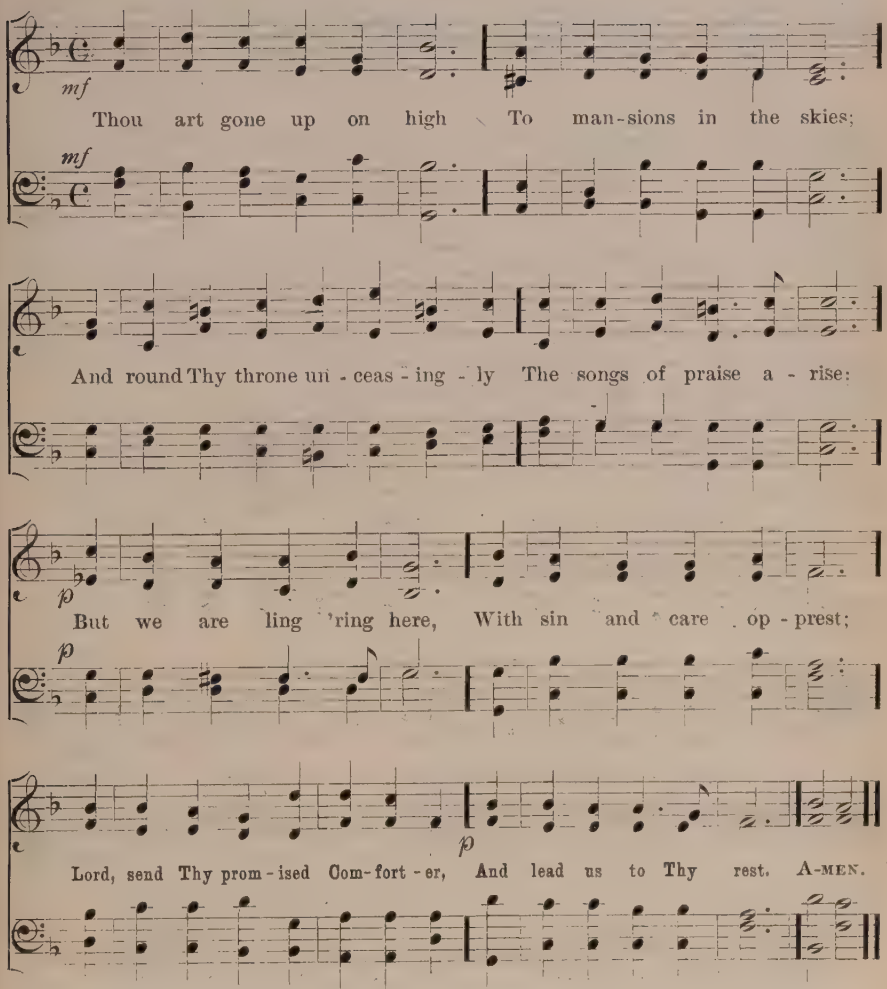

Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies; And round Thy throne un-
ceas-ing-ly The songs of praise a-rise: But we are lin-g'ring here, With
sin and care op-prest; Lord, send Thy pro-mised Com-for-ter, And lead us to Thy
rest. Lord, send Thy pro-mised Com-for-ter, And lead us to Thy rest. A-MEN.

mf 2 Thou art gone up on high;
p But Thou didst first come down.
Through earth's most bitter agony,
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
cr Lead us at last to Thee.

mf 3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die, [hour,
p That we may stand, in that dread
cr At Thy right hand on high.

E Toke

373 (SECOND TUNE) S. M. D. CHALVEY *Dr. Hayne*

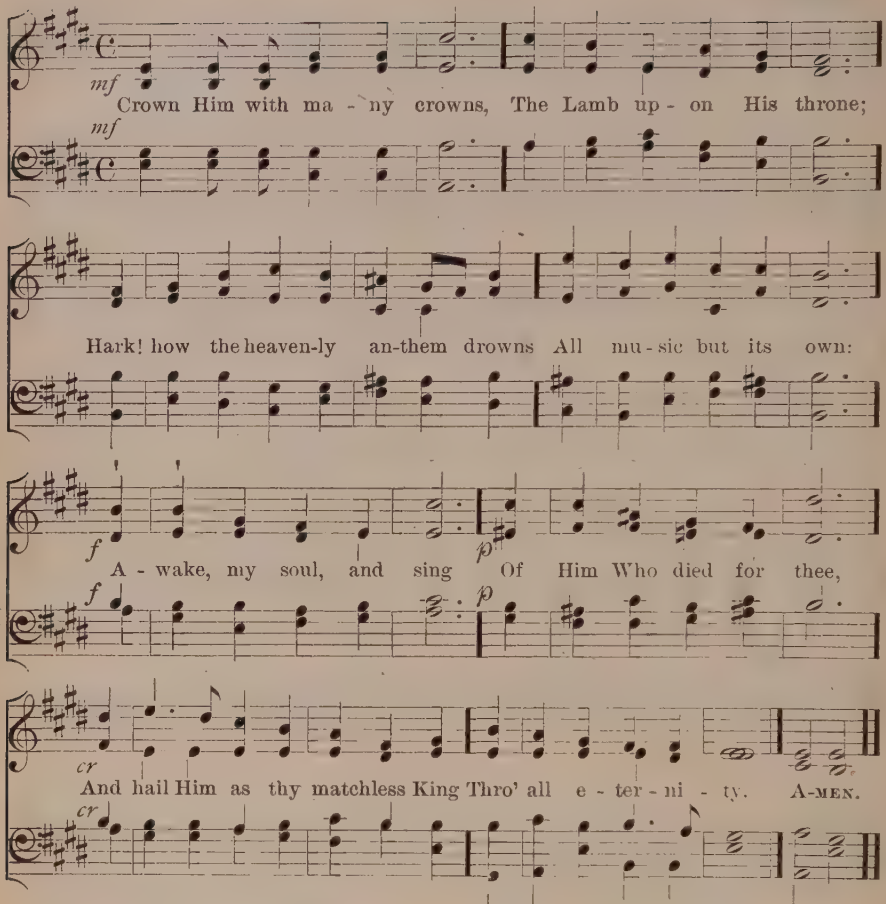

mf
Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies;
mf
And round Thy throne un-ceas-ing-ly The songs of praise a-rise:
p
But we are ling'ring here, With sin and care op-prest;
p
Lord, send Thy prom-ised Com-fort-er, And lead us to Thy rest. A-MEN.

mf 2 Thou art gone up on high;
p But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony,
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
cr Lead us at last to Thee.

mf 3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die, [hour,
p That we may stand, in that dread
cr At Thy right hand on high.

E. Toke

374 S. M. D. DIADEMATA *G. J. Elvey*


mf
Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
mf
Hark! how the heaven-ly an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own:
f
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,
p
f
p
cr
And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man;
p Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

f 3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
p Who died, (*cr*) and rose on high,
p Who died, (*cr*) eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

f 4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
p Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word,
For ransomed sinners slain,
cr Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
f Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.

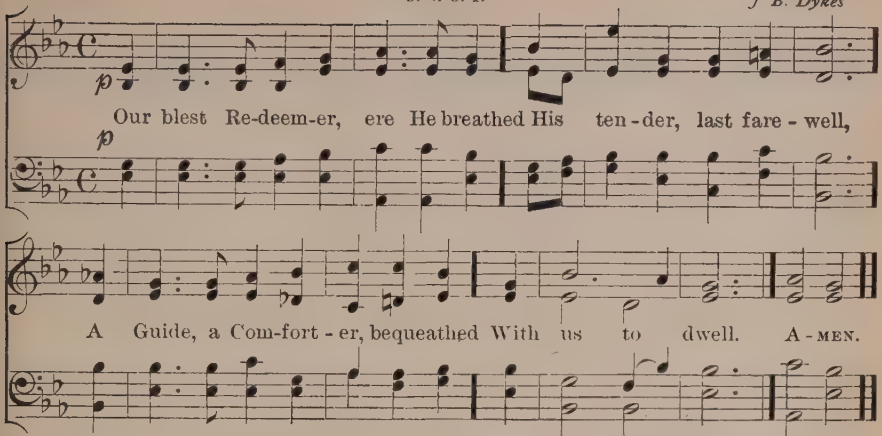
ff 5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King, to Whom is given,
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

M. Bridges

375

8. 6. 8. 4.

ST. CUTHBERT
J. B. Dykes



mf 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
p While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

p 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [each fear,
That checks each thought, that calms *cr*
And speaks of heaven.

mf 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

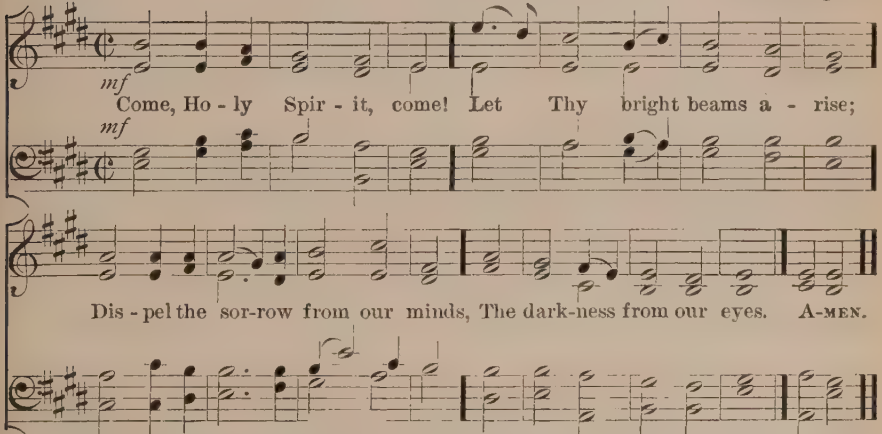
mp 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

H. Auber

376

S. M.

MORNINGTON
Lord Mornington



mp 2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

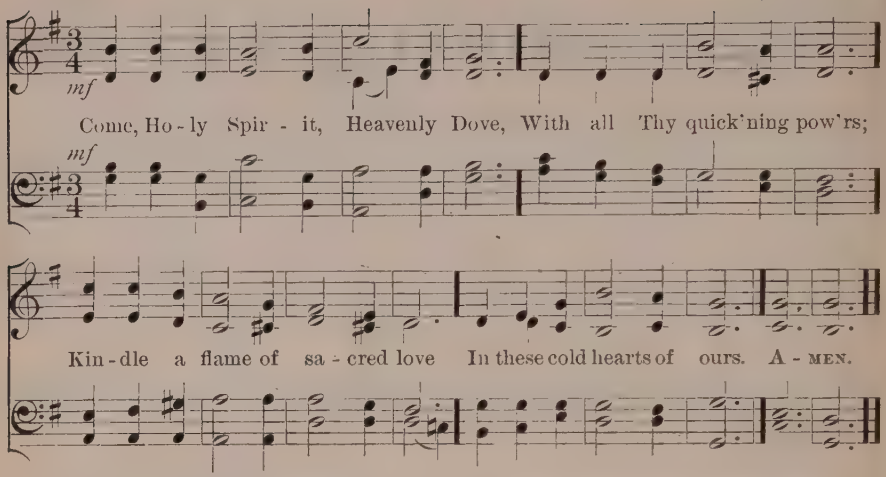
p 3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' Blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

mp 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
cr To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

mf 5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free; [love
Then shall we know, and praise, and
The Father, Son, and Thee.

J. Hart: A. M. Toplady

377 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. ST. AGNES *J. B. Dykes*


mf
Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heavenly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
mf
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - MEN.

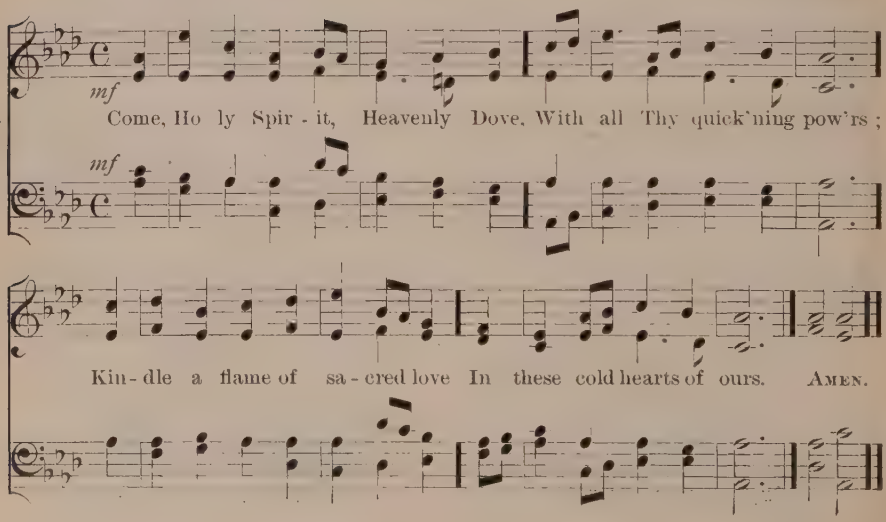
p 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

p 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

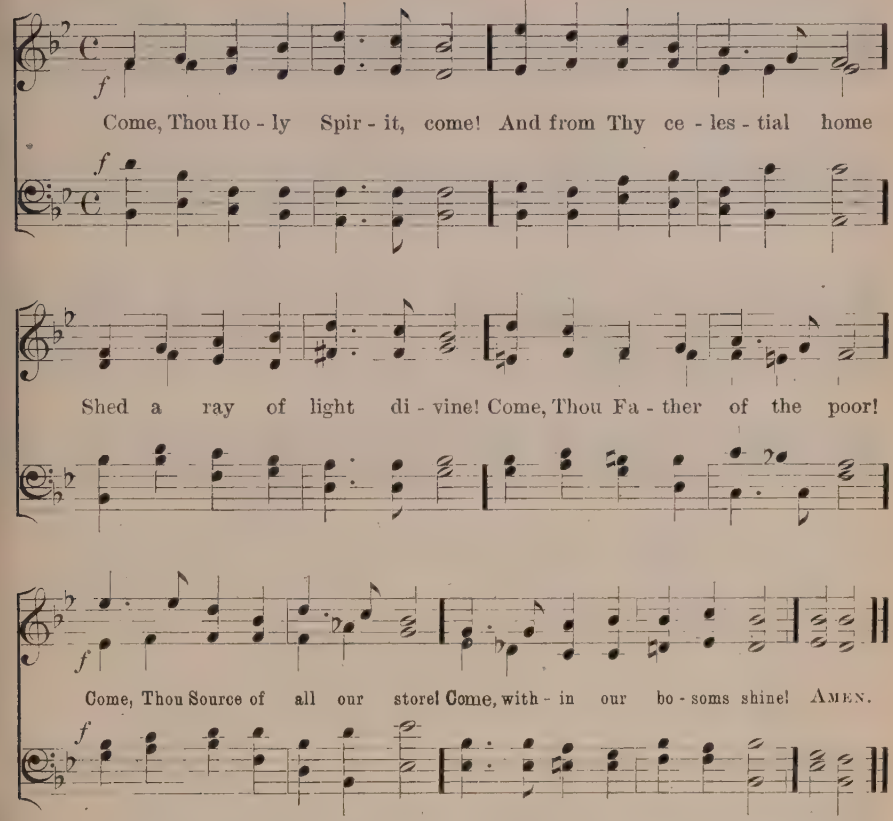
mf 4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
cr Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

I. Watts.

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. ST. STEPHEN *W. Jones*


mf
Come, Ho ly Spir - it, Heavenly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
mf
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. AMEN.

378 7.7.7.7.7.7. ST. ATHANASIUS *E. J. Hopkins*


f
Come, Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, come! And from Thy ce - les - tial home
f
Shed a ray of light di - vine! Come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor!
f
Come, Thou Source of all our store! Come, with - in our bo - soms shine! AMEN.
f

mp 2 Thou, of comforters the best;
Thou, the soul's most welcome guest;
Sweet refreshment here below;
In our labour, rest most sweet;
Grateful coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

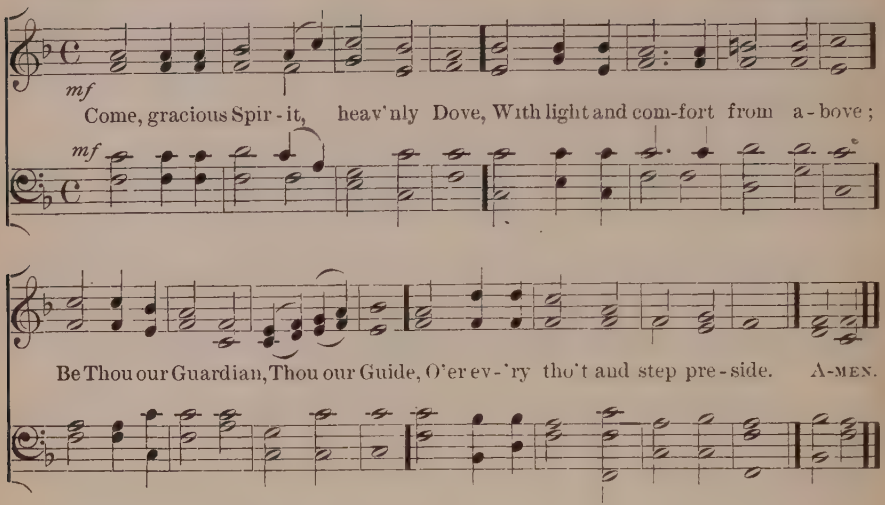
mf 3 O most blessèd Light divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill!
p Where Thou art not, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

p 4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

mf 5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward;
Give them Thy salvation, Lord;
Give them joys that never end.

TR. *E. Caswall*

379 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. FEDERAL STREET *H. K. Oliver*


mf
Come, gracious Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove;
mf
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er ev - 'ry tho't and step pre - side. A-MEN.

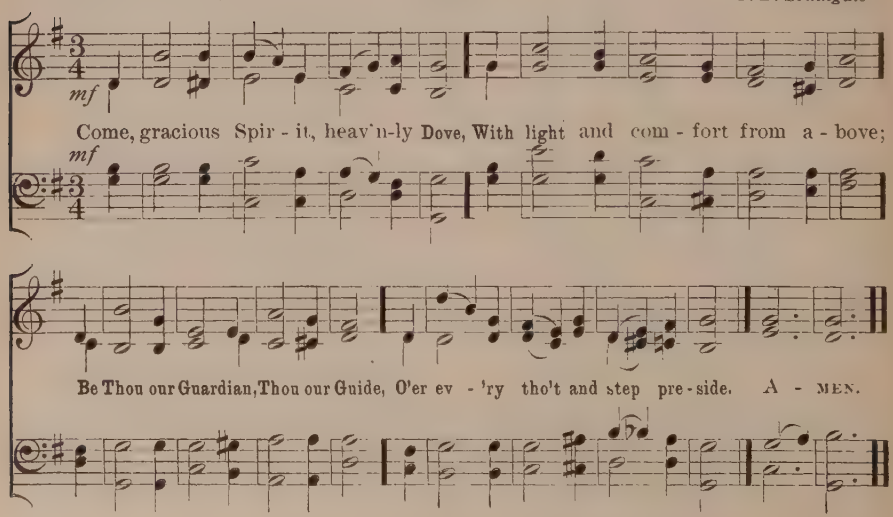
mf 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

mf 3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray:
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

cr 4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fullness of joy for ever there;
p Lead us to God, our final rest,
cr To be with Him for ever blest.

S. Brown: Ash and Evans

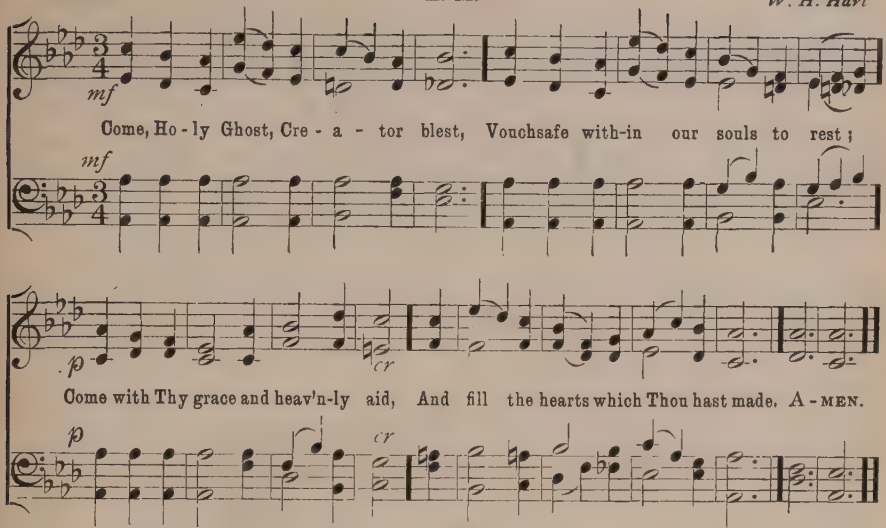
(SECOND TUNE) L. M. BROOKFIELD *T. B. Southgate*


mf
Come, gracious Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;
mf
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er ev - 'ry tho't and step pre - side. A - MEN.

380 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

BRIERLY
W. H. Hart


mf
Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor blest, Vouchsafe with-in our souls to rest;
mf
p
cr
Come with Thy grace and heav'n-ly aid, And fill the hearts which Thou hast made. A - MEN.
p
cr

p 2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry;
To Thee, the gift of God most High;
The Fount of life, the fire of love,
The soul's anointing from above.

mf 3 The sacred, sevenfold grace is Thine,
Dread Finger of the Hand divine:
The promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

cr 4 Thy light to every sense impart,
And shed Thy love in every heart
Thine own unfailing might supply;
To strengthen our infirmity.

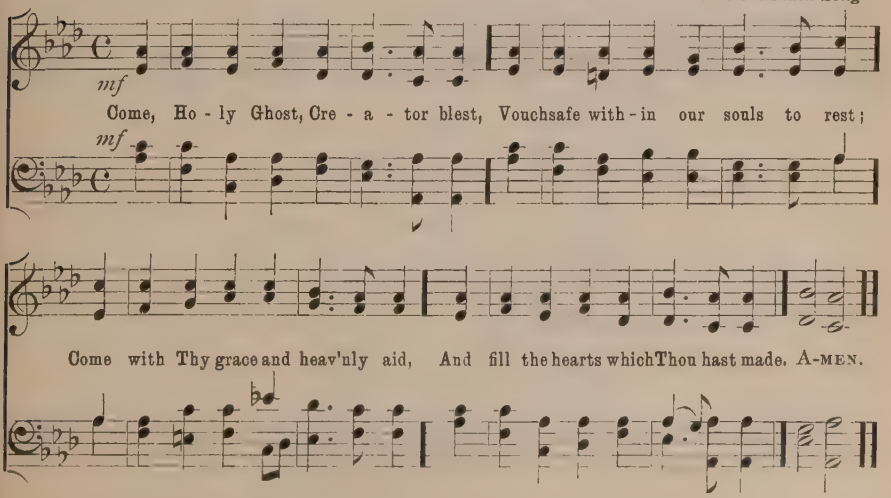
mf 5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And Thine abiding peace bestow;
If Thou be our preventing guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

TR. *E. Caswall*

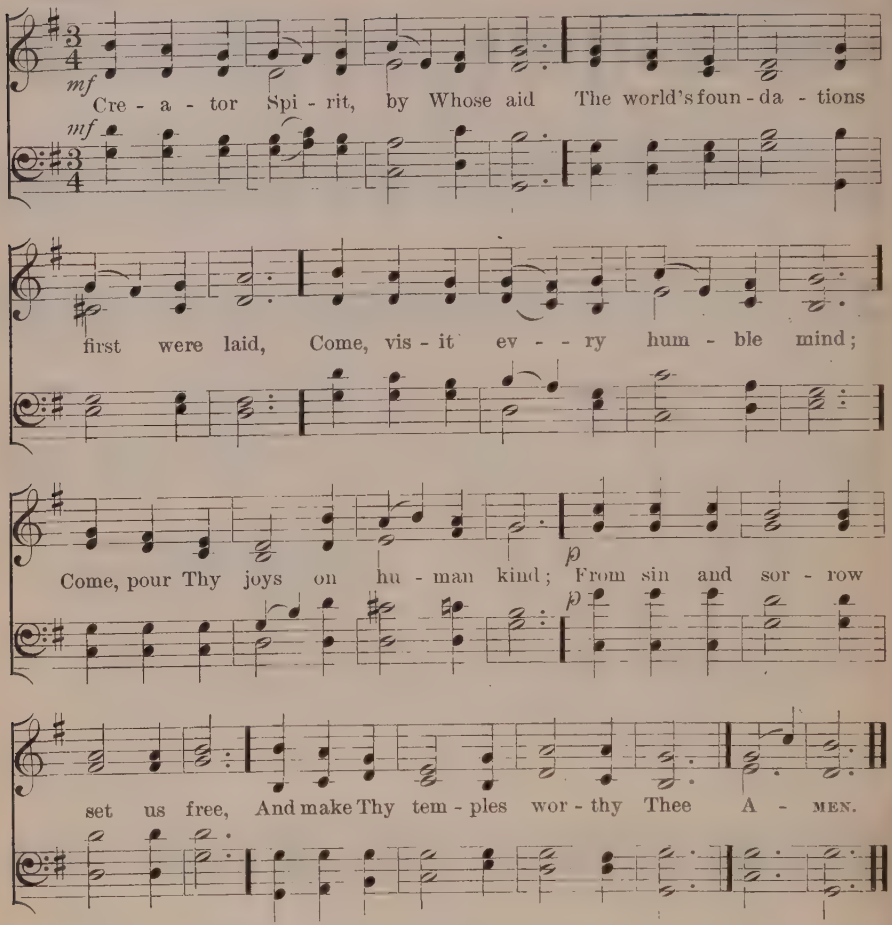
(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

REDHEAD, No. 12
Ancient Plain Song


mf
Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor blest, Vouchsafe with - in our souls to rest;
mf
Come with Thy grace and heav'nly aid, And fill the hearts which Thou hast made. A-MEN.

381 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. PRINCE *Mendelssohn*

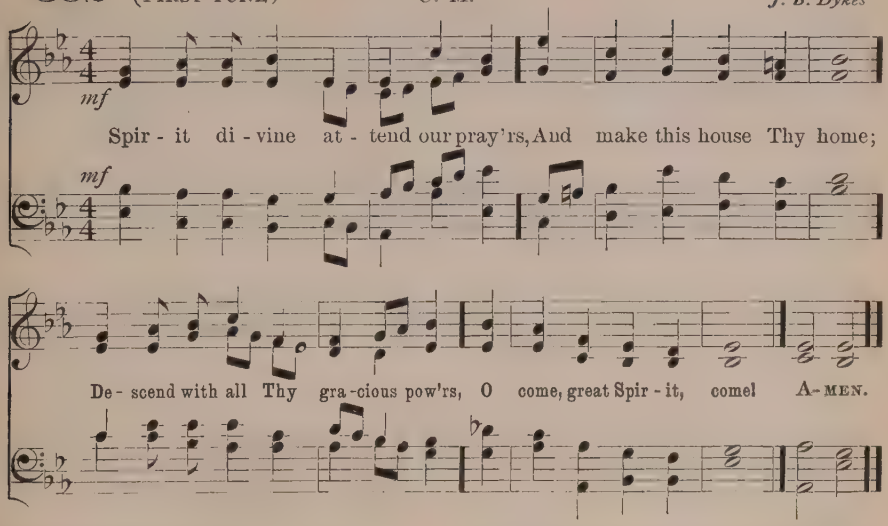

mf
Cre - a - tor Spi - rit, by Whose aid The world's foun - da - tions
mf
first were laid, Come, vis - it ev - - ry hum - ble mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man kind; From sin and sor - row
p
p
set us free, And make Thy tem - ples wor - thy Thee A - MEN.

mf 2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
cr Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

mf 3 Plenteous of grace, come from on high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

John Dryden

382 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. ELVET *J. B. Dykes*


mf
Spir - it di - vine at - tend our pray'rs, And make this house Thy home;
mf
De - scend with all Thy gra - cious pow'rs, O come, great Spir - it, come! A - MEN.

mf 2 Come as the light, to us reveal
p Our emptiness and woe:
cr And lead us in those paths of life,
Whereon the righteous go.

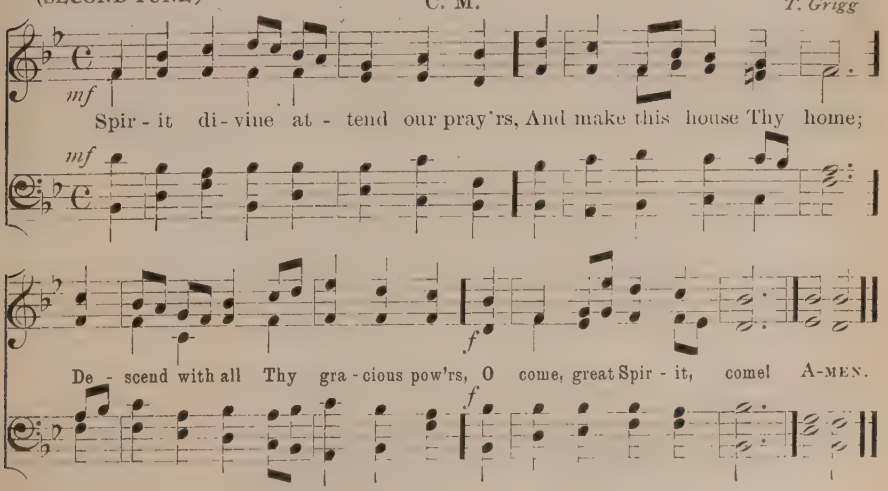
mf 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
cr Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

p 4 Come as the dove, and spread Thy (wings
The wings of peaceful love;
cr And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

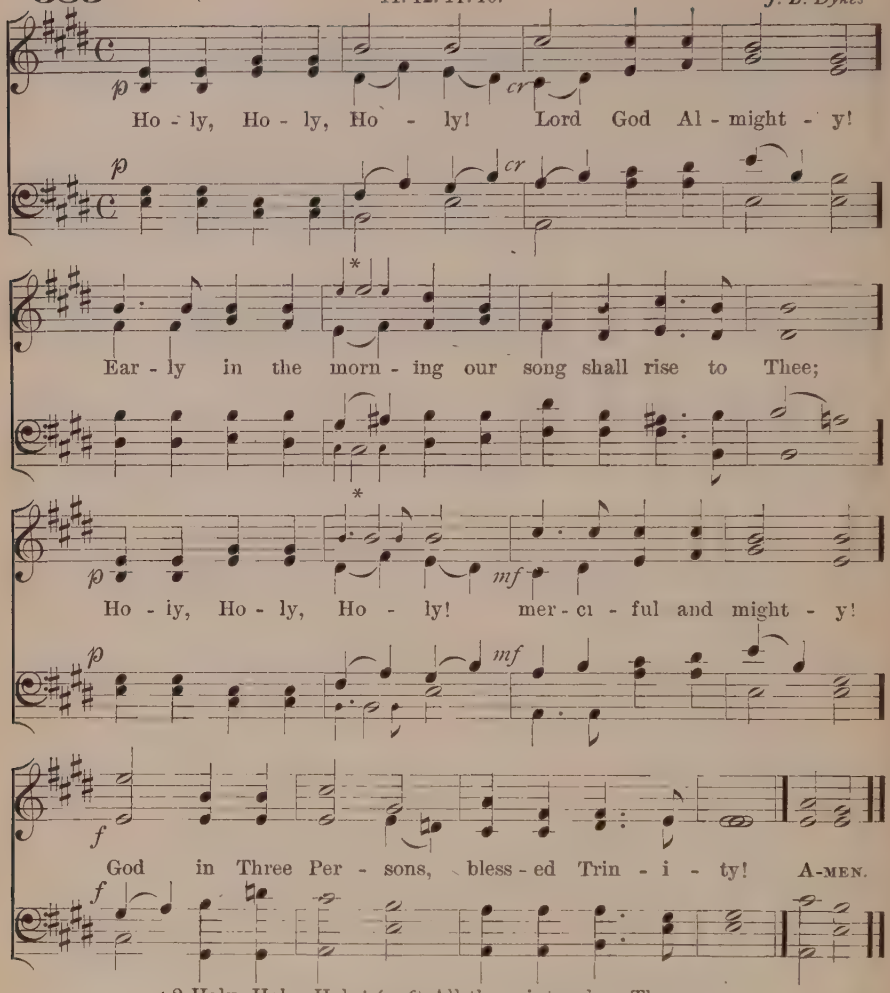
mf 5 Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious pow'rs,
ff O come, great Spirit, come!

A. Reed.

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. TIVERTON *T. Grigg*


mf
Spir - it di - vine at - tend our pray'rs, And make this house Thy home;
mf
f
De - scend with all Thy gra - cious pow'rs, O come, great Spir - it, come! A - MEN.
f

383 11. 12. 11. 10. NICÆA *J. B. Dykes*


Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A-MEN.

p 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! (*mf*) All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

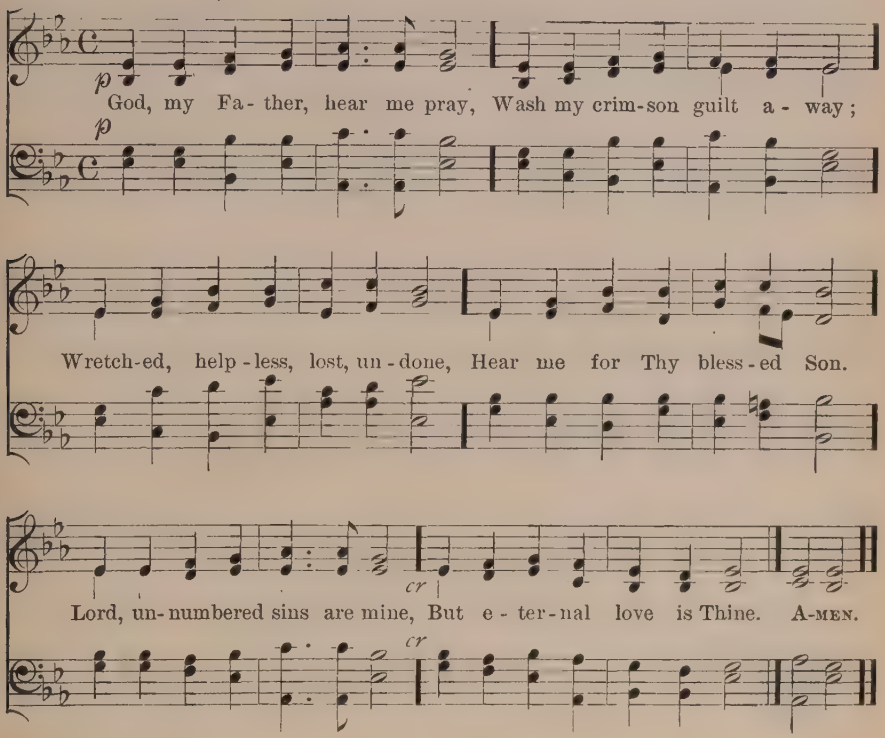
p 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
cr Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

p 4 Holy, Holy, Holy! (*mf*) Lord God Almighty!
ff All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
mf Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
f God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity.

R. Heber

* The small notes are intended for the second and third verses.

384 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. REDHEAD, No. 76
R. Redhead


God, my Fa- ther, hear me pray, Wash my crim-son guilt a - way;
Wretch-ed, help - less, lost, un - done, Hear me for Thy bless - ed Son.
Lord, un-numbered sins are mine, But e - ter-nal love is Thine. A-MEN.

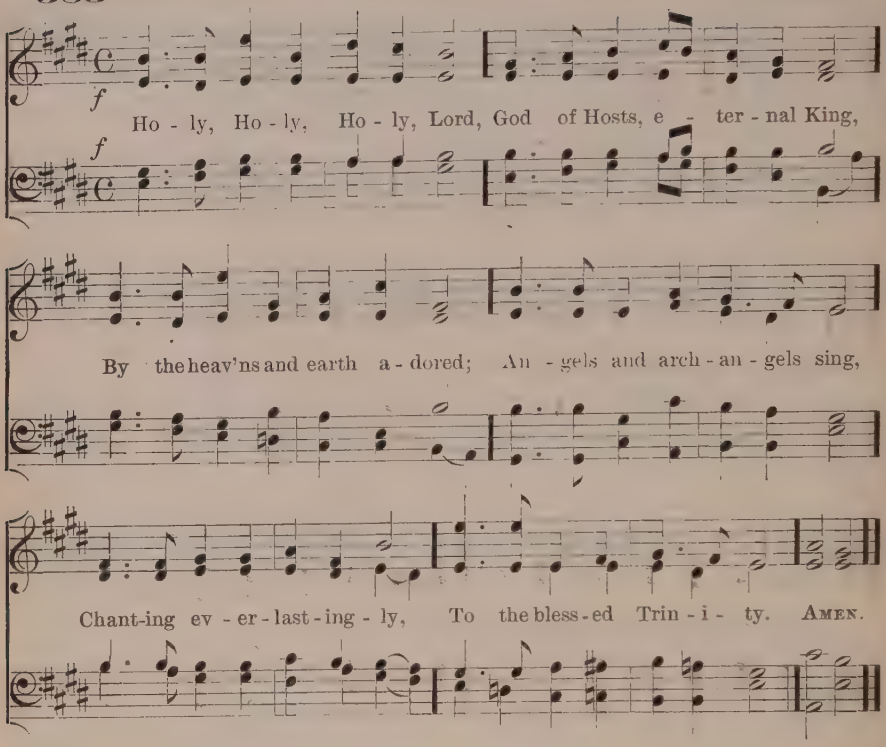
mp 2 God, my Saviour, look on me;
p All my guilt I cast on Thee:
Give my troubled spirit peace;
Bid my fears and sorrows cease.
Lord. unnumbered sins are mine,
cr But eternal love is Thine.

mf 3 God, my Comforter, my Light,
Strengthen me with holy might,
cr Make Thy dwelling in my heart:
Faith, and joy, and hope impart.
p Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
cr But eternal love is Thine.

f 4 Blessèd, glorious Trinity!
Holy, everlasting Three!
p Hear, O hear my earnest prayer,
And my soul for heaven prepare!
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

J. Holme

385 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. HALLETT *J. H. Shepherd*


Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord, God of Hosts, e - ter - nal King,
By the heav'ns and earth a - dored; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,
Chant-ing ev - er - last - ing - ly, To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. AMEN.

mf 2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honour paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
f Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

mf 3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And when Thy command is done,
cr Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

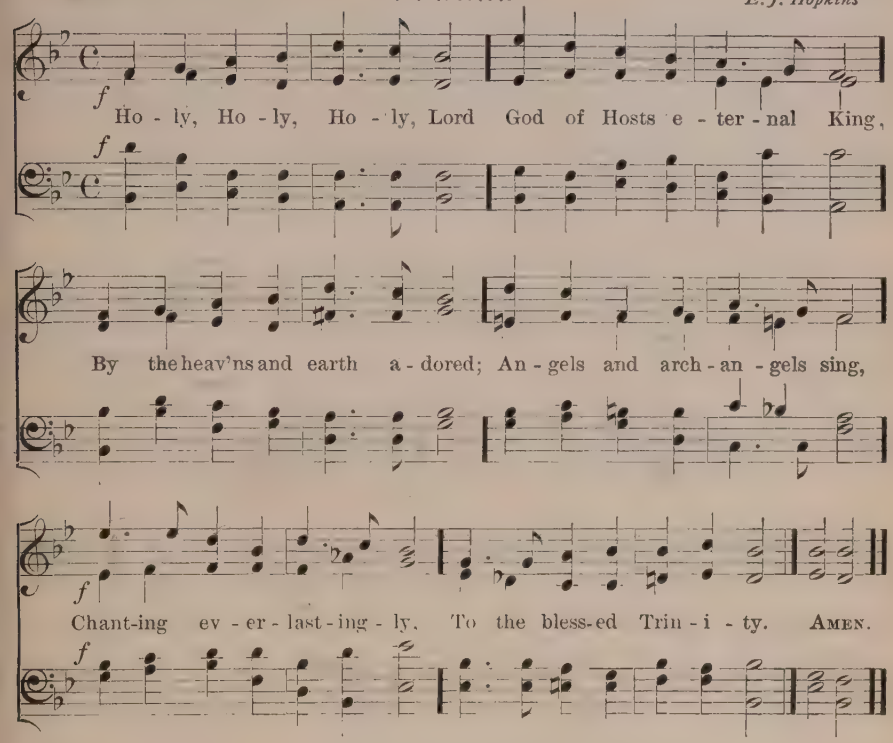
p 4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
cr While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

f 5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly,
To the blessèd Trinity.

f 6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth

385 (SECOND TUNE) 7.7.7.7.7.7. ST. ATHANASIUS *E. J. Hopkins*


f
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts e - ter - nal King,
f
By the heav'ns and earth a - dored; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,
f
Chant-ing ev - er - last - ing - ly. To the bless-ed Trin - i - ty. AMEN.
f

mf 2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honour paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
f Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

mf 3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And when Thy command is done,
cr Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

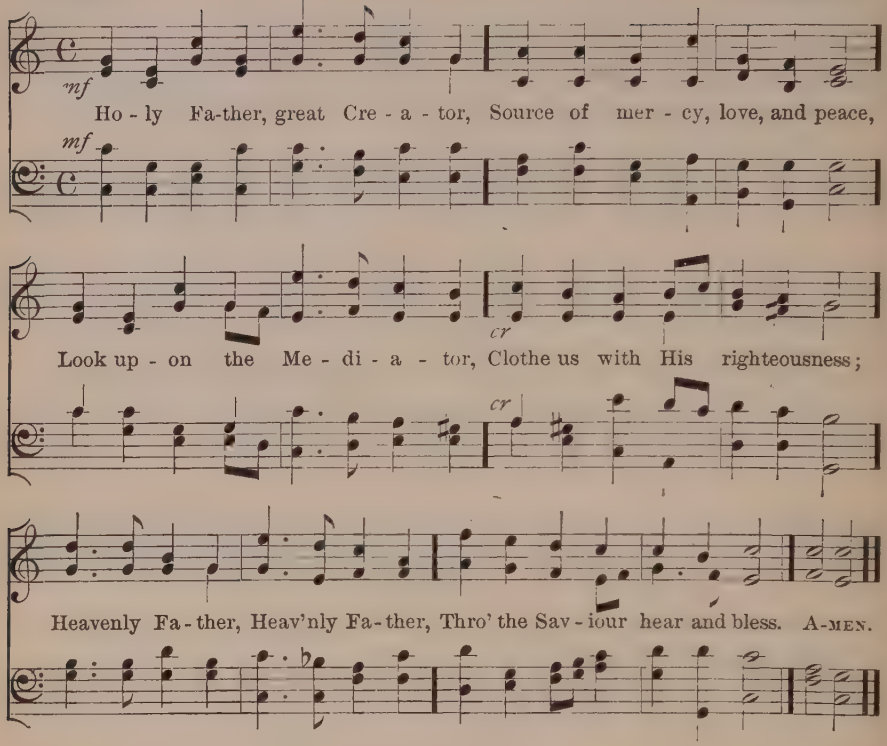
p 4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
cr While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

f 5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly,
To the blessèd Trinity.

f 6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth

386 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. REGENT SQUARE *H. Smart*


mf
Ho - ly Fa-ther, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love, and peace,
mf
cr
Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with His righteousness;
cr
Heavenly Fa - ther, Heav'nly Fa - ther, Thro' the Sav - iour hear and bless. A-MEN.

mf 2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy Name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

mp 3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
cr Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of Comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

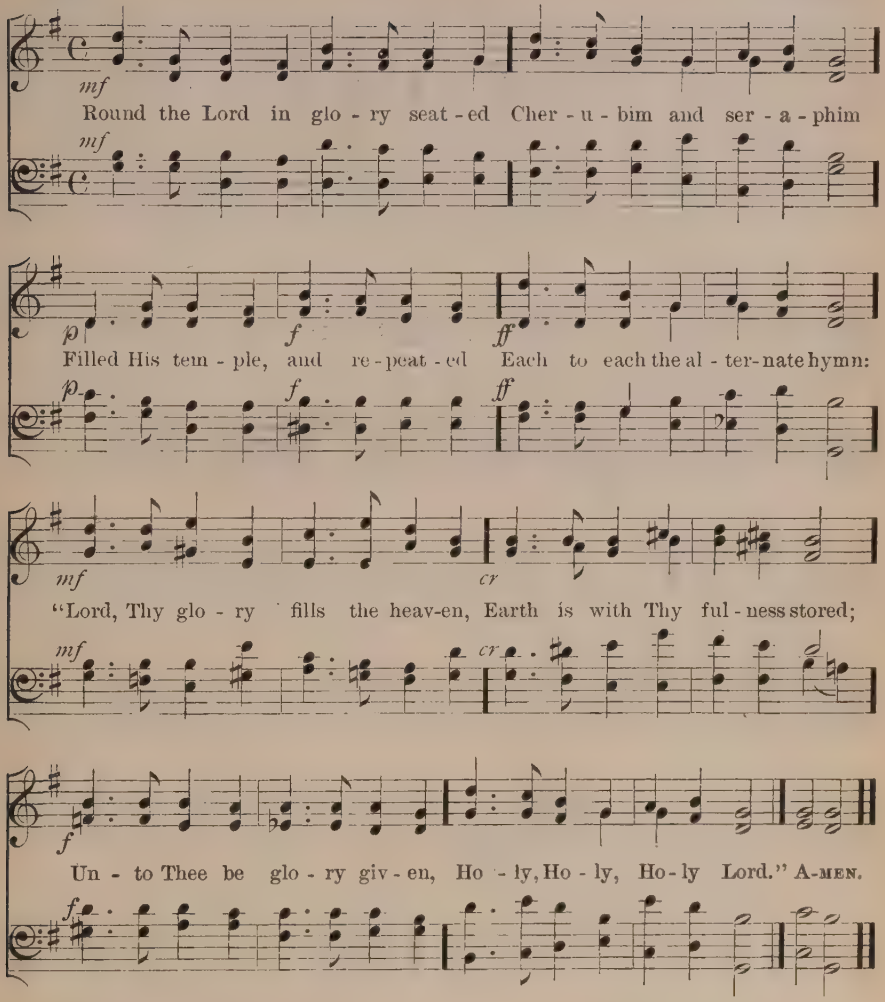
f 4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

A. V. Griswold

387 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7 8. 7. D.

MOULTRIE
G. F. Cobb


mf
Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
p f ff
Filled His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each the al - ter - nate hymn:
mf cr
"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with Thy ful - ness stored;
f
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord." A-MEN.

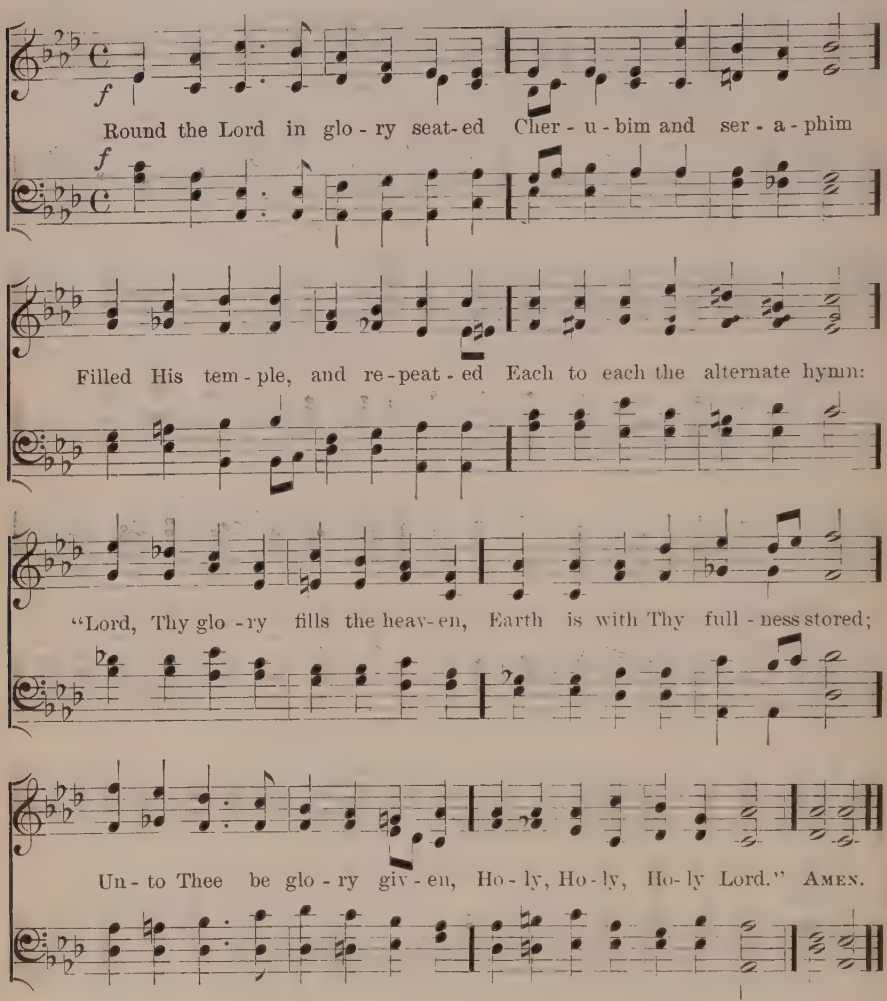
f 2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
mf "Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."
mf With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

f 3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
cr With Thine angel hosts we cry
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most High.

R. Mant

387 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

SANCTUARY
J. B. Dykes

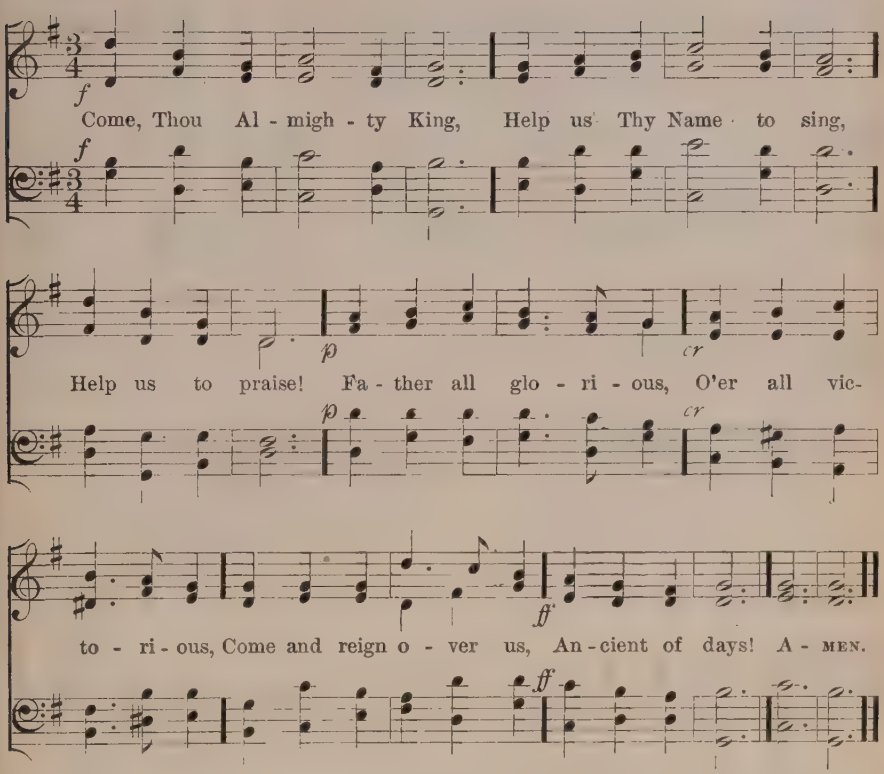

f
Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
Filled His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each the alternate hymn:
"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy full - ness stored;
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord." AMEN.

f 2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
mf "Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."
mf With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

f 3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
cr With Thine angel hosts we cry
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most High.

R. Mant

388 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. Moscow *F. Giardini*


Come, Thou Al - migh - ty King, Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days! A - MEN.

f 2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
Stablish Thy righteousness,
Saviour and Friend!

p 3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
cr Thou, Who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

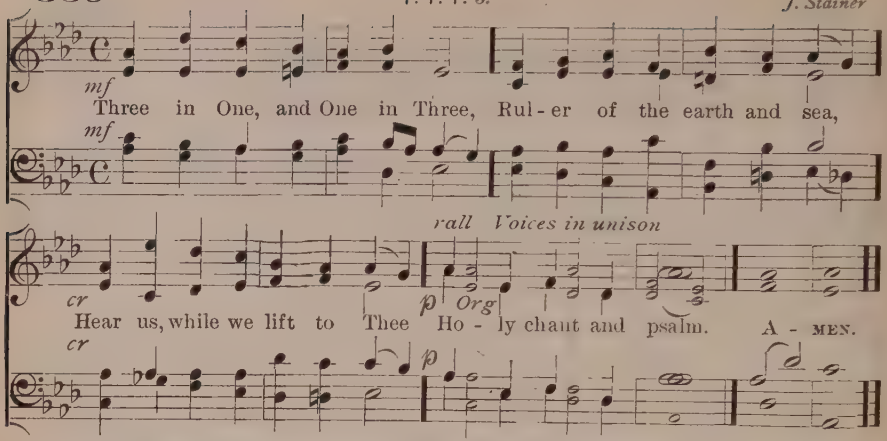
f 4 To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Anon

389

7. 7. 7. 5.

CHARITY
J. Stainer



mf 2 Light of lights! with morning shine,
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

p 3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;

pp Fold us in the peace of heaven;
Shed a holy calm.

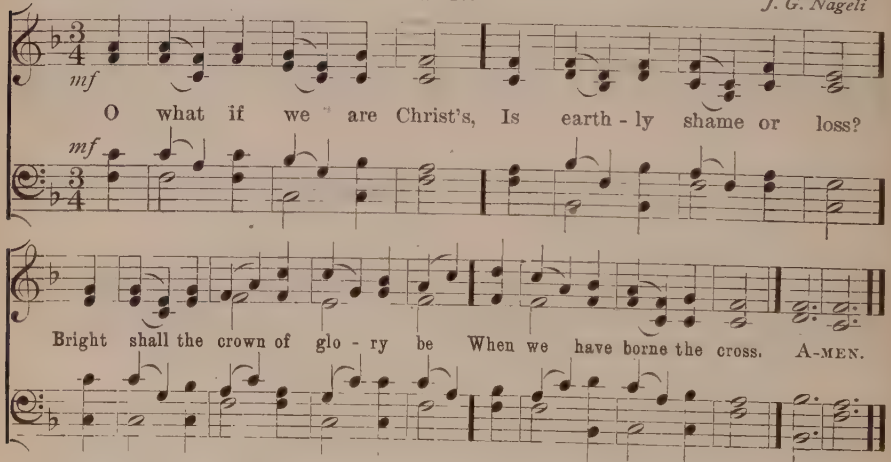
mf 4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
cr With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

G. Rorison

390 (FIRST TUNE)

S. M.

DENNIS
J. G. Nageli



p 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

mf 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

mf 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
p All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here:

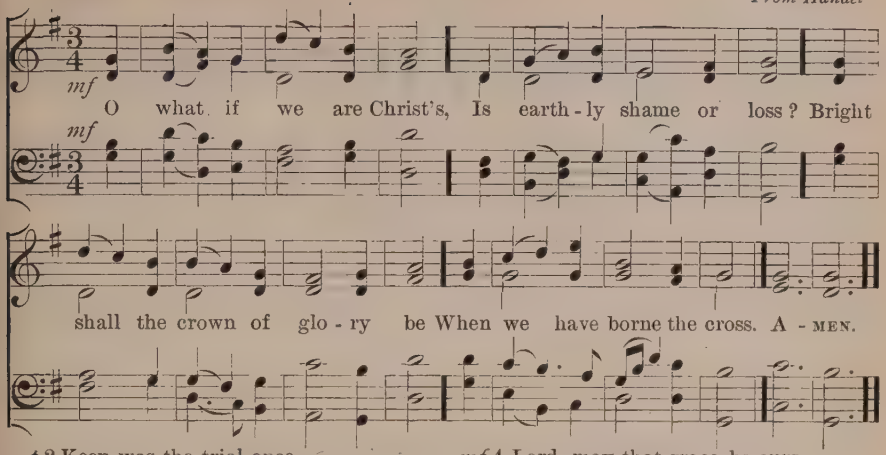
mf 5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
cr And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

H. W. Baker

390 (SECOND TUNE)

S. M.

THATCHER
From Handel



p 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

mf 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

mf 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
p All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here:

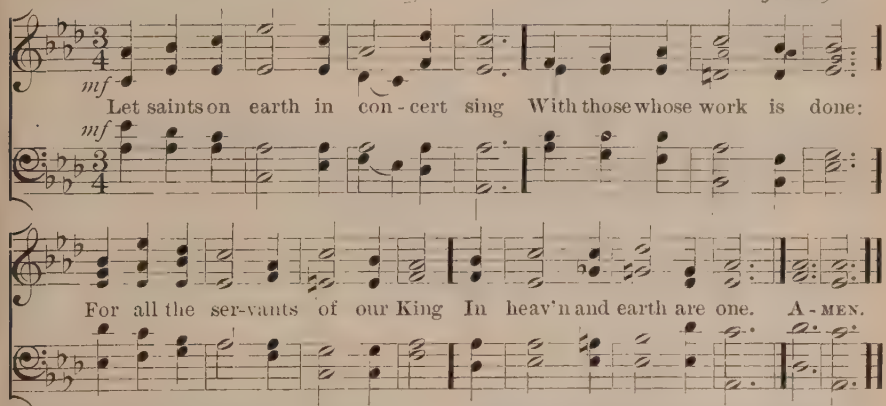
mf 5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
cr And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

H. W. Baker

391

C. M.

BEATITUDO
J. B. Dykes


mf
Let saints on earth in con-cert sing With those whose work is done:
mf
For all the ser-vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one. A-MEN.

mf 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
p Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

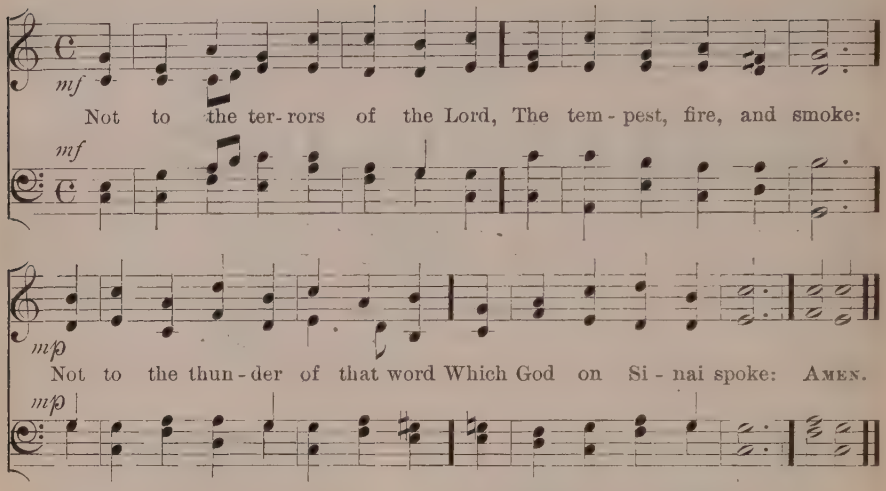
mf 3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
p Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

p 4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

mf 5 Jesus, be Thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

C. Wesley: ARR *Murray*

392 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. St. Anne *W. Croft*


mf
Not to the ter-rors of the Lord, The tem-pest, fire, and smoke:
mf
mp
Not to the thun-der of that word Which God on Si-nai spoke: Amen.
mp

mf 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

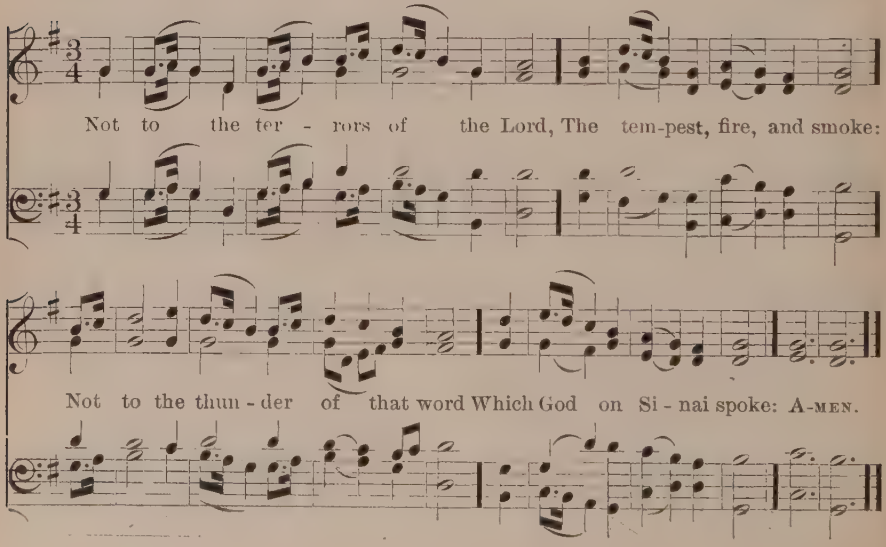
mf 3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is changed to sight.

mf 4 Behold the blest assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven;
p Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven.

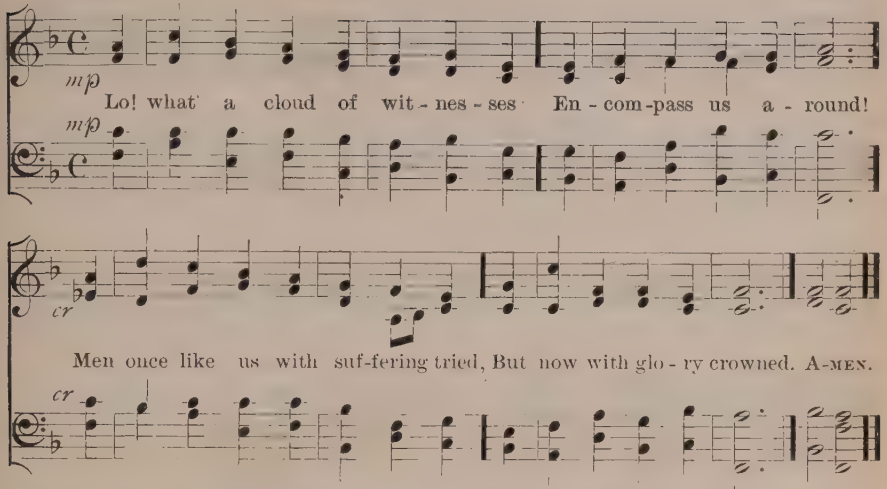
mf 5 Angels, and living saints, and dead,
But one communion make:
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His love partake.

I. Watts

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. St. Martin's *W. Tansur*



393 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. ALBANO *V. Novello*


mp
Lo! what a cloud of wit - nes - ses En - com - pass us a - round!
mp
cr
Men once like us with suf-fering tried, But now with glo - ry crowned. A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

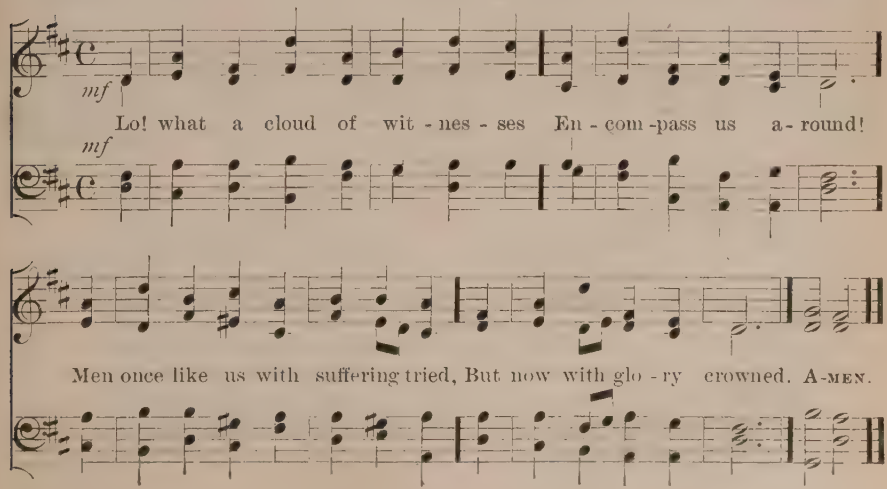
mf 3 Behold a Witness nobler still,
p Who trod affliction's path;
cr Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith.

mf 4 He, for the joy before Him set,
And moved by pitying love,
p Endured the Cross, despised the shame,
cr And now He reigns above.

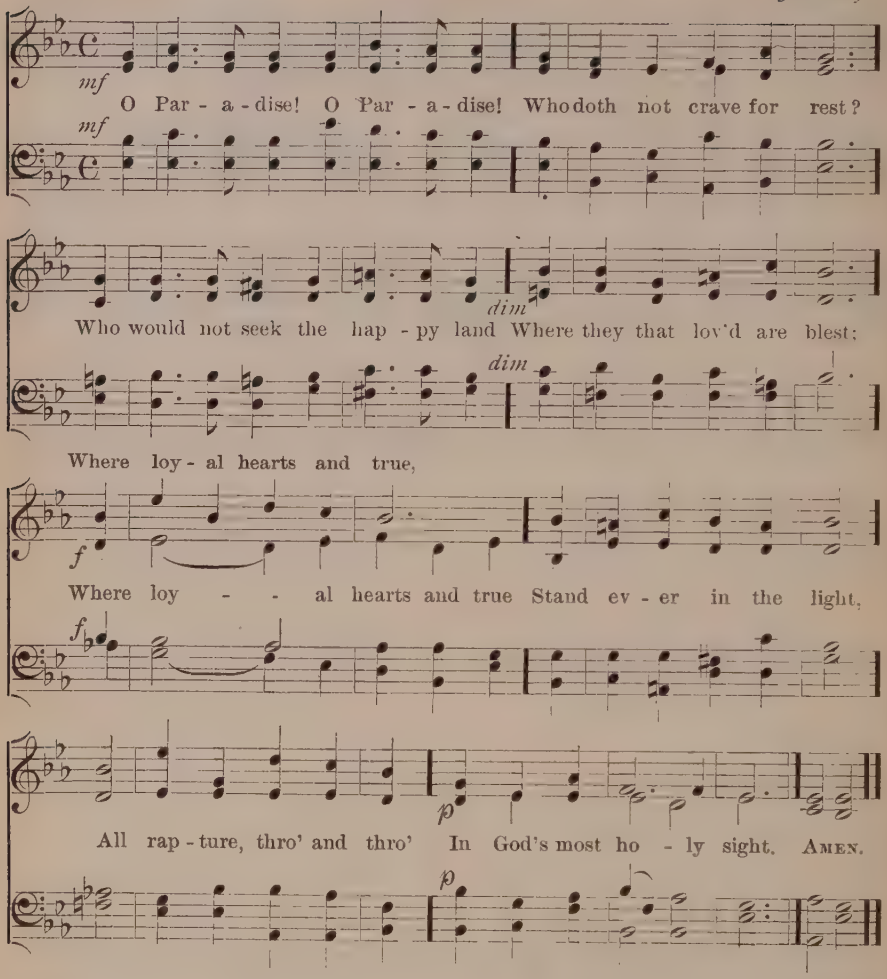
mf 5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
cr There, with the Saviour and His saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

Scotch Paraphrases

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. LONDON NEW *W. Croft*


mf
Lo! what a cloud of wit - nes - ses En - com - pass us a - round!
mf
Men once like us with suffering tried, But now with glo - ry crowned. A-MEN.

394 (FIRST TUNE) 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. PARADISE *J. Barnby*


mf
O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
mf
dim
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that lov'd are blest;
dim
Where loy - al hearts and true,
f
Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
f
p
All rap - ture, thro' and thro' In God's most ho - ly sight. AMEN.
p

mf 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
p The world is growing old;
cr Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

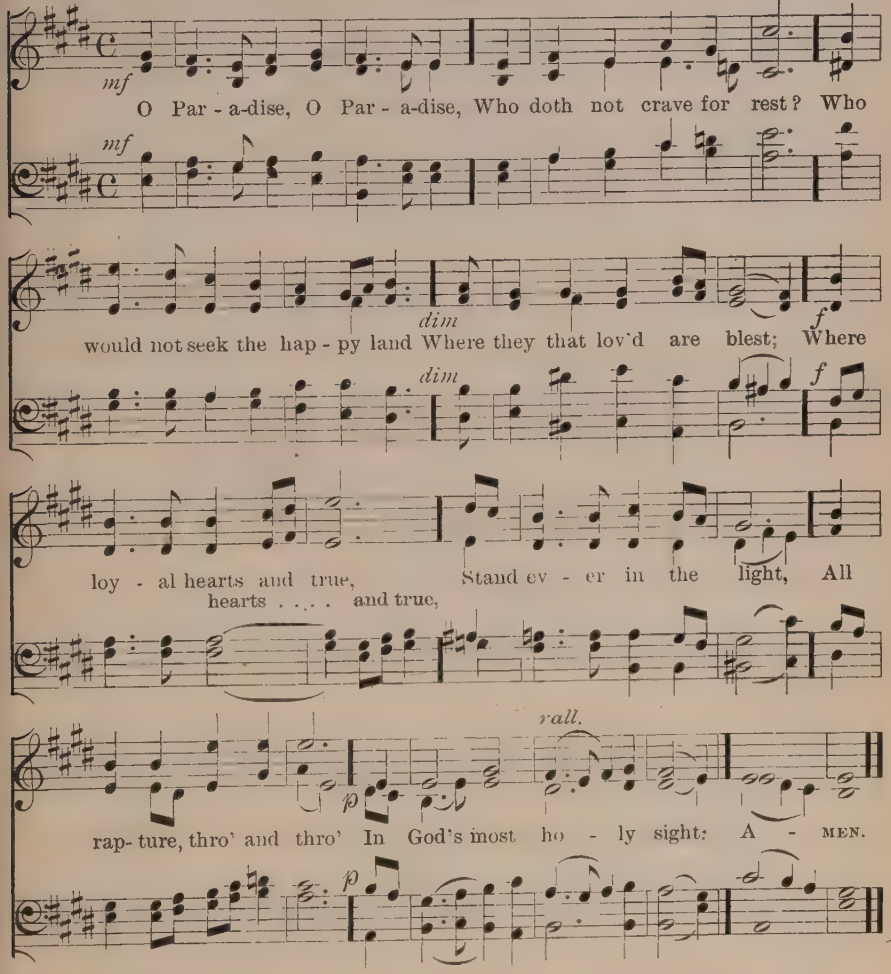
mf 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

mf 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
p E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of Thy song;
f Where loyal hearts, etc.

p 5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep us in Thy love,
cr And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
f Were loyal hearts etc.

F. W. Faber

394 (SECOND TUNE) 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. PARADISE *J. B. Dykes*


mf
O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who
mf
dim
f
would not seek the hap - py land Where they that lov'd are blest; Where
dim
f
loy - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light, All
hearts . . . . and true,
rall.
p
rap- ture, thro' and thro' In God's most ho - ly sight: A - MEN.
p

mf 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
p The world is growing old;
cr Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
f Where loyal hearts, etc.

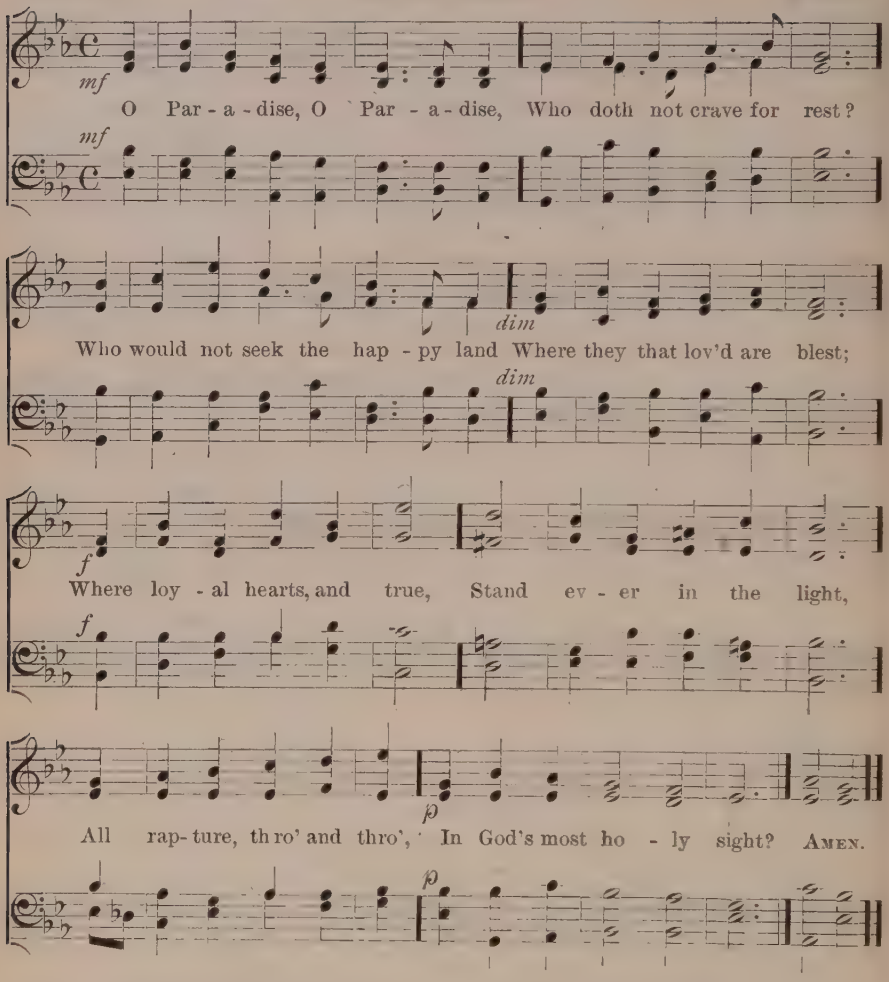
mf 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
f Where loyal hearts, etc.

mf 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
p E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
f Where loyal hearts, etc.

p 5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep us in Thy love,
cr And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
f Were loyal hearts etc.

F. W. Faber

394 (THIRD TUNE) 8.6.8.6.8.6.6.6. PARADISE *H. Smart*


mf
O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
dim
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that lov'd are blest;
f
Where loy - al hearts, and true, Stand ev - er in the light,
p
All rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? AMEN.

mf 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
p The world is growing old;
cr Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
f Where loyal hearts, etc.

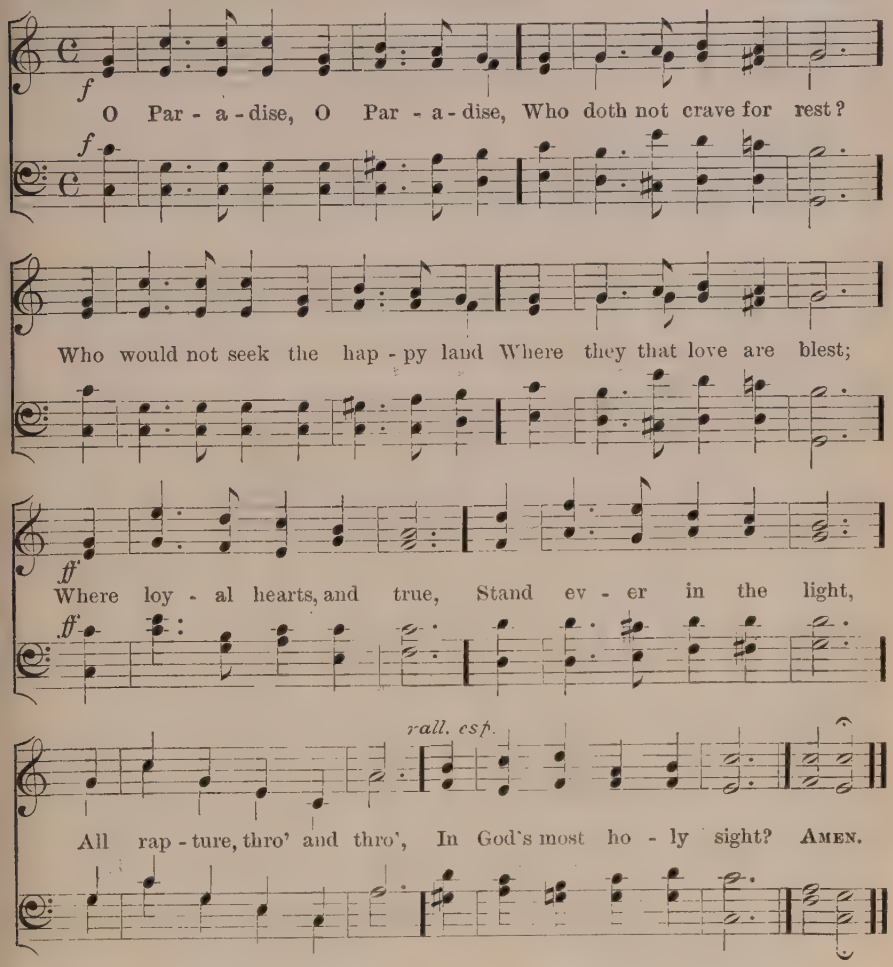
mf 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;
f Where loyal hearts, etc.

mf 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
p E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of Thy song;
cr Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep us in Thy love,
cr And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
f Were loyal hearts, etc.

F. W. Faber

394 (FOURTH TUNE) 8.6.8.6.6.6.8.6. PARADISE *W. B. Gilbert*


f
O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that love are blest;
ff
Where loy - al hearts, and true, Stand ev - er in the light,
rall. esp.
All rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? AMEN.

mf 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
p The world is growing old;
cr Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
f Where loyal hearts, etc.

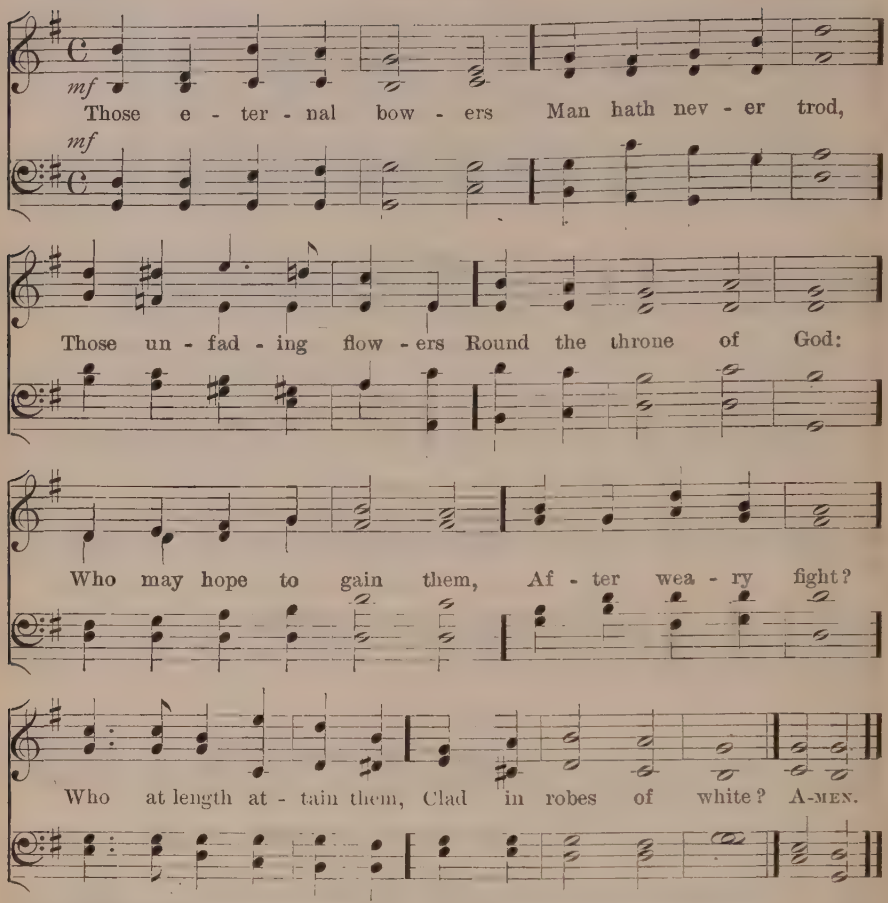
mf 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;
f Where loyal hearts, etc.

mf 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
p E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
cr Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep us in Thy love,
cr And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
f Were loyal hearts, etc.

F. W. Faber

395 6. 5. 6. 5. D. DAVID *T. Morley*


mf
Those e - ter - nal bow - ers Man hath nev - er trod,
mf
Those un - fad - ing flow - ers Round the throne of God:
Who may hope to gain them, Af - ter wea - ry fight?
Who at length at - tain them, Clad in robes of white? A-MEN.

p 2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' Cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

mf 3 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
cr He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

f 4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light!
When He bids you labour,
When he tells you "Fight"?

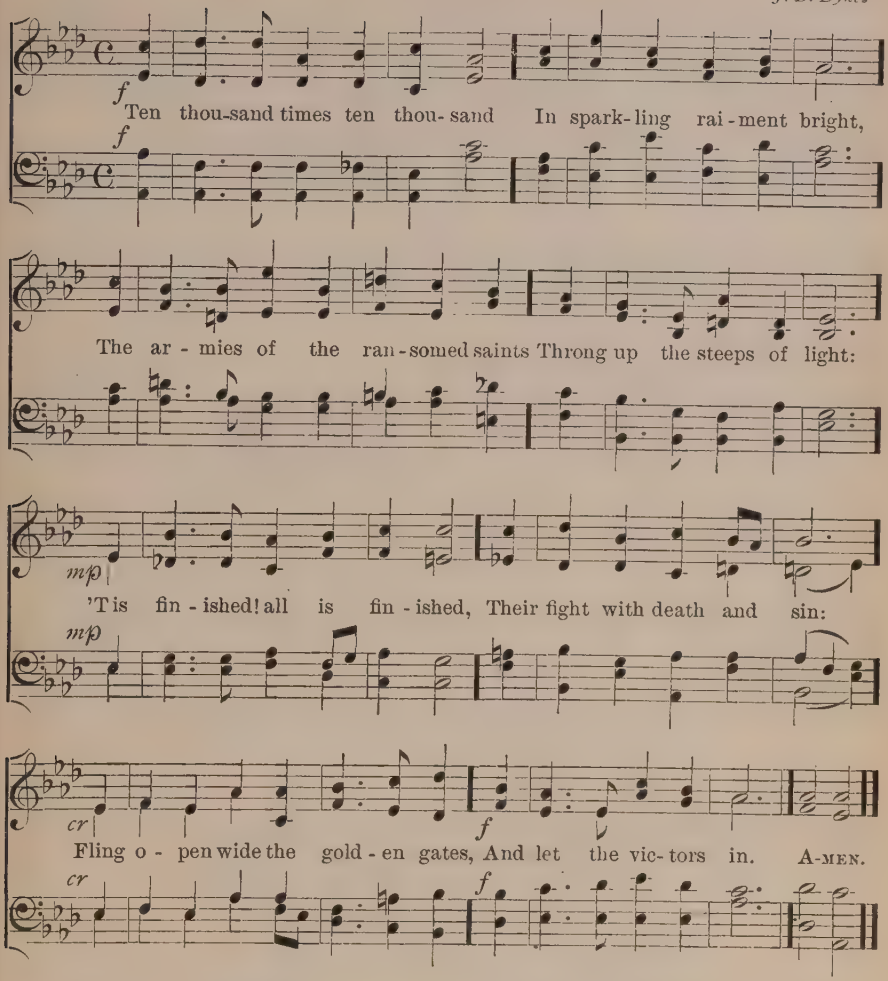
f 5 Jesu, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
cr Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
ff Safe for everlasting,
In Thyself complete.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

396

7. 6. 8. 6. D.

ALFORD
J. B. Dykes


f
Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright,
f
The ar-mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
mp
'Tis fin-ished! all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin:
mp
cr
Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in. A-MEN.
f
cr
f

f 2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

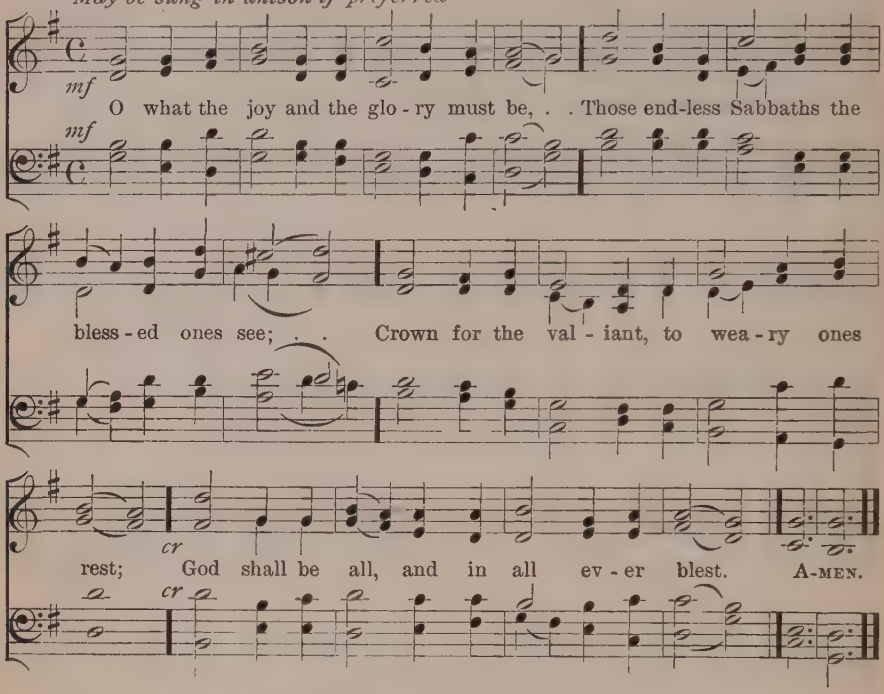
mf 3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
p That brimmed with tears of late;
cr Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

p 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
cr Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
f Then take Thy power and reign!
mf Appear, Desire of nations!
p Thine exiles long for home; [sign!
cr Show in the heav'ns Thy promised
f Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

H. Alford

397 10. 10. 10. 10. O Quanta Qualia
Ancient Plain-song

May be sung in unison if preferred


mf
O what the joy and the glo - ry must be, . . Those end-less Sabbaths the
mf
bless - ed ones see; . . Crown for the val - iant, to wea - ry ones
cr
rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest. A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
p O that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

mf 3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
p Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
mf Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

p 4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
cr We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

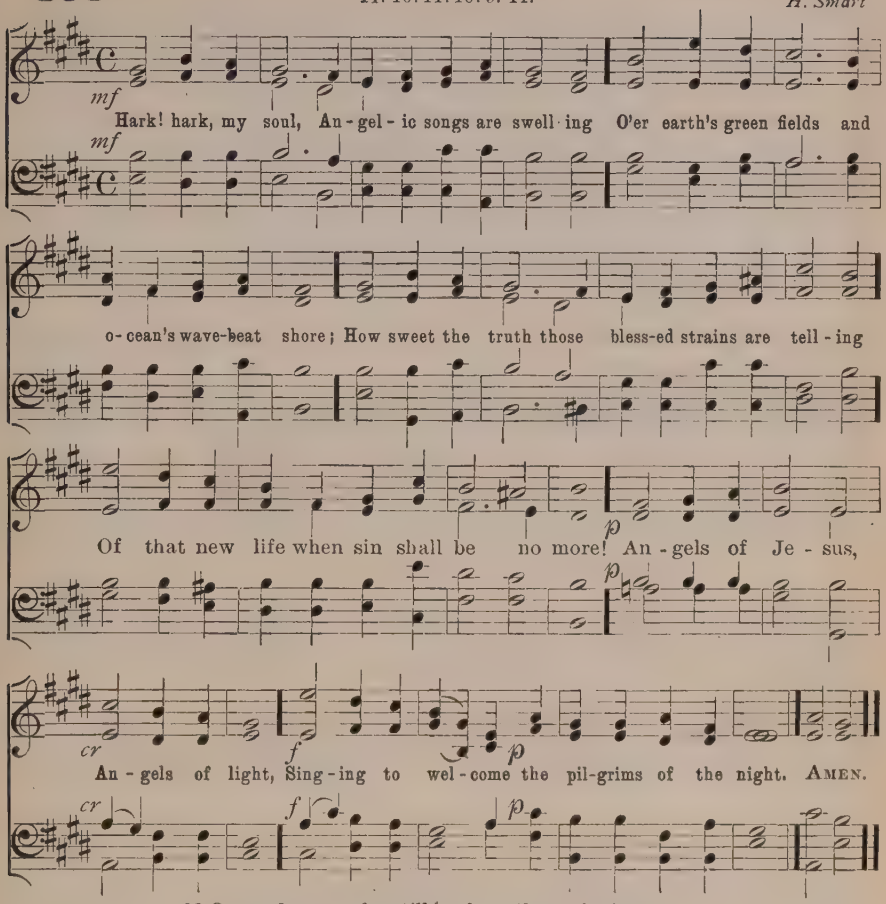
mf 5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
f One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

p 6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

mf 7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
f Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

P. Abelard: TR. *J. M. Neale*

398 (FIRST TUNE) 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11. PILGRIMS *H. Smart*


mf
Hark! hark, my soul, An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
mf
o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,
p
p
cr
f
p
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night. AMEN.
cr
f
p

mf 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
p "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
cr And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
p Angels of Jesus, etc.

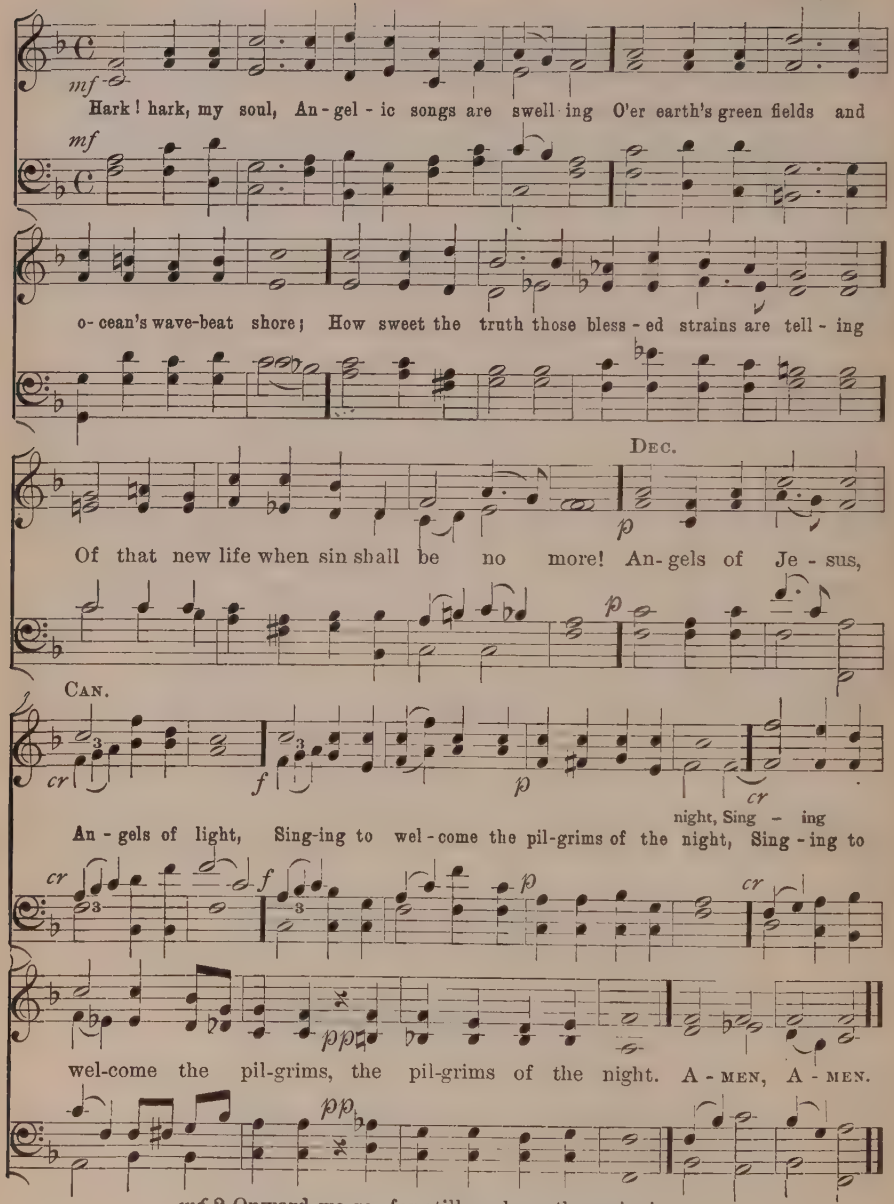
p 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
cr Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
p Angels of Jesus, etc.

mf 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
p Angels of Jesus, etc.

mf 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
cr And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
p Angels of Jesus, etc.

F. W. Faber

398 (SECOND TUNE) 11.10.11.10.9.11. VOX ANGELICA *J. B. Dykes*


Hark! hark, my soul, An-gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing
DEC.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An-gels of Je-sus,
CAN.
night, Sing-ing
An-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night, Sing-ing to
wel-come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night. A-MEN, A-MEN.

mf 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing;
p "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
cr And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
p Angels of Jesus etc.

p 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
cr Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
p Angels of Jesus, etc.

mf 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
p Angels of Jesus, etc.

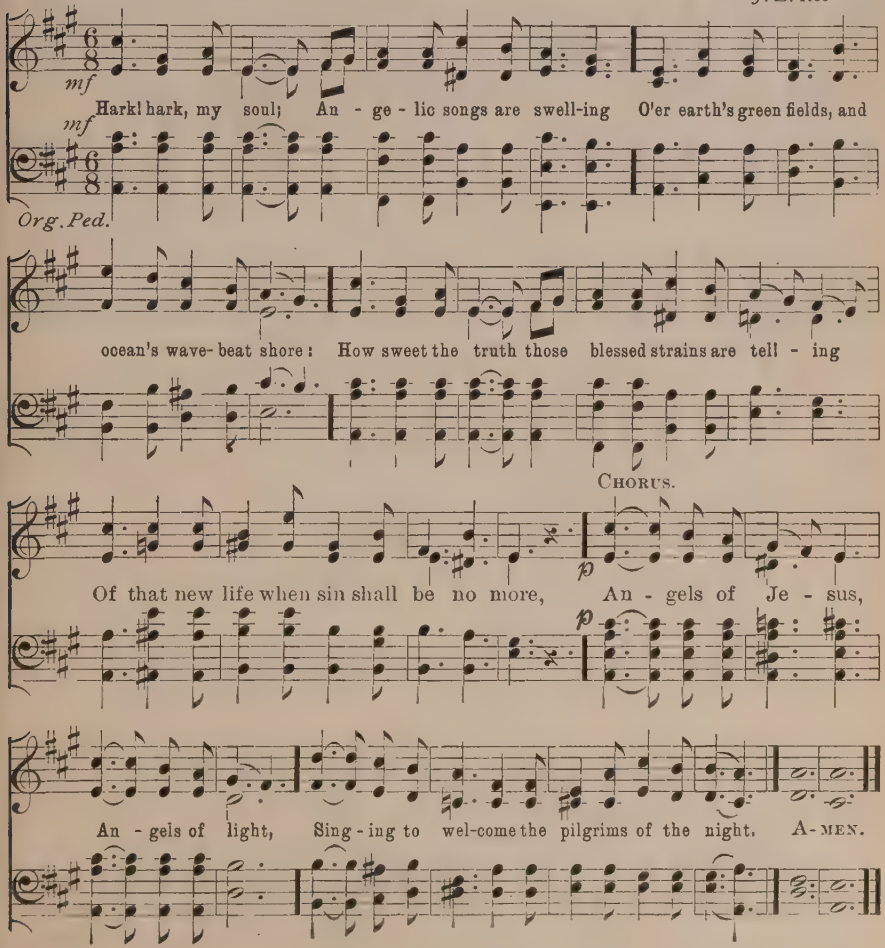
mf 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
cr And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
p Angels of Jesus, etc.

F. W. Faber

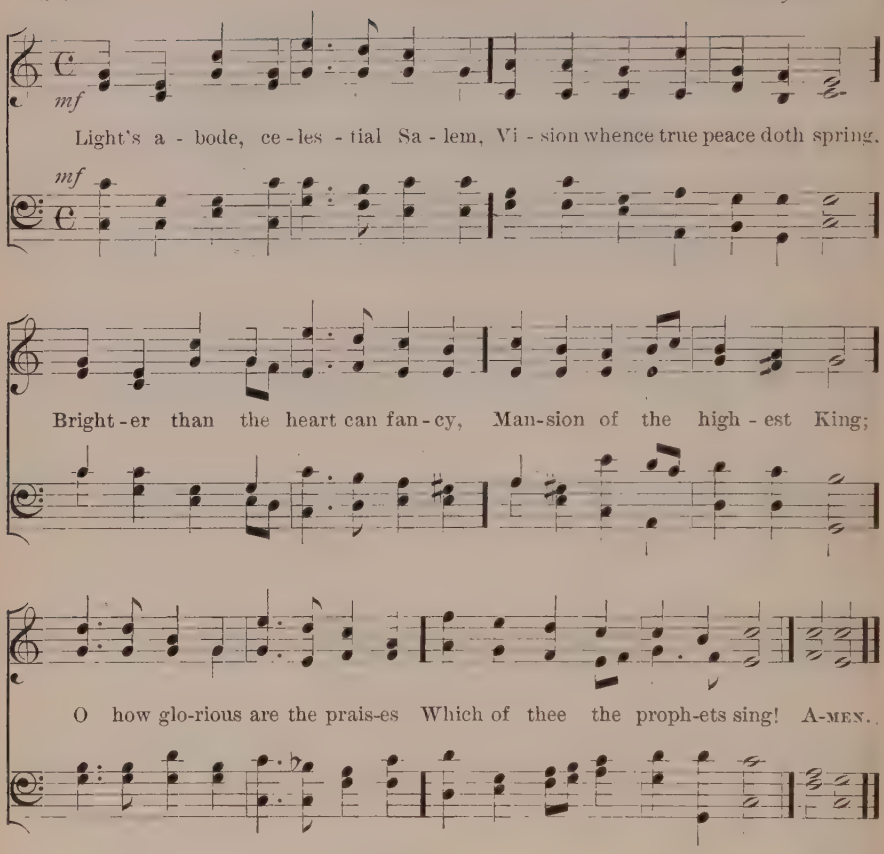
398 (THIRD TUNE)

11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

ANGELIC VOICES
J. E. Roe


mf
Hark! hark, my soul; An - ge - lic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields, and
mf
Org. Ped.
ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
CHORUS.
p
Of that new life when sin shall be no more, An - gels of Je - sus,
p
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night. A-MEN.

399 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. REGENT SQUARE *Henry Smart*


mf
Light's a - bode, ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vi - sion whence true peace doth spring.
mf
Bright - er than the heart can fan - cy, Man - sion of the high - est King;
O how glo-rious are the prais-es Which of thee the proph-ets sing! A-MEN.

mf 2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
p All is pure and all is holy
That within Thy walls is stored.

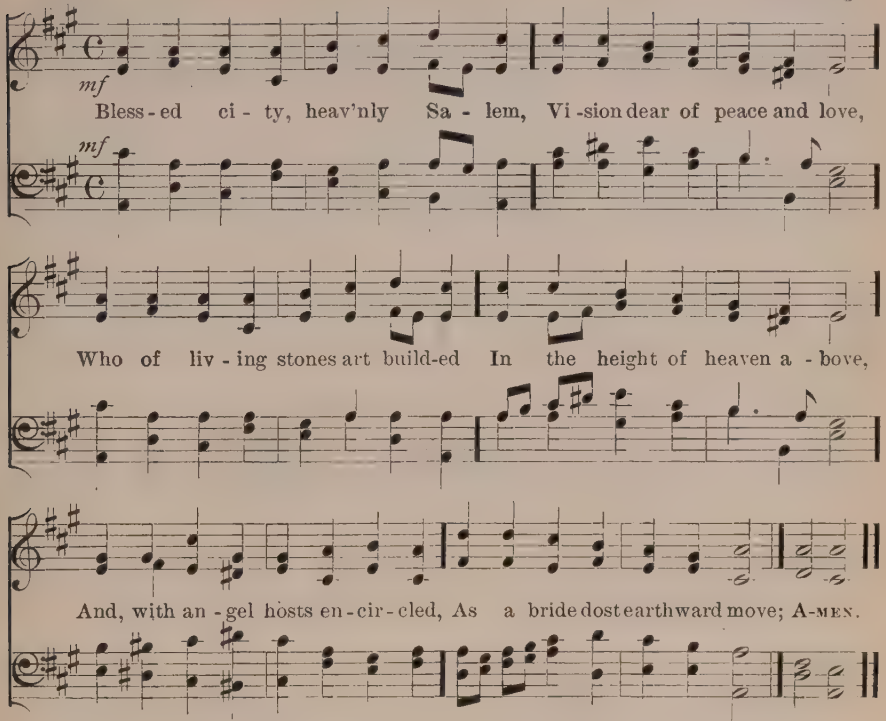
p 3 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
cr Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

f 4 O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

mf 5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
p That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid,
cr And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

400 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. ORIEL *Tantum ergo*


mf
Bless-ed ci-ty, heav'nly Sa-lem, Vi-sion dear of peace and love,
mf
Who of liv-ing stones art build-ed In the height of heaven a-bove,
And, with an-gel hosts en-cir-cled, As a bride dost earthward move; A-MEN.

cr 2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
p Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,
cr To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashioned.

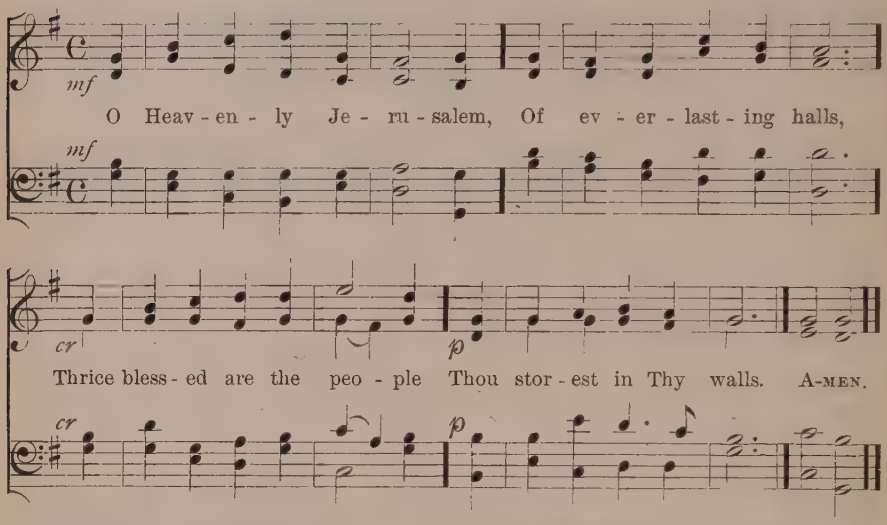
mf 3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
cr And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar.
p Who for Christ's dear Name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

p 4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
cr In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

f 5 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

401 (FIRST TUNE) 7.6.7.6. ST. ALPHEGE *H. J. Gauntlett*



f 2 Thou art the golden mansion.
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

p 3 There God for ever sitteth,
cr Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

p 4 Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
f They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

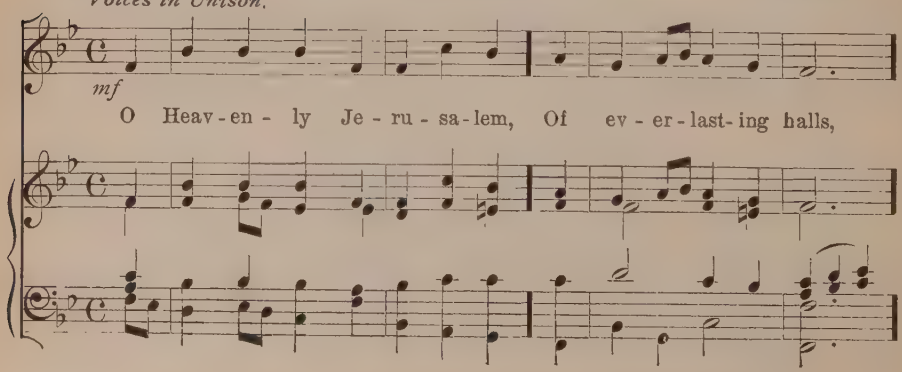
mf 5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
cr May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

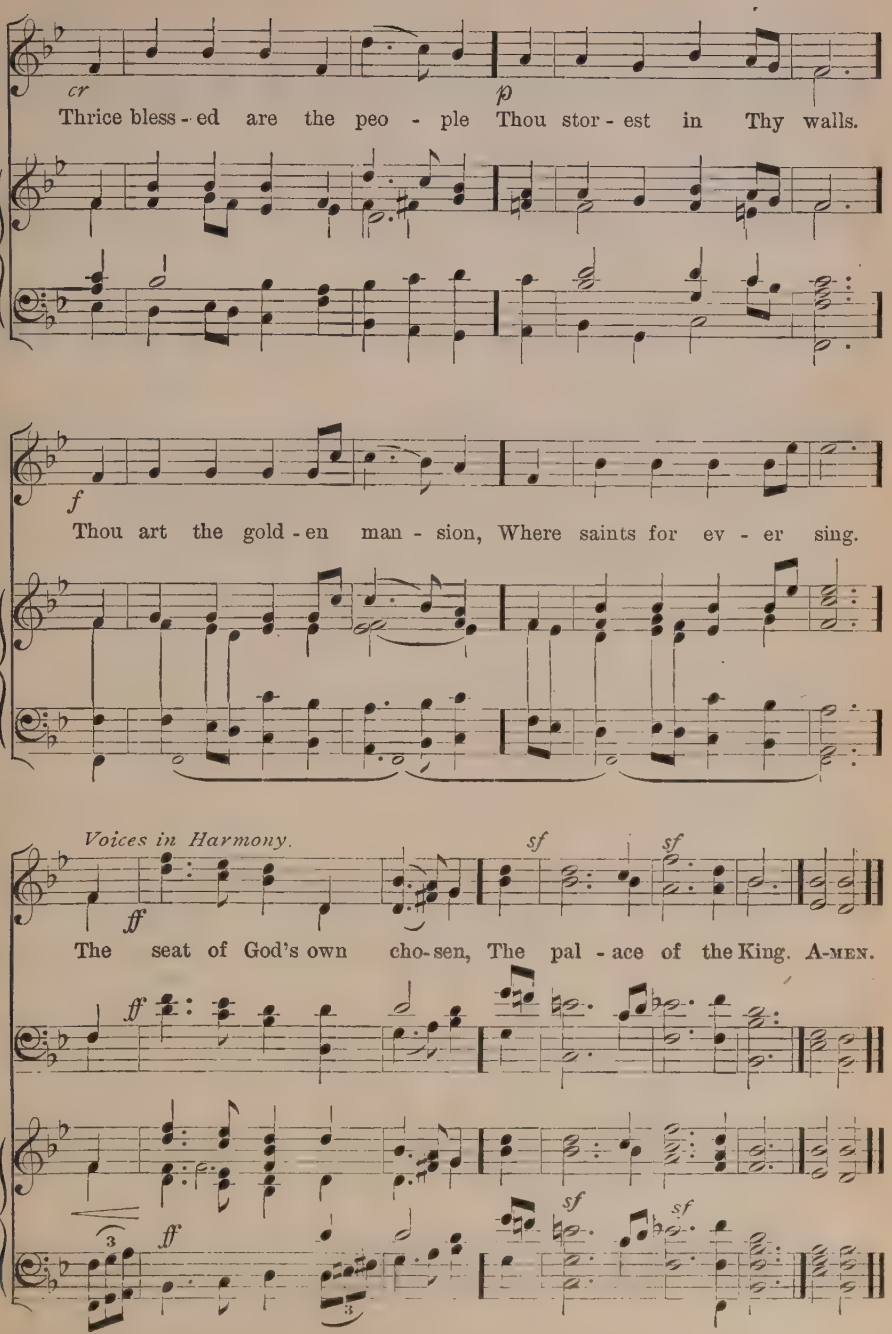
f 6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow.

TR. *I. Williams*

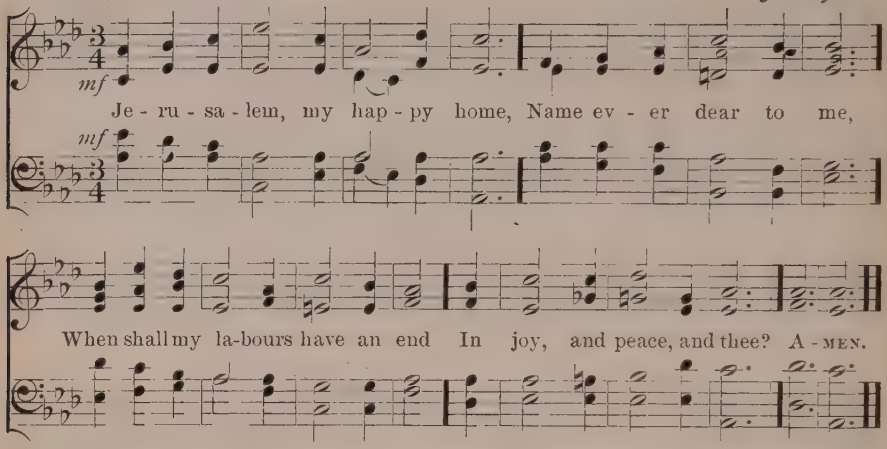
(SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. ALL HALLOWS *G. C. Martin*

Voices in Unison.




cr
p
Thrice bless - ed are the peo - ple Thou stor - est in Thy walls.
f
Thou art the gold - en man - sion, Where saints for ev - er sing.
Voices in Harmony.
ff
sf
sf
The seat of God's own cho-sen, The pal - ace of the King. A-MEN.
ff
ff
sf
sf

402 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. BEATITUDO *J. B. Dykes*



mf 2 When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
cr Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

f 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know: [scenes
Blest seats! (*p*) through rude and stormy
cr I onward press to you.

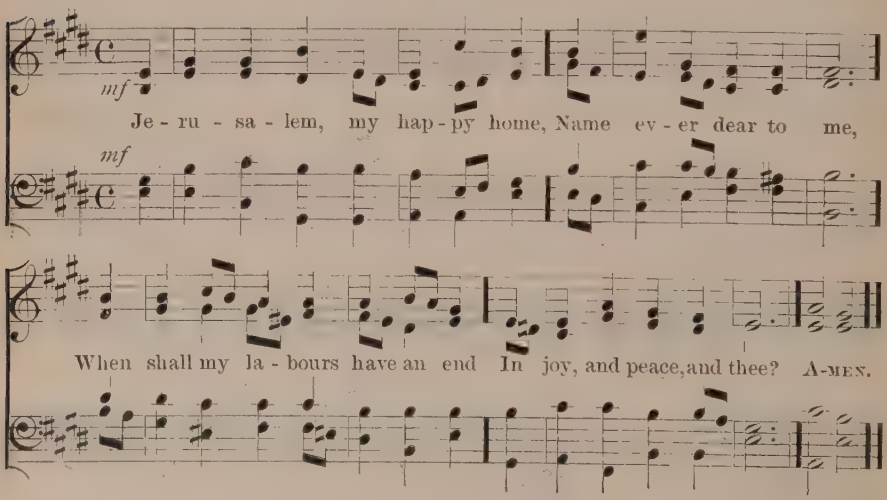
p 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
cr I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

mf 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

f 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon.

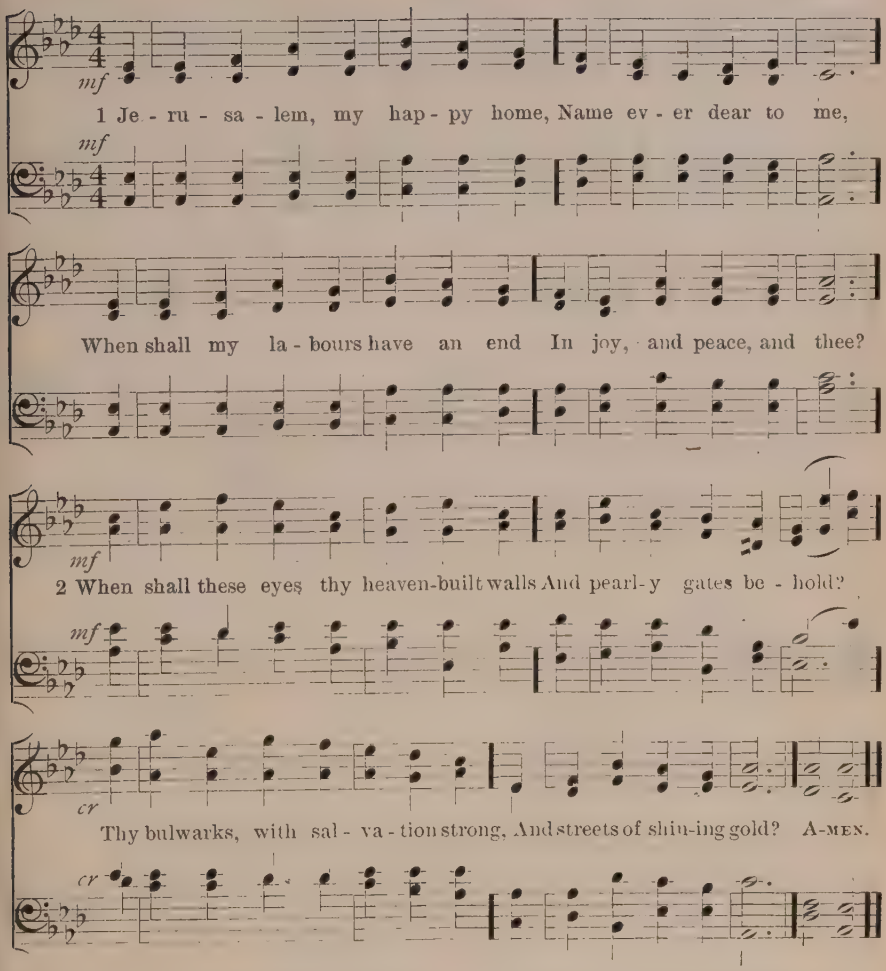
(SECOND TUNE) C. M. SOUTHWELL *H. S. Irons*



402 (THIRD TUNE)

C. M. D.

MANNING
G. E. Stubbs


mf
1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,
When shall my la - bours have an end In joy, and peace, and thee?
mf
2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold?
cr
Thy bulwarks, with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin-ing gold? A-MEN.

f 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! (*p*) through rude and stormy scenes
cr I onward press to you.

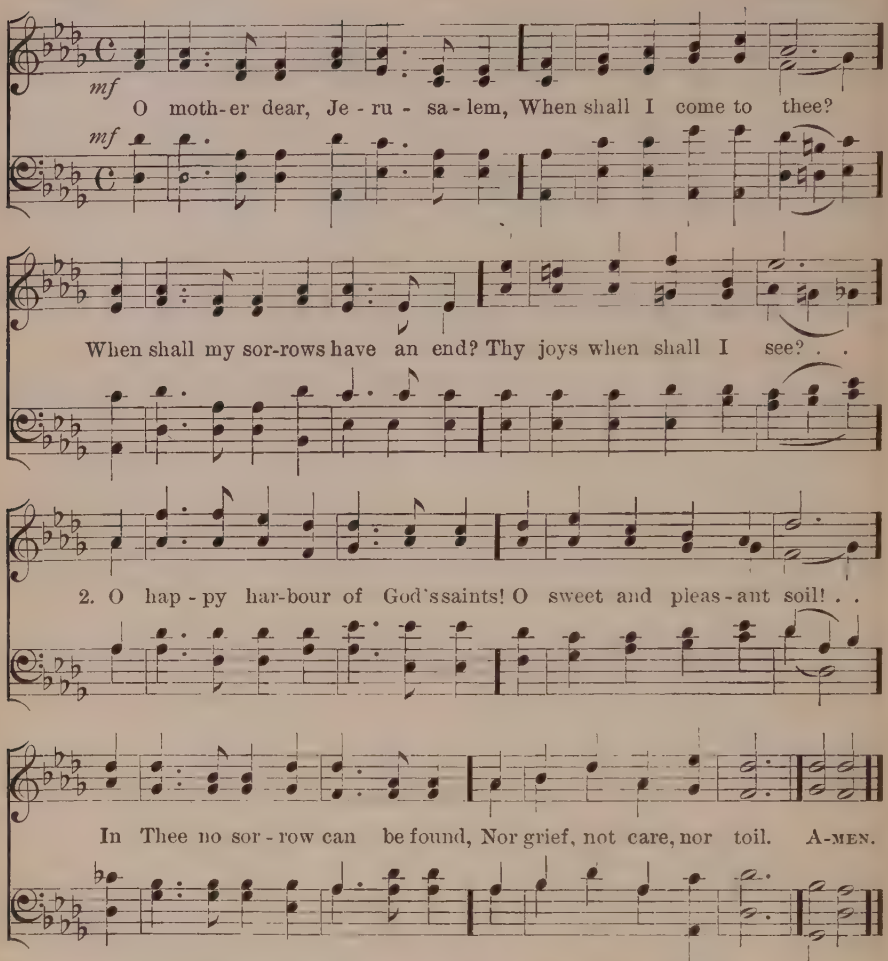
p 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
cr I've Canaan's goodly land in view
And realms of endless day.

mf 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

f 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

J. Montgomery

403 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. D. MATERNA *S. A. Ward*


mf
O moth-er dear, Je-ru-sa-lem, When shall I come to thee?
mf
When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? . .
2. O hap-py har-bour of God's saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soil! . .
In Thee no sor-row can be found, Nor grief, not care, nor toil. A-MEN.

p 3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.

mf 4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

mf 5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green, [flowers
Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen.

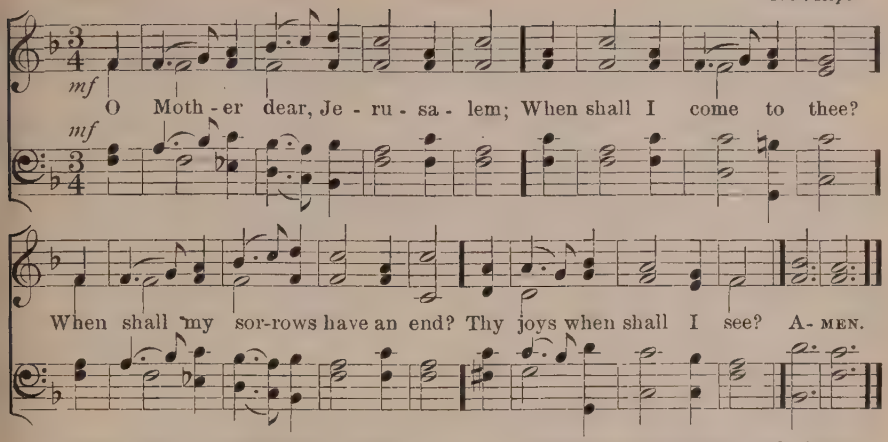
mf 6 Right through thy streets, with silver
The living waters flow, [sound,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

mf 7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.

f 8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Anon

403 (SECOND TUNE) C. M. JERUSALEM *C. F. Roper*



mf 2 O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

p 3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
cr But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.

mf 4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

mf 5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

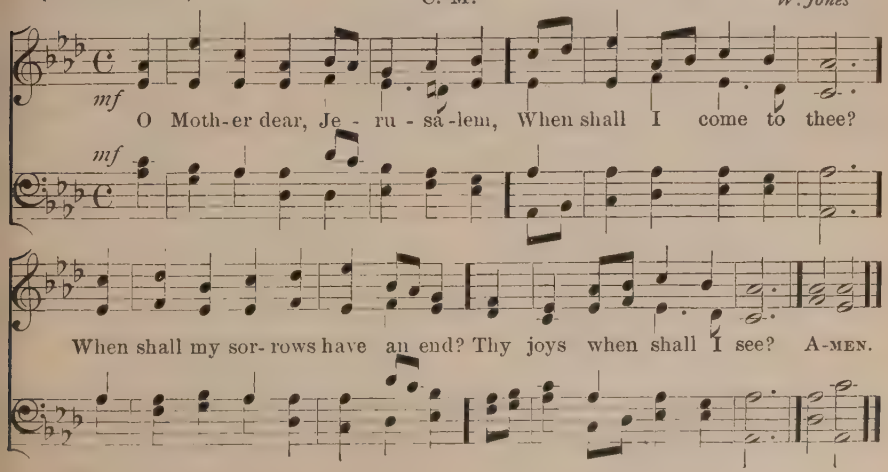
mf 6 Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

mf 7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.

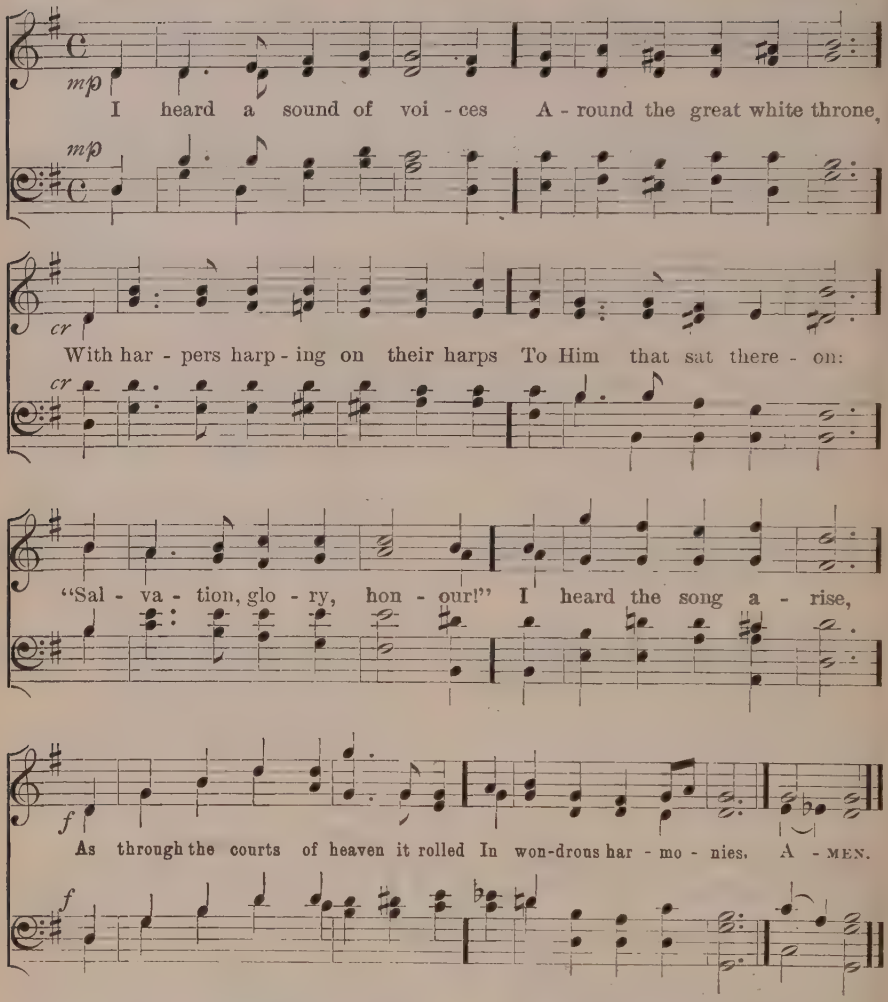
f 8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Anon

(THIRD TUNE) C. M. ST. STEPHEN *W. Jones*



404 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 8. 6. D. PATMOS *H. J. Storer*


mp
I heard a sound of voi - ces A - round the great white throne,
cr
With har - pers harp - ing on their harps To Him that sat there - on:
"Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, hon - our!" I heard the song a - rise,
f
As through the courts of heaven it rolled In won-drous har - mo - nies. A - MEN.

mf 2 From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war,
p I heard the saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
cr In praise of Him Who died and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

p 3 I saw the holy city,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven, a bride a-
With jewelled diadem; [dorned

mf The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
cr And nations brought their honours
And laid them at her feet. [there,

mp 4 And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
cr God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself, the light;
mf And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour,
They reign for evermore. [King.

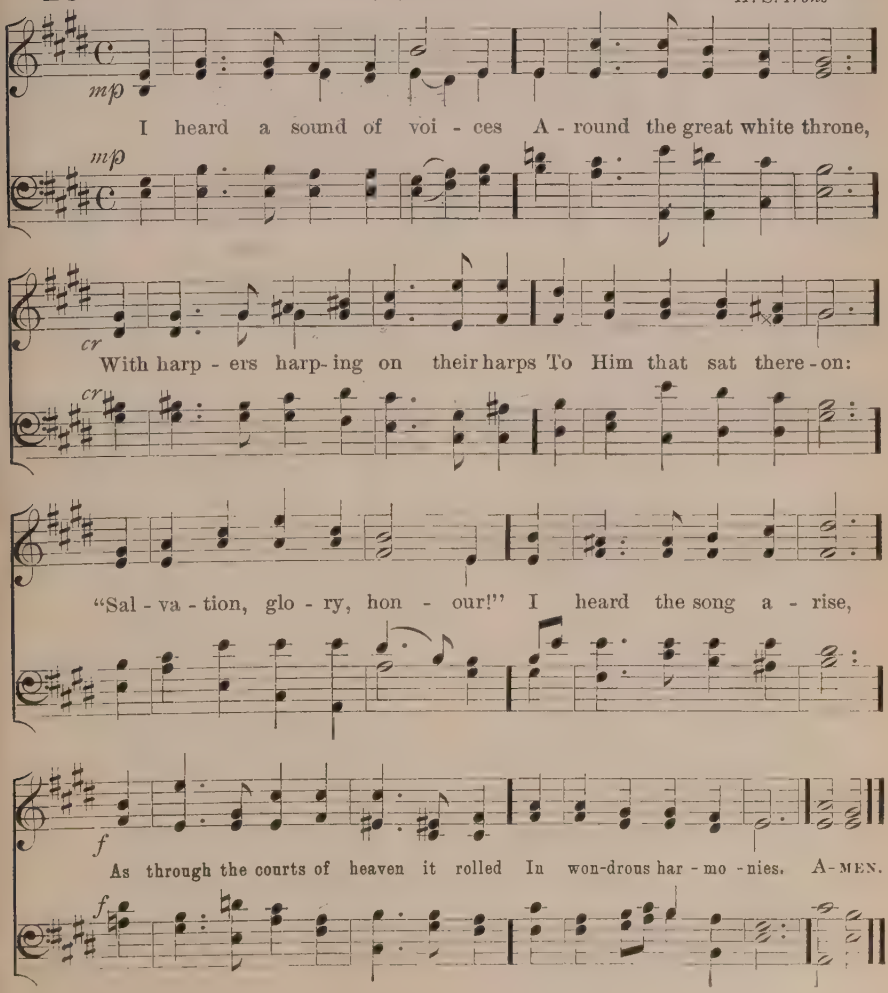
f 5 O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon His throne;
p O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death,
Shall ever enter more.

mf 6 O Lamb of God Who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
cr Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far!
f O worthy Judge eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
p And call Thy servants home.

G. Thring

404 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 8. 6. D.

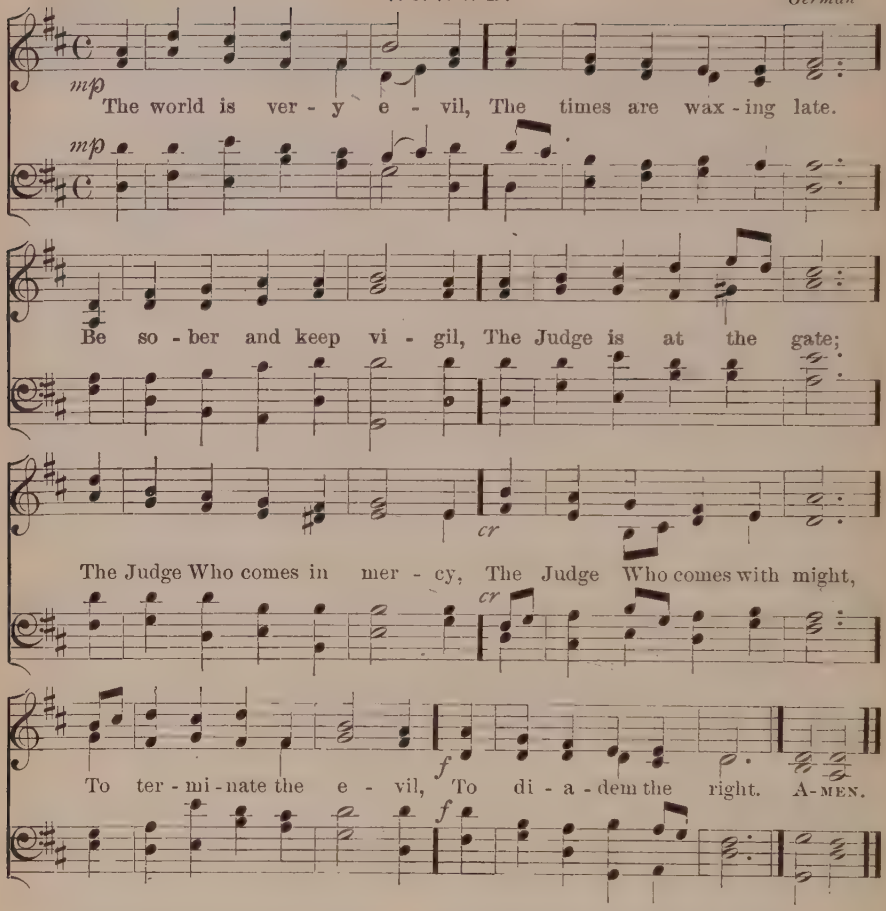
HEAVENLY VOICES
H. S. Irons


mp
I heard a sound of voi - ces A - round the great white throne,
mp
cr
With harp - ers harp- ing on their harps To Him that sat there - on:
cr
"Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, hon - our!" I heard the song a - rise,
f
As through the courts of heaven it rolled In won-drous har - mo - nies. A-MEN.
f

405

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

PEARSALL
German


mp
The world is ver - y e - vil, The times are wax - ing late.
mp
Be so - ber and keep vi - gil, The Judge is at the gate;
cr
The Judge Who comes in mer - cy, The Judge Who comes with might,
cr
f
To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A-MEN.
f

f 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
p Let penitential sorrow
cr To heavenly gladness lead:
mf To the home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that bear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn;

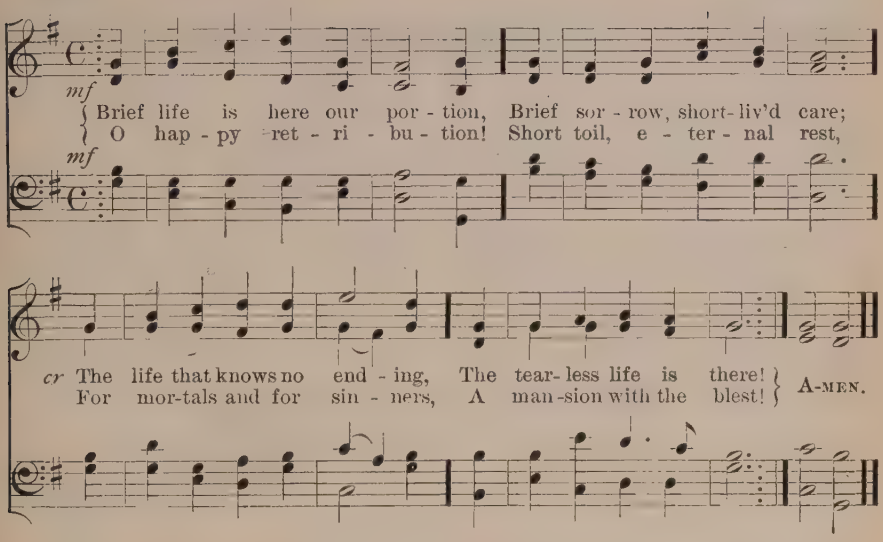
mf 3 'Mid power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
p Where rests a peace untroubled,
Peace holy and profound.
mf O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure for all distrest!

mf 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
f Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

mf 5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
cr Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

406 (FIRST TUNE) 7.6.7.6. ST. ALPHEGE *H. J. Gauntlett*


mf
Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-liv'd care;
O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest,
mf
cr
The life that knows no end - ing, The tear- less life is there!
For mor-tals and for sin - ners, A man-sion with the blest!
A-MEN.

mf 2 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
p And after fleshly weakness,
And after this world's night,
cr And after storm and whirlwind,
p Are calm, and joy, and light.

p 3 And now we fight the battle,
cr But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
f And He Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

p 4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
cr But there is David's Fountain,
f And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

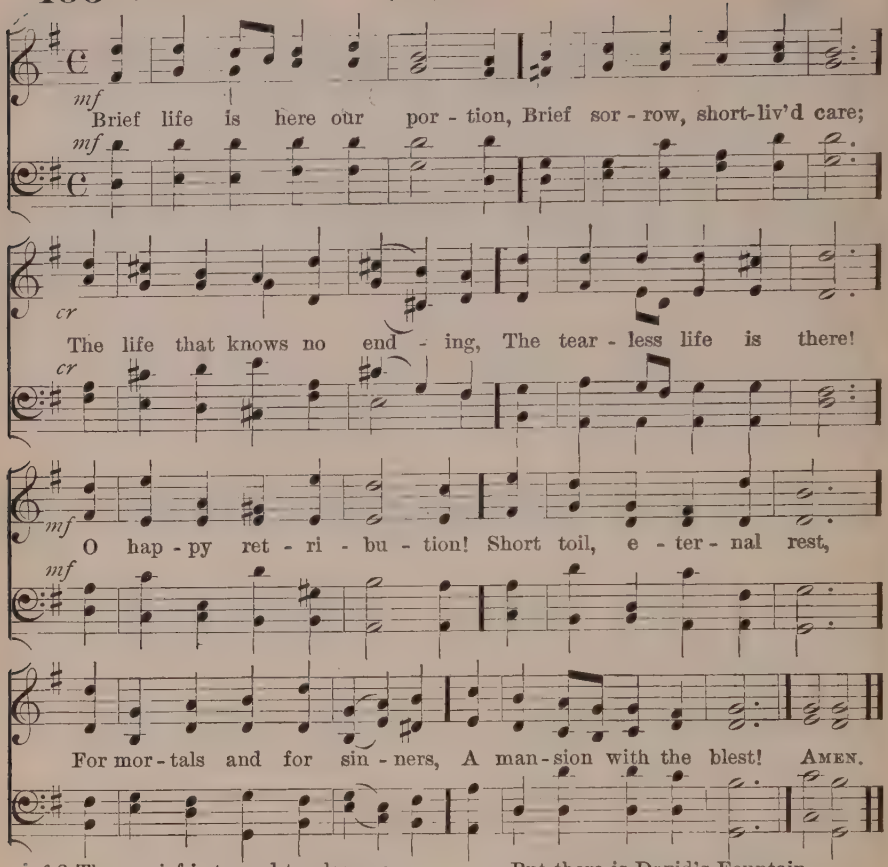
mf 5 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
cr And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
f For God our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

mf 6 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
mf Who art, with God the Father,
p And Spirit, ever blest.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

406 (SECOND TUNE) 7.6.7.6. D.

HOLY CITY
A. R. Gaul


mf
Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-liv'd care;
cr
The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there!
mf
O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest,
For mor - tals and for sin - ners, A man - sion with the blest! AMEN.

mf 2 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
p And after fleshly weakness,
And after this world's night,
cr And after storm and whirlwind,
p Are calm, and joy, and light.

p 3 And now we fight the battle,
cr But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
f And He Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

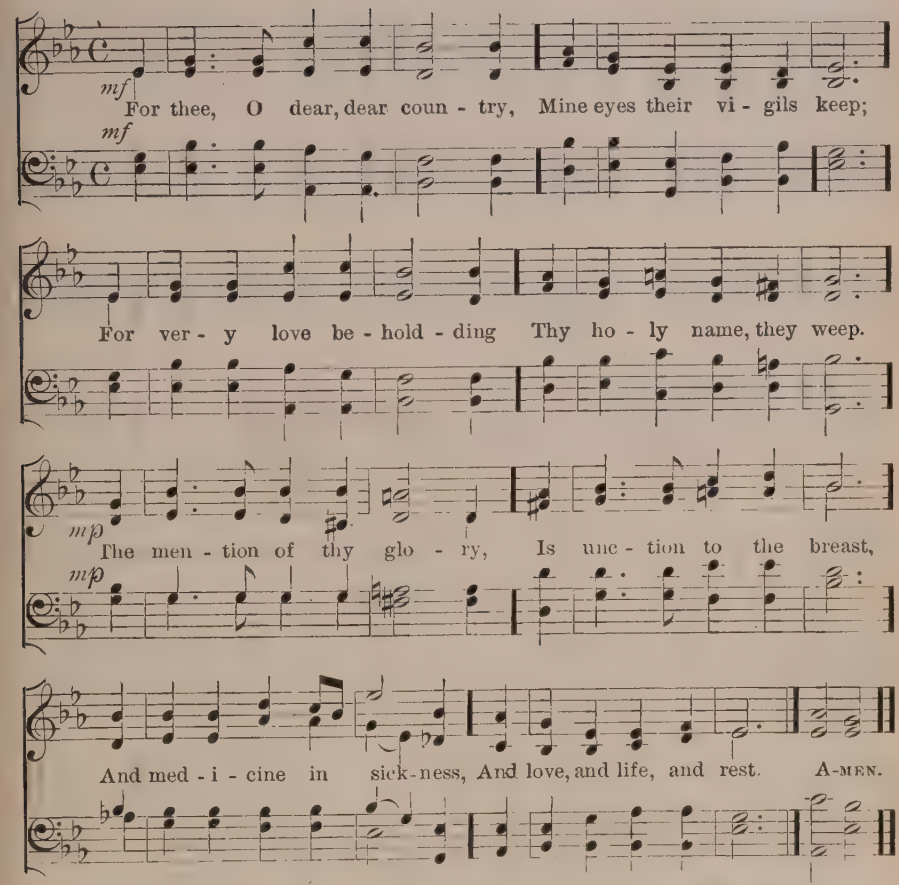
p 4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
cr But there is David's Fountain,
f And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

mf 5 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
cr And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
f For God our King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

mf 6 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
mf Who art, with God the Father,
p And Spirit, ever blest.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

407 7. 6. 7. 6. D. O Bona Patria *A. S. Sullivan*


mf
For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vi - gils keep;
mf
For ver - y love be - hold - ding Thy ho - ly name, they weep.
mp
The men - tion of thy glo - ry, Is unc - tion to the breast,
mp
And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A-MEN.

mf 2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

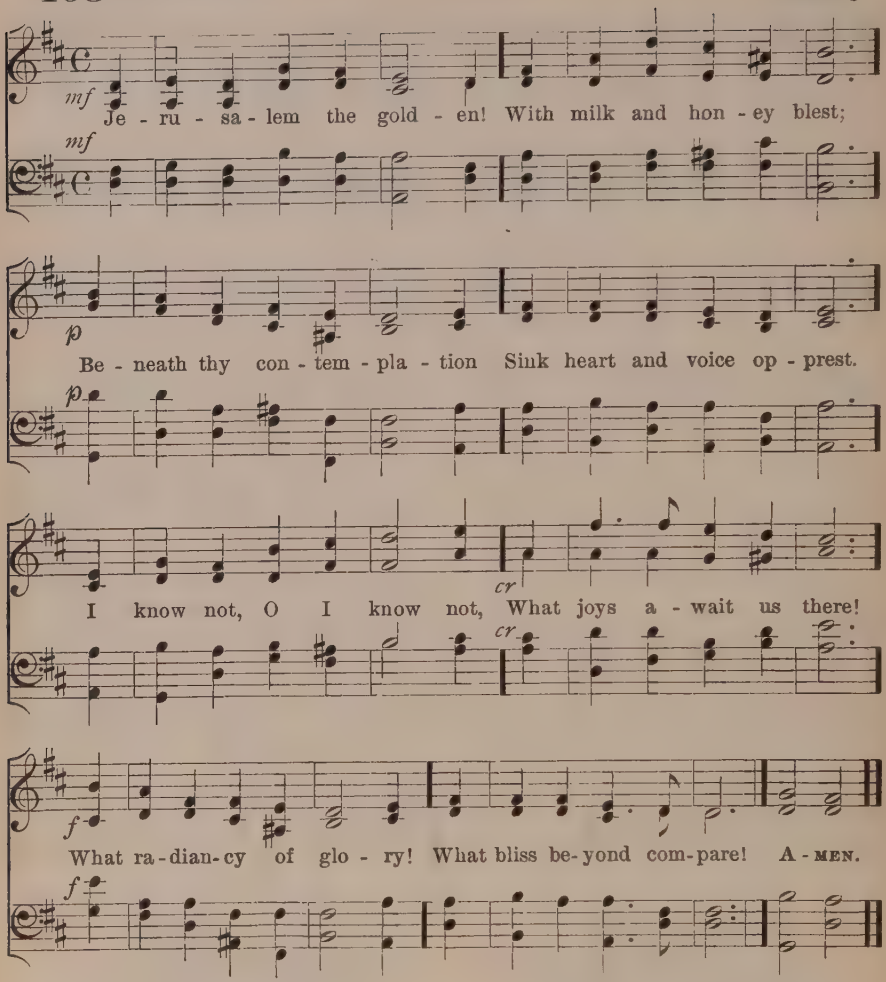
mf 3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ.

f 4 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

mf 5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
mf Who art, with God the Father,
p And Spirit, ever blest

TR. *J. M. Neale*

408 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. EWING *A. Ewing*


mf
Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
mf
p
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
p
cr
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there!
cr
f
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare! A - MEN.
f

f 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
cr All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

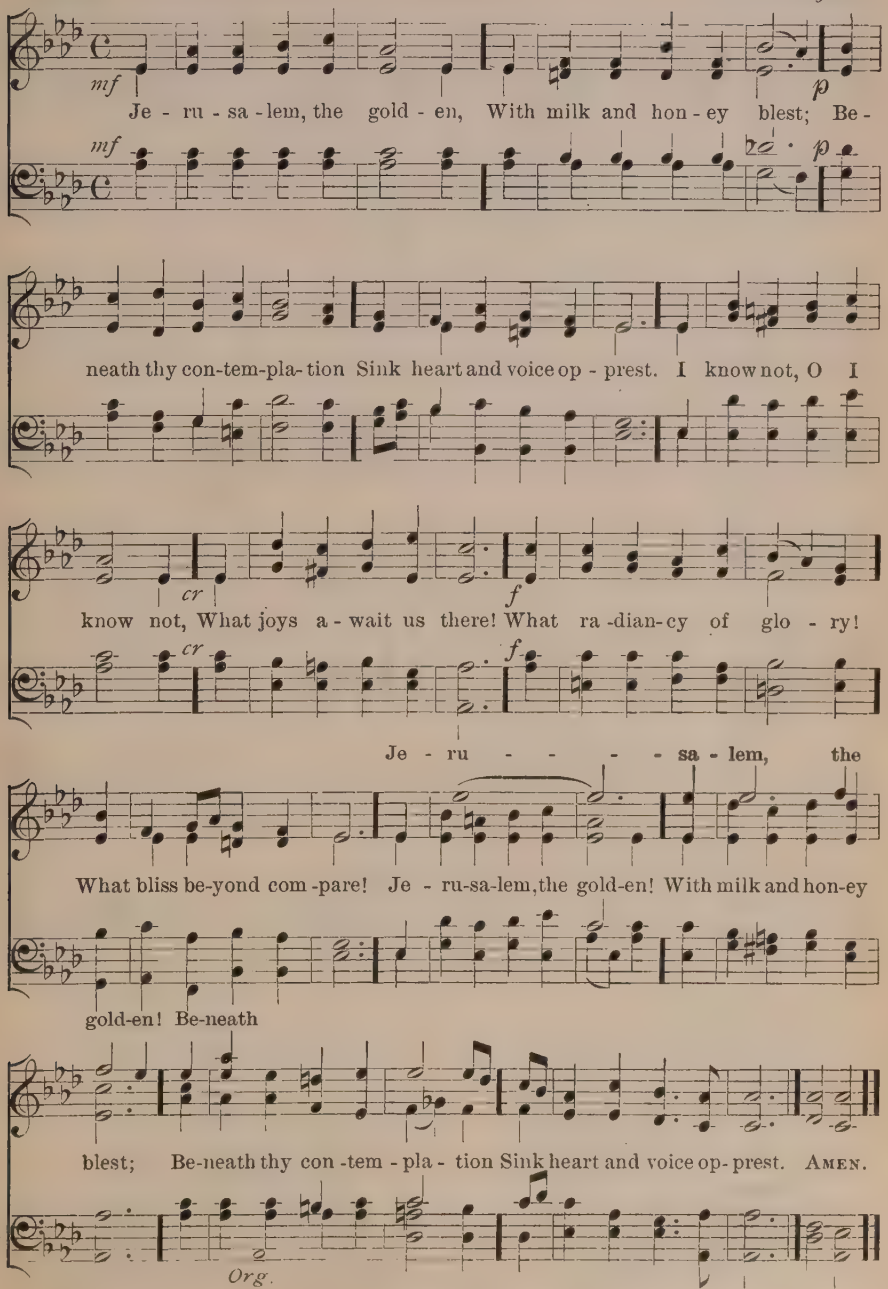
p 3 There is the throne of David;
cr And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
ff The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
p For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

mf 4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
cr Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

408 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. With Refrain.

URBS BEATA
C. F. Le Jeune

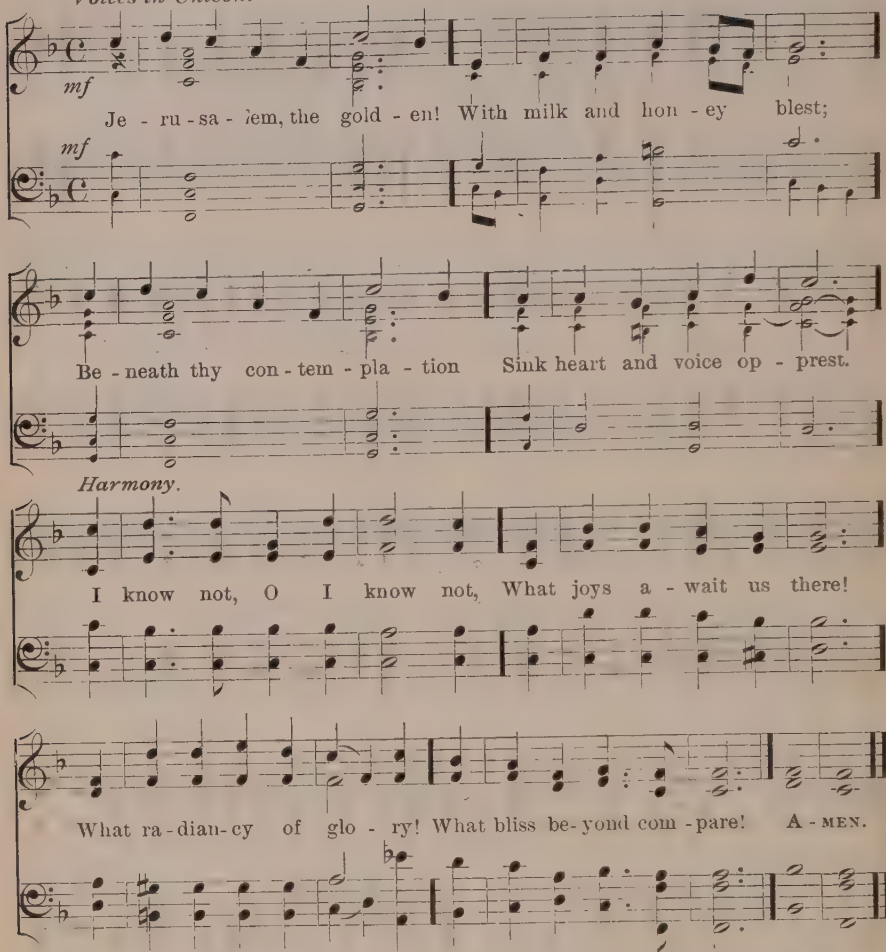

mf
Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest; Be -
p
neath thy con-tem-pla-tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I
cr
f
know not, What joys a - wait us there! What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry!
Je - ru - - - - sa - lem, the
What bliss be-yond com-pare! Je - ru-sa-lem, the gold-en! With milk and hon-ey
gold-en! Be-neath
blest; Be-neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest. AMEN.
Org.

408 (THIRD TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

NEILSON
J. H. Gower

Voices in Unison.


mf
Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
mf
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
Harmony.
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there!
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare! A - MEN.

f 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
cr All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

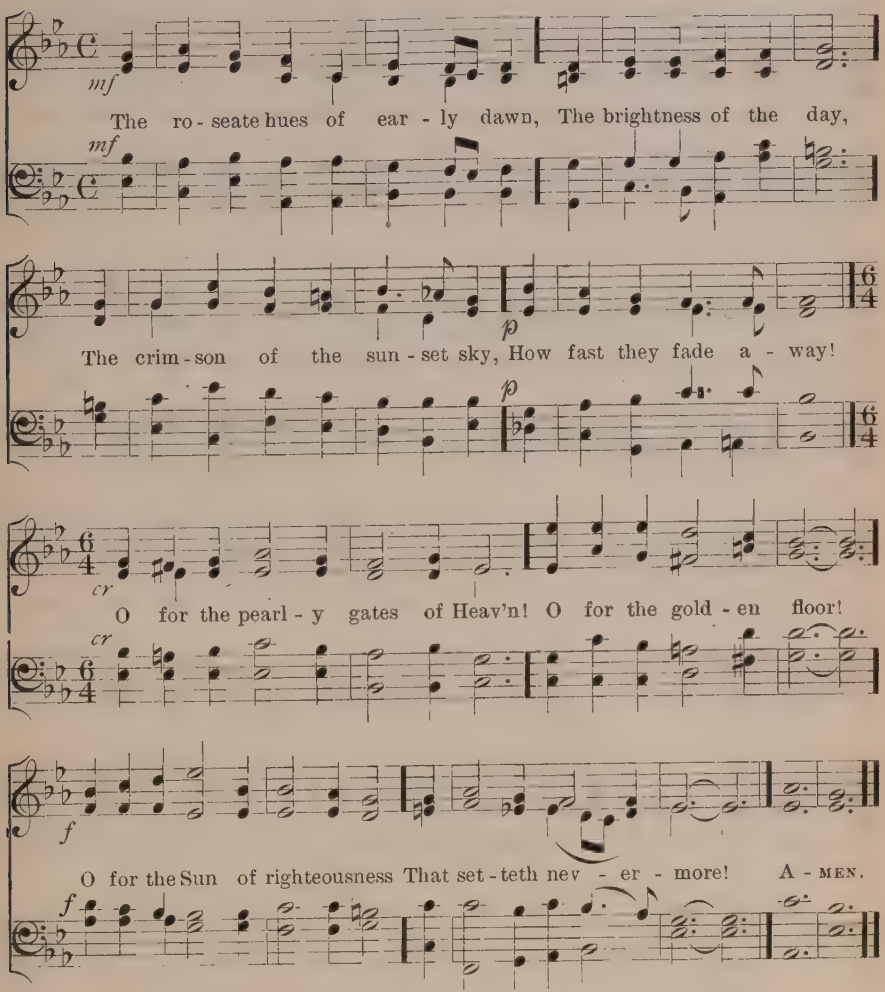
p 3 There is the throne of David;
cr And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
ff The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
p For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

mf 4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
cr Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

TR. *J. M. Neale*

409 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. D.

CASTLE RISING
F. A. J. Hervey


mf
The ro - seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The brightness of the day,
p
The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way!
cr
O for the pearl - y gates of Heav'n! O for the gold - en floor!
f
O for the Sun of righteousness That set - teth nev - er - more! A - MEN.

p 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

cr O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

mf 3 Here faith is ours, and heav'nly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;

cr But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.

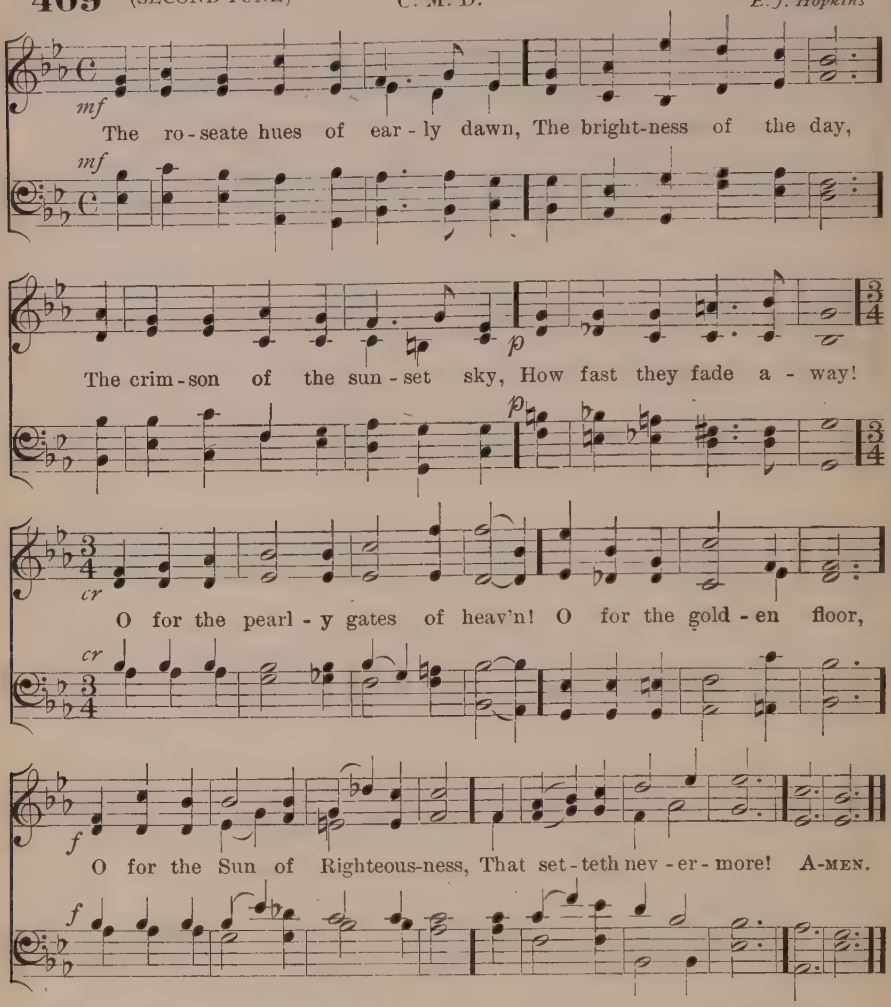
p O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,

cr Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,

mf Nor cast away our crown!

C. F. Alexander

409 (SECOND TUNE) C. M. D. ALEXANDER *E. J. Hopkins*


mf
The ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day,
mf
p
The crim-son of the sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way!
p
cr
O for the pearl-y gates of heav'n! O for the gold-en floor,
cr
f
O for the Sun of Righteous-ness, That set-teth nev-er-more! A-MEN.
f

p 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

cr O for a heart that never sins!
O for a soul washed white!

f O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

mf 3 Here faith is ours, and heav'nly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;

cr But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.

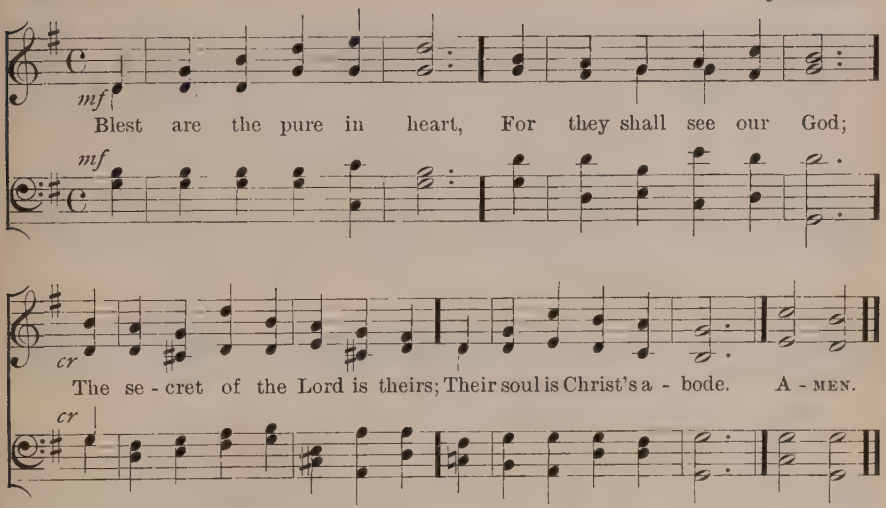
p O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,

cr Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,

mf Nor cast away our crown!

C. F. Alexander

410 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. CHRISTMATA *John Goss*


mf
Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God;
mf
cr
The se - cret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's a - bode. A - MEN.
cr

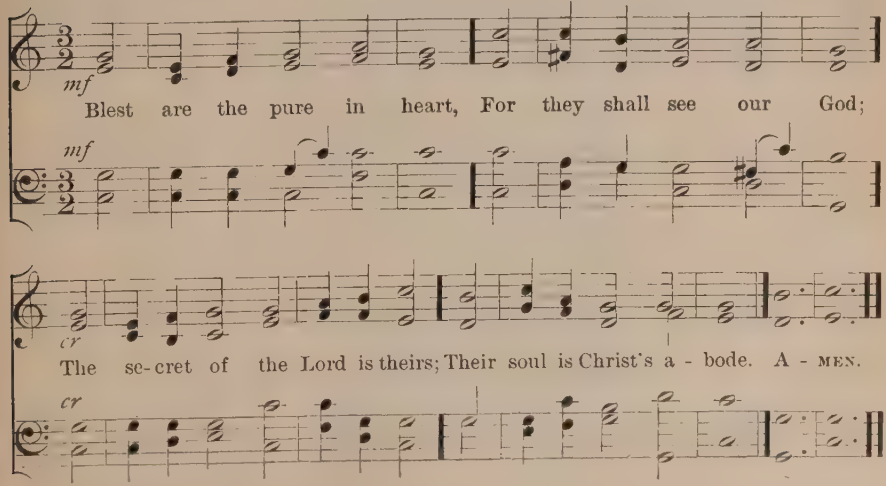
mf 2 The Lord, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men
Their pattern and their King;

mf 3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

p 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

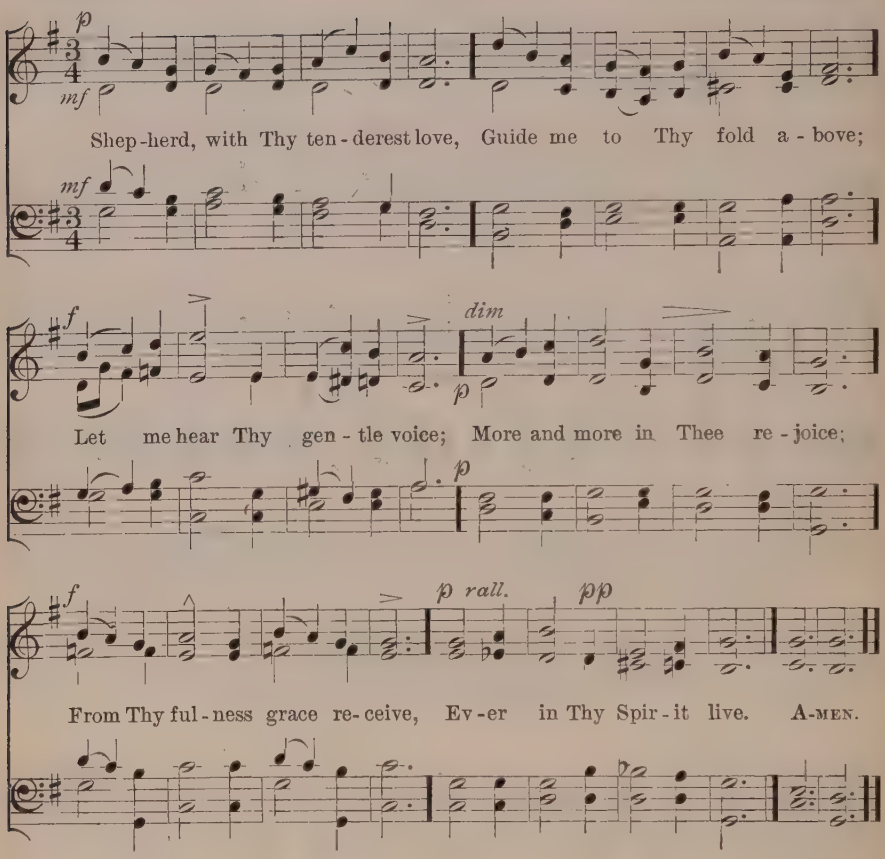
J. Keble

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. BOYLSTON *Lowell Mason*


mf
Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God;
mf
cr
The se-cret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's a - bode. A - MEN.
cr

411 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

HOLY JESUS
G. B. Lissant

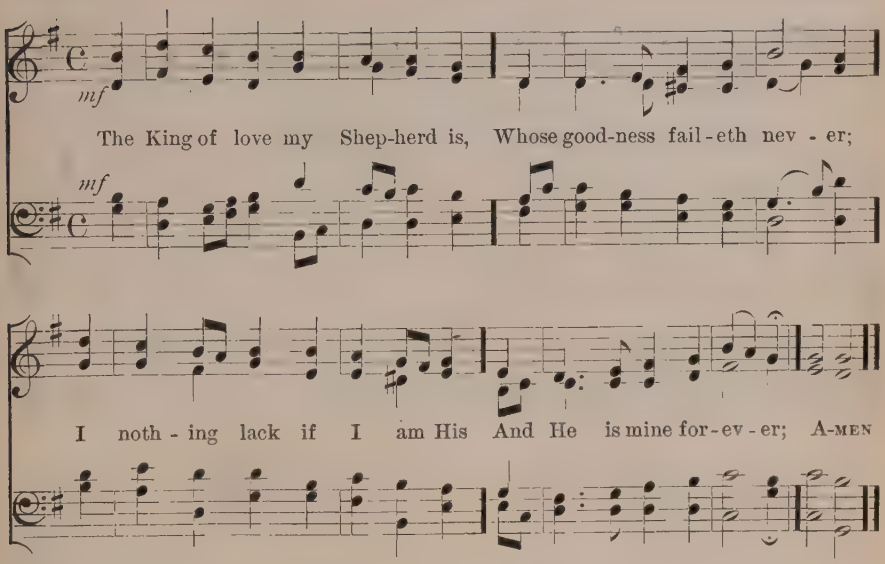


mf 2 Filled by Thee my cup o'erflows,
For Thy love no limit knows;
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high:
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

p 3 Jesu, with Thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath;
Guard me through the gate of death,
And at last, O let me stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand!

Anon

412 8. 7. 8. 7. DOMINUS REGIT ME *J. B. Dykes*



mf 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

p 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
cr But yet in love He sought me,
p And on His shoulder gently laid,
f And home, rejoicing, brought me.

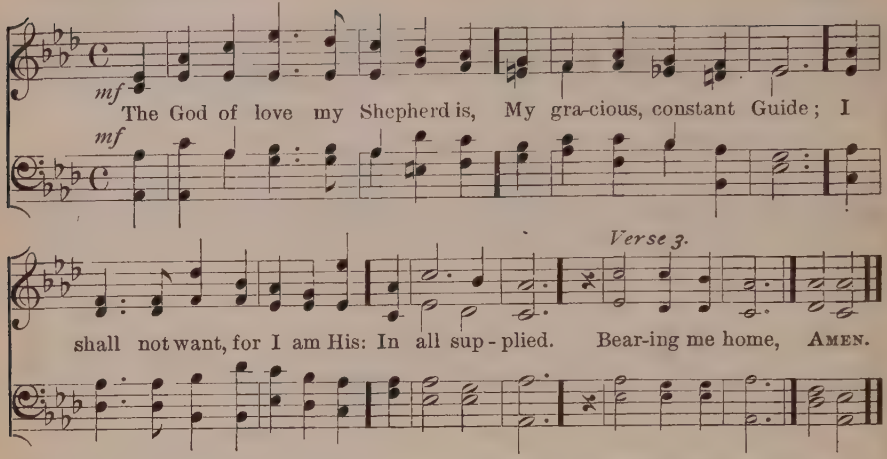
p 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
cr With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

mf 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
f And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

mf 6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
cr Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

H. W. Baker

413 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 6. 8. 4. DONA *J. Goss*


mf
The God of love my Shepherd is, My gra-cious, constant Guide; I
mf
Verse 3.
shall not want, for I am His: In all sup - plied. Bear-ing me home, AMEN.

mf 2 In His green pastures do I feed,
And there lie down at will;
He leads me in my thirsty need
By waters still.

p 3 His tenderness restores my soul,
When sick and faint I roam;
Shows the right path and makes me whole,
Bearing me home.

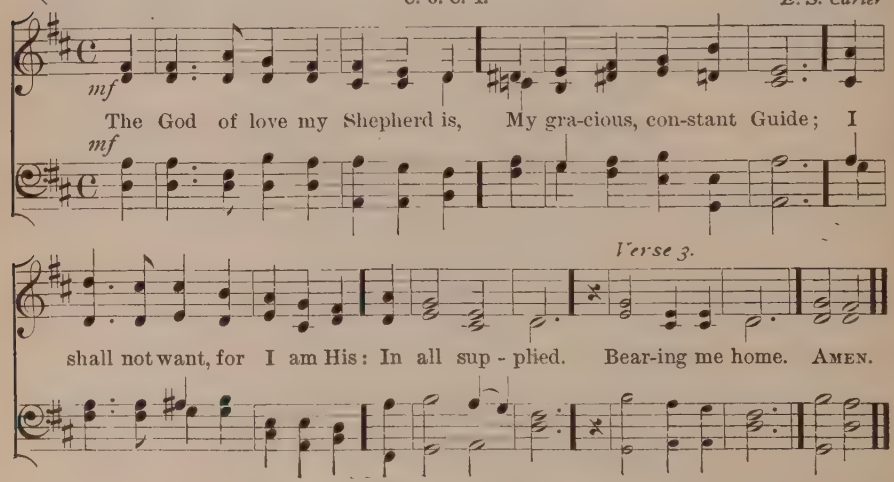
pp 4 Yea! the dark valley when I tread,
No evil will I fear;
Thy rod and staff dispel my dread;
I feel Thee near.

mf 5 Thou spread'st my table 'mid my foes;
The oil of grace is mine;
My cup with mercy overflows,
And love divine.

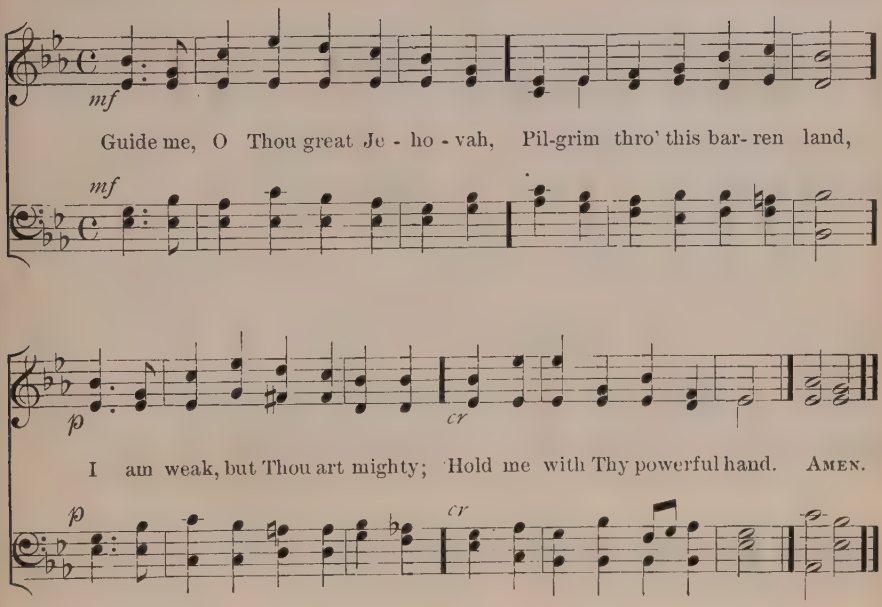
mf 6 Goodness and mercy all my days
My constant song shall be,
cr Till heavenly anthems fill with praise
Eternity.

G. Rawson

(SECOND TUNE) 8. 6. 8. 4. WREFORD *E. S. Carter*


mf
The God of love my Shepherd is, My gra-cious, con-stant Guide; I
mf
Verse 3.
shall not want, for I am His: In all sup - plied. Bear-ing me home. AMEN.

414 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. ST. OSWALD *J. B. Dykes*


mf
Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar- ren land,
mf
p
cr
I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy powerful hand. AMEN.
p
cr

mf 2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

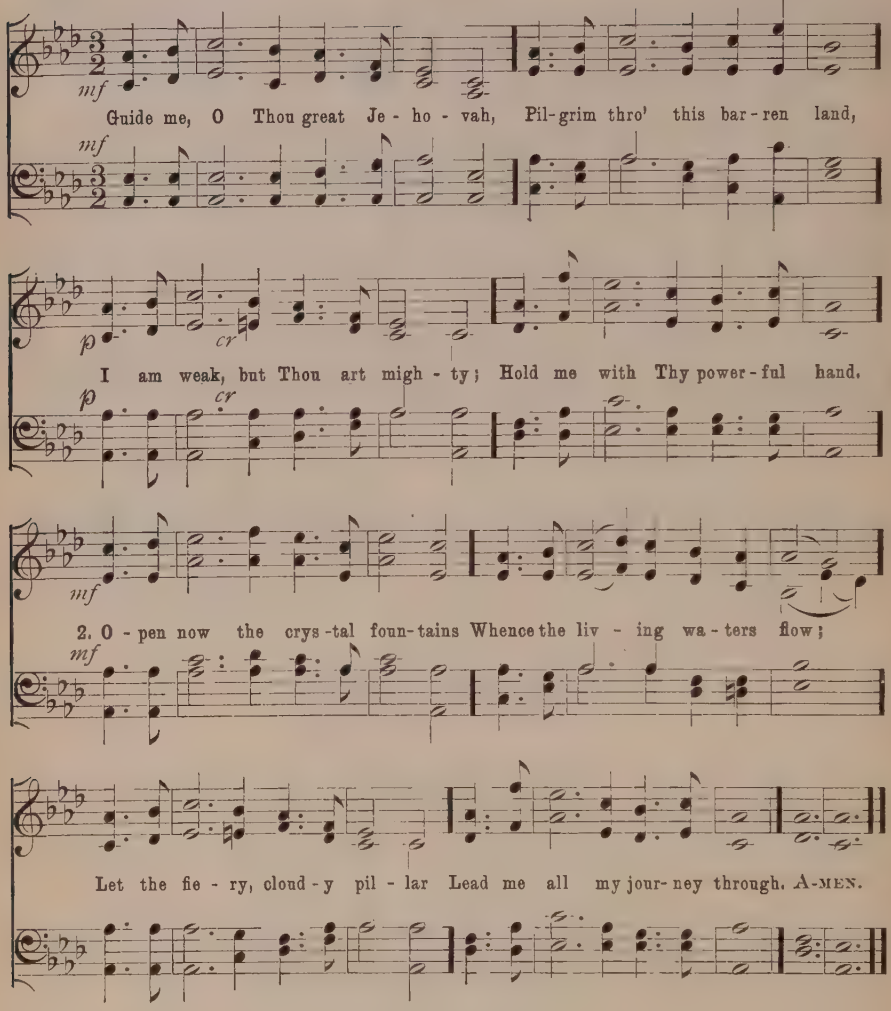
mf 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my Righteousness.

p 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
cr Bid my anxious fears subside;
f Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

TR. *P. Williams*

414 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

AUTUMN
F. H. Barthelemon

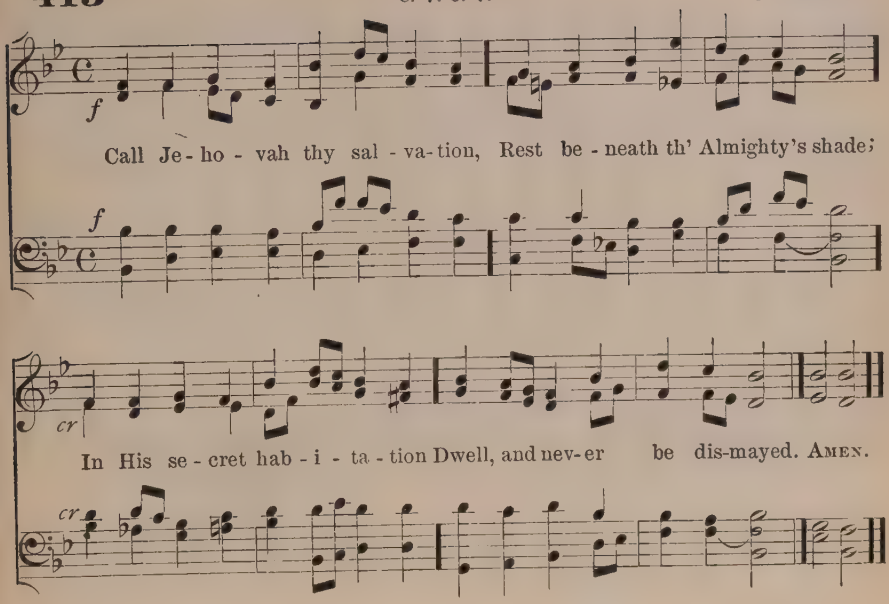

mf
Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land,
p cr
I am weak, but Thou art migh - ty; Hold me with Thy power-ful hand.
mf
2. O - pen now the crys-tal foun-tains Whence the liv - ing wa - ters flow;
Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney through. A-MEN.

mf 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my Righteousness.

p 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
cr Bid my anxious fears subside;
f Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

TR. *P. Williams*

415 8. 7. 8. 7. TRUST *Mendelssohn*


f
Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath th' Almighty's shade;
f
cr
In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis-mayed. AMEN.
cr

p 2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
cr In eternal safeguard there.

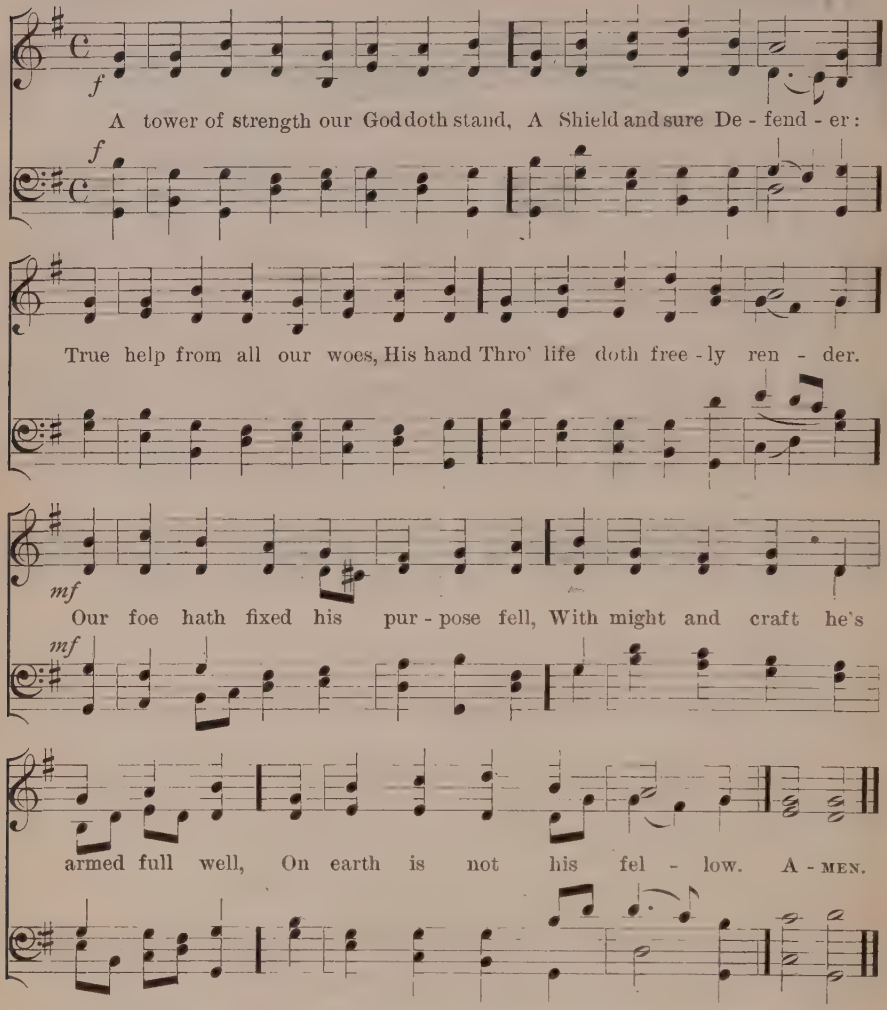
f 3 God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep:
p Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

mf 4 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection,
He will shield thee from above.

mf 5 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
cr Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

J. Montgomery

416 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. LUTHER'S HYMN
J. Klug's Gesangbuch


f
A tower of strength our God doth stand, A Shield and sure De - fend - er:
f
True help from all our woes, His hand Thro' life doth free - ly ren - der.
mf
Our foe hath fixed his pur - pose fell, With might and craft he's
mf
armed full well, On earth is not his fel - low. A - MEN.

mf 2 With force of arms we nothing can:
p Full soon were we o'erridden;
cr But for us fights the goodly Man
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
f Ask ye His Name? (*ff*) 'Tis Christ, our
The God of Hosts alone adored, [Lord,
Our Champion, none dare brave Him.

mf 3 Should hell's whole legion round us
All banded to devour us. [press.
Yet this should work us good success,
Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us:
Though this world's prince look fierce
and bold,
It matters not, his doom is told,
A single word can foil him.

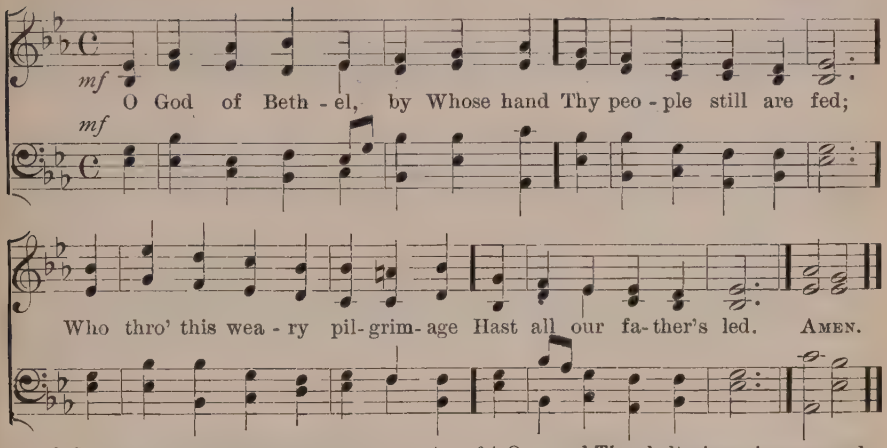
mf 4 Our foes must let the Word stand sure;
No thanks for this they're reaping;
God's Spirit in His way secure,
God's grace our souls is keeping:
p Those foes may spoil all earthly bliss:
cr Let be! they win no gain from this,
f God's kingdom still is left us.

TR. *H. J. Buckoll*

417

C. M.

DUNDEE
Scotch Psalter



p 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
cr God of our fathers, be the God
O their succeeding race.

p 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
cr Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

mf 4 O spread Thy sheltering wings around,
p Till all our wanderings cease,
cr And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

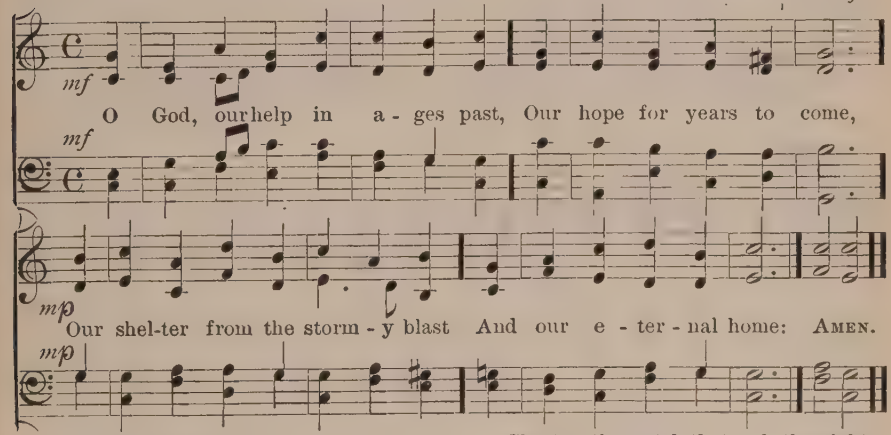
mf 5 Such blessing from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
cr And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
f And portion evermore.

P. Doddridge

418

C. M.

ST. ANNE
W. Croft



mf 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

mf 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
cr From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

p 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone:
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

p 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

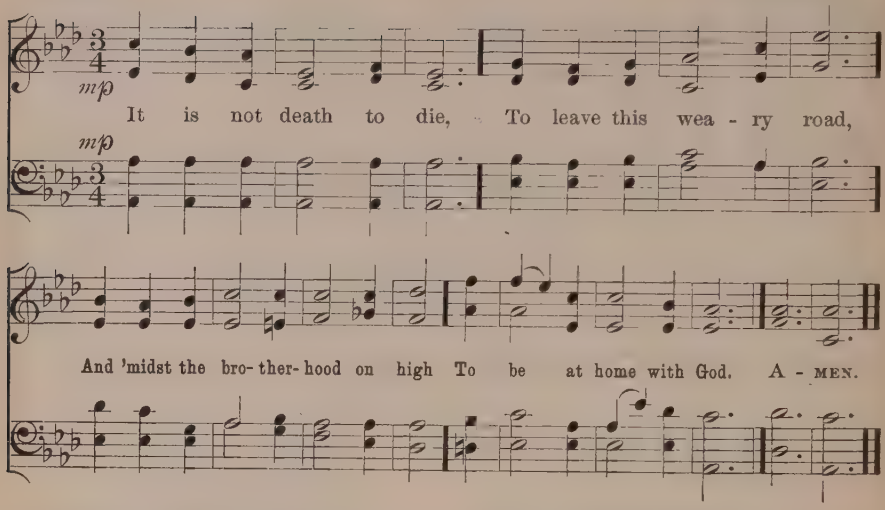
f 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

I. Watts

419

S. M.

GREENWOOD
Joseph E. Sweetser



p 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
cr And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

mf 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe
Of boundless liberty. [the air

mf 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
cr And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

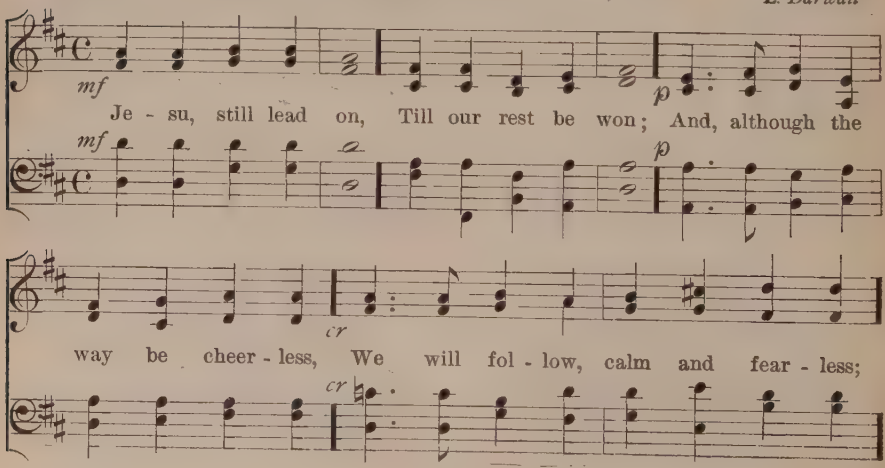
f 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die; [strife,
Like Thee, they conquer in the
To reign with Thee on high.

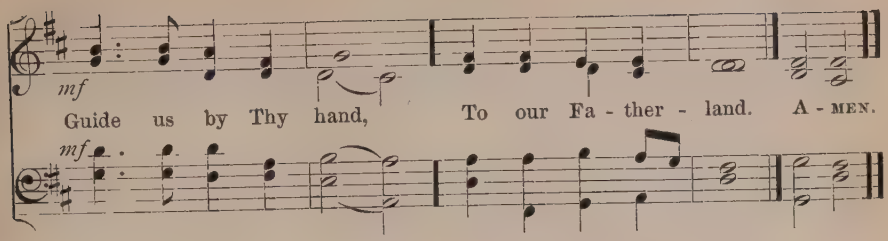
TR. *G. W. Bethune*

420 (FIRST TUNE)

5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

ST. HUBERT
L. Darwall





p 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
cr Let not faith and hope forsake us;
p For through many a woe
cr To our home we go.

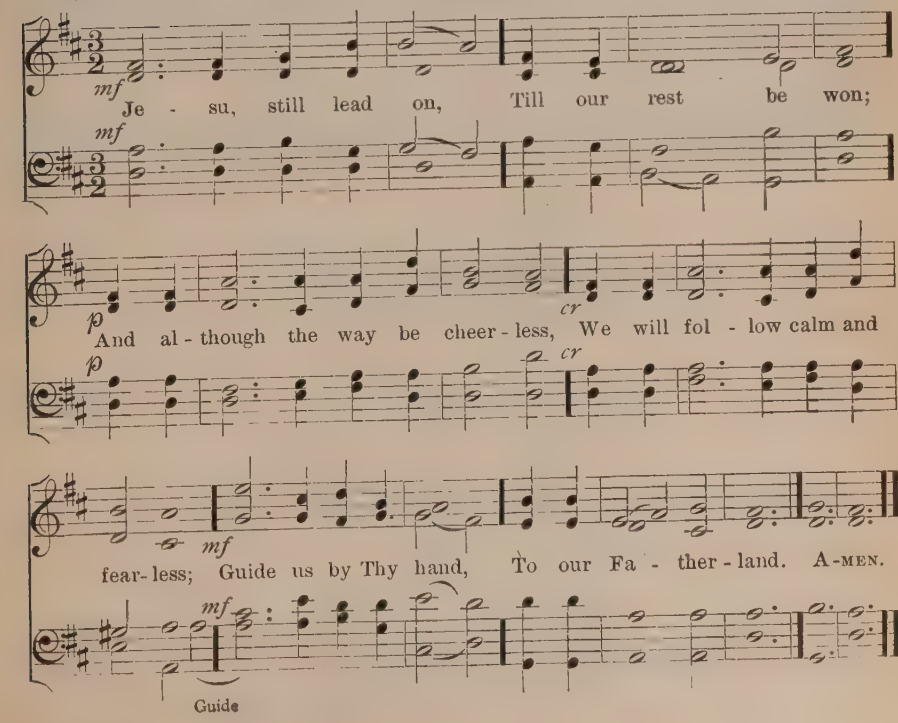
p 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief:
When temptations come alluring,
cr Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
f Where we weep no more.

mf 4 Jesu, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
cr Till we safely stand
f In our Fatherland.

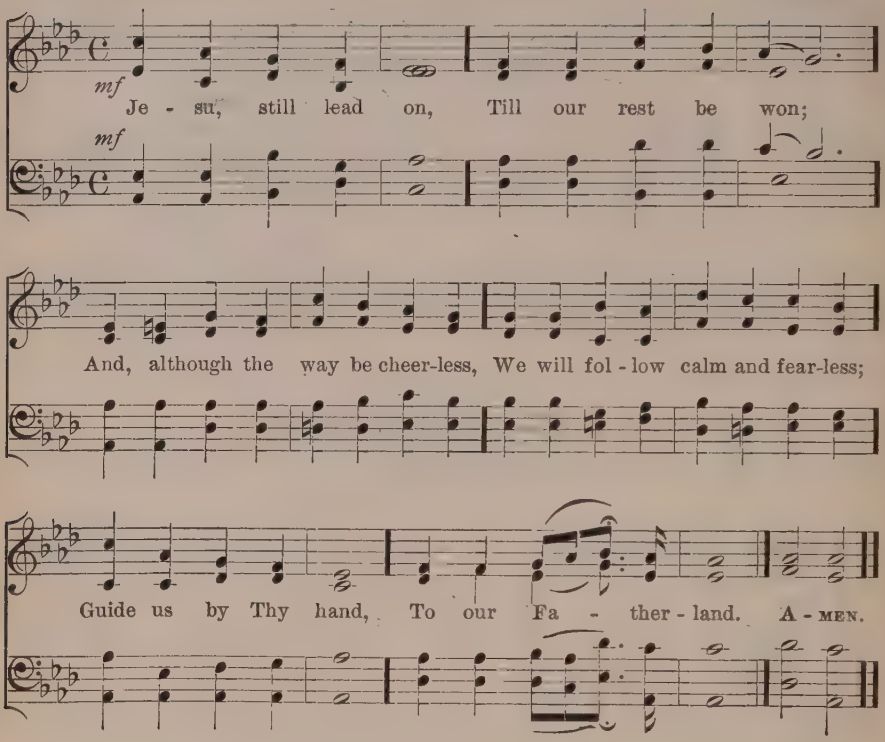
TR. *J. Borthwick*

420 (SECOND TUNE) 5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

FATHERLAND
J. Edwards


mf
Je - su, still lead on, Till our rest be won;
mf
p
cr
And al - though the way be cheer - less, We will fol - low calm and
p
cr
mf
fear - less; Guide us by Thy hand, To our Fa - ther - land. A - MEN.
mf
Guide

420 (THIRD TUNE) 5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5. FATHERLAND *Samuel Gee*


mf
Je - su, still lead on, Till our rest be won;
mf
And, although the way be cheer-less, We will fol - low calm and fear-less;
Guide us by Thy hand, To our Fa - ther - land. A - MEN.

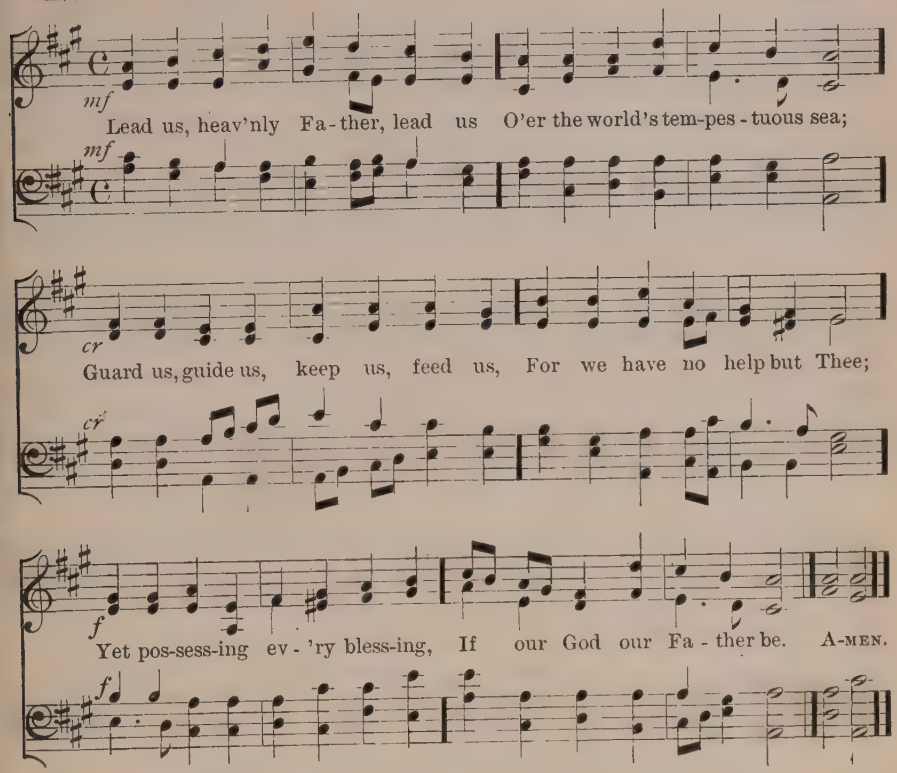
p 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
cr Let not faith and hope forsake us;
p For through many a woe
cr To our home we go.

p 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief:
When temptations come alluring,
cr Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
f Where we weep no more.

mf 4 Jesu, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
cr Till we safely stand
f In our Fatherland.

TR. *J. Borthwick*

421 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. DULCE CARMEN *Haydn*

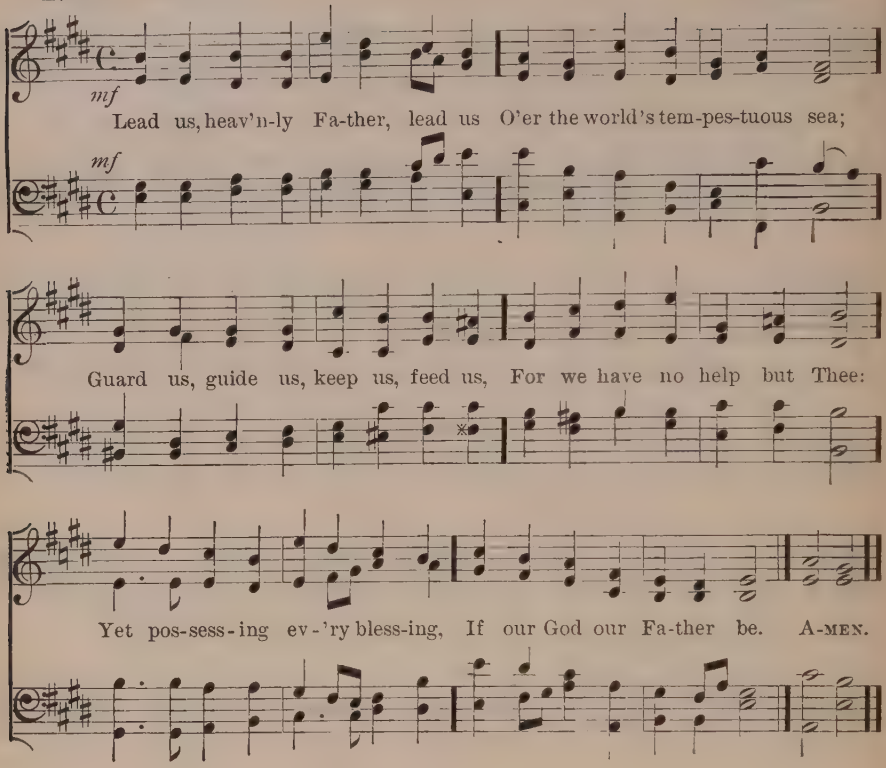

mf
Lead us, heav'nly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pes-tuous sea;
cr
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;
f
Yet pos-sess-ing ev-'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A-MEN.

p 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

mf 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. Edmeston

421 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. LAUDA ANIMA *J. Goss*


mf
Lead us, heav'n-ly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pes-tuous sea;
mf
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:
Yet pos-sess-ing ev-'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A-MEN.

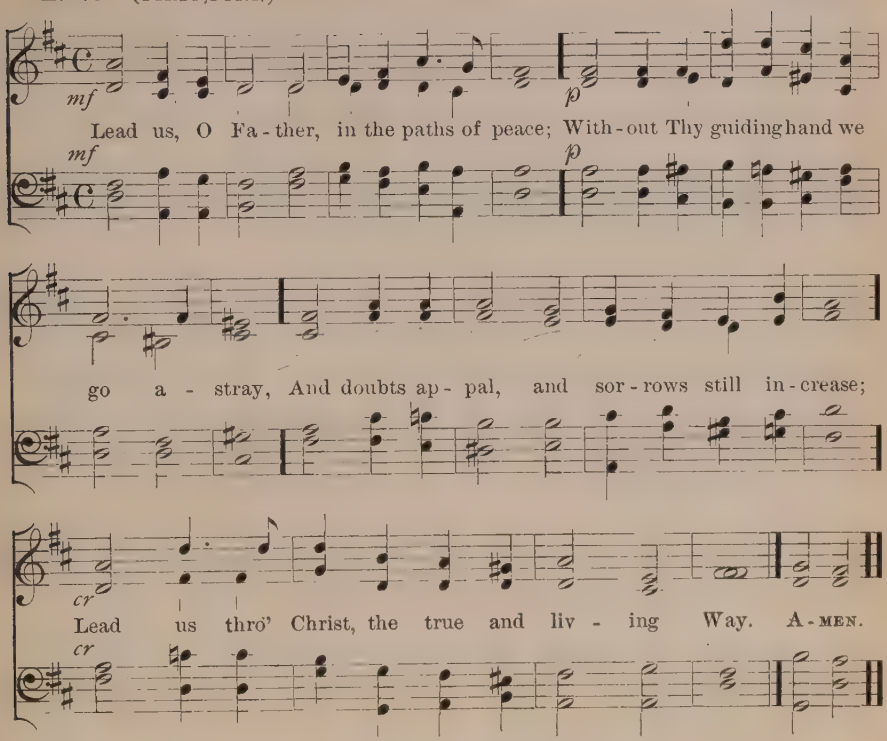
p 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

mf 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. Edmeston

422 (FIRST TUNE) 10. 10. 10. 10.

DALKEITH
T. Hewlett


mf
Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace; With - out Thy guiding hand we
p
go a - stray, And doubts ap - pal, and sor - rows still in - crease;
cr
Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv - ing Way. A - MEN.

mf 2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

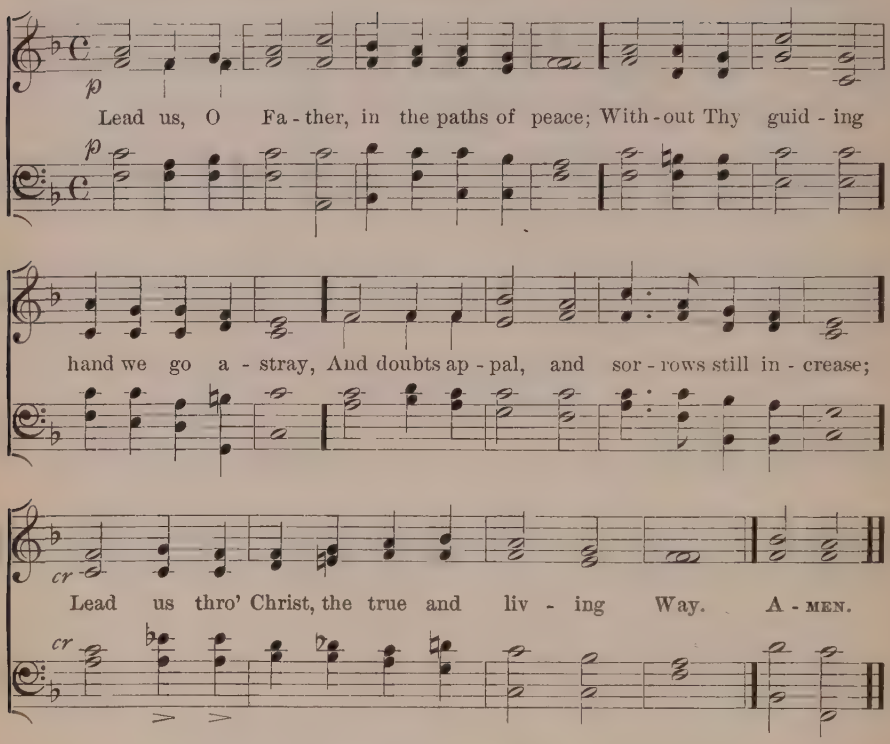
mf 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
p Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
cr Only with Thee we journey safely on.

mf 4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
p However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
cr Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. Burleigh

422 (SECOND TUNE) 10. 10. 10. 10.

LANGRAN
J. Langran


p
Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace; With - out Thy guid - ing
hand we go a - stray, And doubts ap - pal, and sor - rows still in - crease;
cr
Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv - ing Way. A - MEN.

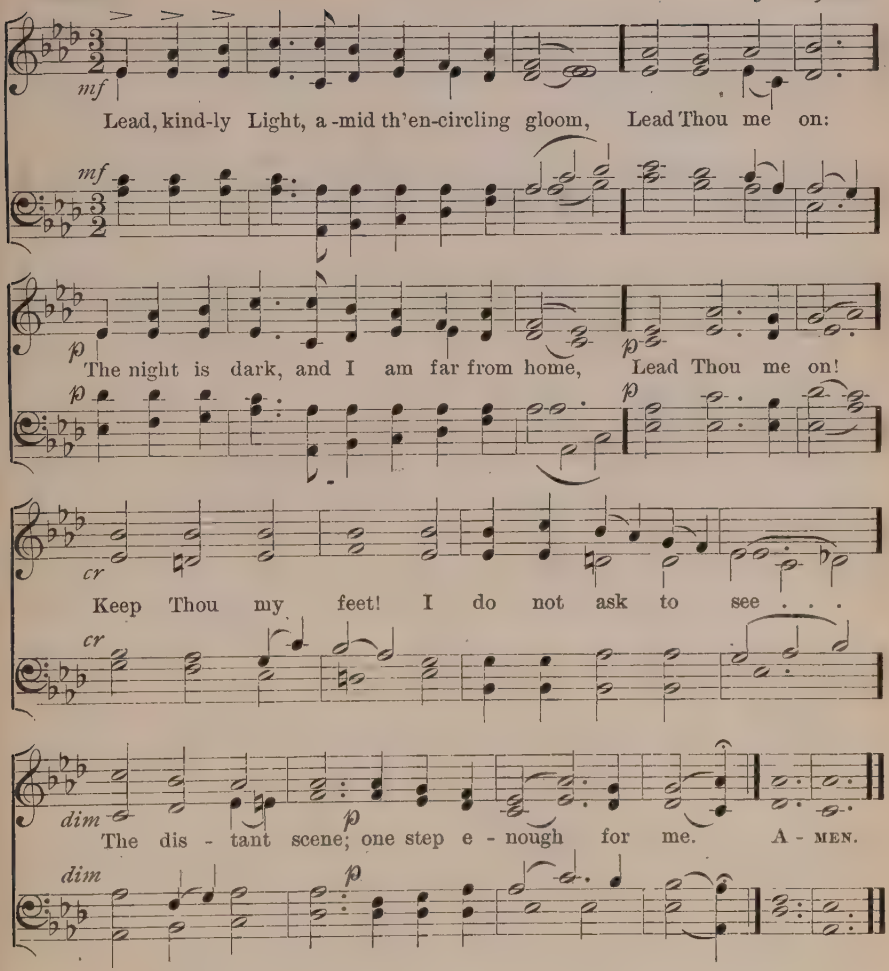
mf 2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

mf 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
p Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
cr Only with Thee we journey safely on.

mf 4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
p However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
cr Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. Burleigh

423 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10. LUX BENIGNA *J. B. Dykes*


mf
Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on:
mf
p
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!
p
cr
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see . . .
cr
dim
p
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. A - MEN.
dim
p

mf 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; (*p*) but now
Lead Thou me on!
cr I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: (*p*) remember not past years.

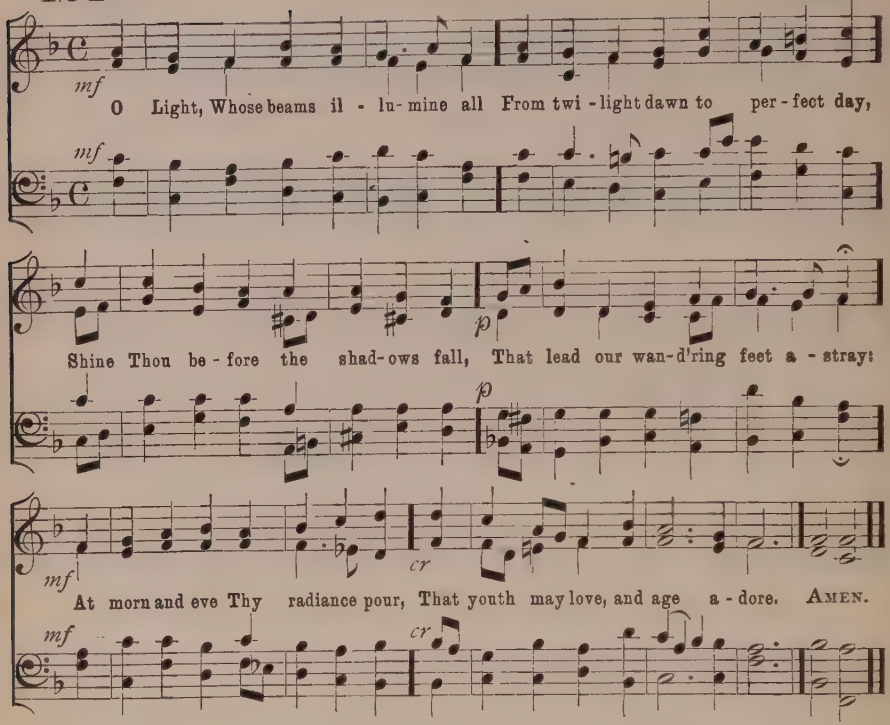
mf 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, (*p*) till
The night is gone;
cr And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman

424

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

St. Matthias
W. H. Monk


mf
O Light, Whose beams il - lu- mine all From twi - light dawn to per - fect day,
mf
p
Shine Thou be - fore the shad- ows fall, That lead our wan-d'ring feet a - stray:
p
mf
cr
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour, That youth may love, and age a - dore. Amen.
mf
cr

mf 2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
f Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
mf In strength or weakness may we see
cr Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

mf 3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
cr Turn Thou our darkness into light.

mf 4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
f Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
p In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
cr Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

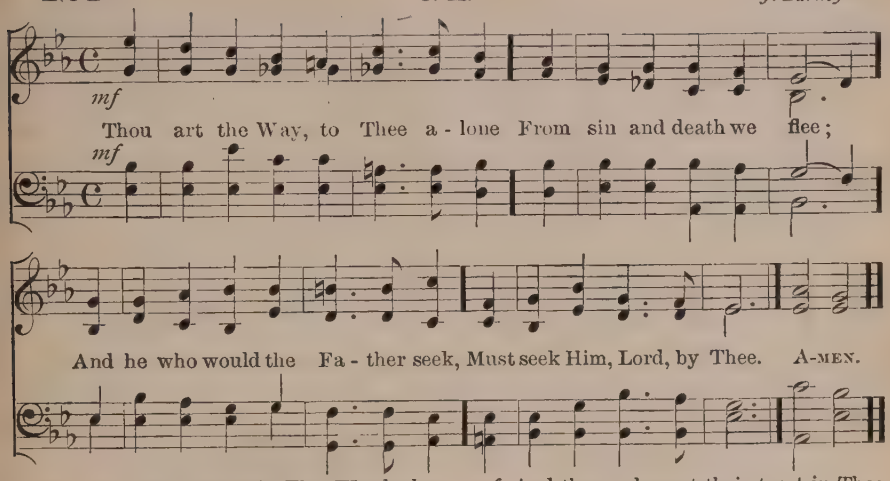
f 5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
p Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife;
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
f Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living (*p*) and the dead.

E. H. Plumptre

425

C. M.

HOLY TRINITY
J. Barnby


mf
Thou art the Way, to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;
mf
And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. A-MEN.

mf 2 Thou art the Truth, Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

mf 3 Thou art the Life, (*f*) the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
mf And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

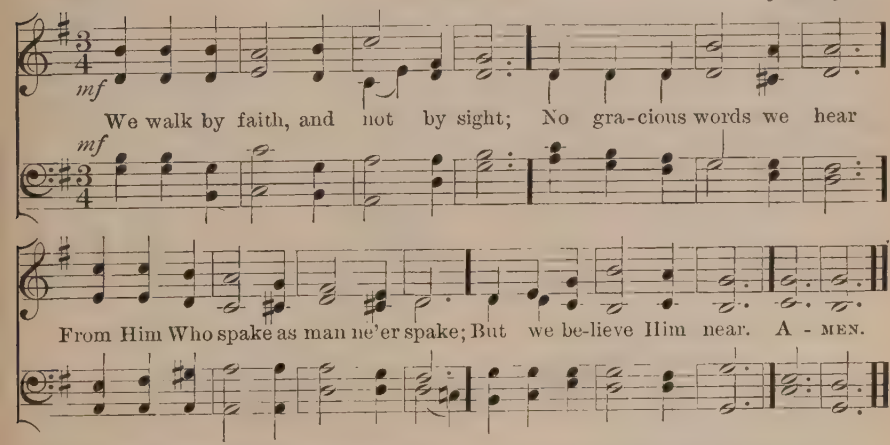
mf 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
p Grant us that way to know,
cr That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. Doane

426

C. M.

ST. AGNES
J. B. Dykes


mf
We walk by faith, and not by sight; No gra-cious words we hear
mf
From Him Who spake as man ne'er spake; But we be-lieve Him near. A - MEN.

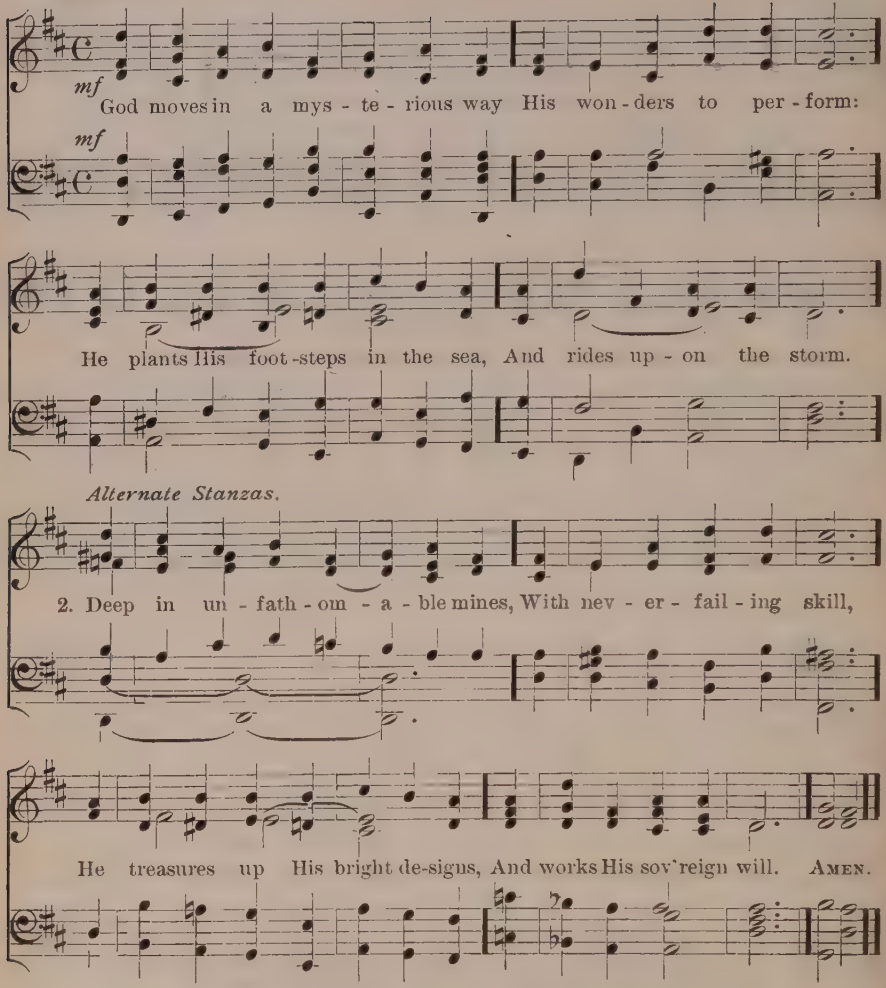
mf 2 We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, "My Lord and God!"

p 3 Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;
cr And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found;

mf 4 That, when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
cr We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight.

H. Alford

427 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. SUTHER *W. Leigh*


mf
God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form:
mf
He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
Alternate Stanzas.
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines, With nev - er - fail - ing skill,
He treasures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov'reign will. AMEN.

mf 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
cr Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

mf 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
p Behind a frowning providence
cr He hides a smiling face.

mf 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
p The bud may have a bitter taste,
cr But sweet will be the flower.

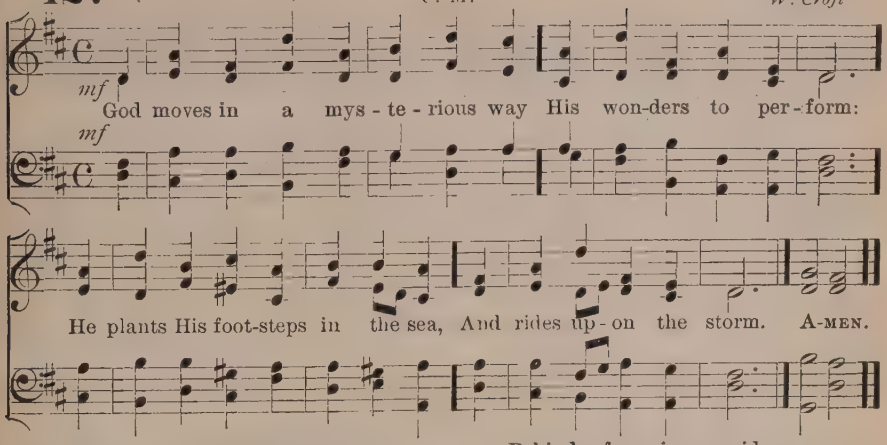
mf 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
cr God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper

427 (SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

LONDON NEW
W. Croft



mf 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

mf 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
cr Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

mf 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense;
But trust Him for His grace;
p Behind a frowning providence
cr He hides a smiling face.

mf 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
p The bud may have a bitter taste,
cr But sweet will be the flower.

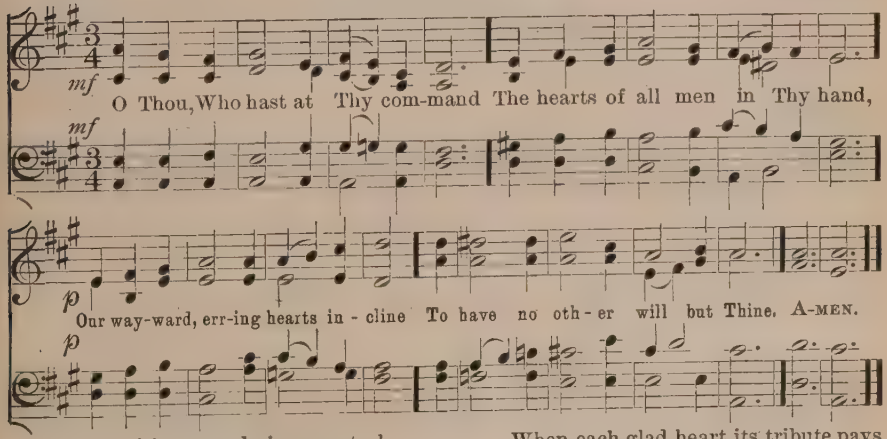
mf 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
cr God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper

428

L. M.

STRATFORD
J. Barnby


mf
O Thou, Who hast at Thy com-mand The hearts of all men in Thy hand,
mf
p
Our way-ward, err-ing hearts in - cline To have no oth - er will but Thine. A-MEN.
p

mf 2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mold every purpose of the soul;
cr O'er all may we victorious prove
That stands between us and Thy love.

mf 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look thro' them to Thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

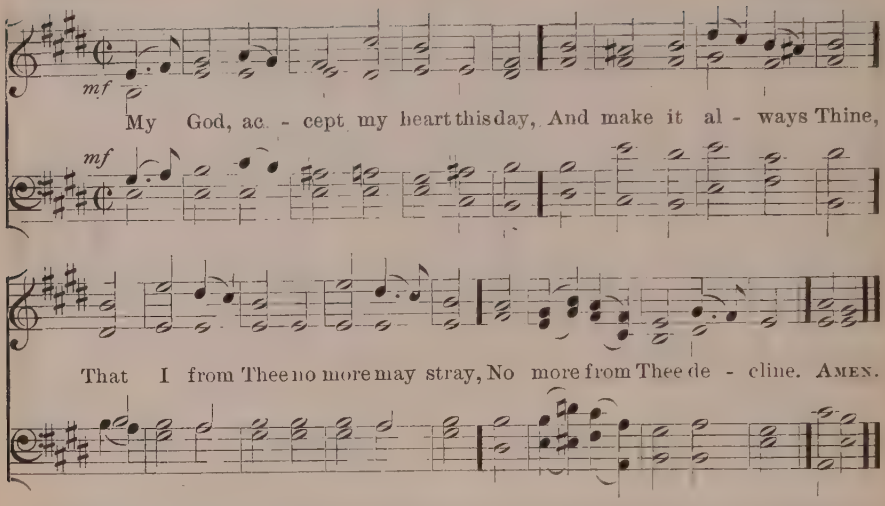
mf 4 And while we to Thy glory live,
May we to Thee all glory give,
p Until the final summons come,
cr That calls Thy willing servants home.

M. J. Cotterill

429

C. M.

BURLINGTON
J. Burrowes


mf
My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine,
mf
That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline. AMEN.

p 2 Before the Cross of Him Who died.
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
cr And Christ be all in all.

mf 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace
And seal me for Thine own;
f That I may see Thy glorious face,
p And worship near Thy throne.

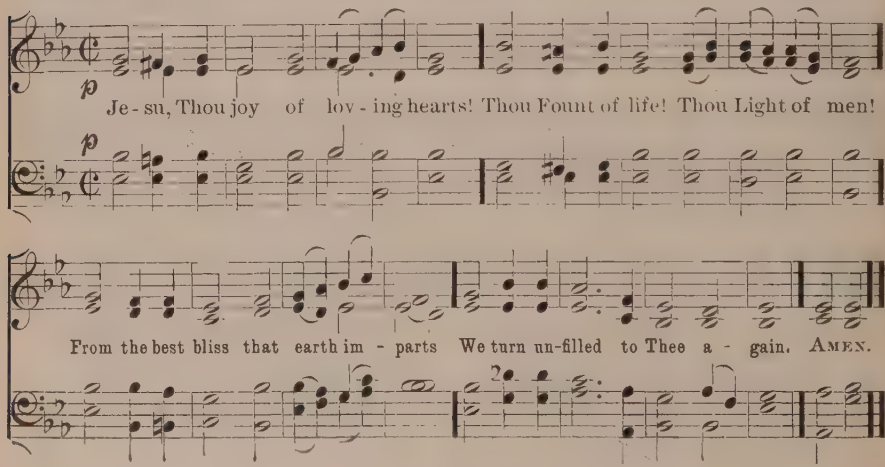
mf 4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
cr And death the gate of heaven!

M. Bridges

430 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

HOLLEY
George Hews


p
Je - su, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
p
From the best bliss that earth im - parts We turn un-filled to Thee a - gain. AMEN.

mf 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
cr To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

nf 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head.
And thirst from Thee our souls to fill.

p 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
cr Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

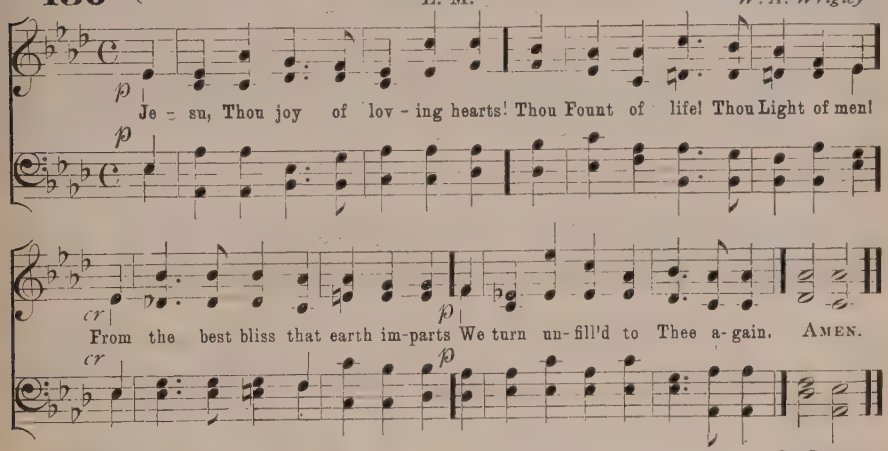
mp 5 O Jesu, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
cr Chase the dark night of sin away!
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

TR. *R. Palmer*

430 (SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

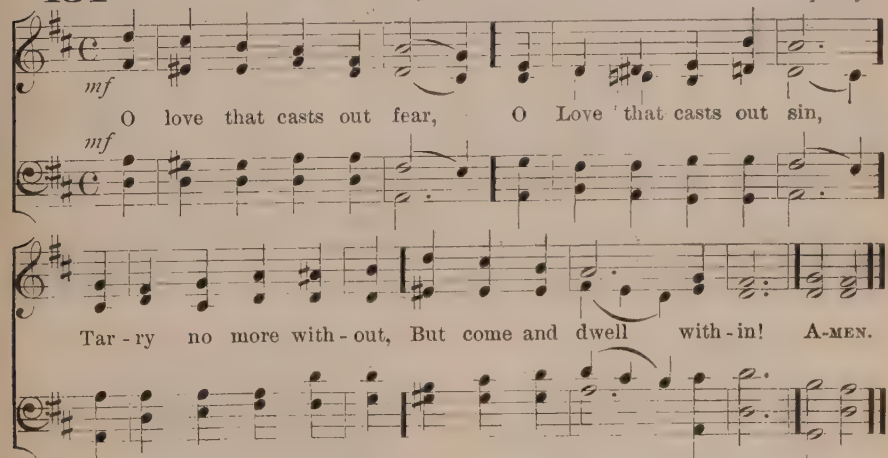
THIRSK
W. A. Wrigley


Je - su, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth im-parts We turn un-fill'd to Thee a-gain. AMEN.

431

6. 6. 6. 6.

ST. DENYS
F. Spinney



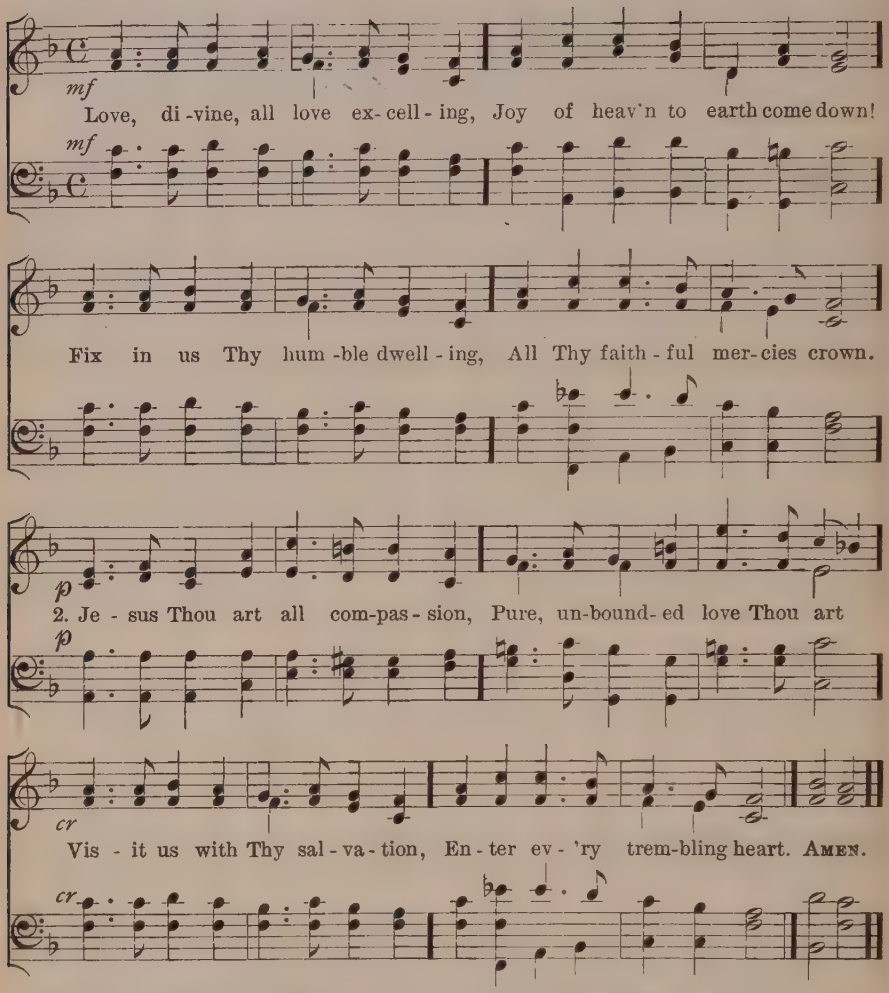
mf 2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
cr So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.

f 3 Great love of God come in!
Well-spring of heavenly peace;
Thou Living Water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.

mf 4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.

H. Bonar

432 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D. WESTON *J. E. Roe*


mf
Love, di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
p
2. Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art
cr
Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart. AMEN.

mf 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Come to us, dear Lord, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

cr 4 Thee we would be alway blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
f Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

mf 5 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured in Thee:

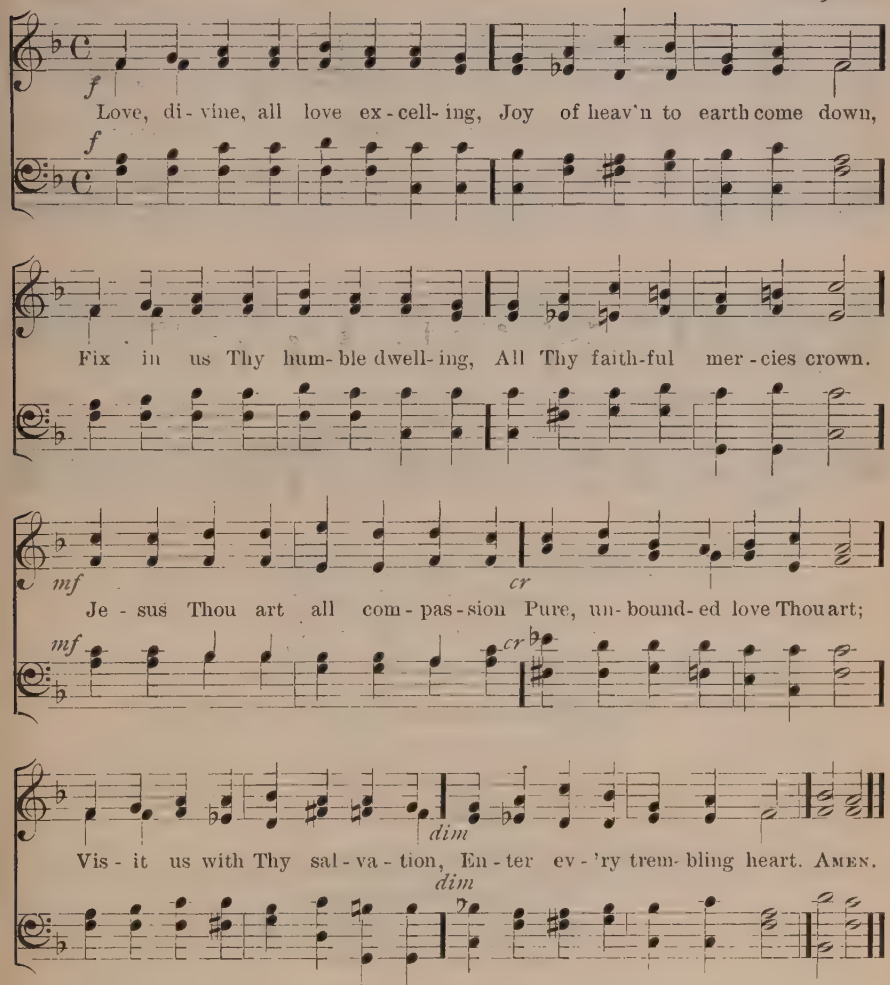
cr 6 Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley

432 (SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

LOVE DIVINE
G. F. Le Jeune


f
Love, di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
mf
cr
Je - sus Thou art all com - pas - sion Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
dim
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart. AMEN.

mf 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Come to us, dear Lord, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

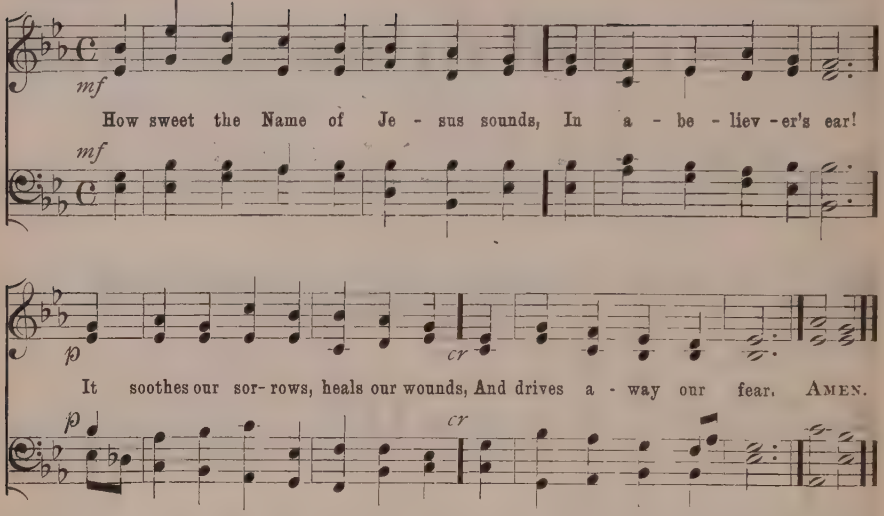
cr 4 Thee we would be alway blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
f Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

mf 5 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured in Thee:

cr 6 Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise

C. Wesley

433 C. M. ST. PETER *A. R. Reinagle*


mf
How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds, In a - be - liev - er's ear!
mf
p
cr
It soothes our sor- rows, heals our wounds, And drives a - way our fear. AMEN.
p
cr

p 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

mf 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

f 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

p 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
cr But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

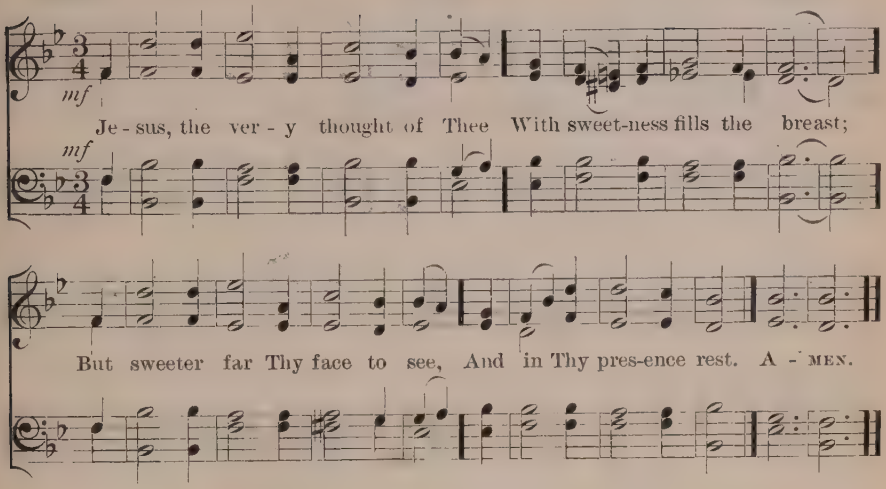
mf 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
p And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

J. Newton

434 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

ST. RAPHAEL
From "Oratory Hymns"


mf
Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills the breast;
mf
But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A - MEN.

mf 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

mf 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
p To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
cr How good to those who seek.

mf 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

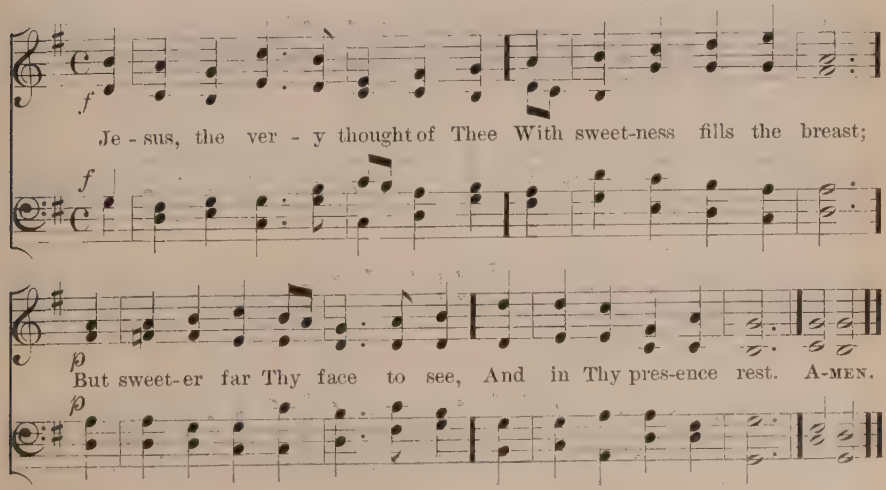
f 5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
cr In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

TR. *E. Caswall*

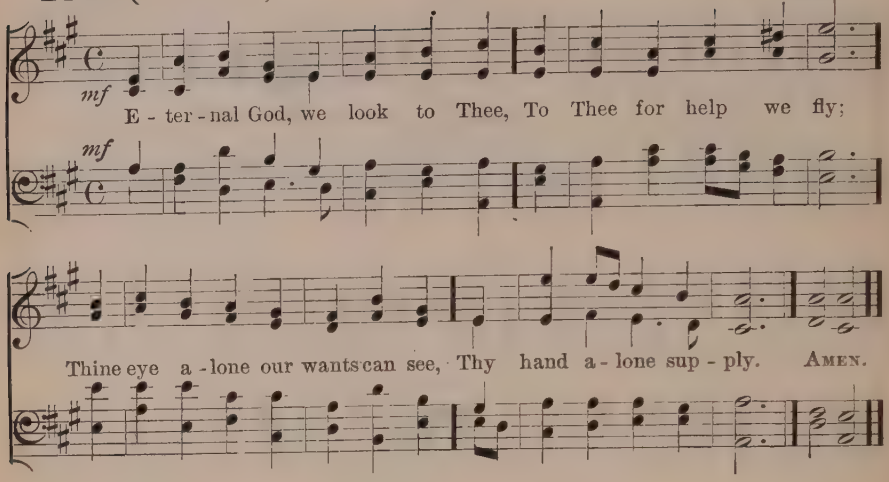
(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

DULCIS MEMORIA
J. B. Dykes


f
Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills the breast;
f
p
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A-MEN.
p

435 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. NOTTINGHAM *J. Clark*

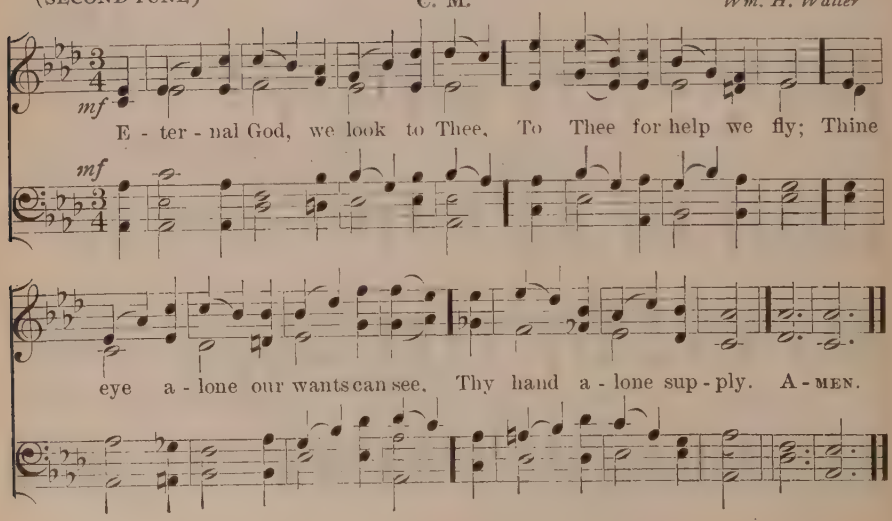


mf 2 Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear all fear beside.

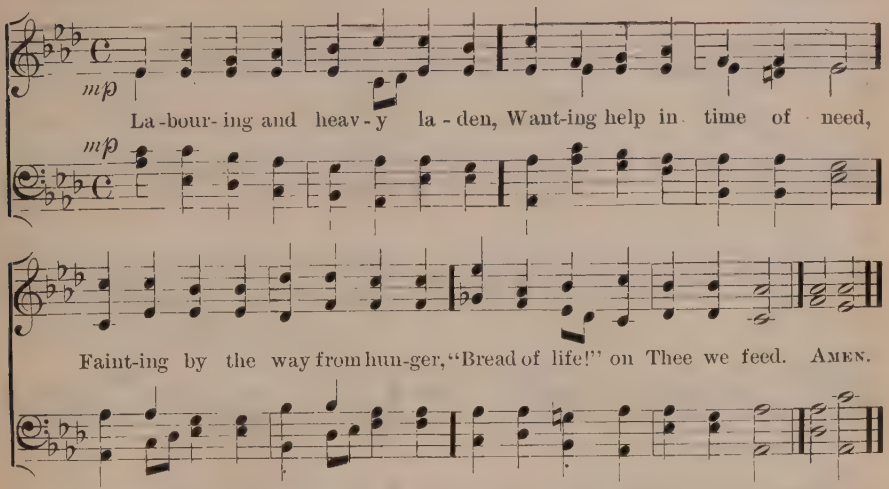
mf 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let Thy grace supply!
The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

I. Merrick

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. CHESTNUT RIDGE *Wm. H. Walter*



436 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. ARUNDEL *J. B. Dykes*


mp
La-bour-ing and heav-y la-den, Want-ing help in time of need,
mp
Faint-ing by the way from hun-ger, "Bread of life!" on Thee we feed. AMEN.

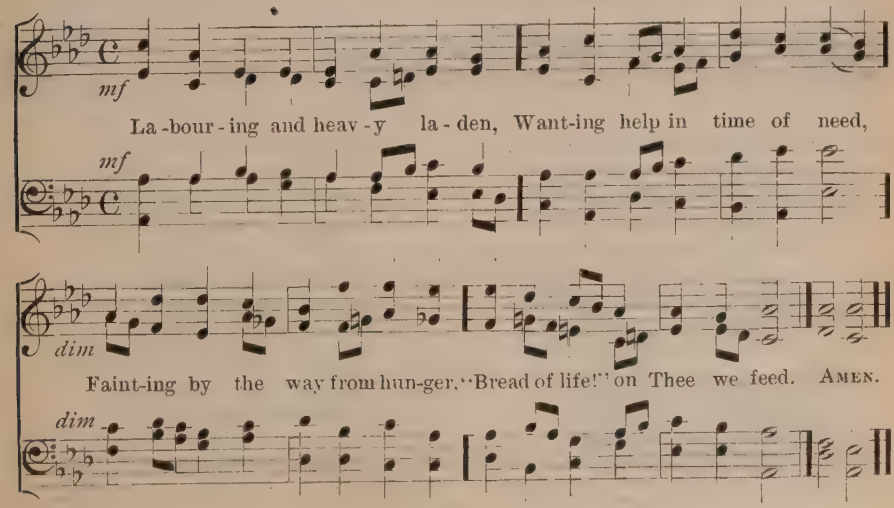
mf 2 Thirsting for the springs of waters
That, by love's eternal law,
From the stricken Rock are flowing,
"Well of life!" from Thee we draw.

p 3 In the land of cloud and shadow.
Where no human eye can see,
cr Light to those who sit in darkness.
"Light of life!" we walk in Thee.

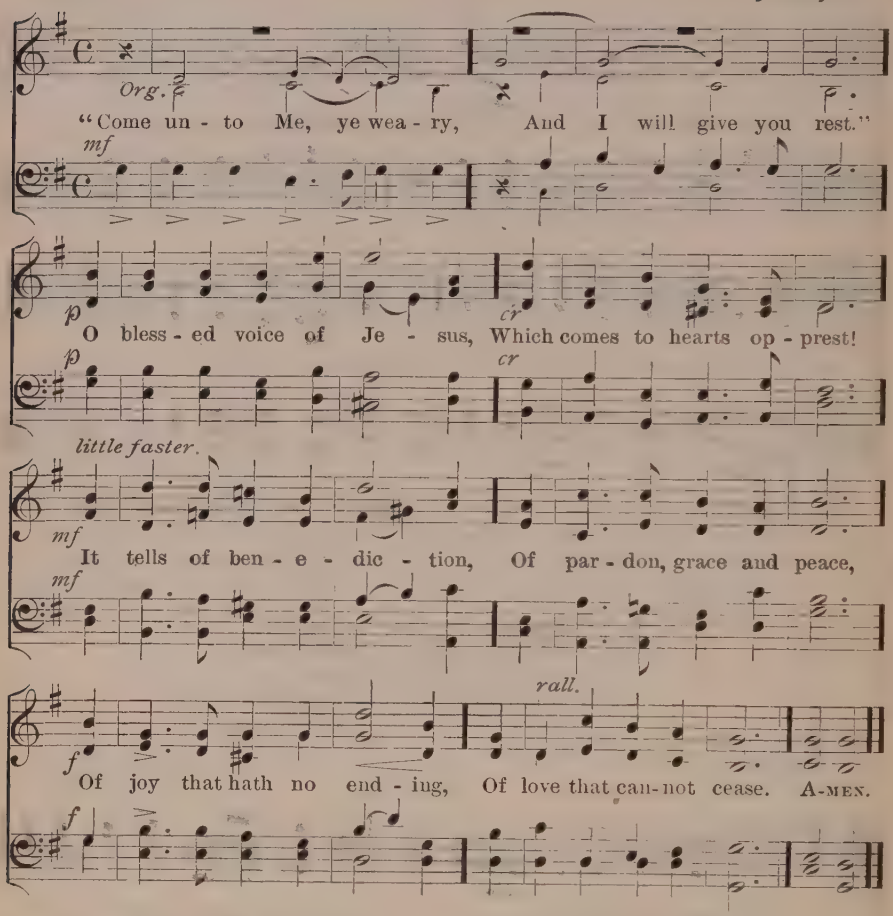
mf 4 Thou the grace of life supplying,
Thou the crown of life wilt give;
p Dead to sin, and daily dying,
cr "Life of life!" in Thee we live.

I. S. B. Monsell

(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. CROSS OF JESUS *J. Stainer*


mf
La-bour-ing and heav-y la-den, Want-ing help in time of need,
mf
dim
Faint-ing by the way from hun-ger, "Bread of life!" on Thee we feed. AMEN.
dim

437 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. COME UNTO ME *J. B. Dykes*


Org.
"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
mf
O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
p
cr
little faster.
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace,
mf
rall.
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can-not cease. A-MEN.
f

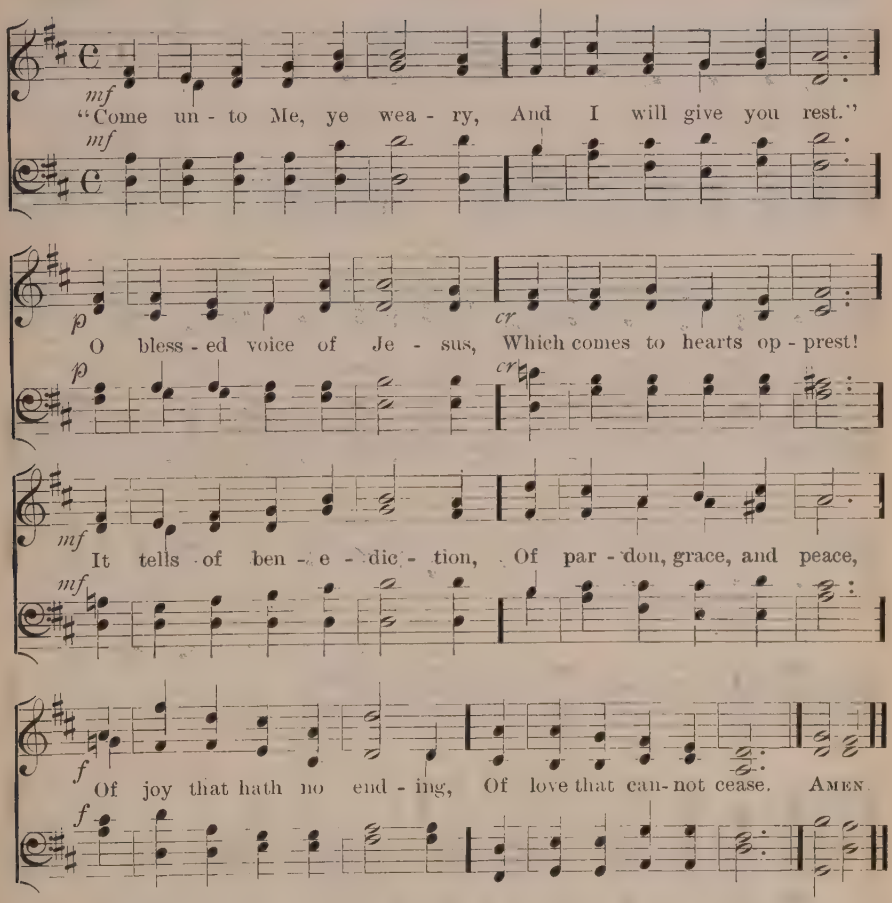
mf 2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
p O loving voice of Jesus,
cr Which comes to cheer the night!
p Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
f But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

mf 3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
cr Which comes to aid our strife!
mf The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
f But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

mf 4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
cr Which drives away our doubt!
mf Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
cr Of love so free and boundless,
p To come, O Lord, to Thee.

W. C. Dix

437 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. BENTLEY *I. Hullah*


mf
"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
mf
p
cr
O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
p
cr
mf
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
mf
f
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. AMEN.
f

mf 2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
p O loving voice of Jesus,
cr Which comes to cheer the night!
p Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
f But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

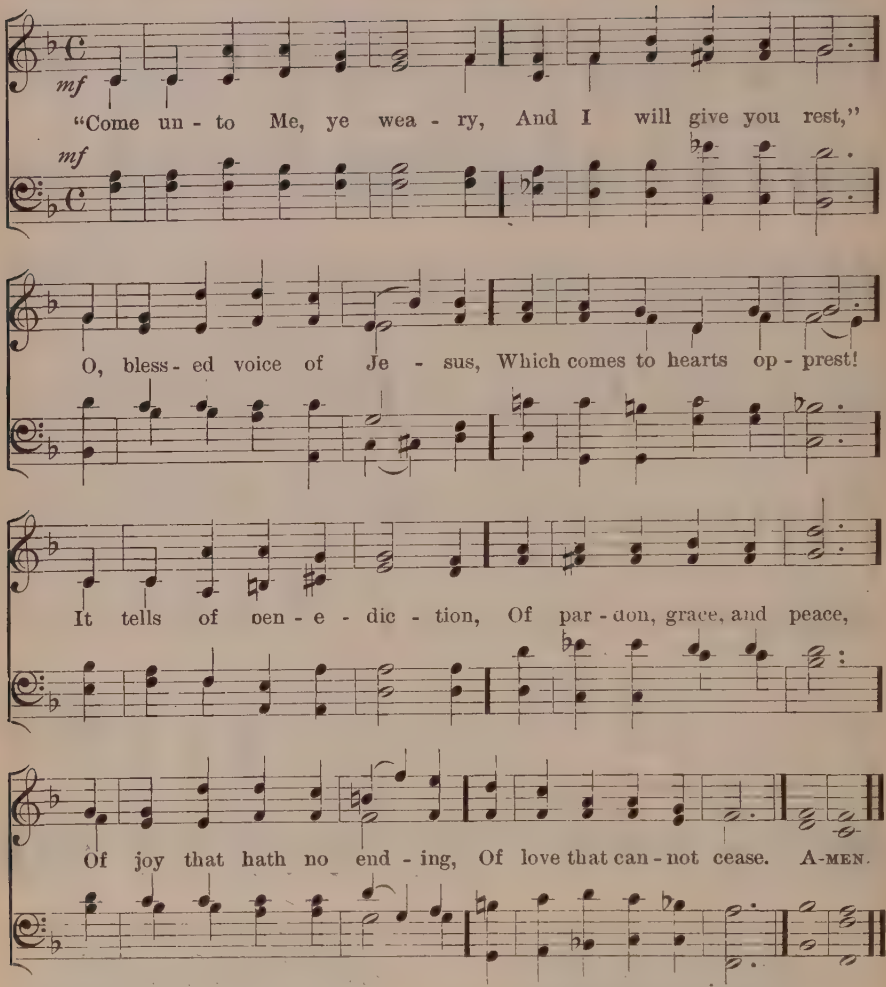
mf 3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
cr Which comes to aid our strife!
mf The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
f But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

mf 4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
cr Which drives away our doubt!
mf Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
cr Of love so free and boundless,
p To come, O Lord, to Thee.

W. C. Dix

437 (THIRD TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

SAVOY CHAPEL
J. B. Calkin


mf
"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest,"
O, bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A-MEN.

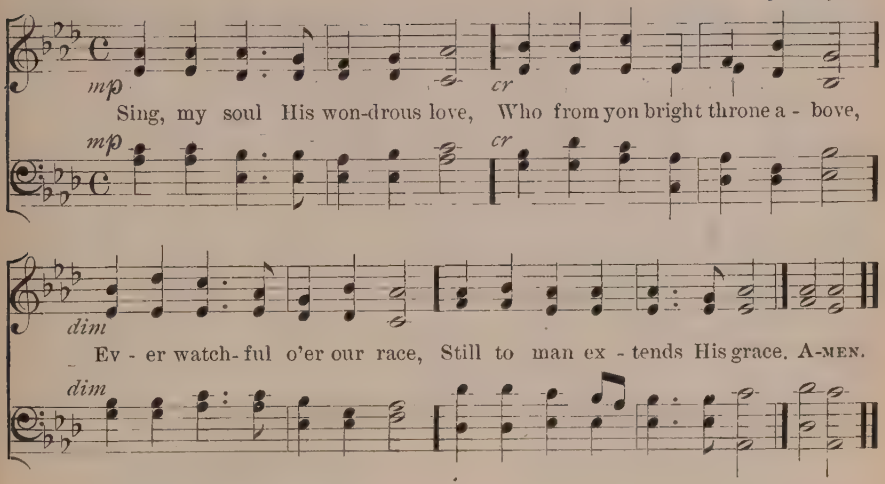
mf 2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
p O loving voice of Jesus,
cr Which comes to cheer the night!
p Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
f But he has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

mf 3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
cr Which comes to aid our strife!
mf The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
f But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

mf 4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
cr Which drives away our doubt!
mf Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
cr Of love so free and boundless,
p To come, O Lord, to Thee.

W. C. Dix

438 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. ST. BEES *J. B. Dykes*


mp
cr
Sing, my soul His won-drous love, Who from yon bright throne a - bove,
mp
cr
dim
Ev - er watch-ful o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends His grace. A-MEN.
dim

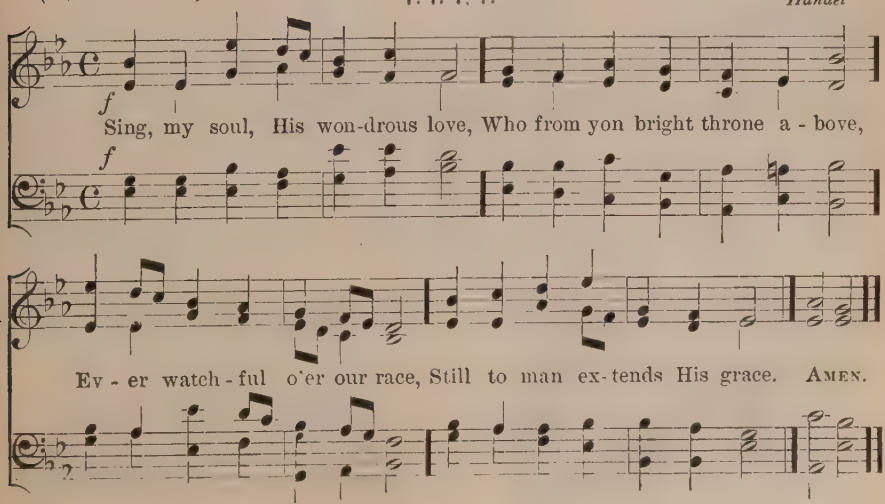
mf 2 Heav'n and earth by Him were made;
All is by His sceptre swayed;
p What are we that He should show
So much love to us below?

mf 3 God, the merciful and good,
p Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
cr And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His Spirit pure.

f 4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name!
Let His glory be thy theme:
Praise Him till He calls thee home;
Trust His love for all to come.

Anon.

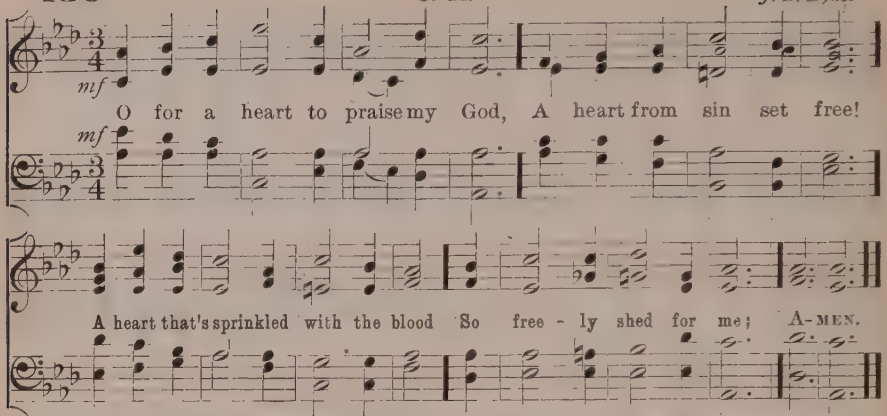
(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. THEODORA *Handel*


f
Sing, my soul, His won-drous love, Who from yon bright throne a - bove,
f
Ev - er watch-ful o'er our race, Still to man ex-tends His grace. AMEN.

439

C. M.

BEATITUDO
J. B. Dykes


mf
O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
mf
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free - ly shed for me; A - MEN.

mp 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

p 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
cr Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

mf 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

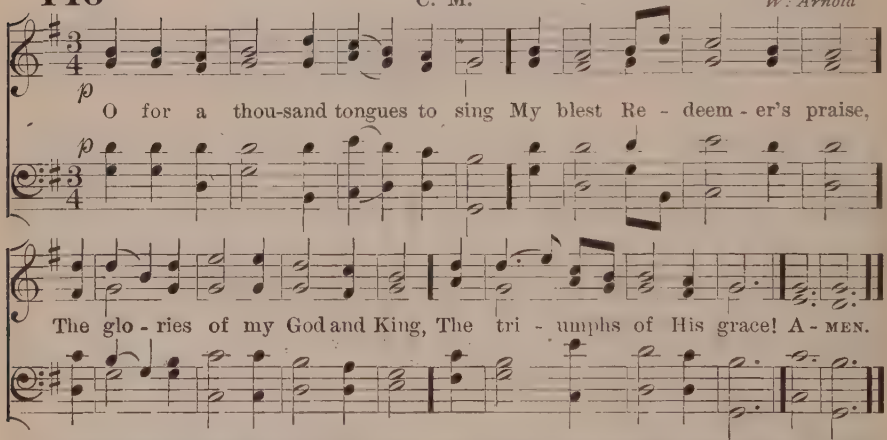
mf 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
cr Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
f Thy new, best Name of Love.

C. Wesley

440

C. M.

ALEXANDRIA
W. Arnold



p 2 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace,

mf 3 He speaks; and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

mf 4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

mf 5 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the world
The honours of Thy Name. [abroad

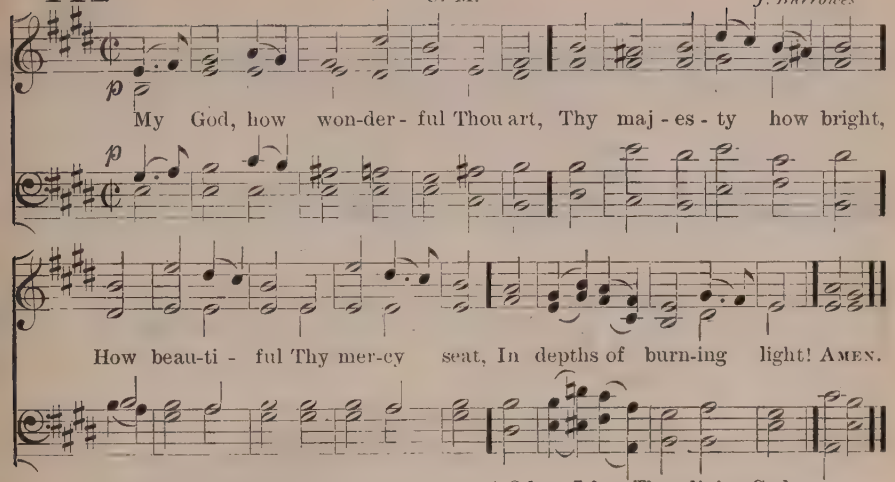
C. Wesley

* The tune for 439 may be used if preferred.

441

C. M.

BURLINGTON
J. Burrowes



p 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

mf 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless pow'r,
And awful purity!

p 4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

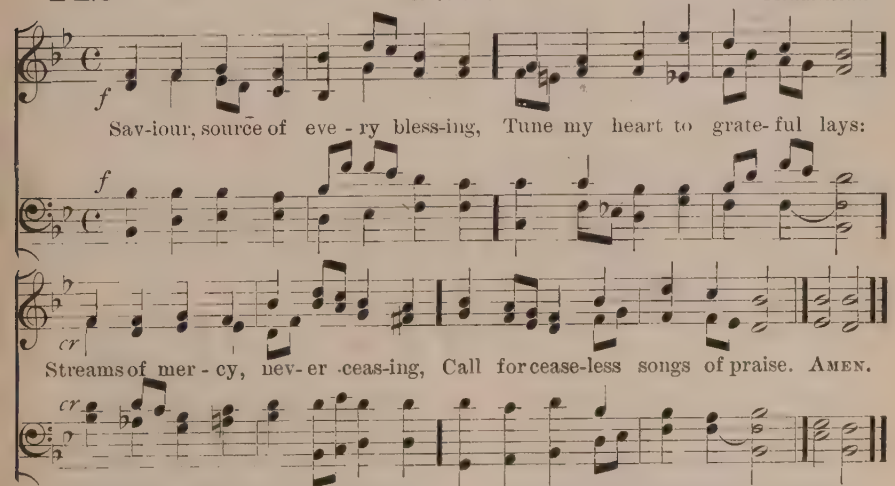
cr 5 Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

F. W. Faber.

442

8. 7. 8. 7.

TRUST
Mendelssohn


Sav-iour, source of eve - ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays:
Streams of mer - cy, nev- er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise. AMEN.

mf 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

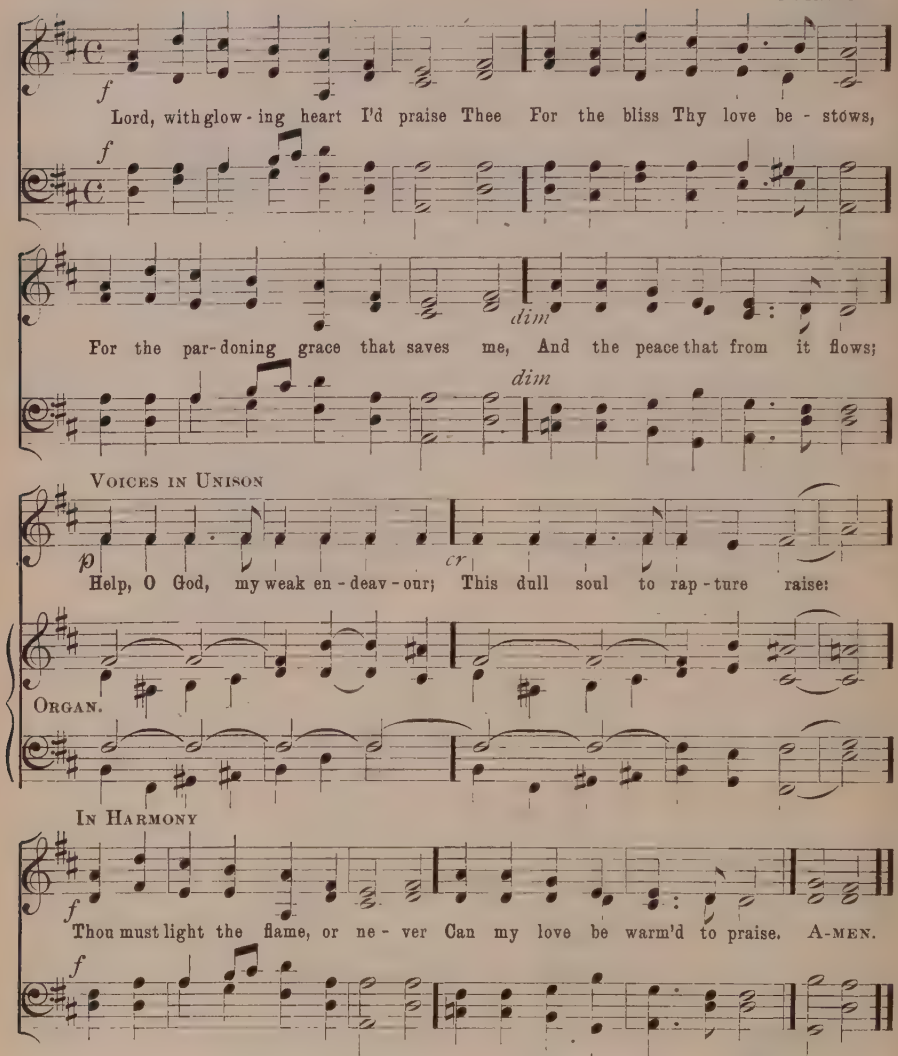
p 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

mf 4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

P. Robinson

443 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

ST. CHAD
R. Redhead


f
Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,
f
dim
For the par-doning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows;
dim
VOICES IN UNISON
p
cr
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - our; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:
ORGAN.
IN HARMONY
f
Thou must light the flame, or ne - ver Can my love be warm'd to praise. A-MEN.
f

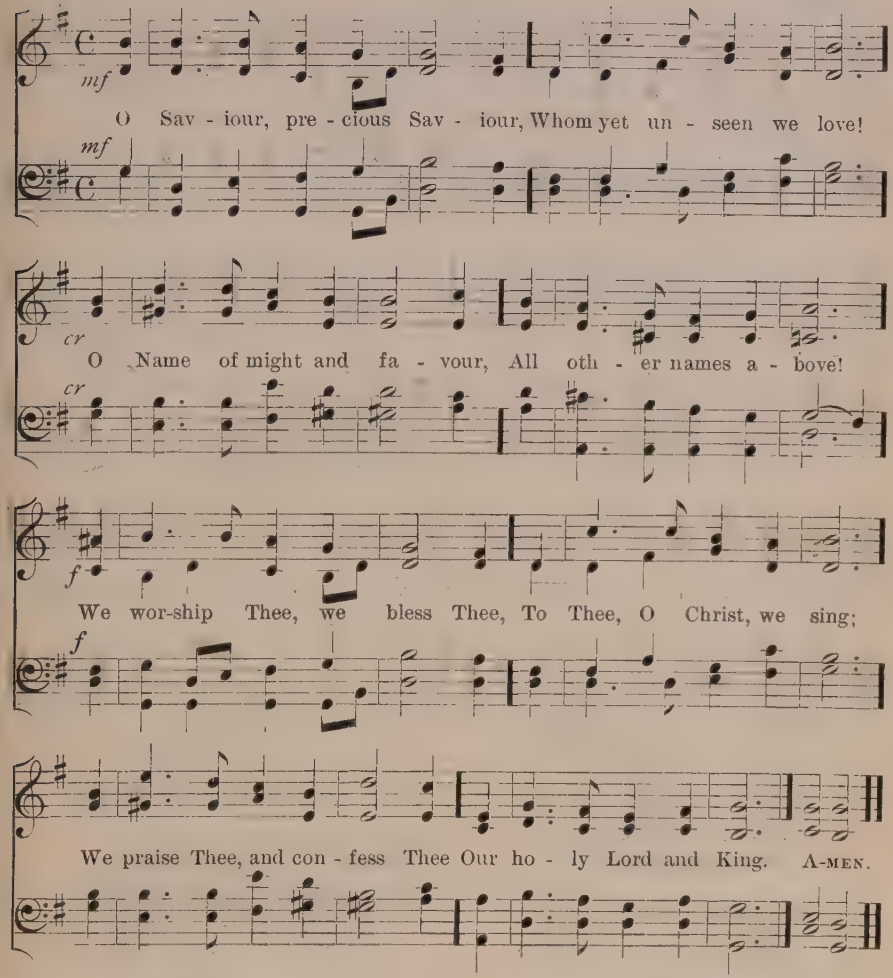
mf 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
p Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
f Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him, who saw thy guilt-born fear,
p And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

mf 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
p Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
mf Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

F. S. Key

444 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

WATERMOUTH
A. H Maun


mf
O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love!
cr
O Name of might and fa - vour, All oth - er names a - bove!
f
We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King. A-MEN.

mf 2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
f We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

f 3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

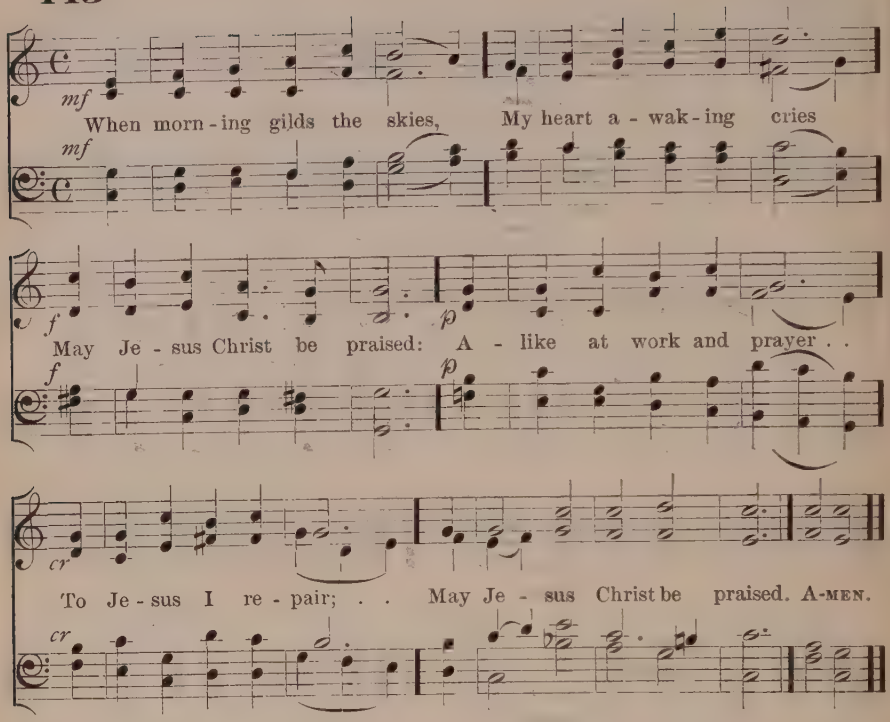
mf 4 O grant the consummation
cr Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
f And everlasting love!
ff Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

F. R. Havergal.

445

6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

LAUDES DOMINI
J. Barnby



mf 2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
f May Jesus Christ be praised!
p O hark to what it sings,
cr As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

mf 3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
f May Jesus Christ be praised!
p This song of sacred joy,
cr It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

p 4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
mf May Jesus Christ be praised!
p When evil thoughts molest,
cr With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

p 5 Does sadness fill my mind?
cr A solace here I find,
mf May Jesus Christ be praised!
p Or fades my earthly bliss?
cr My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

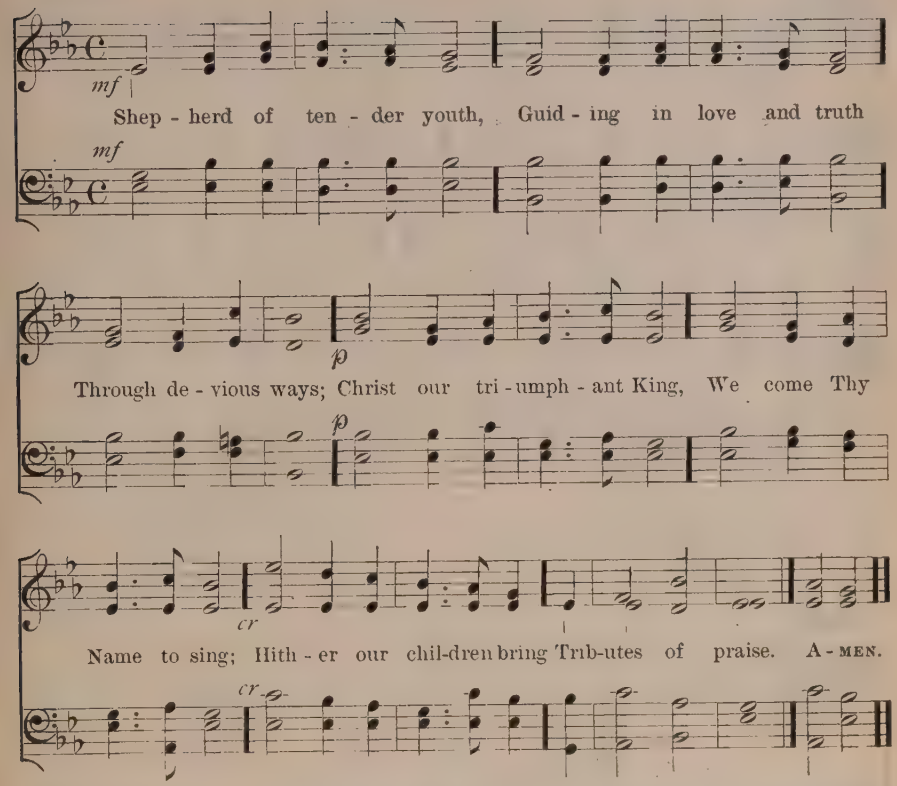
mf 6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
f May Jesus Christ be praised!
p The powers of darkness fear,
cr When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

f 7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
ff May Jesus Christ he praised!
f Let earth, and sea, and sky
cr From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

mf 8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
f May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
cr May Jesus Christ be praised!

TR. *E. Caswall*

446 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. OLIVET *L. Mason*


mf
Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth
mf
p
Through de - vious ways; Christ our tri - umph - ant King, We come Thy
p
cr
Name to sing; Hith - er our chil-dren bring Trib-utes of praise. A - MEN.
cr

mf 2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
p Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
cr Thou mightest save our race,
f And give us life.

mf 3 Thou art the great High-Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
p While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
cr Help Thou dost not disdain,
f Help from above.

mf 4 Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
f Make our faith strong.

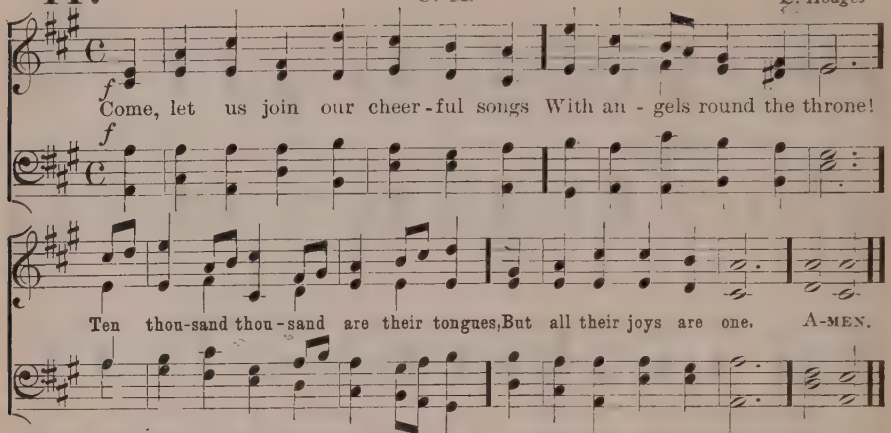
mf 5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
cr Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!

TR. *H. M Dexter*

447

C. M.

BRISTOL
E. Hodges


f
Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne!
f
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A-MEN.

f 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died, they" cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

mf 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
cr And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine!

f 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise!

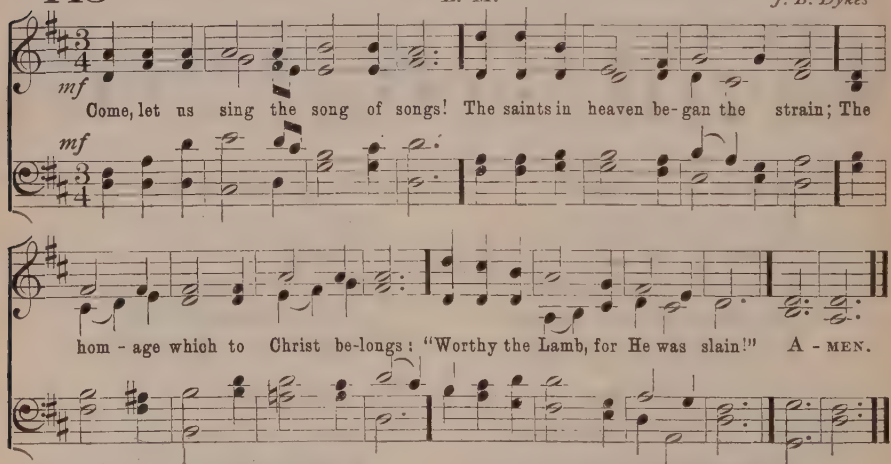
f 5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

I. Watts

448

L. M.

RIVAULX
J. B. Dykes


mf
Come, let us sing the song of songs! The saints in heaven be-gan the strain; The
mf
hom-age which to Christ be-longs: "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!" A-MEN.

p 2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, (*p*) for He was slain!"

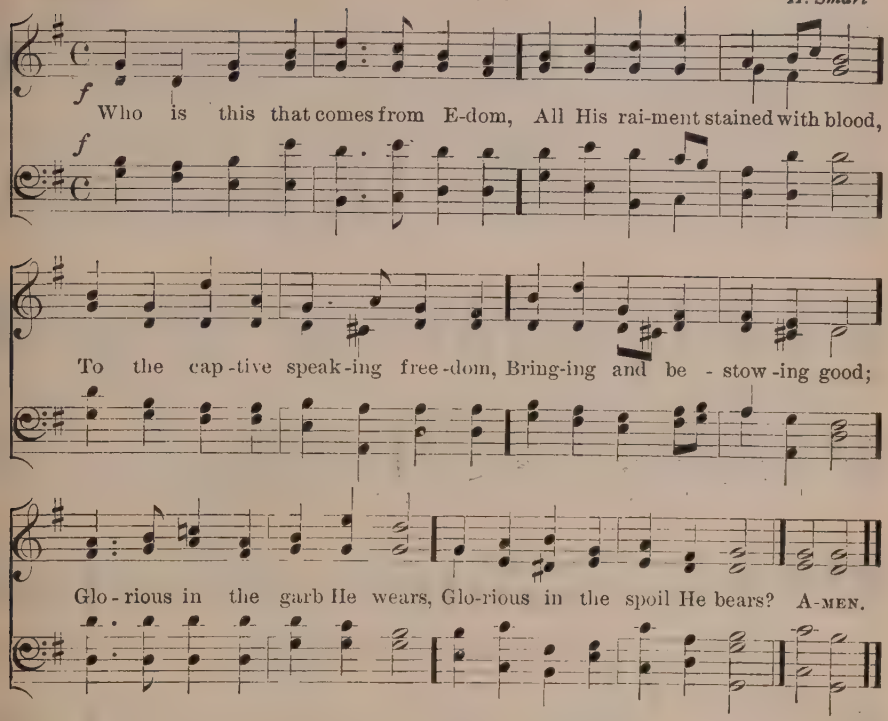
p 3 To Him Who suffered on the Tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price to gain,
cr Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, (*p*) for He was slain!"

f 4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honour, and majesty, and might;
"Worthy the Lamb, (*p*) for He was slain!"

mf 5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, (*p*) for He was slain!"

J. Montgomery

449 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. SMART *H. Smart*


f
Who is this that comes from E-dom, All His rai-ment stained with blood,
To the cap-tive speak-ing free-dom, Bring-ing and be - stow-ing good;
Glo-rious in the garb He wears, Glo-rious in the spoil He bears? A-MEN.

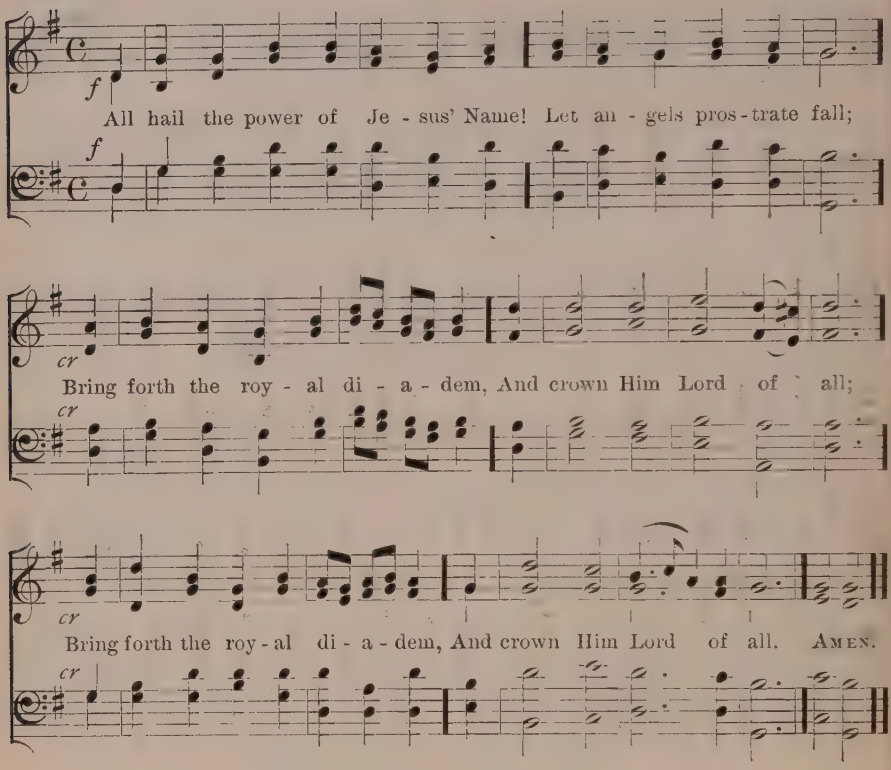
f 2 'T is the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'T is the Saviour; O how glorious,
To His people is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

p 3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
cr 'T is the blood of many slain;
f Of His foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
mf Fallen they are, no more to rise:
All their glory prostrate lies.

f 4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes;

T. Kelly

450 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. CORONATION *O. Holden*


All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.

mf 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
f And crown Him Lord of all!

mf 3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call:
The God incarnate, Man divine!
f And crown Him Lord of all!

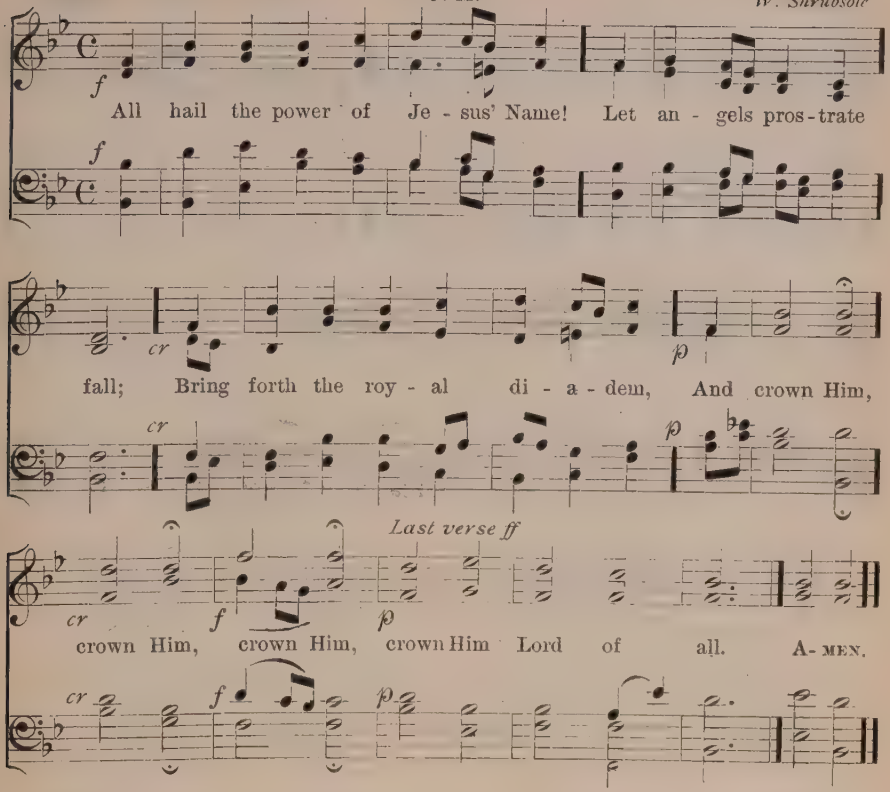
f 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

p 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
cr Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
f And crown Him Lord of all!

f 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

E. Perronet

450 (SECOND TUNE) C. M. MILES LANE *W. Shrubsole*


All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate
fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him,
Last verse ff
crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A- MEN.

mf 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
f And crown Him Lord of all!

mf 3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call:
The God incarnate, Man divine!
f And crown Him Lord of all!

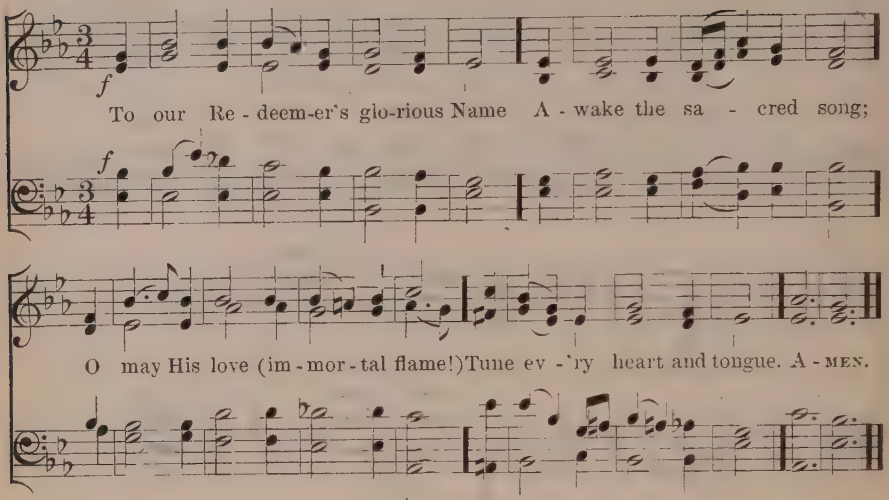
f 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

p 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
cr Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
f And crown Him Lord of all!

f 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

E. Perronet

451 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. HERSAL *W. Lockett*



mf 2 His love, what mortal tho't can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

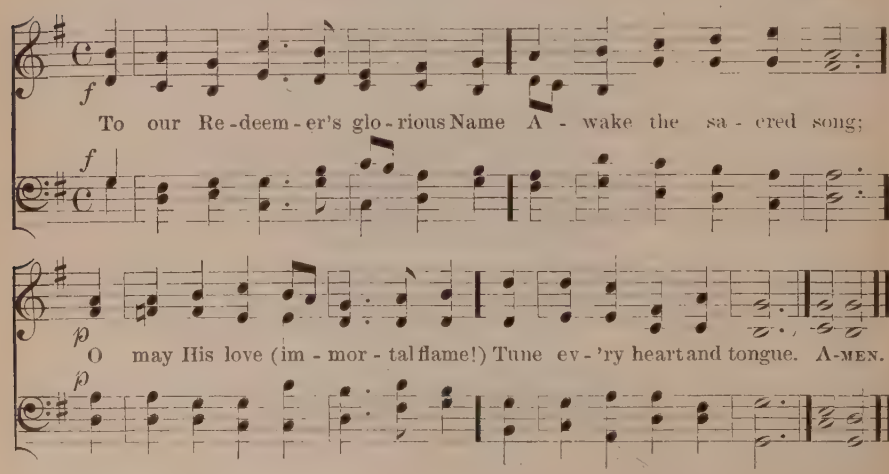
mp 3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
p And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?

mf 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee.
p May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

mf 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
cr Till strangers love Thy charming
And join the sacred song. [Name,

A. Steele

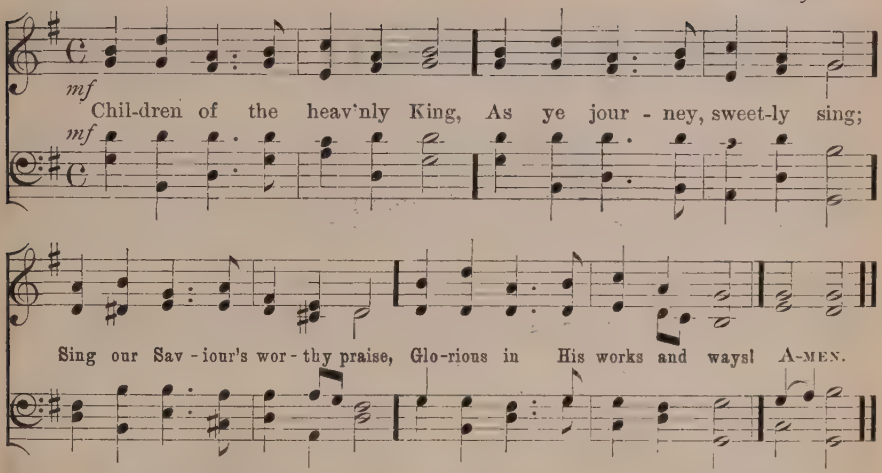
(SECOND TUNE) C. M. DULCIS MEMORIA *J. B. Dykes*



452 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

PLEYEL'S HYMN
I. Pleyel


mf
Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet-ly sing;
mf
Sing our Sav - iour's wor - thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways! A-MEN.

mf 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

f 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Sion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

f 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

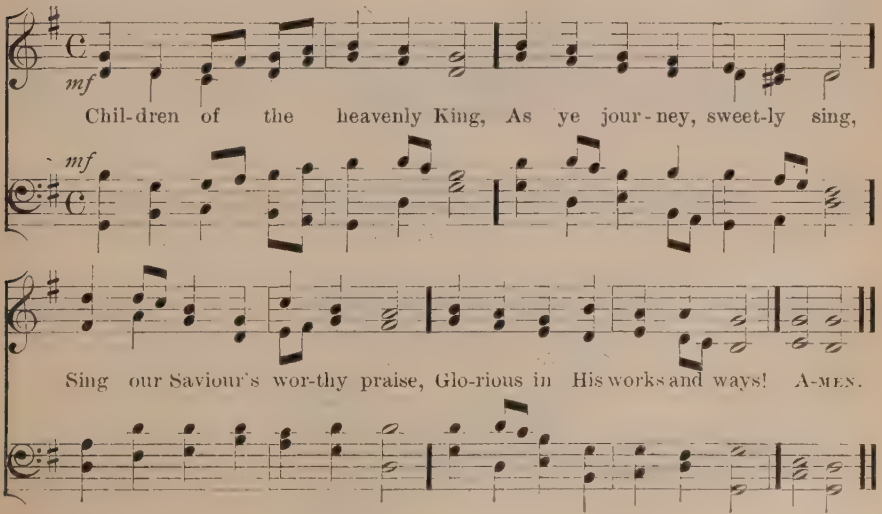
mf 5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

J. Cennick

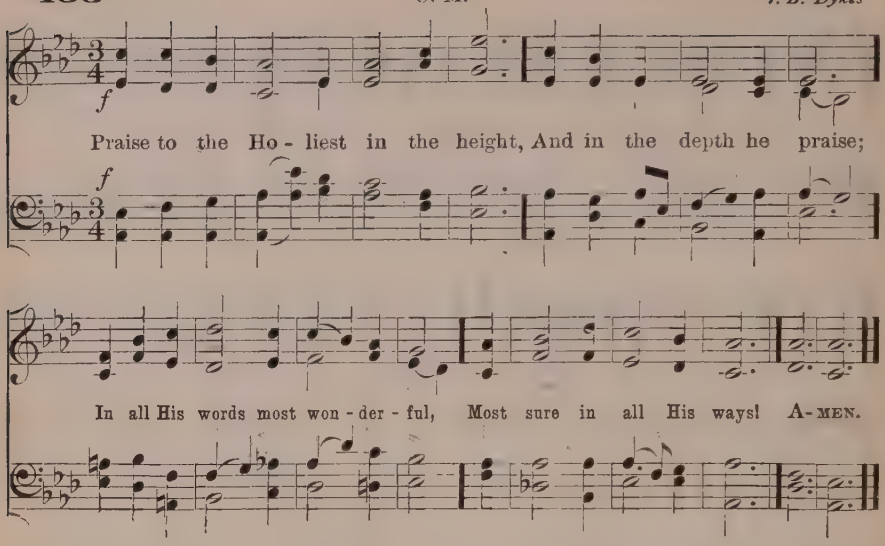
(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

BRASTED
P. Weimer


mf
Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing,
mf
Sing our Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways! A-MEN.

453 C. M. GERONTIUS *I. B. Dykes*


Praise to the Ho - liest in the height, And in the depth he praise;
In all His words most won - der - ful, Most sure in all His ways! A - MEN.

mf 2 O loving wisdom of our God!
p When all was sin and shame,
cr A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

mf 2 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
cr Should strive afresh against their foe,
f Should strive and should prevail;

mf 4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine;
God's presence and His very Self,
And essence all-divine.

f 5 O generous love! that He, Who smote
In Man for man the foe;
p The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

p 6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
cr Should teach His brethren, and inspire
p To suffer and to die.

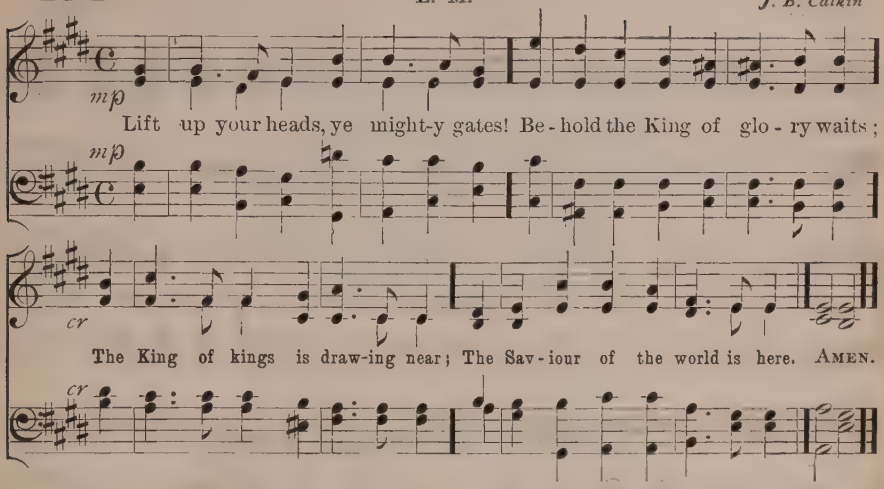
f 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

J. H. Newman

454 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

SEFTON
J. B. Calkin


mp
Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Be-hold the King of glo-ry waits;
mp
cr
The King of kings is draw-ing near; The Sav-iour of the world is here. AMEN.
cr

mf 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His sceptre, pity in distress.

mf 3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes!

f 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart!
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heav'n's employ,
Adorned with pray'r and love and joy.

mf 5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel:
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

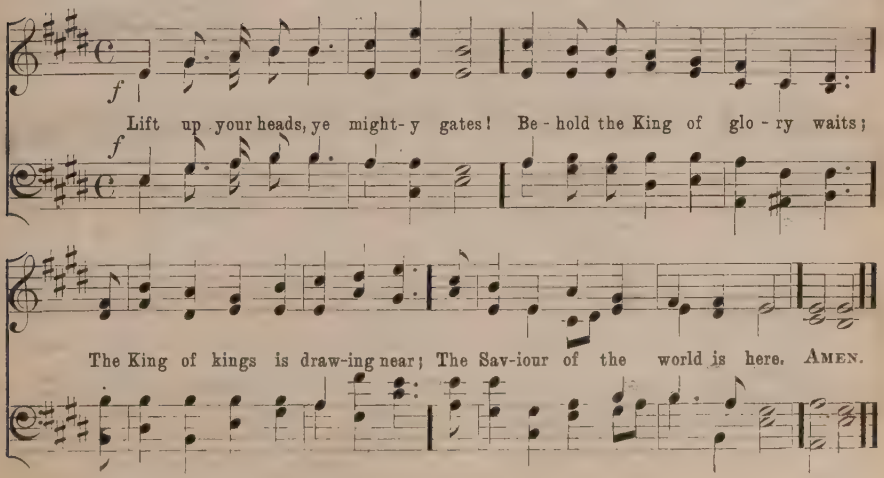
f 6 So come, my Sovereign! enter in!
Let new and nobler life begin!
Thy Holy Spirit, guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

G. Weissel

(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

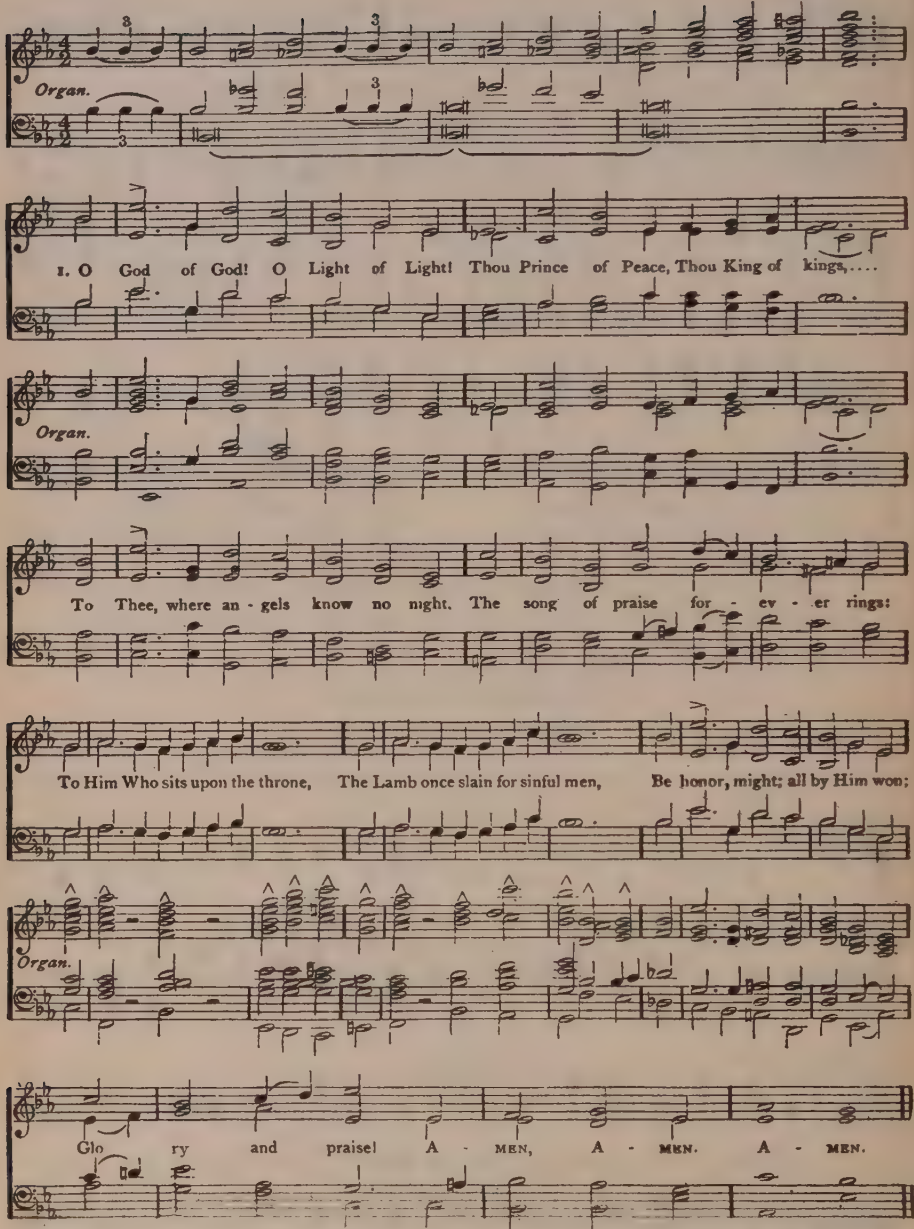
MELANESIA
S. Smith


f
Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Be-hold the King of glo-ry waits;
f
The King of kings is draw-ing near; The Sav-iour of the world is here. AMEN.

455

L. M. D.

St. Agnes' School
J. A. Jeffery


Organ.
1. O God of God! O Light of Light! Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings,....
Organ.
To Thee, where an - gels know no night, The song of praise for - ev - er rings:
To Him Who sits upon the throne, The Lamb once slain for sinful men, Be honor, might; all by Him won;
Organ.
Glo ry and praise! A - MEN, A - MEN. A - MEN.

mf 2 Deep in the Prophets' sacred page,
Grand in the poets' wingèd word,
Slowly in type, from age to age,
Nations beheld their coming Lord;
cr Till through the deep Judean night
Rang out the song "Good-will to men!"
Hymned by the first-born sons of light,
Re-echoed now, "Good will!" Amen.

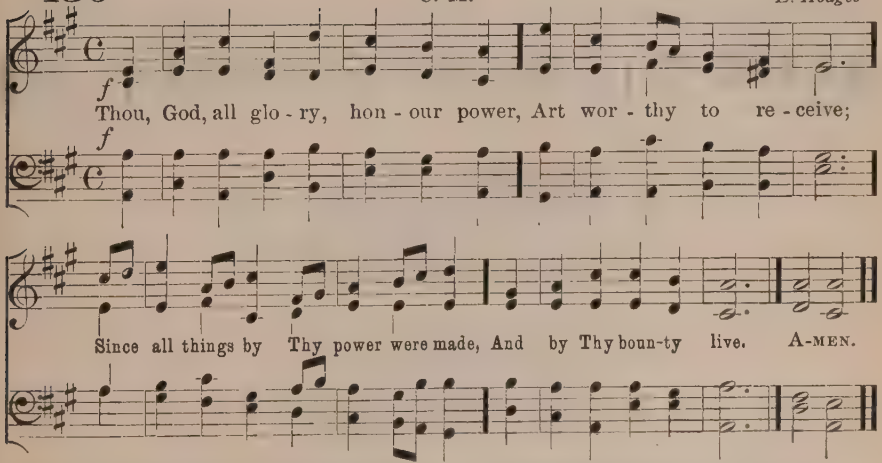
mf 3 That life of truth, those deeds of love,
p That death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn;
cr These all are past, and now above,
He reigns our King! once crowned with thorn.
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
So sang His hosts, unheard by men;
Lift up your heads, for you He waits.
We lift them up! Amen, Amen!

mf 4 Nations afar, in ignorance deep;
Isles of the sea, where darkness lay;
These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,"
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;
Set all men free! Amen, Amen!

f 5 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to His Name, His love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise prolong;
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell;
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
From angels, praise; and thanks from men;
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power! Amen, Amen!

J. Julian

456 C. M. BRISTOL *E. Hodges*



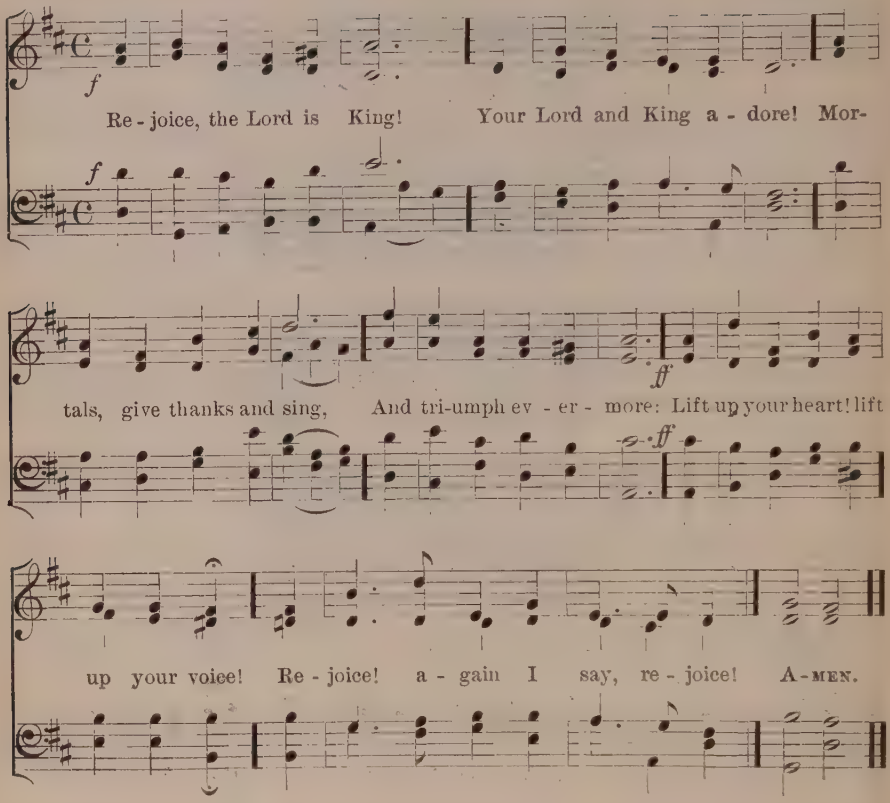
mf 2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; Who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

mf 3 All worthy Thou, Who hast redeemed
And ransomed us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By Thy most precious blood.

f 4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be given.

Tate and Brady

457 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. GOPSAL *G. F. Handel*


Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore! Mor-
tals, give thanks and sing, And tri-umph ev - er - more: Lift up your heart! lift
up your voice! Re - joice! a - gain I say, re - joice! A - MEN.

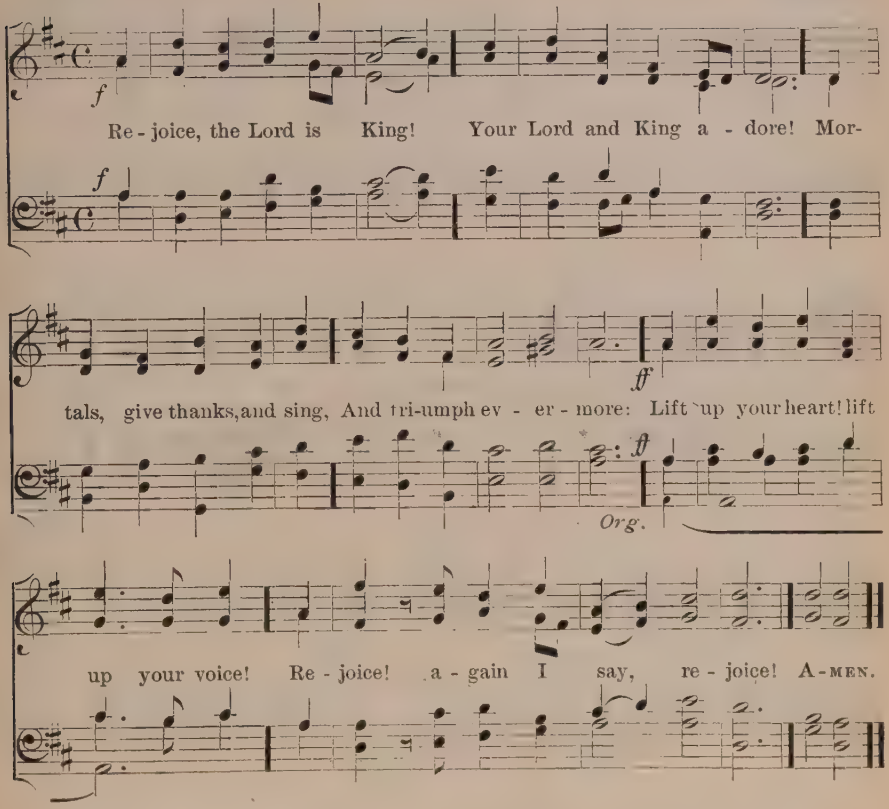
f 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
mf When He had purged our stains,
cr He took His seat above.
ff Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

mf 3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
ff Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

f 4 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
ff We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound: Rejoice!

C. Wesley and *J. Taylor*

457 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. REJOICE *J. Barnby*


Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore! Mor-
tals, give thanks, and sing, And tri-umph ev - er - more: Lift up your heart! lift
Org.
up your voice! Re - joice! a - gain I say, re - joice! A - MEN.

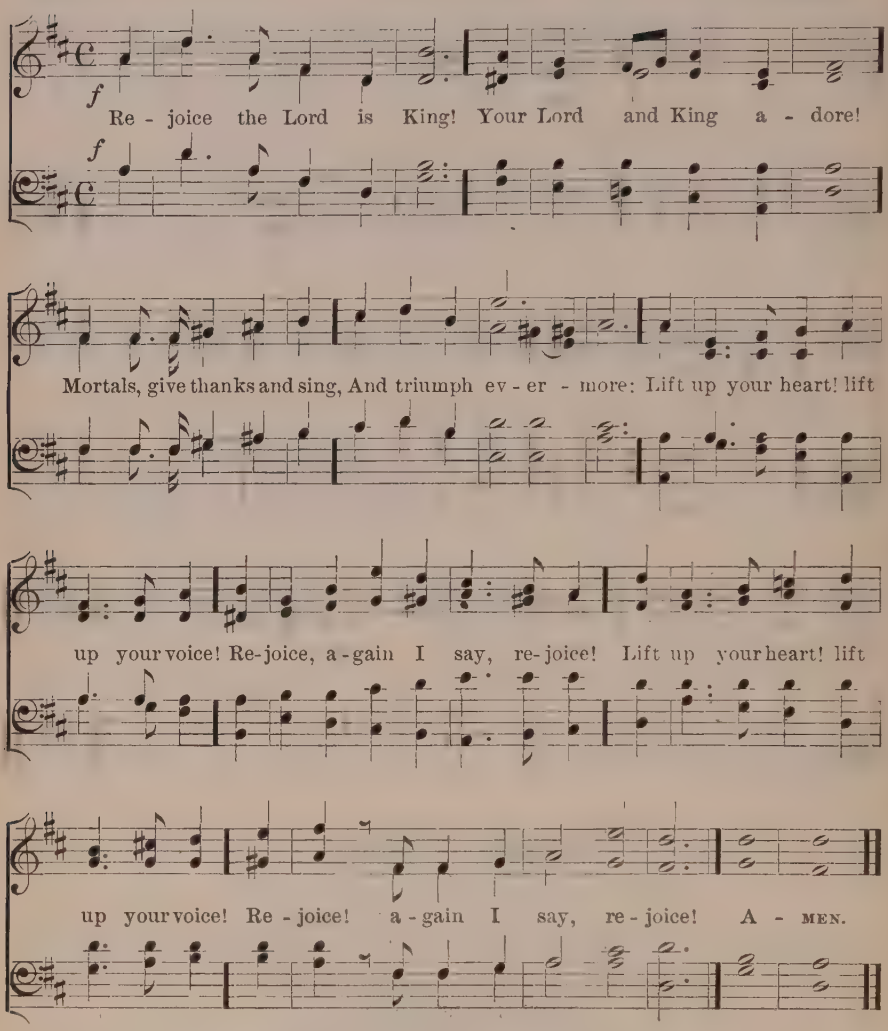
f 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
mf When He had purged our stains,
cr He took His seat above.
ff Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

mf 3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
ff Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

f 4 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
ff We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound: Rejoice!

C. Wesley and *J. Taylor*

157 (THIRD TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. JUBILATE
Horatio W. Parker


f
Re - joice the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore!
Mortals, give thanks and sing, And triumph ev - er - more: Lift up your heart! lift
up your voice! Re-joice, a-gain I say, re-joice! Lift up your heart! lift
up your voice! Re - joice! a - gain I say, re - joice! A - MEN.

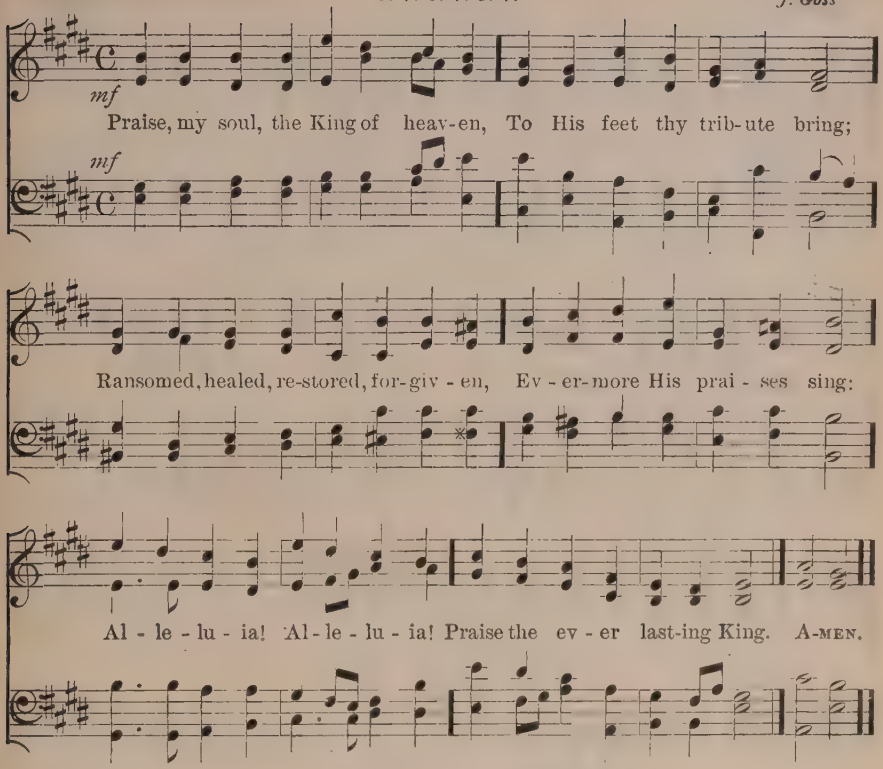
f 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
mf When He had purged our stains,
cr He took His seat above.
ff Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

mf 3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
ff Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

f 4 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
ff We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound: Rejoice!

C. Wesley and *J. Taylor*

458 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. LAUDA ANIMA *J. Goss*


mf
Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en, To His feet thy trib-ute bring;
mf
Ransomed, healed, re-stored, for-giv-en, Ev-er-more His prai-ses sing:
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Praise the ev-er last-ing King. A-MEN.

f 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our Fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
p Slow to chide, (*cr*) and swift to bless:
f Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

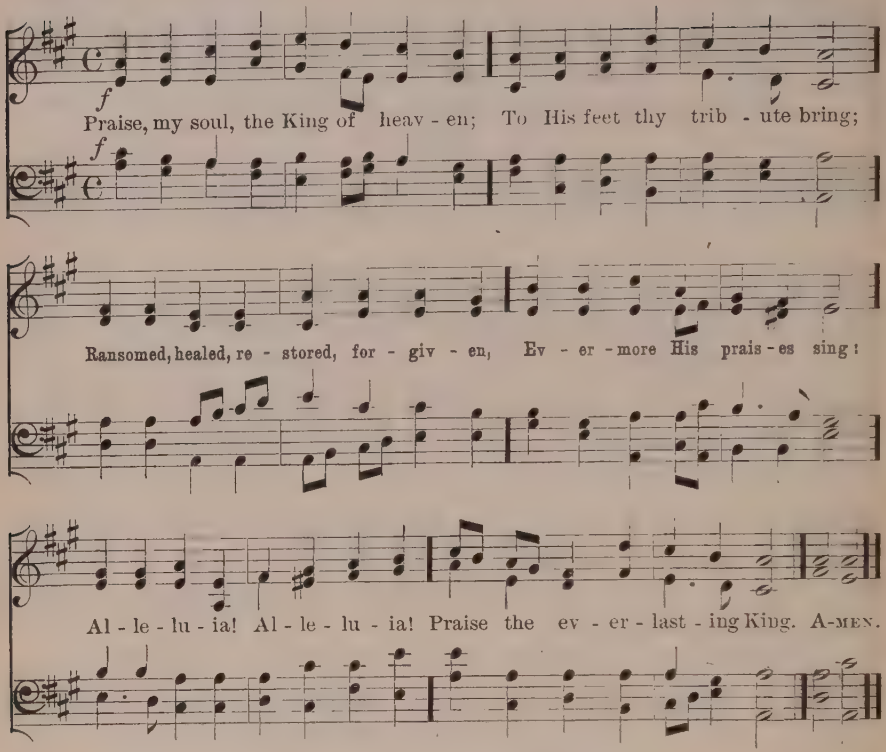
p 3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hand He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
cr Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

f 4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

H. F. Lyte

458 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

DULCE CARMEN
M. Haydn


f
Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy trib - ute bring;
f
Ransomed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more His prais - es sing!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King. A-MEN.

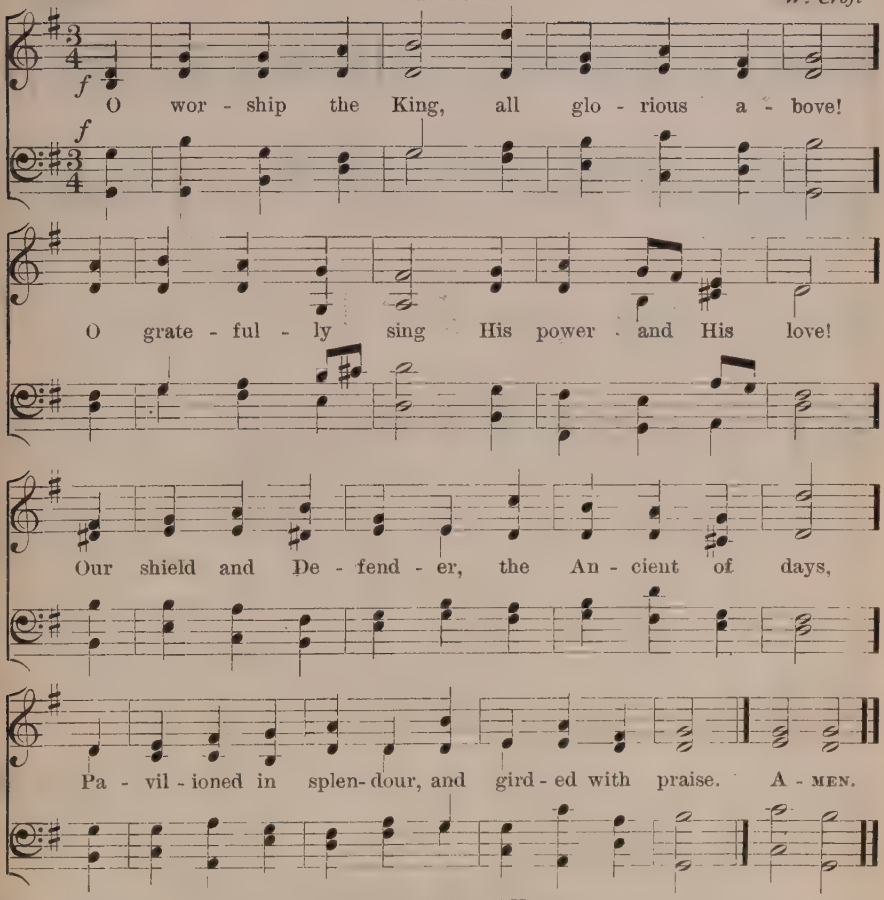
f 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour,
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, (*cr*) and swift to bless:
f Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

p 3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
cr Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

f 4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

H. F. Lyte

459 10. 10. 11. 11. HANOVER *W. Croft*


f
O wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove!
O grate - ful - ly sing His power and His love!
Our shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of days,
Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dour, and gird - ed with praise. A - MEN.

f 2 O tell of His might! O sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light: Whose canopy, space,
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

mf 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

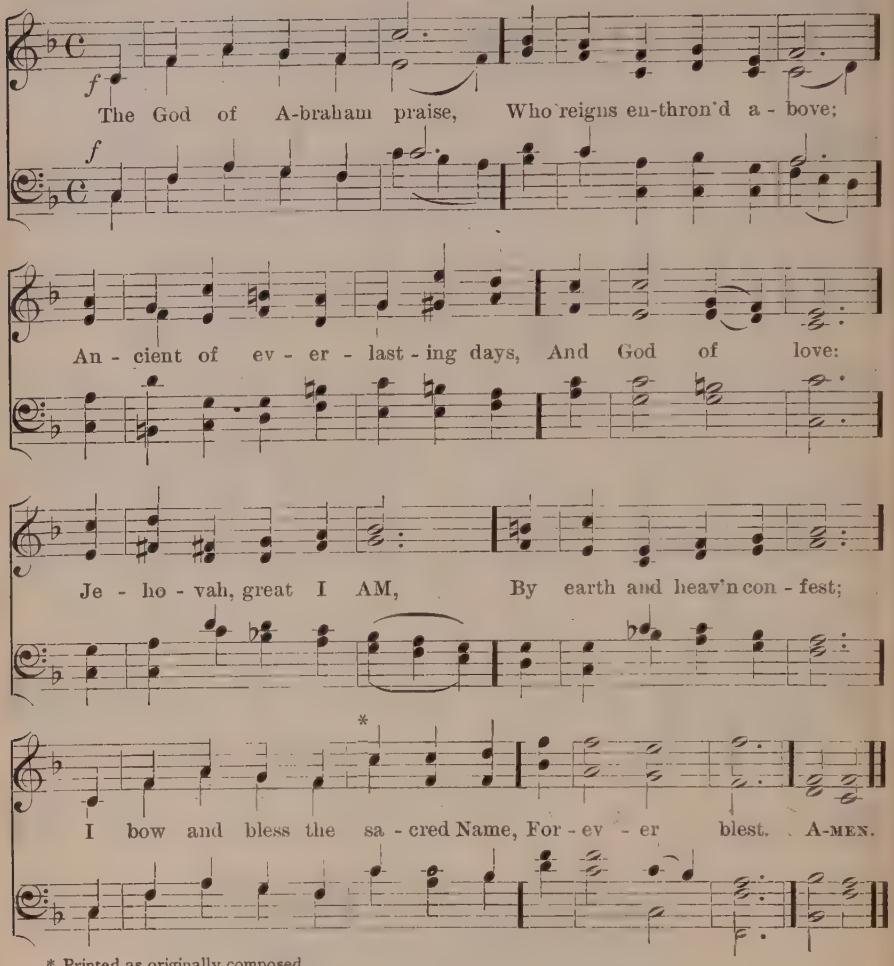
mf 4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams form the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

p 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
cr In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
mf Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

f 6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

R. Grant

460 6. 6. 8. 4. D. COVENANT *J. Stainer*


The God of A-braham praise, Who reigns en-thron'd a - bove;
An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love:
Je - ho - vah, great I AM, By earth and heav'n con - fest;
I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For - ev - er blest. A-MEN.

* Printed as originally composed.

mf 2 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

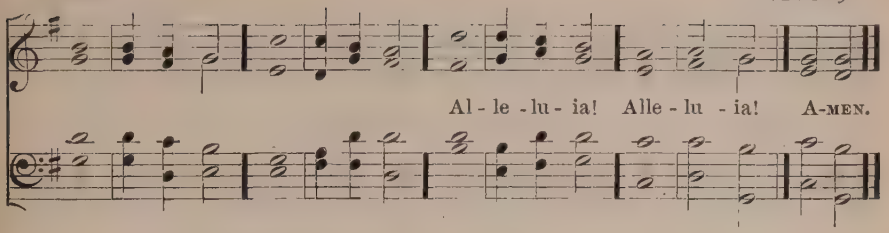
mf 3 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

f 4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

T. Olivers

461

TROYTE No. 2.
A. H. D. Troyte



f 1 The strain upraise of joy and *praise*, Alle- | luia!
To the glory of their King
Shall the *ran*som'd | people sing, ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia!
And the *choirs* that | dwell on high,
Shall re-*echo* | through the sky, ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

mf 2 They through the *fields* of | Paradise who roam,
cr The blessèd ones re*peat* through | that bright home ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖
*Al*le- | luia!
Unison f The planets beaming *on* their | heavenly way,
The shining constella*tions*, | join and say, ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

Harmony p 3 Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye *winds* on | pinions light,
f Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye light*nings*, | wildly bright,
In *sweet* con- | sent unite ‖ *your* Alle- | luia!

mf 4 Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye *storms* and | winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar *frost* and | summer glow:
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And *glo*rious | forests, sing, ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

Trebles p 5 First let the birds, with *paint*ed | plumage gay,
Exalt their great Crea*tor's* | praise, and say, ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia!
Men f Then let the beasts of *earth*, | with varying strain,
Join in creation's *hymn* and | cry again, ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

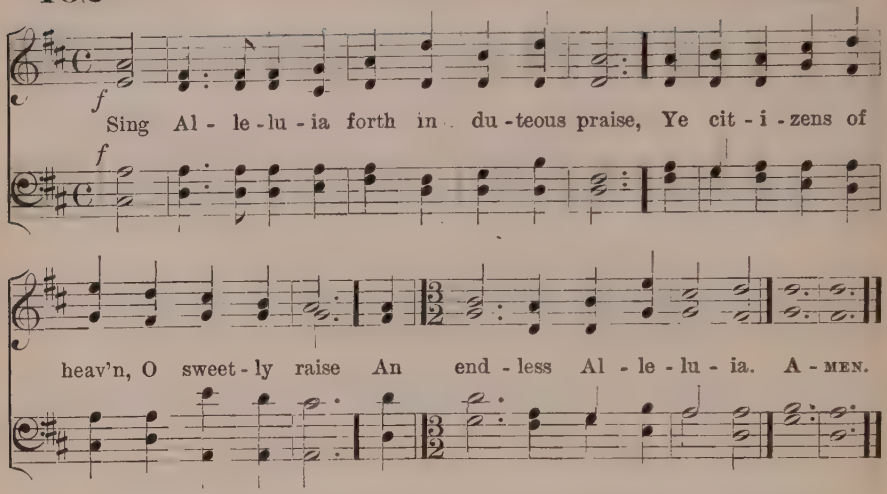
Men ff 6 Here let the mountains thunder *forth* so- | norous, ‖ *Al*le | luia!
Trebles p There let the valleys sing in *gent*ler | chorus, ‖ *Al*le- | luia!
Men mf Thou jubilant *abyss* of | ocean, cry, ‖ *Al*le- | luia!
Trebles Ye tracts of earth and *con*ti- | nents, reply ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

Harmony f 7 To God, Who *all* cre- | ation made,
The frequent *hymn* be | duly paid: ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia!
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the *Lord* Al- | mighty loves: ‖ *Al*le- | luia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that *Christ*, the | King, approves; ‖
*Al*le- | luia!
cr Wherefore we sing, both heart and *voice* a- | waking, ‖ *Al*le- | luia!
Trebles p And children's voices echo, *an*swer | making, ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

Unison f 8 Now from all *men* | be outpoured
Alleluia | to the Lord;
With Alleluia | evermore
The Son and Spi*rit* | we adore.
Harmony ff Praise be *done* to the | Three in One, ‖
*Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia! ‖ *Al*le- | luia!

St. Notker: TR. *J. M. Neale*

462 10. 10. 7. ALLELUIA PERENNE *W. H. Monk*



f 2 Ye Powers, who stand before the Eternal Light,
cr In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
ff An endless Alleluia.

f 3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
cr And with glad songs resounding wake again
f An endless Alleluia.

f 4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
f An endless Alleluia.

mf 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
cr Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
f An endless Alleluia.

ff 6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
ff An endless Alleluia.

p 7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
cr This is glad food and drink which never shall lack,
f An endless Alleluia.

mf 8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
cr For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
f An endless Alleluia.

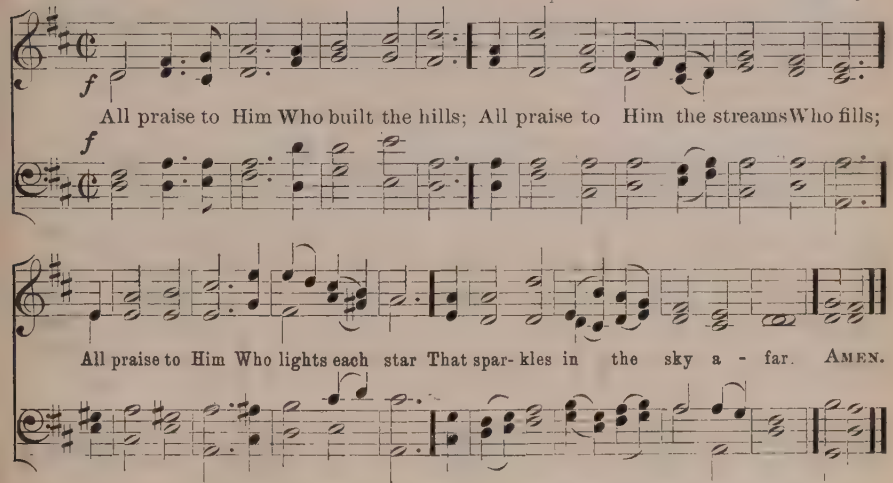
f 9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
ff An endless Alleluia.

TR. *J. Ellerton*

463 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

THURÓ
Dr. Burney


All praise to Him Who built the hills; All praise to Him the streams Who fills;
All praise to Him Who lights each star That spar-kles in the sky a - far. AMEN.

mf 2 All praise to Him Who wakes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new-born;
Who draws the shadows of the night,
p Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight.

mf 3 All praise to Him Whose love hath given,
In Christ His Son, the life of heaven;
Who gives us, for our darkness, light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

mf 4 All praise to Him in love Who came,
p To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die. Who died to rise.
The all-prevailing Sacrifice.

mf 5 All praise to Him Who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God:
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
The Fount of joy and holiness.

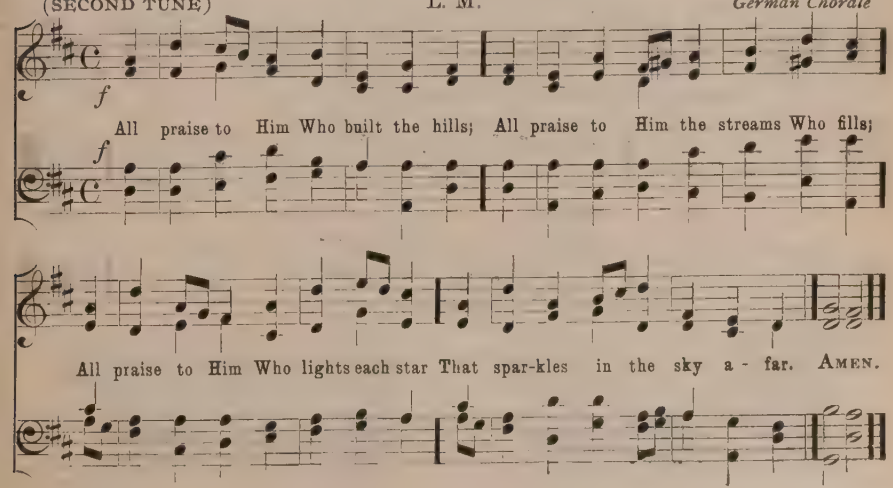
f 6 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow;
To Thee, blest Trinity, we raise
E'en here, in exile, songs of praise.

H. Bonar

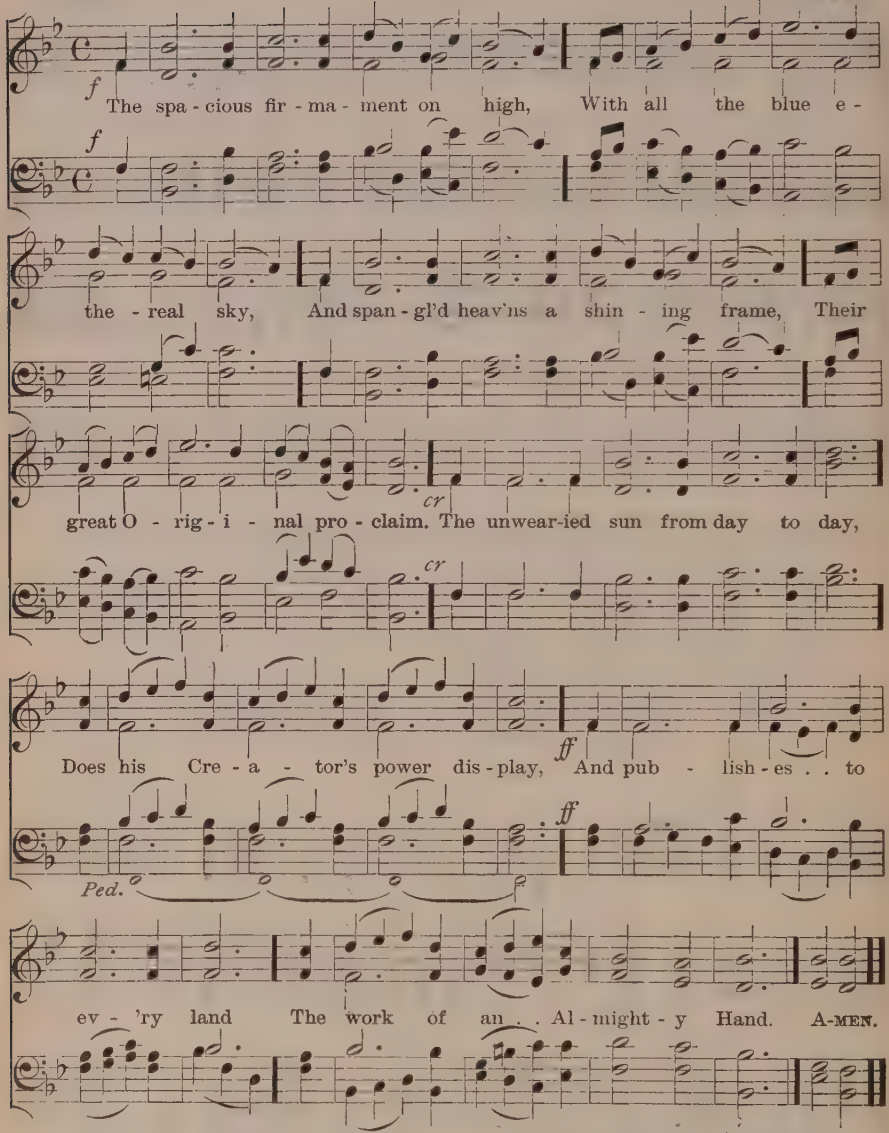
(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

FESTUS
German Chorale


All praise to Him Who built the hills; All praise to Him the streams Who fills;
All praise to Him Who lights each star That spar-kles in the sky a - far. AMEN.

464 L. M. D. CREATION *F. J. Haydn*

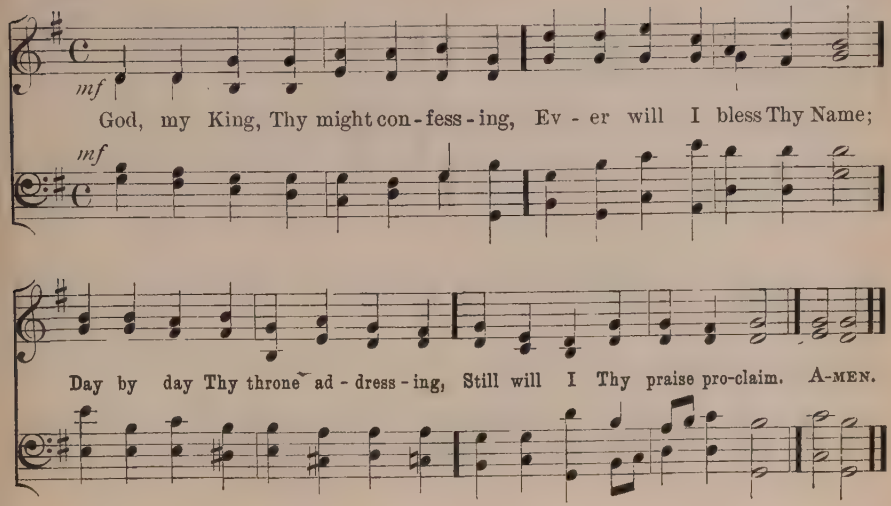

f
The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -
f
the - real sky, And span - gl'd heav'ns a shin - ing frame, Their
cr
great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim. The unwear-ied sun from day to day,
cr
ff
Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es . . to
ff
Ped.
ev - 'ry land The work of an . . Al - might - y Hand. A-MEN.

p 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
cr Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
f Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

p 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
cr In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
ff For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

J. Addison

465 8. 7. 8. 7. STUTTGARD *H. L. Hassler*


mf
God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless Thy Name;
mf
Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise pro-claim. A-MEN.

f 2 Honour great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

mf 3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

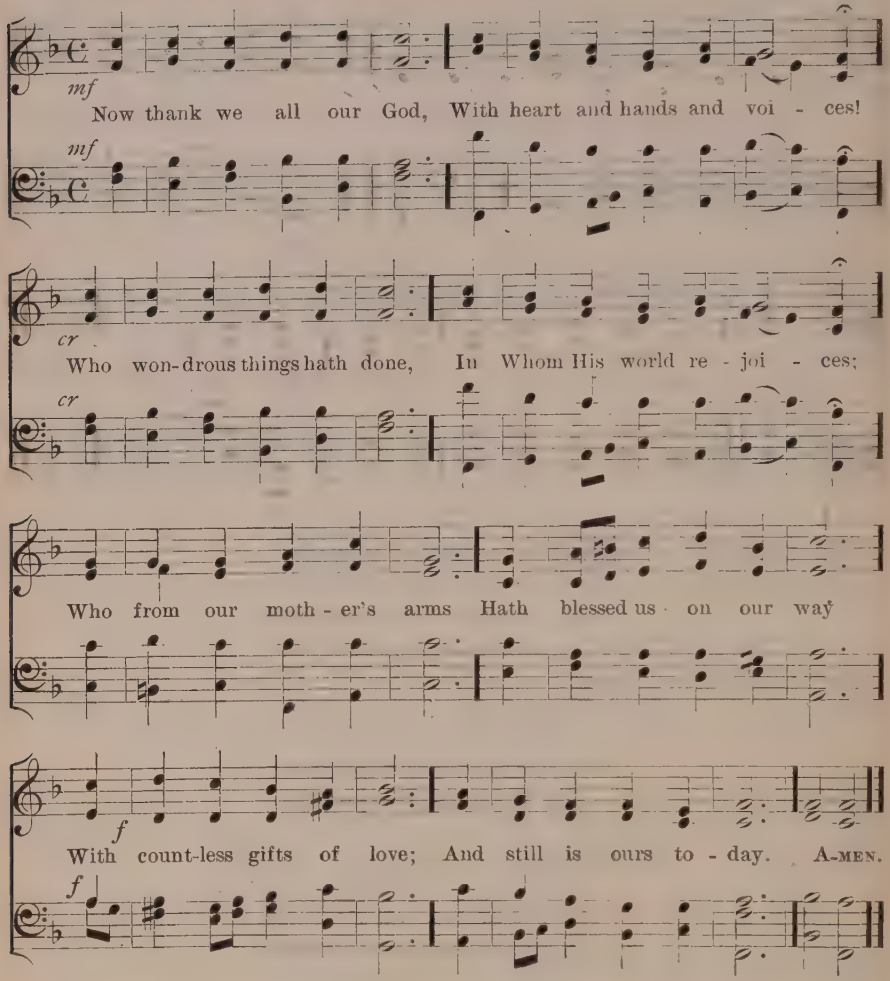
p 4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought,
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

p 5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
cr God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

mf 6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
cr King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

R. Mant

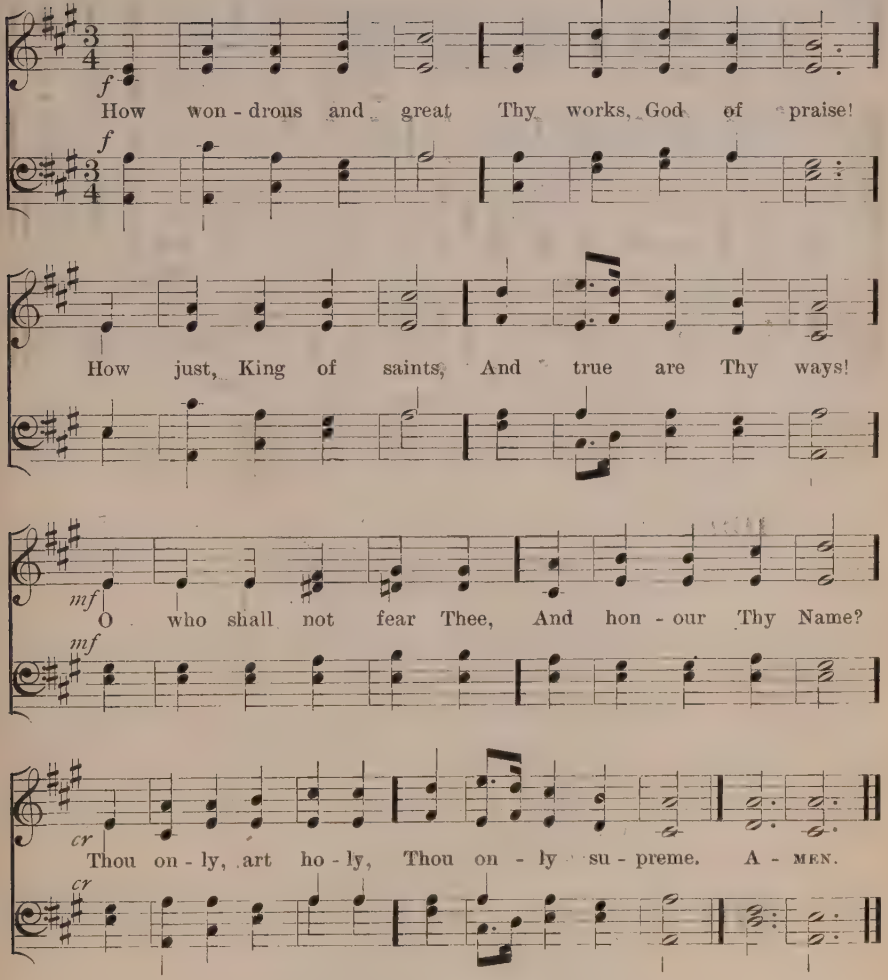
466 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. NUN DANKET *J. Cruger*


mf
Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces!
cr
Who won-drous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joi - ces;
Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
f
With count-less gifts of love; And still is ours to - day. A-MEN.

mf 2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us!
With ever joyful hearts
p And blessèd peace to cheer us;
mf And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
cr And free us from all ills
f In this world and the next.

M. Rinkart: TR. *C. Winkworth*

467 10. 10. 11. 11. LYONS *Haydn*


f
How won - drous and great Thy works, God of praise!
f
How just, King of saints, And true are Thy ways!
mf
O who shall not fear Thee, And hon - our Thy Name?
mf
cr
Thou on - ly, art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme. A - MEN.
cr

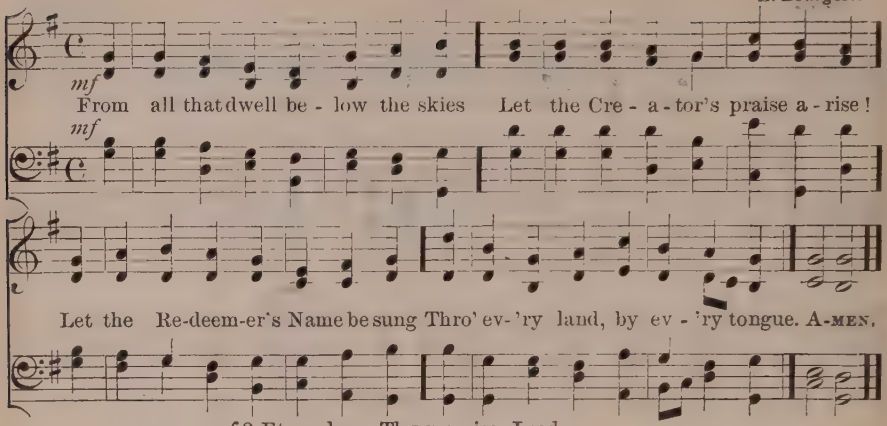
mf 2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to Thy throne:
Thy truth and Thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
cr Till earth's every people
Confess Thee their God.

H. U. Onderdonk

468

L. M.

OLD 100TH
L. Bourgeois


mf
From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise!
mf
Let the Re-deem-er's Name be sung Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue. A-MEN.

f 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

I. Watts

469

L. M.

f 1 With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

mf 2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From Whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

f 3 O enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His Name with praises bless.

mf 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
cr His truth, which always firmly stood,
f To endless ages shall endure.

Tate and Brady

470

L. M.

f 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

mf 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

f 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

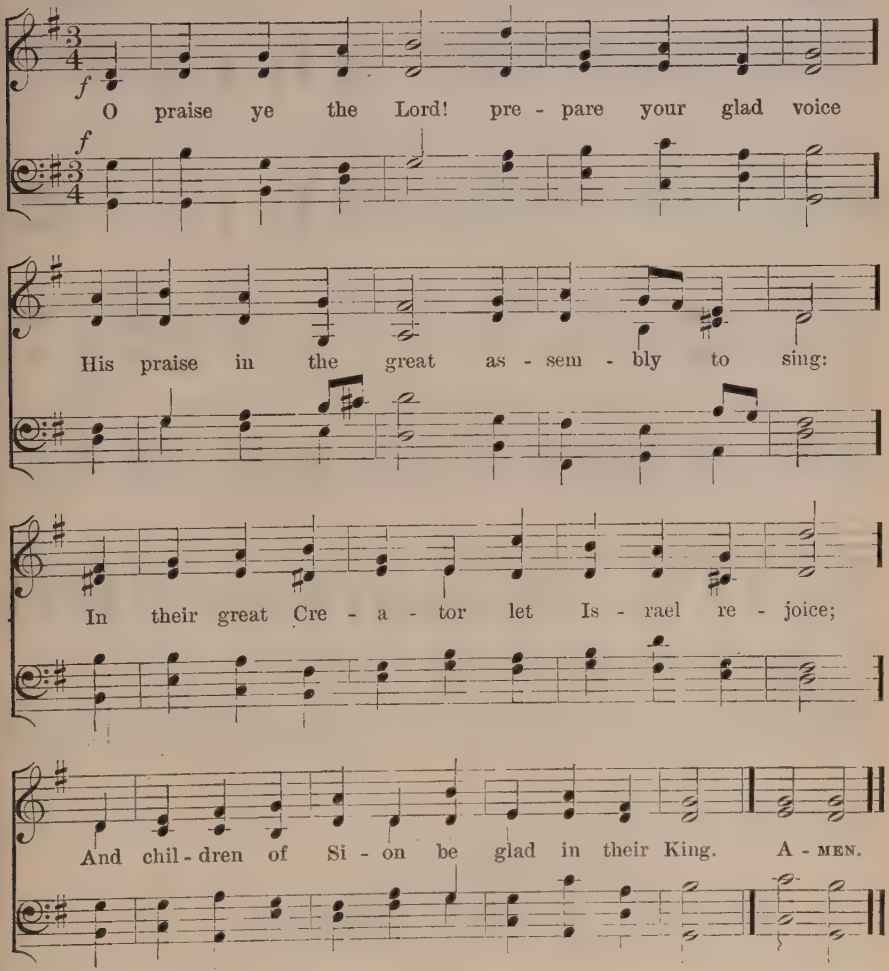
mf 4 For why! the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
cr His truth at all times firmly stood,
f And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kethe

471

10. 10. 11. 11.

HANOVER
W. Groft

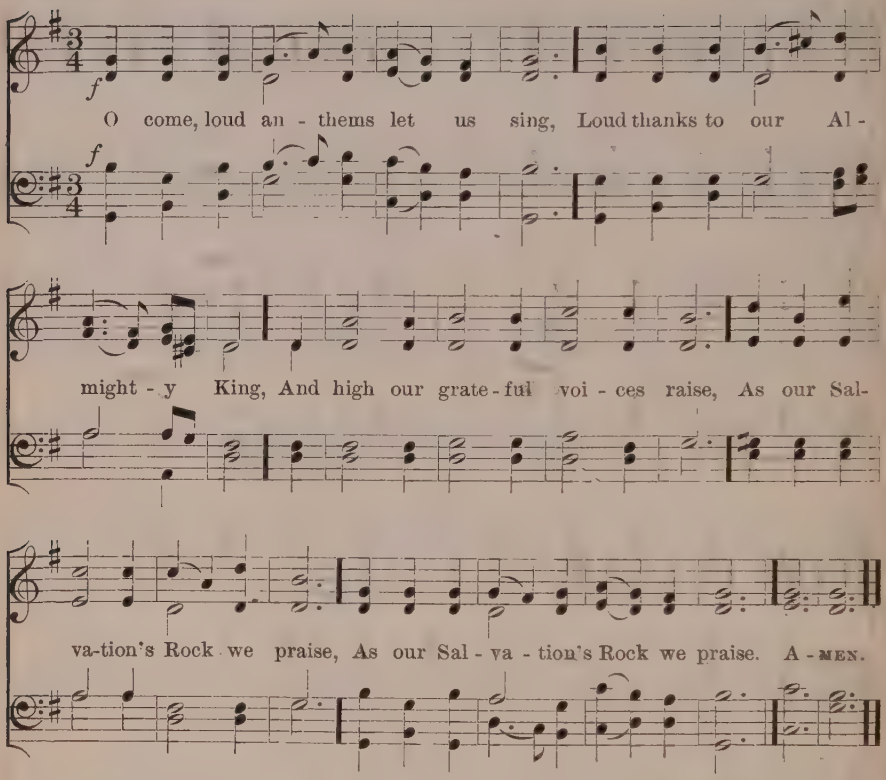

f
O praise ye the Lord! pre - pare your glad voice
His praise in the great as - sem - bly to sing:
In their great Cre - a - tor let Is - rael re - joice;
And chil - dren of Si - on be glad in their King. A - MEN.

f 2 Let them His great Name extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure to hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation the humble to bless.

mf 3 With glory adorned, His people shall sing
To God, who their heads with safety doth shield;
cr Such honour and triumph His favour shall bring:
f O therefore for ever, all praise to Him yield!

Tate and Brady

472 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. PARK STREET *F. M. A. Venua*


O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al -
might - y King, And high our grate - ful voi - ces raise, As our Sal -
va-tion's Rock we praise, As our Sal - va - tion's Rock we praise. A - MEN.

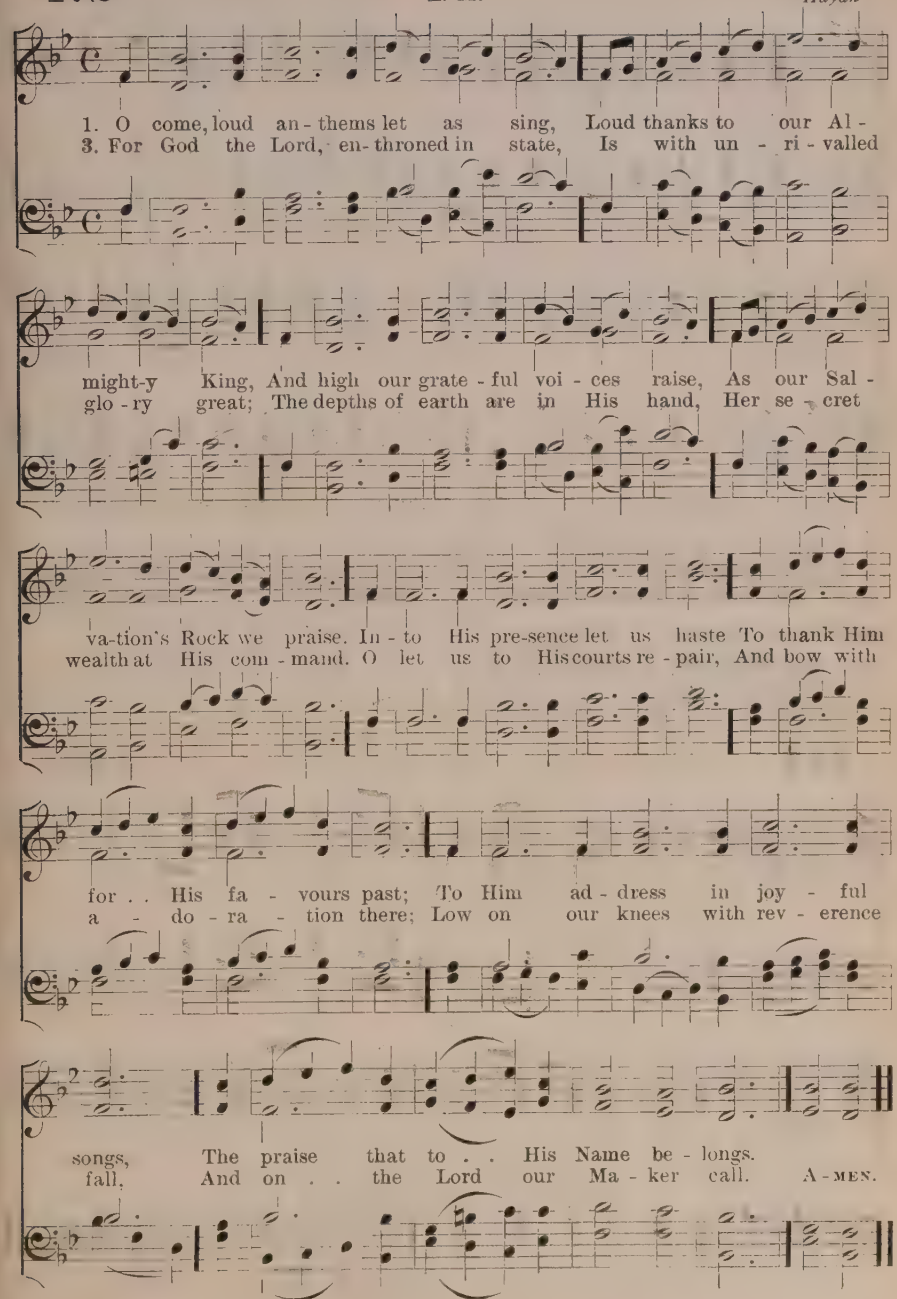
mf 2 Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favours past;
cr To Him address, in joyful songs,
f The praise that to His Name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.

mf 4 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
p Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

Tate and Brady

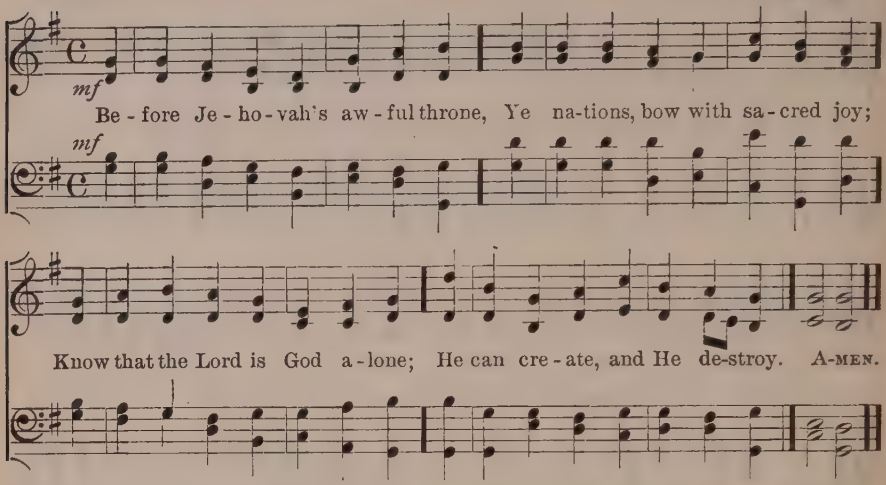
472 (SECOND TUNE) L. M. CREATION *Haydn*


1. O come, loud an - thems let as sing, Loud thanks to our Al -
3. For God the Lord, en-throned in state, Is with un - ri - valled
might-y King, And high our grate - ful voi - ces raise, As our Sal -
glo - ry great; The depths of earth are in His hand, Her se - cret
va-tion's Rock we praise. In - to His pre-sence let us haste To thank Him
wealth at His com - mand. O let us to His courts re - pair, And bow with
for . . His fa - vours past; To Him ad - dress in joy - ful
a - do - ra - tion there; Low on our knees with rev - erence
songs, The praise that to . . His Name be - longs.
fall, And on . . the Lord our Ma - ker call. A - MEN.

473

L. M.

OLD 100TH
L. Bourgeois


mf
Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
mf
Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de-stroy. A-MEN.

mf 2 His sovereign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

mf 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
cr What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

f 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

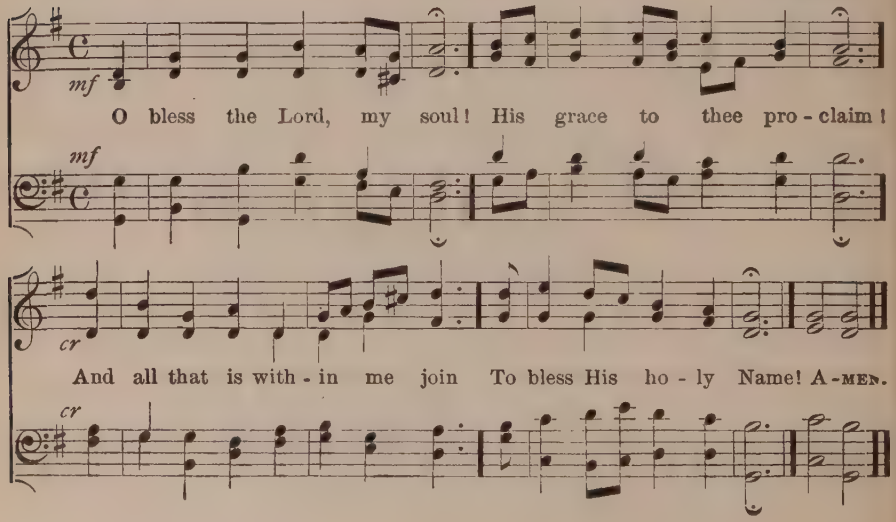
f 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

I. Watts

474

S. M.

ST. THOMAS
A. Williams



mf 2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind!
Forget not all His benefits!
The Lord to thee is kind.

p 3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

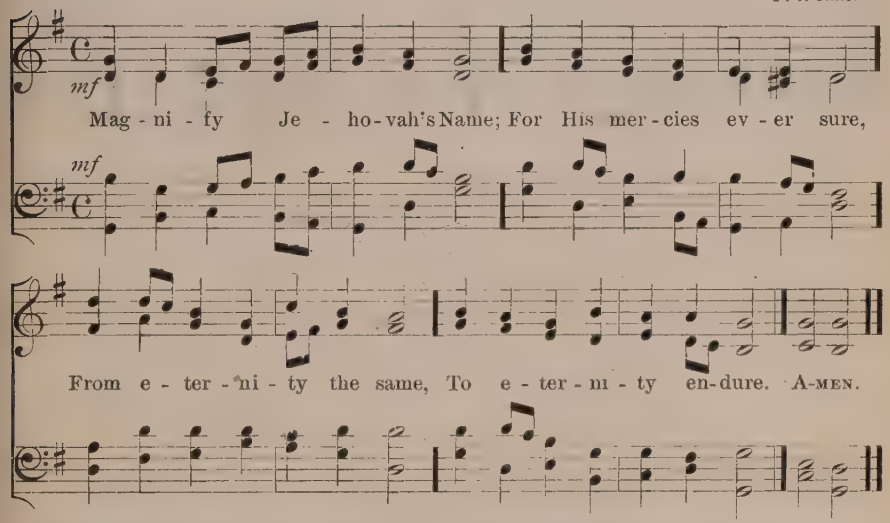
p 4 He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

mf *b* He clothes thee with His love;
cr Upholds thee with His truth;
f And like the eagle He renews
The vigour of thy youth.

f 6 Then bless His holy Name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!
O bless the Lord, my soul!

J. Montgomery

475 7. 7. 7. 7. BRASTED *P. Weimer*



f 2 Let His ransomed flock rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

p 3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

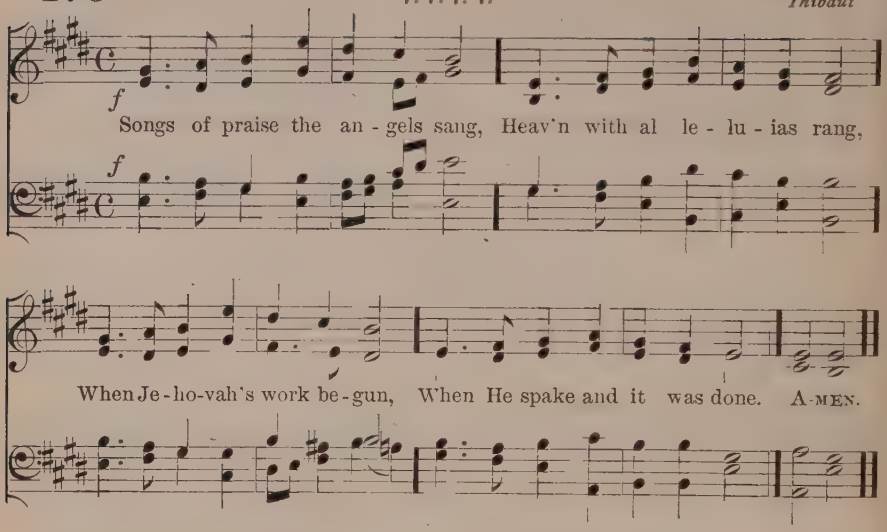
mf 4 To the Lord their God they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
cr Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

mf 5 Them to pleasant lands He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

f 6 O that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness to their race!
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace.

J. Montgomery

476 7. 7. 7. 7. INNOCENTS *Thibaut*



mf 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
p When the Prince of Peace was born;
cr Songs of praise arose, when He
f Captive led captivity.

p 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
mf Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
f Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

p 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
cr No; the Church delights to raise
f Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

mf 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

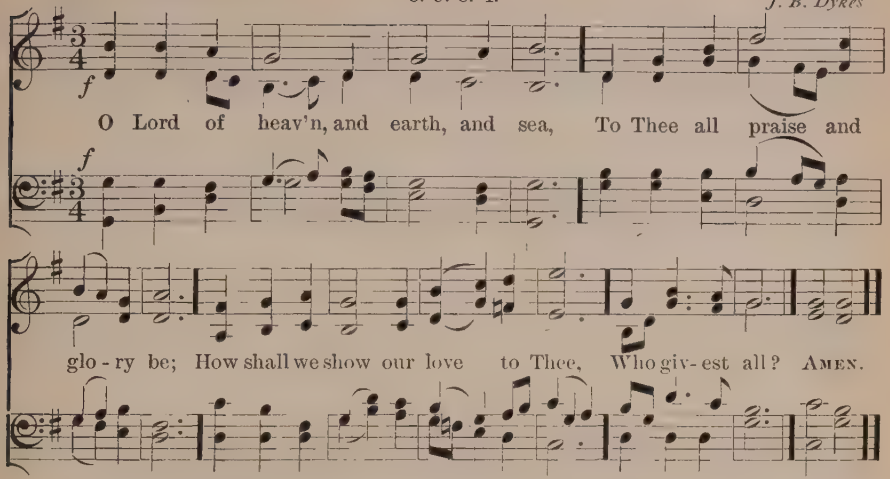
mf 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
cr Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

J. Montgomery

477 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 4.

ALMSGIVING
J. B. Dykes



mf 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare,
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all!

mf 3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all!

p 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
cr And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

mf 5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

mp 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heav'n,
cr O Lord, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

p 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
cr We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

mf 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
cr Repaid a thousandfold will be;
f Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all;

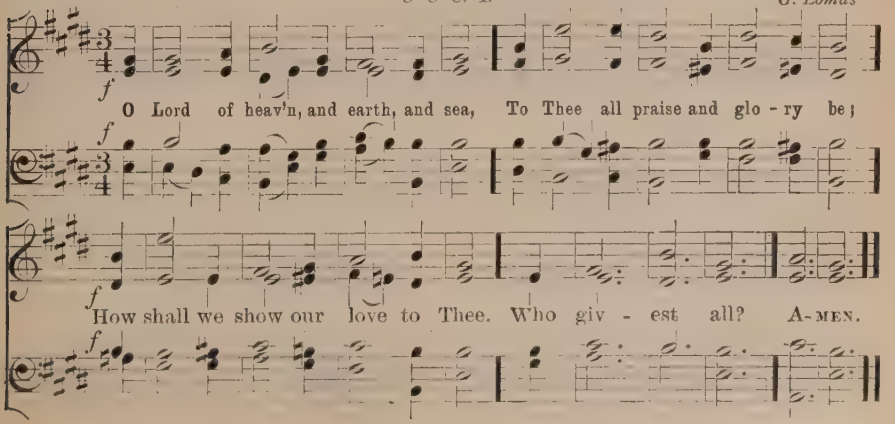
f 9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
p O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

C. Wordsworth

(SECOND TUNE)

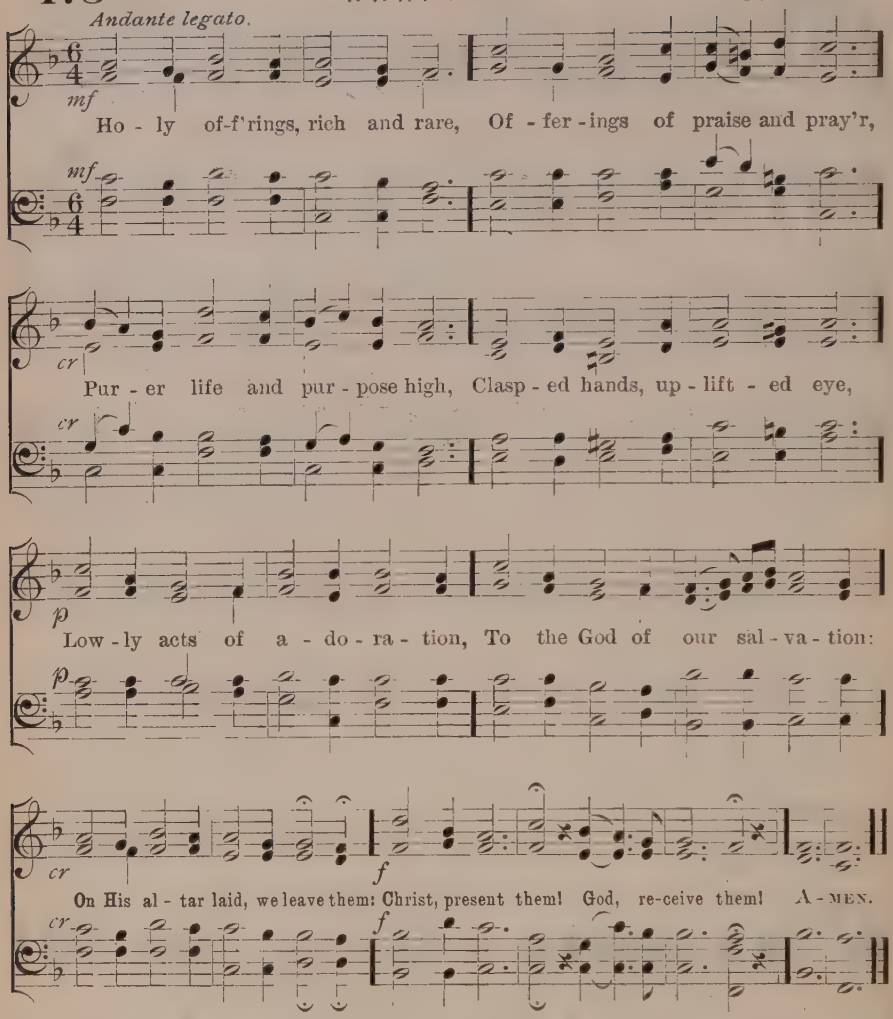
8 8 8. 4.

SOUTHPORT
G. Lomas



478 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8. 8. 8.

HOLY OFFERINGS
R. Redhead

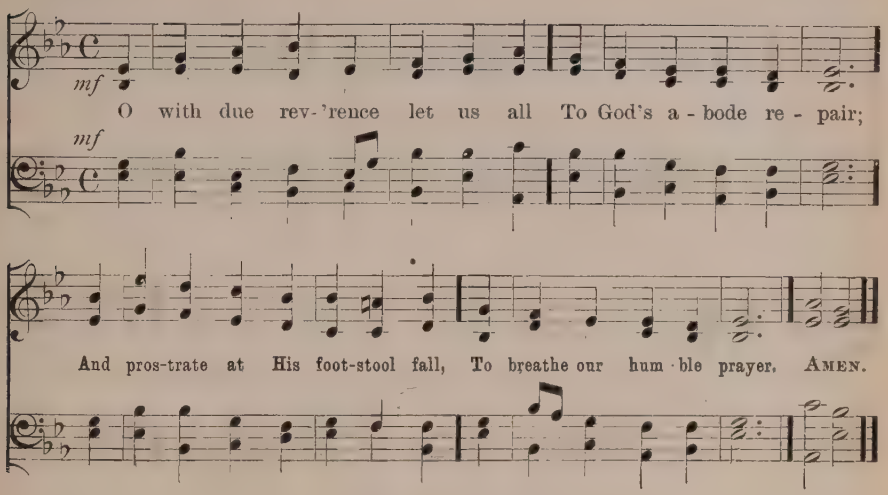

Andante legato.
mf
Ho - ly of-f'rings, rich and rare, Of - fer - ings of praise and pray'r,
cr
Pur - er life and pur - pose high, Clasp - ed hands, up - lift - ed eye,
p
Low - ly acts of a - do - ra - tion, To the God of our sal - va - tion:
cr
f
On His al - tar laid, we leave them: Christ, present them! God, re-ceive them! A - MEN.

mf 2 Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from Thy house depart;
cr Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
mf All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender:
cr On Thine altar laid, we leave them;
f Christ, present them! God, receive them!

f 3 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
mf Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
p Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
cr On Thine altar laid, we leave them:
f Christ, present them! God, receive them!

J. S. B. Monsell

479 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. DUNDEE *Scotch Psalter*

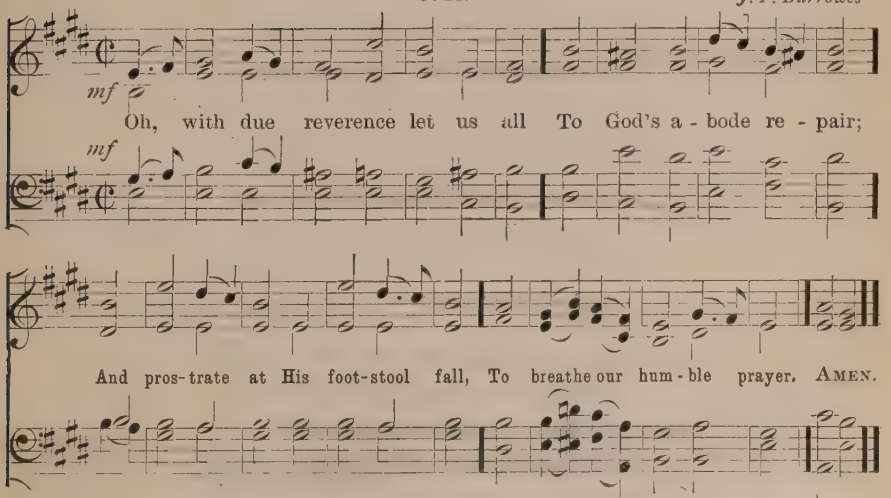

mf
O with due rev-'rence let us all To God's a-bode re-pair;
mf
And pros-trate at His foot-stool fall, To breathe our hum-ble prayer. AMEN.

f 2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that not only with Thy ark,
But with Thy presence blest.

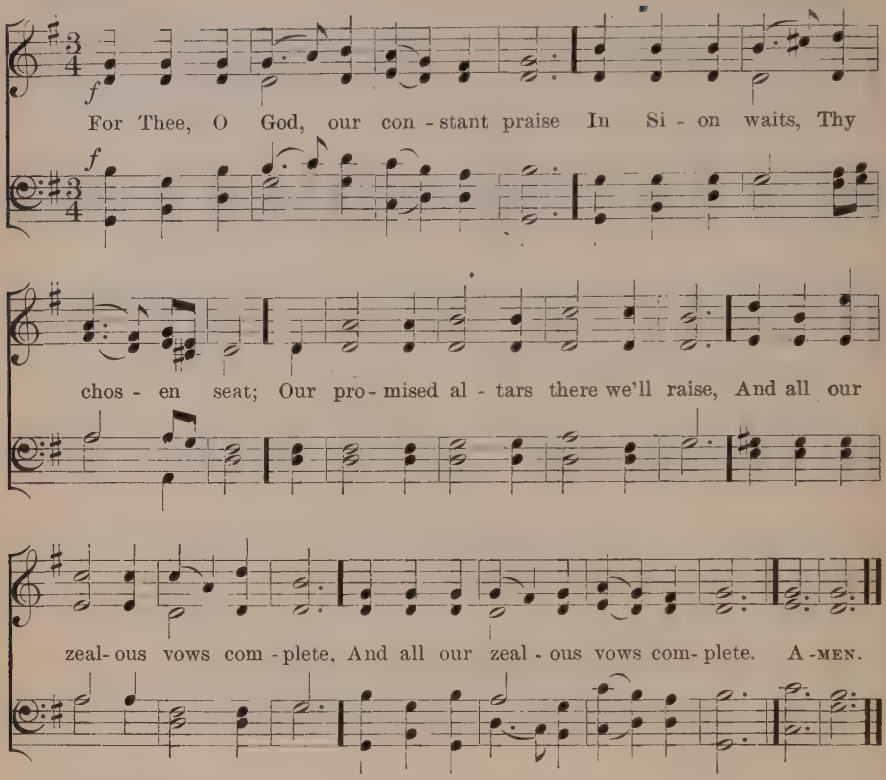
mf 3 Clothe Thou Thy priests with righteousness,
Make Thou Thy saints rejoice;
And, for Thy servant David's sake,
Hear Thy Anointed's voice.

Tate and Brady

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. BURLINGTON *J. F. Burrowes*


mf
Oh, with due reverence let us all To God's a-bode re-pair;
mf
And pros-trate at His foot-stool fall, To breathe our hum-ble prayer. AMEN.

480 L. M. PARK STREET *F. M. A. Venua*


For Thee, O God, our con - stant praise In Si - on waits, Thy
chos - en seat; Our pro - mised al - tars there we'll raise, And all our
zeal - ous vows com - plete, And all our zeal - ous vows com - plete. A - MEN.

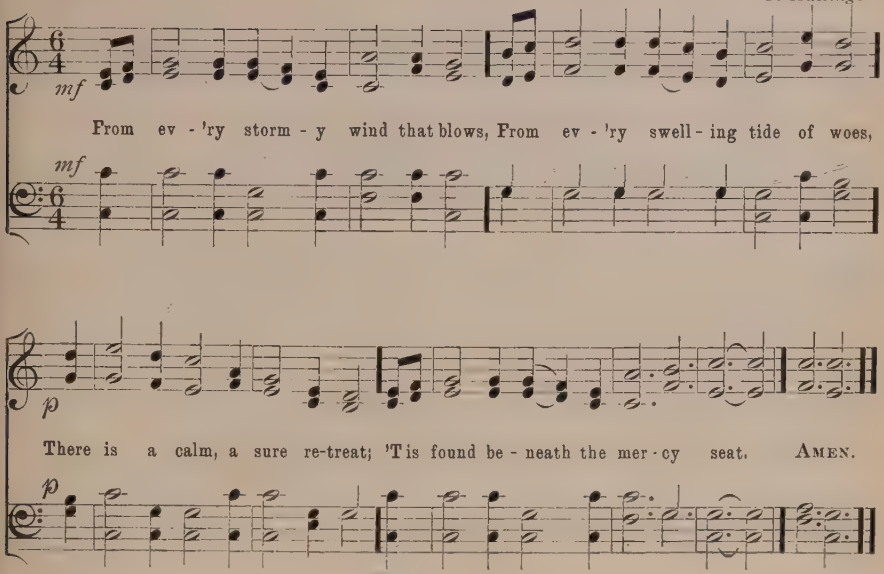
p 2 Thou, Who to every humble prayer
Dost always bend Thy listening ear,
cr To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at Thy gracious throne appear.

p 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop Thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

mf 4 Blest is the man who, near Thee placed,
Within Thy sacred dwelling lives!
cr 'T is there abundantly we taste
The vast delights Thy temple gives.

Tate and Brady

481 L. M. RETREAT *T. Hastings*


mf
From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
mf
p
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'T is found be - neath the mer - cy seat. AMEN.
p

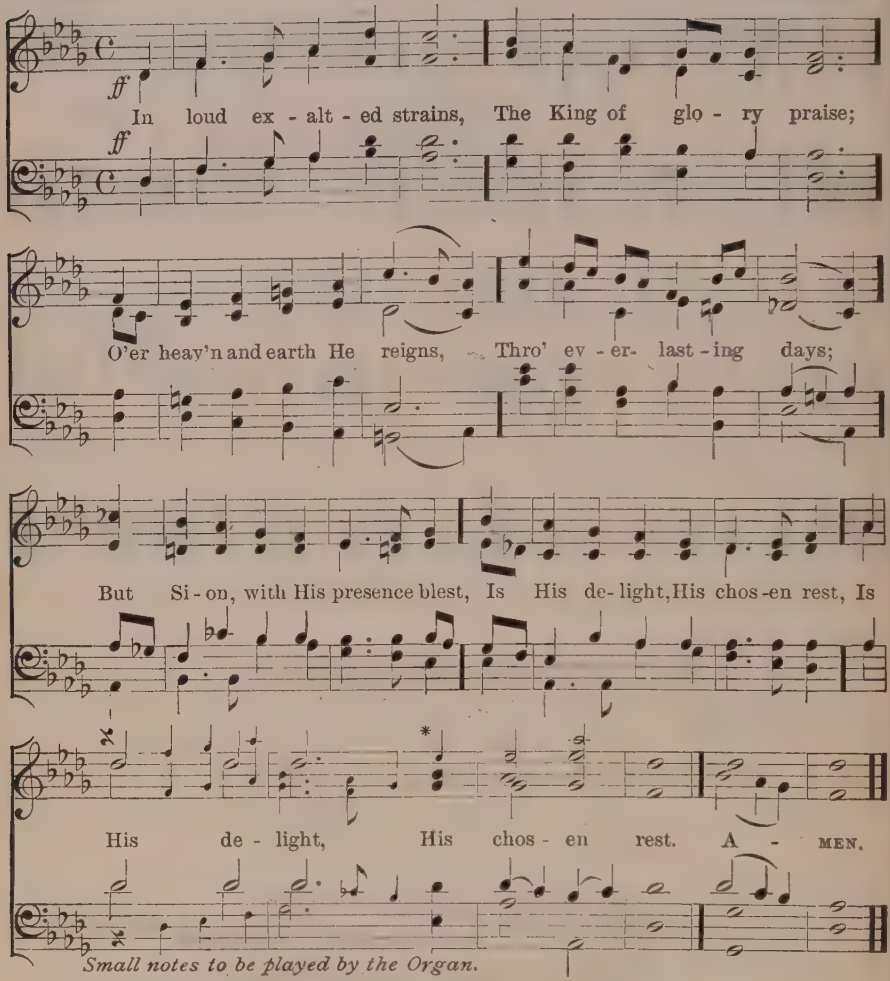
mf 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
p A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

cr 4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
f And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. Stowell

482 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. KING OF GLORY *H. W. Parker*


ff
In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise;
O'er heav'n and earth He reigns, Thro' ev - er- last - ing days;
But Si - on, with His presence blest, Is His de- light, His chos -en rest, Is
His de - light, His chos - en rest. A - MEN.
Small notes to be played by the Organ.

mf 2 O King of glory, come;
And with Thy favour crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
p Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

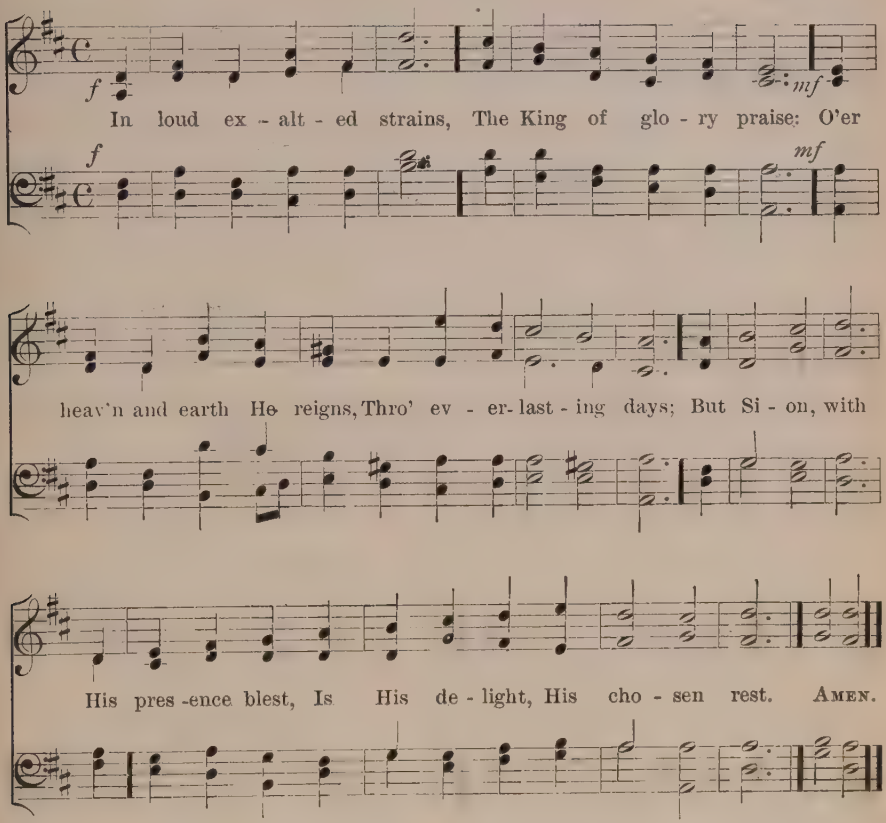
p 3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
er Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies:
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

mf 3 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

Last verse, *ad lib.*

B. Francis

482 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. DARWALL *J. Darwall*


In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise: O'er
heav'n and earth He reigns, Thro' ev - er-last - ing days; But Si - on, with
His pres -ence blest, Is His de - light, His cho - sen rest. AMEN.

mf 2 O King of glory, come;
And with Thy favour crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
p Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

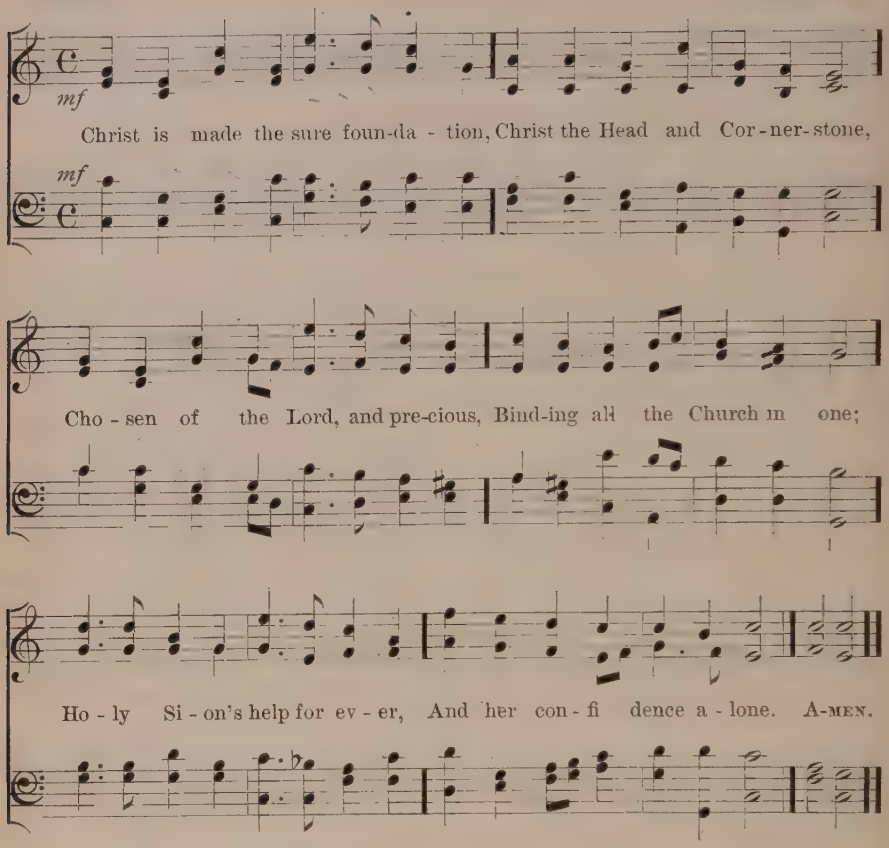
3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
cr Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies:
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

mf 4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

B. Francis

483 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

REGENT SQUARE
Henry Smart


mf
Christ is made the sure foun-da - tion, Christ the Head and Cor-ner-stone,
mf
Cho - sen of the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind-ing all the Church in one;
Ho - ly Si - on's help for ev - er, And her con - fi dence a - lone. A-MEN.

mf 2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
f In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
p God the One in Three adoring
cr In glad hymns eternally.

mf 3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
cr And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

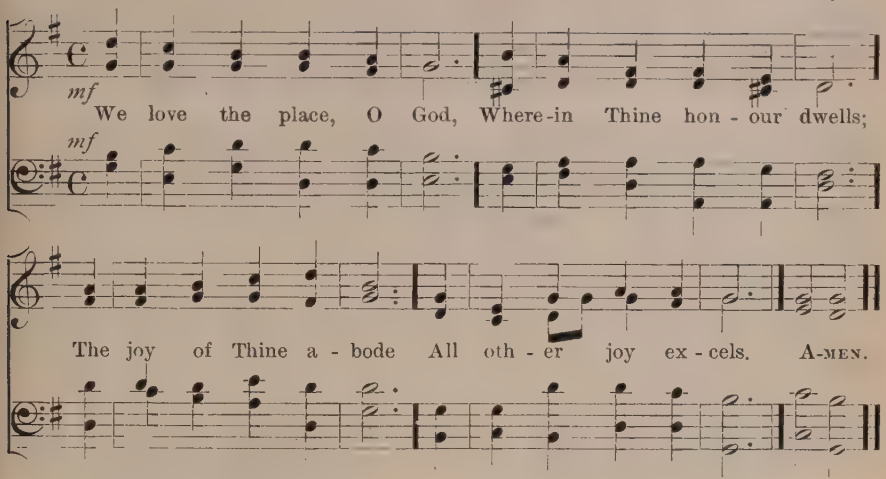
p 4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
cr What they gain from Thee, for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
f And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

J. M. Neale

484 (FIRST TUNE)

6. 6. 6. 6.

ST. CECILIA
L. G. Hayne



mf 2 We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
For Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.

mf 3 We love the sacred Font,
Wherein the holy Dove
Bestows, as ever wont,
His blessing from above.

mf 4 We love Thine Altar, Lord,
Its mysteries revere;
For there in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

mf 5 We love Thy holy Word,
The lamp Thou gav'st to guide
p All wanderers home, O Lord,
Home to their Father's side.

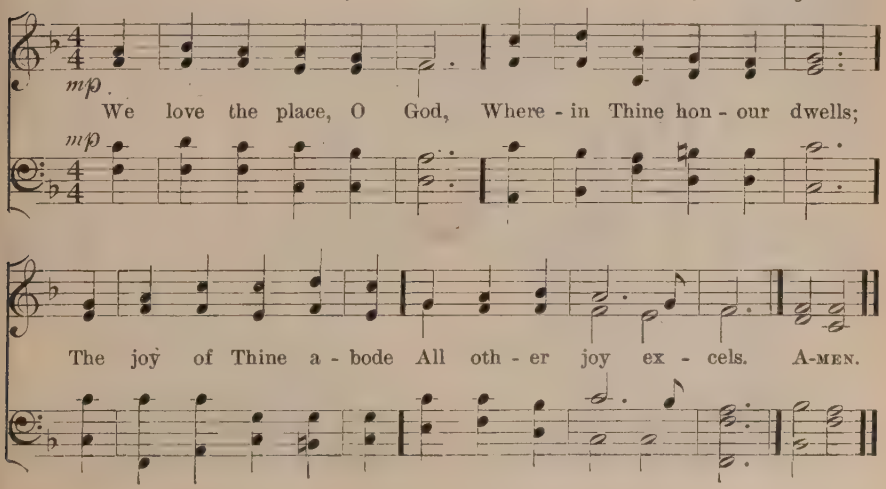
f 6 Then let us sing the love
To us so freely given,
Until we sing above
The triumph-song of heaven!

W. Bullock

(SECOND TUNE)

6. 6. 6. 6.

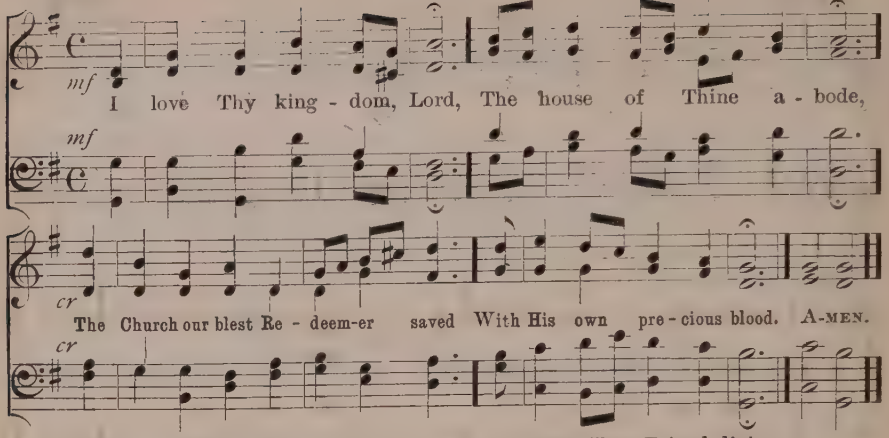
QUAM DILECTA
H. L. Jenner



485

S. M.

St. Thomas
A. Williams


mf
I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
mf
cr
The Church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own pre - cious blood. A-MEN.
cr

mp 2 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

mf 3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

mf 4 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

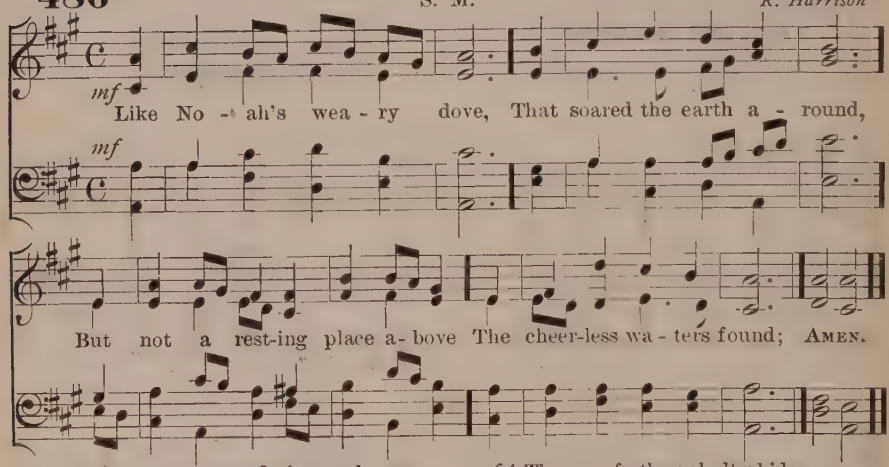
f 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. Dwight

486

S. M.

Cambridge
R. Harrison



p 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

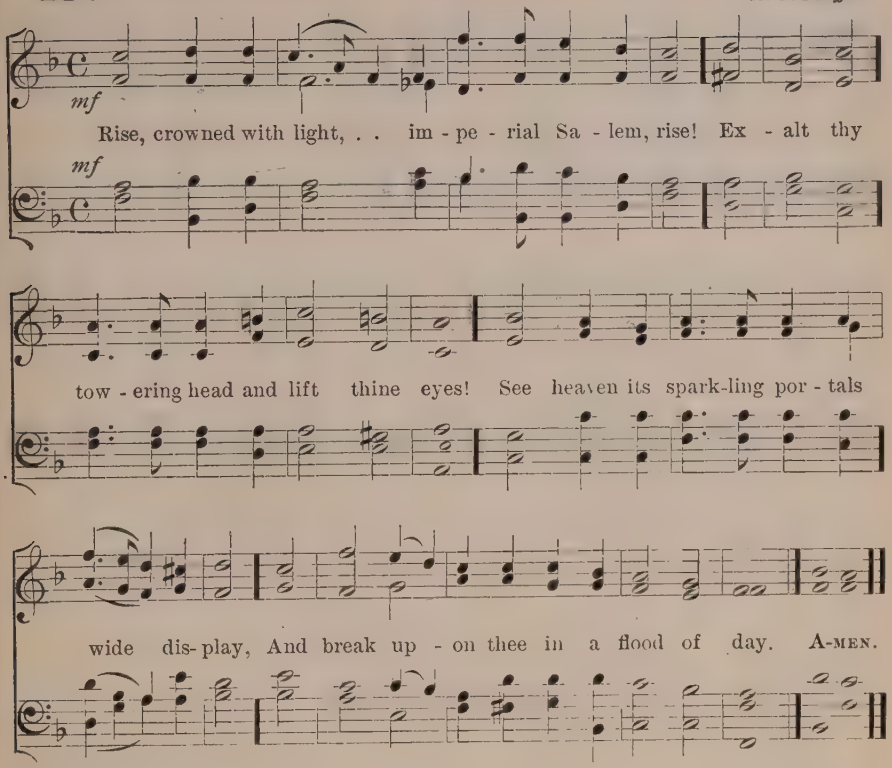
cr 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

mf 4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

p 5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
cr The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Sion's hill.

W. A. Muhlenberg

487 10. 10. 10. 10. RUSSIAN HYMN *A. T. Lwoff*


mf
Rise, crowned with light, . . im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy
mf
tow - ering head and lift thine eyes! See heaven its spark-ling por - tals
wide dis- play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A-MEN.

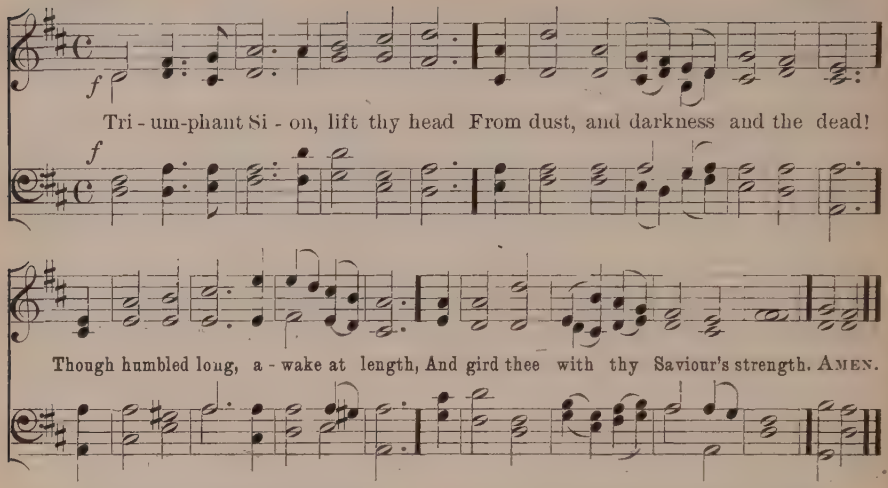
mf 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

mf 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

p 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
cr But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
f Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

A. Pope

488 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. TRURO *C. Burney*


Tri - um-phant Si - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness and the dead!
Though humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength. AMEN.

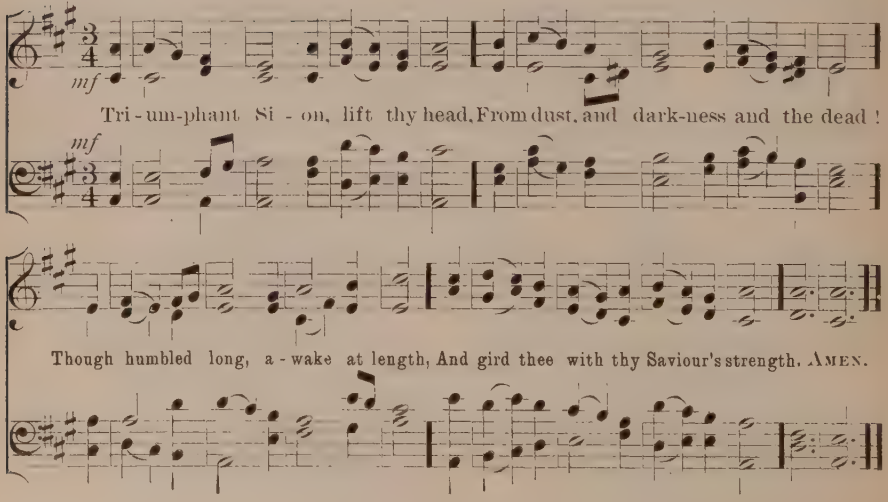
mf 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

mp 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

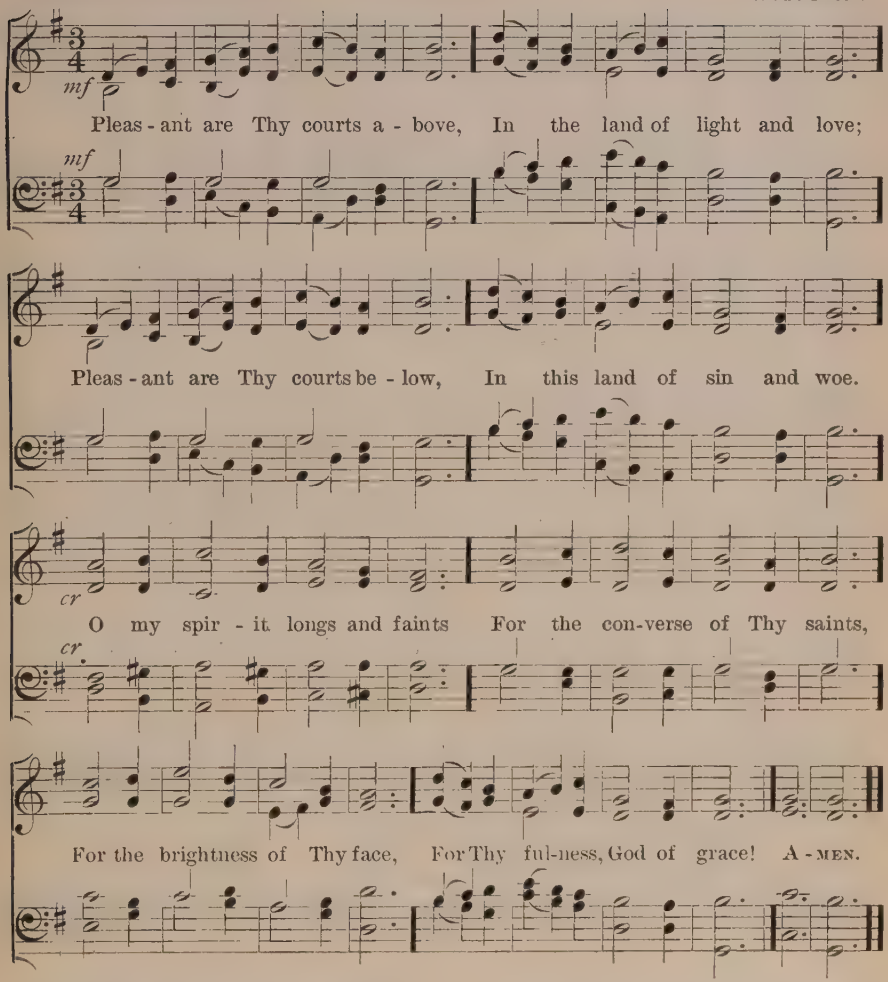
f 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

P. Doddridge.

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. WAREHAM *Wm. Knapp*


Tri - um-phant Si - on, lift thy head, From dust, and dark-ness and the dead!
Though humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength. AMEN.

489 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. D. MAIDSTONE *W. B. Gilbert*


mf
Pleas - ant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;
mf
Pleas - ant are Thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.
cr
O my spir - it longs and faints For the con-verse of Thy saints,
cr
For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful-ness, God of grace! A - MEN.

mf 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
p Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
cr They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

mf 3 Happy souls! their praises flow
p Ever in this vale of woe;
cr Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
f On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length
p At Thy feet adoring fall,
mf Who hast led them safe through all.

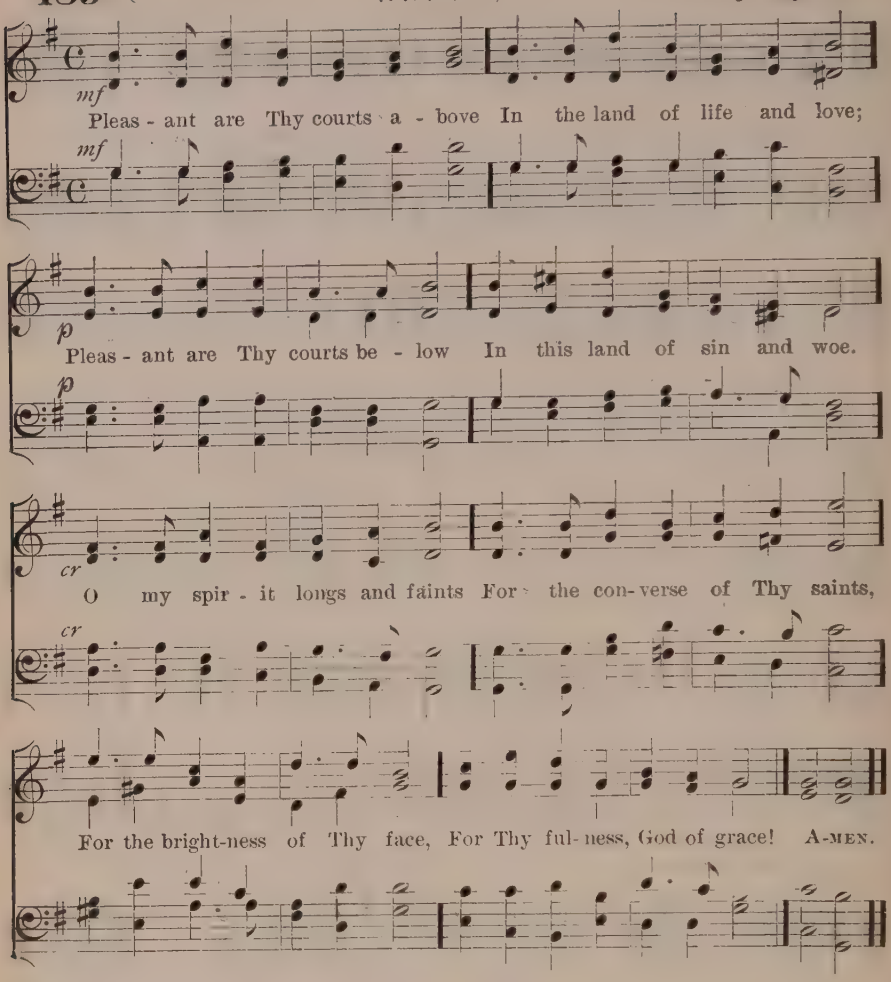
p 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
mf Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

H. F. Lyte

489 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR
G. J. Elvey


mf
Pleas - ant are Thy courts a - bove In the land of life and love;
p
Pleas - ant are Thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe.
cr
O my spir - it longs and faints For the con-verse of Thy saints,
For the bright-ness of Thy face, For Thy ful-ness, God of grace! A-MEN.

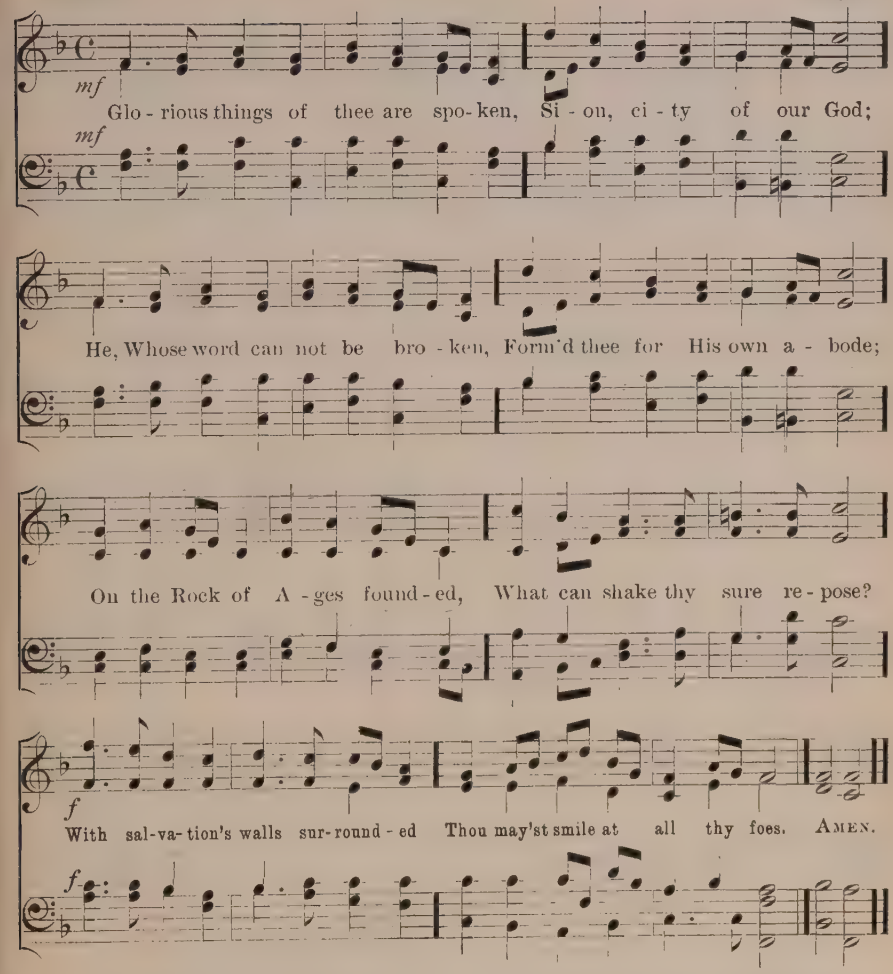
mf 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
p Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
cr They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

mf 3 Happy souls! their praises flow
p Ever in this vale of woe;
cr Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
f On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
p At Thy feet adoring fall,
mf Who hast led them safe through all.

p 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
mf Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

H. F. Lyte

490 8. 7. 8. 7. D. AUSTRIA *F. J. Haydn*


mf
Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Si - on, ci - ty of our God;
mf
He, Whose word can not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;
On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
f
With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round - ed Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. AMEN.
f

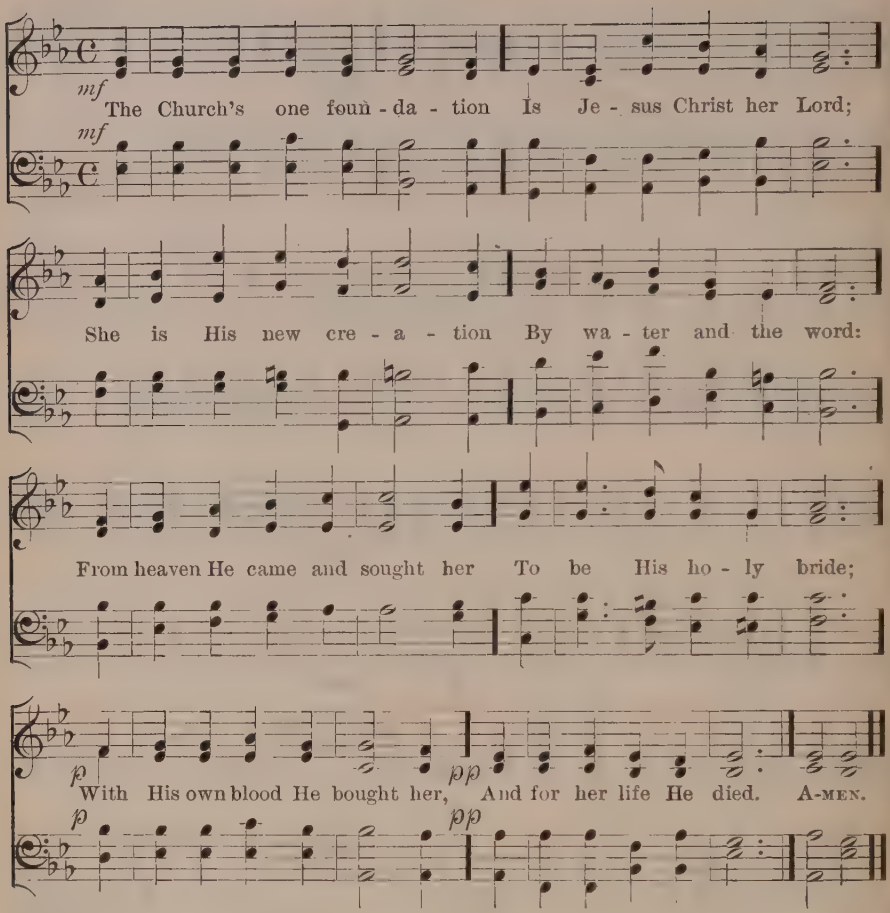
mf 2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
cr Who can faint, when such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
f Never fails from age to age.

mf 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna, pray.
Which He gives them when they

mf 4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'T is His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings

J. Newton

491 7. 6. 7. 6. D. AURELIA *S. S. Wesley*


mf
The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
mf
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
p
pp
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A-MEN.
p
pp

mf 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

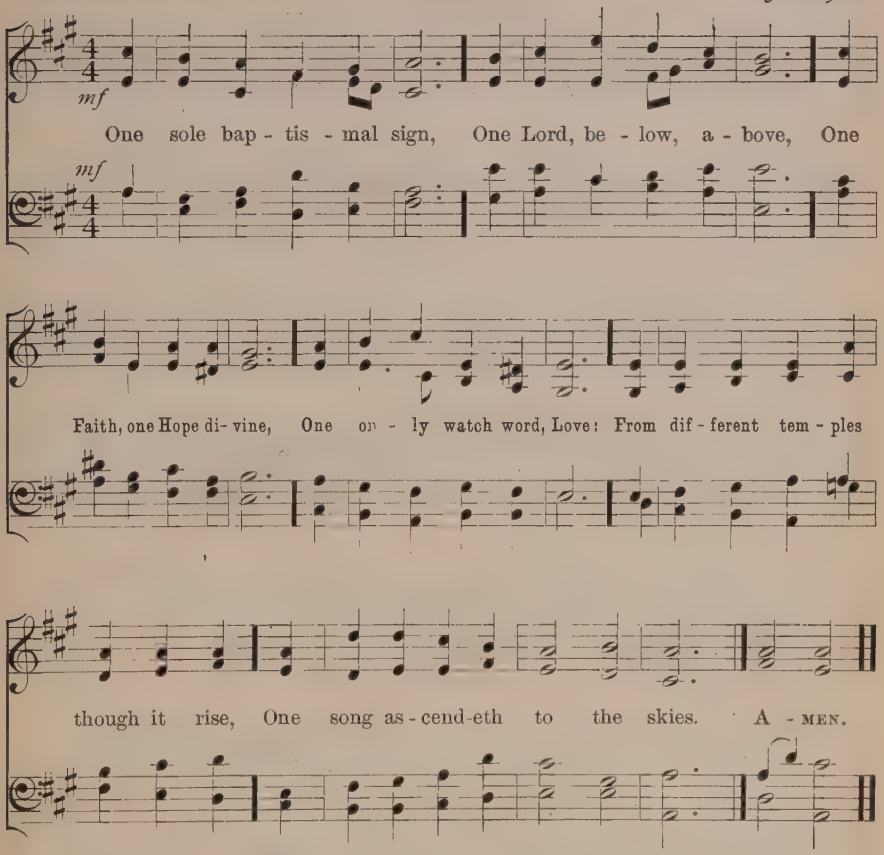
p 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
cr Yet saints their watch are keeping,
mf Their cry goes up "How long?"
cr And soon the night of weeping
f Shall be the morn of song.

p 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
cr Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
f And the great Church victorious
p Shall be the Church at rest.

mf 5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
cr And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won
f O happy ones and holy!
p Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
cr On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. Stone

492 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. ST. GODRIC *J. B. Dykes*


mf
One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord, be - low, a - bove, One
mf
Faith, one Hope di- vine, One on - ly watch word, Love: From dif - ferent tem - ples
though it rise, One song as - cend-eth to the skies. A - MEN.

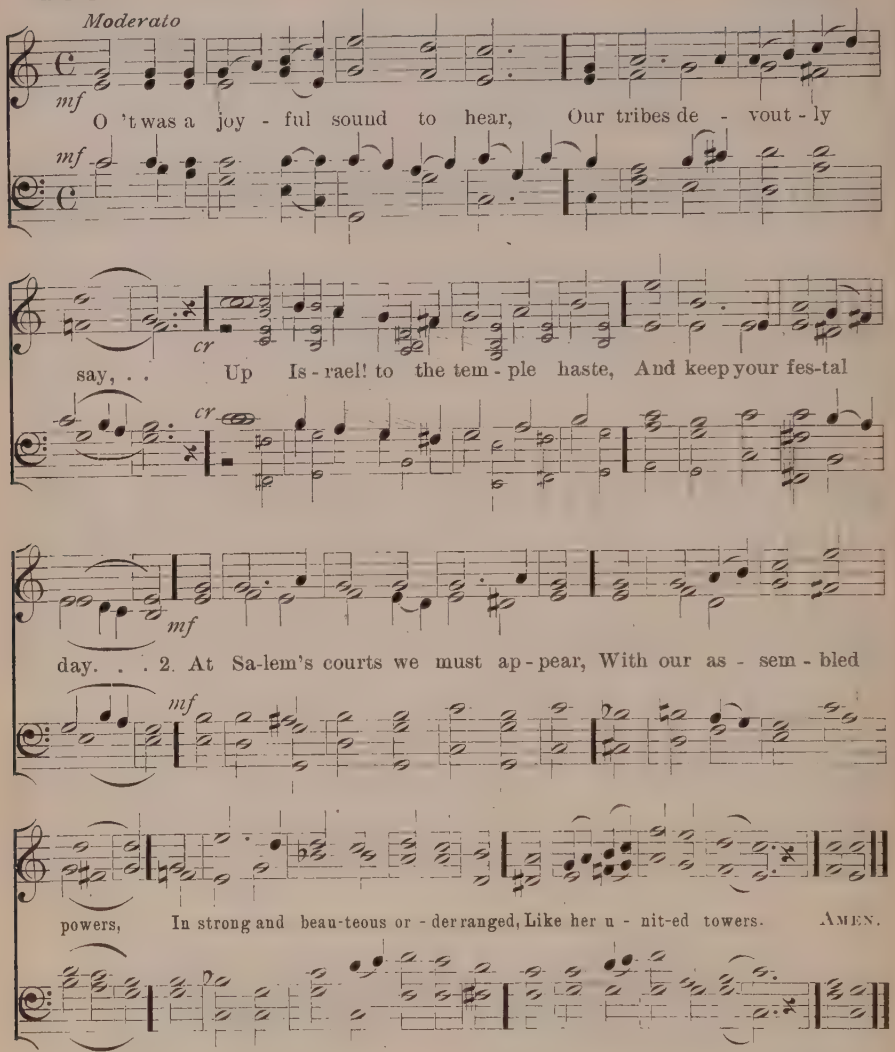
mf 2 Our Sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
p And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
cr Our chief, our choicest offering.

mf 3 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
cr Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

G. Robinson

493 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. D.

MOUNT SION
H. W. Parker


Moderato
mf
O 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear, Our tribes de - vout - ly
cr
say, . . Up Is - rael! to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes-tal
mf
day. . . 2. At Sa-lem's courts we must ap - pear, With our as - sem - bled
powers, In strong and beau-teous or - der ranged, Like her u - nit-ed towers. AMEN.

f 3 O ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

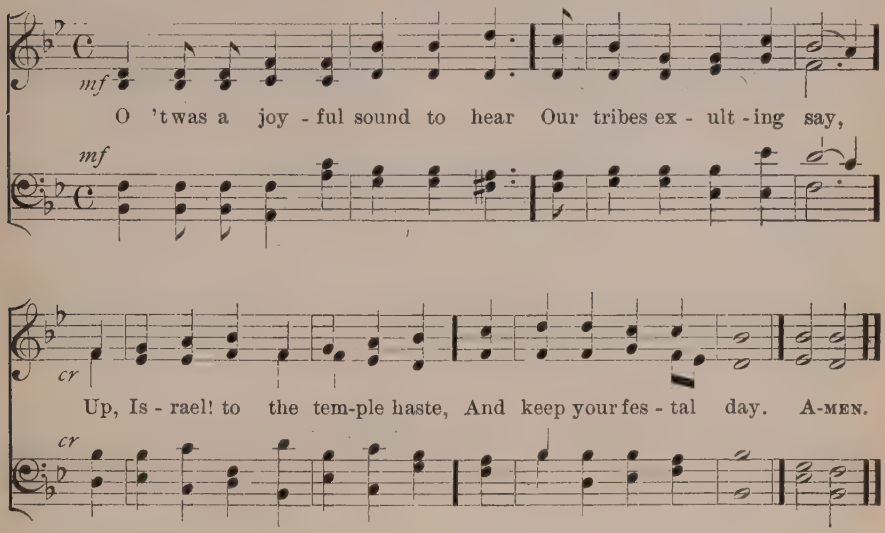
p 4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
cr With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

mf 5 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I 'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

mf 6 But most of all I 'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

Tate and Brady

493 (SECOND TUNE) C. M. NATIVITY *H. Lahee*



mf 2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

f 3 O ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

p 4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
cr With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

mf 5 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I 'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

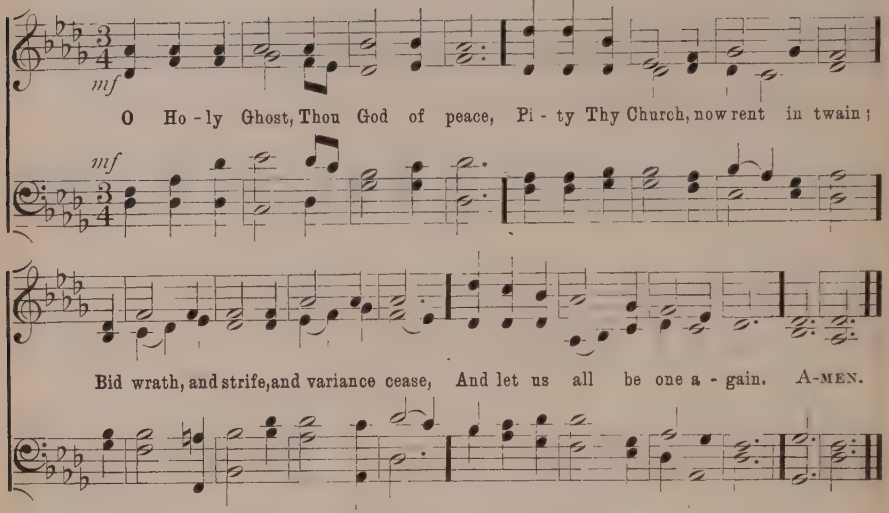
mf 6 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

Tate and Brady

494

L. M.

RIVAULX
J. B. Dykes


mf
O Ho - ly Ghost, Thou God of peace, Pi - ty Thy Church, now rent in twain;
mf
Bid wrath, and strife, and variance cease, And let us all be one a - gain. A-MEN.

mf 2 One with our brethren here in love,
And one with saints that are at rest.
cr And one with angel hosts above,
And one with God for ever blest.

p 3 O make on earth all churches one,
One with the blessèd gone before,
cr All knit in sweet communion,
To love Thee, worship, and adore.

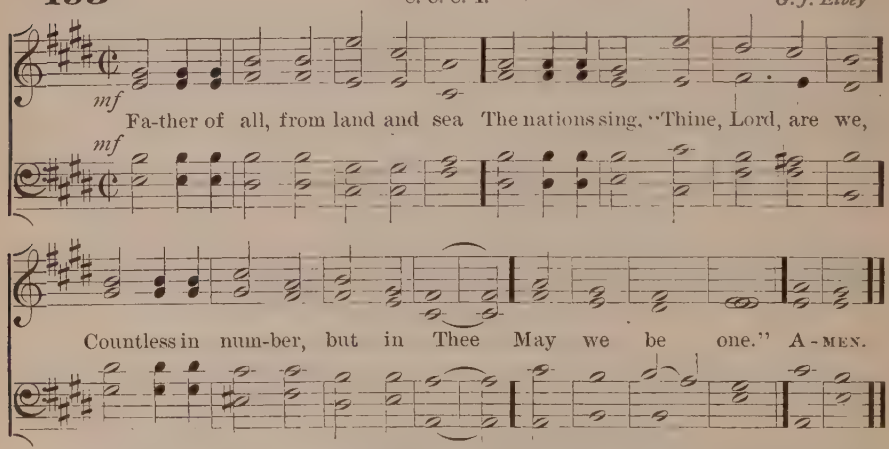
f 4 For one the Lord on Whom we call,
The Spirit one Whom He hath given,
One God and Father of us all,
One Faith on earth, one Hope of heav'n.

I. Williams

495

8. 8. 8. 4.

REST
G. J. Elvey



mf 2 O Son of God, Whose love so free
p For men did make Thee Man to be,
cr United to our God in Thee
May we be one.

p 3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone:
mf Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner Stone,
Making them one.

mf 4 Thou art the Fountain of all good,
Cleansing with Thy most precious blood,
cr And feeding us with angels' food,
Making us one.

mf 5 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
cr Under one Shepherd, in one Fold,
Make us all one.

p 6 O Spirit blest, Who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love:
O make us one!

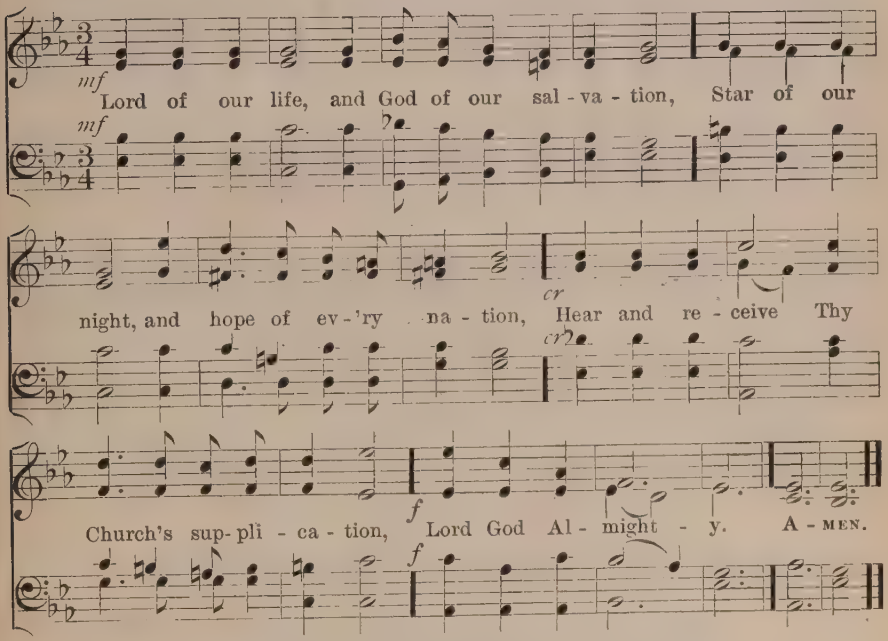
mf 7 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, in Persons Three,
Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee
May we be one.

f 8 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one."

C. Wordsworth

496 (FIRST TUNE) 11. 11. 11. 5.

CLOISTERS
J. Barnby


mf
Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our
mf
night, and hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy
cr
cr
f
Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A - MEN.
f

mf 2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!
cr Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
f Thou canst preserve us.

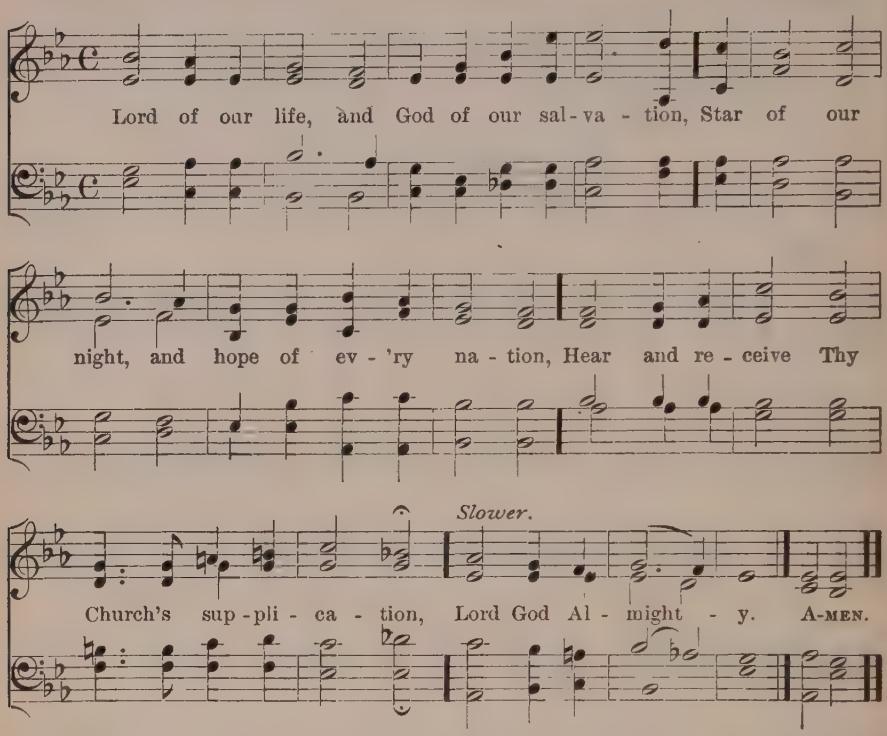
mf 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
cr Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
p Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

p 4 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes raging!

mf 5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
p Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
pp Peace in Thy heaven.

Lowenstern: TR. *P. Pusey*

496 (SECOND TUNE) 11. 11. 11. 5. CRABY *J. Barnby*


Lord of our life, and God of our sal-va-tion, Star of our
night, and hope of ev-'ry na-tion, Hear and re-ceive Thy
Slower.
Church's sup-pli-ca-tion, Lord God Al-might-y. A-MEN.

mf 2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!
cr Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
f Thou canst preserve us.

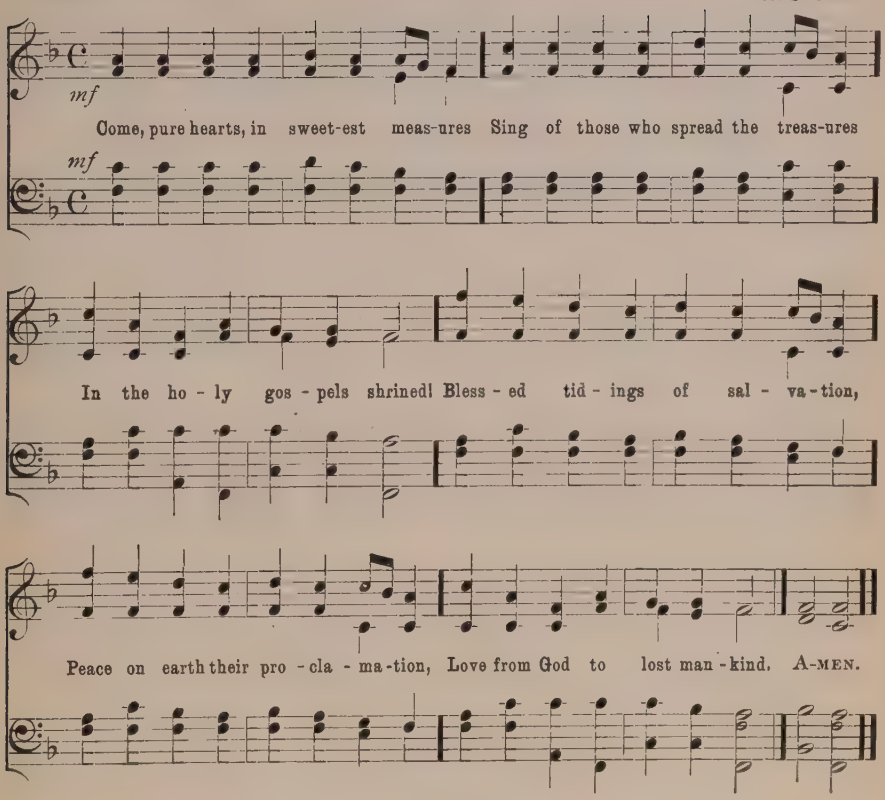
mf 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
cr Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
p Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

p 4 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes raging!

mf 5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
p Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
pp Peace in Thy heaven.

Lowenstern: TR. *P. Pusey*

497 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. JUBAL *H. S. Cutler*

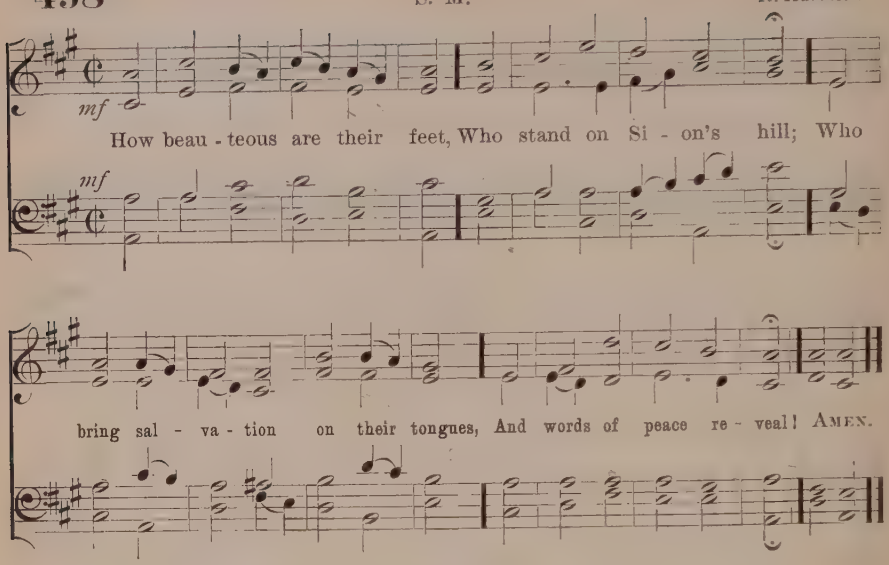

mf
Come, pure hearts, in sweet-est meas-ures Sing of those who spread the treas-ures
mf
In the ho - ly gos - pels shrined! Bless - ed tid - ings of sal - va - tion,
Peace on earth their pro - cla - ma - tion, Love from God to lost man - kind. A-MEN.

mf 2 See the Rivers four that gladden,
With their streams, the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
f Christ the Fountain, (*mf*) these the waters,
f Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters!
Drink, and find salvation here.

mf 3 O that we, Thy truth confessing,
And Thy holy Word possessing,
Jesu, may Thy love adore!
Unto Thee our voices raising,
cr Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

TR. *R. Campbell*

498 S. M. CAMBRIDGE *R. Harrison*


mf
How beau - teous are their feet, Who stand on Si - on's hill; Who
mf
bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal! AMEN.

mf 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
cr "Sion, behold thy Saviour-King!
He reigns and triumphs here."

mf 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

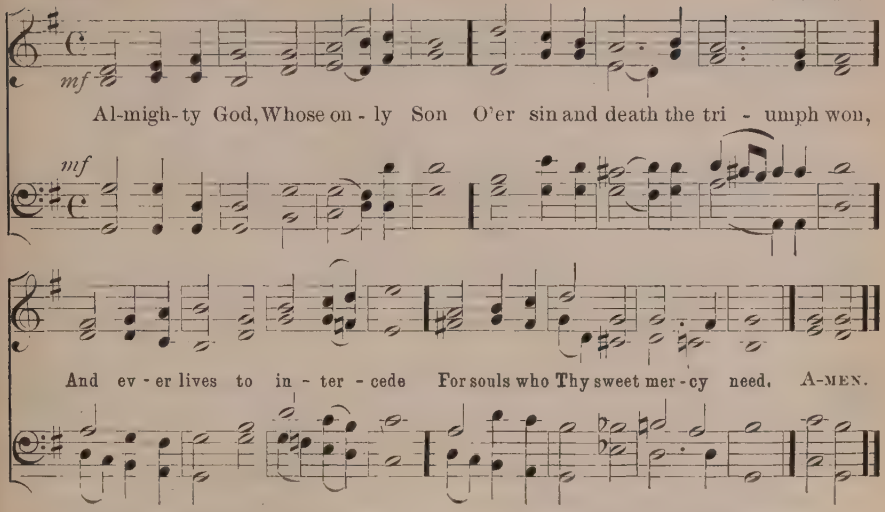
mf 4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

mf 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
cr Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

f 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

I. Watts

499 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. LASUS *A. H. Mann*


Al-migh-ty God, Whose on - ly Son O'er sin and death the tri - umph won,
And ev - er lives to in - ter - cede For souls who Thy sweet mer - cy need. A-MEN.

mf 2 In His dear Name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

p 3 And some within Thy sacred fold,
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife;

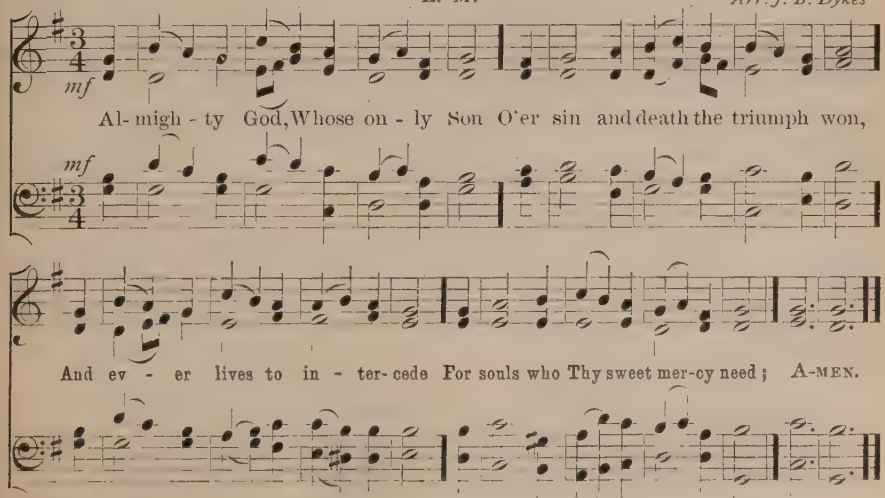
p 4 And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years:

mf 5 O give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep!
cr And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire:

f 6 That so from angel hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the blest, adore
Thy Name, O God, for evermore.

H. W. Baker

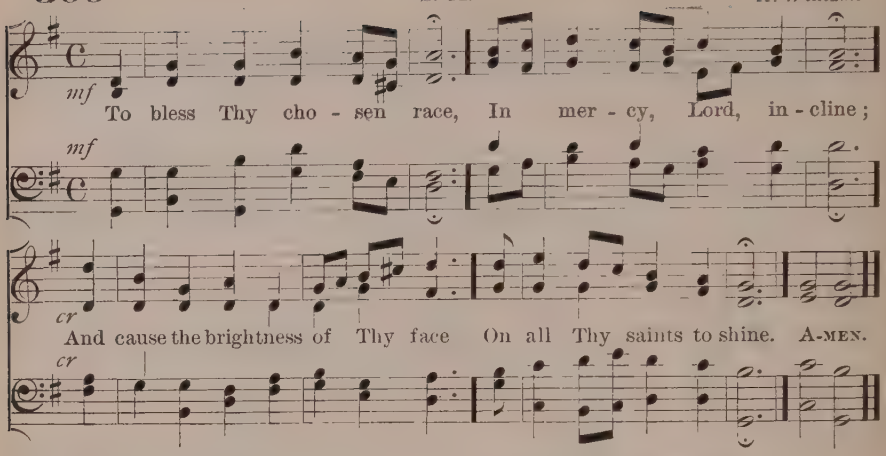
(SECOND TUNE) L. M. INTERCESSION *Arr. J. B. Dykes*


Al- migh - ty God, Whose on - ly Son O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ev - er lives to in - ter - cede For souls who Thy sweet mer - cy need; A-MEN.

500

S. M.

ST. THOMAS
A. Williams


mf
To bless Thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline;
mf
cr
And cause the brightness of Thy face On all Thy saints to shine. A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy Salvation own.

f 3 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth! [King,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and
Shalt govern all the earth.

f 4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame!
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name!

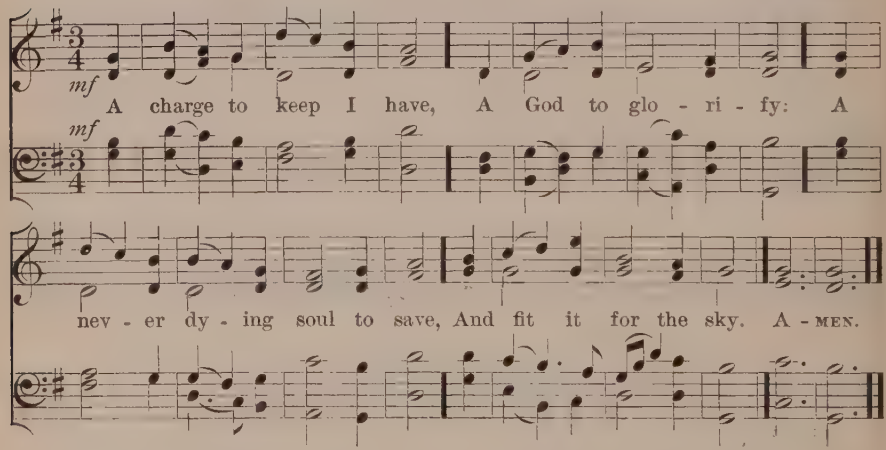
mf 5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

Tate and Brady

501

S. M.

THATCHER
From Handel



mf 2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
cr To do my Master's will!

mf 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And, O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

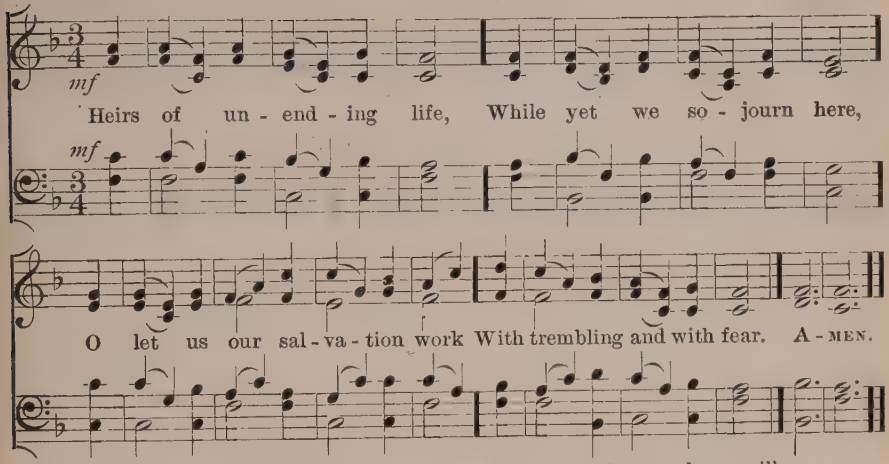
mf 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Steadfast to walk on Christ's dear way
And God to glorify.

C. Wesley

502

S. M.

DENNIS
J. G. Nageli



mf 2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.

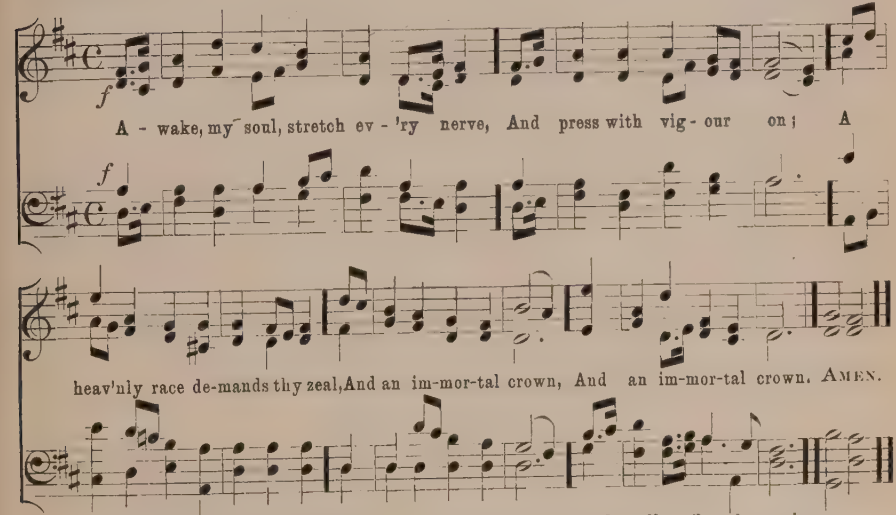
mf 3 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

B. Beddome: ALT. *H. U. Onderdonk*

503

C. M.

CHRISTMAS
From Handel


f
A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - our on; A
f
heav'nly race de-mands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. AMEN.

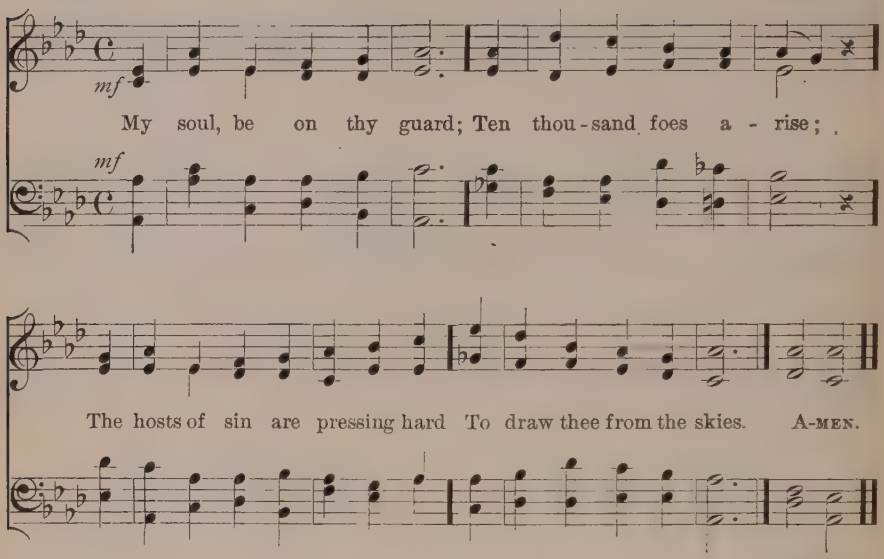
mf 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

mf 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
cr 'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

f 4 Then wake my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

P. Doddridge

504 S. M. SCHUMANN *R. Schumann*



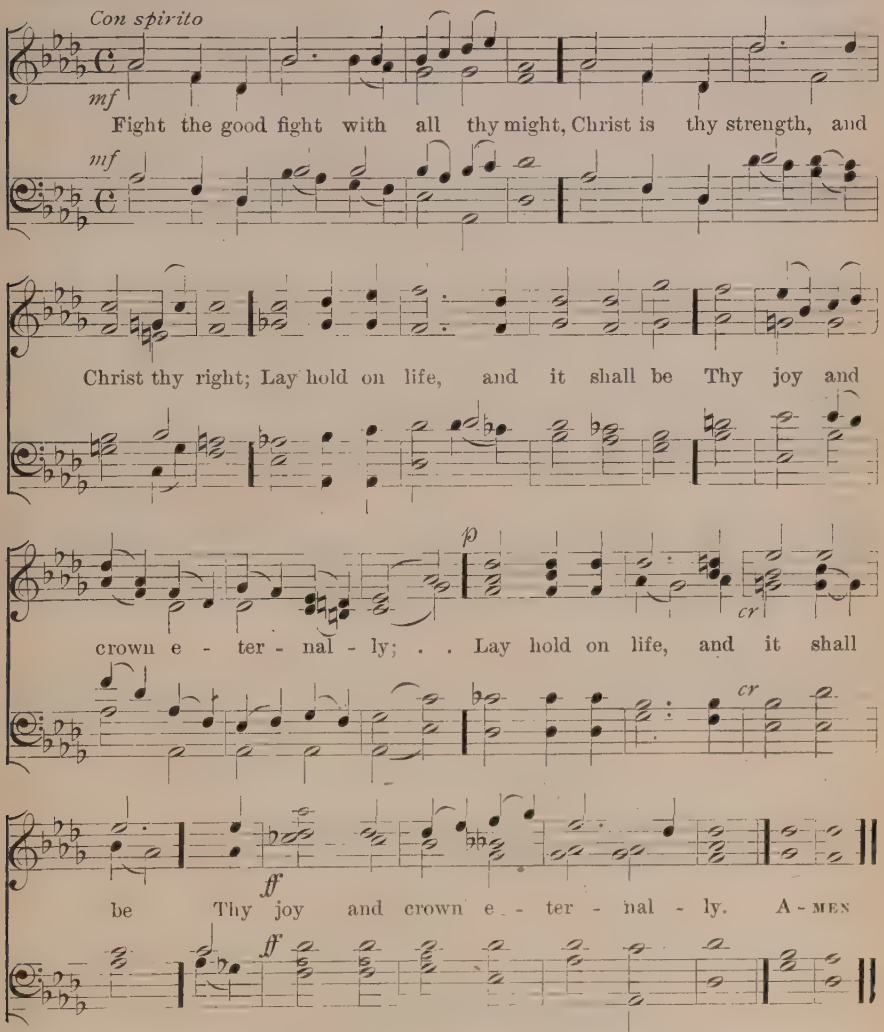
mf 2 O watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

p 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

mf 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
p He'll take thee, at thy parting breath
cr Up to His blest abode.

G. Heath

505 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. COURAGE *H. W. Parker*


Con spirito
mf
Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and
mf
Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and
p
cr
crown e - ter - nal - ly; . . Lay hold on life, and it shall
cr
ff
be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN
ff

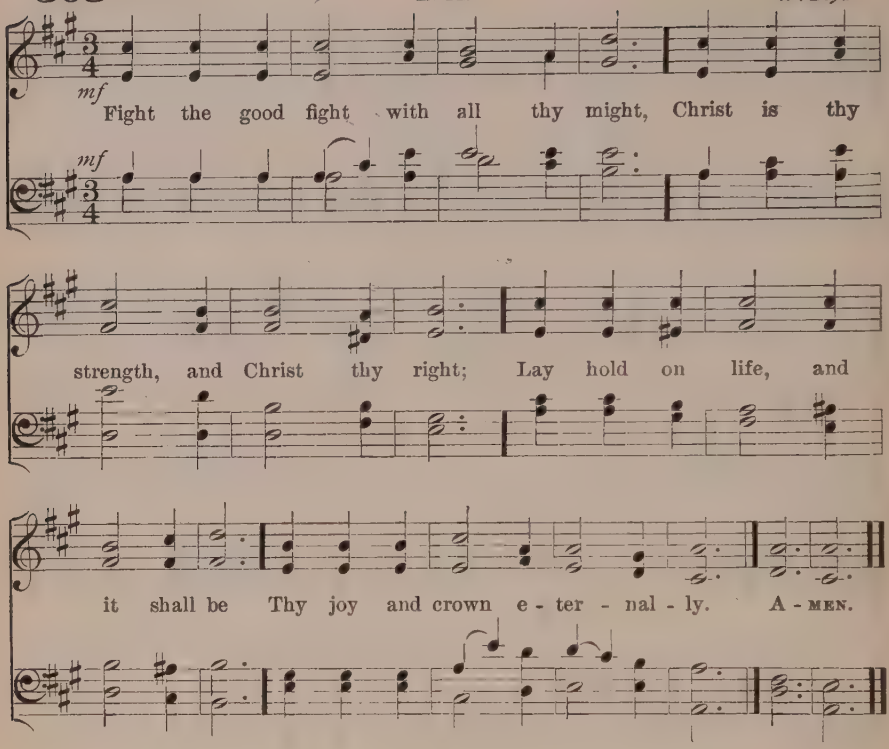
mf 2 Run the straight race thro' God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
cr Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

mf 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and Thy trusting soul shall prove
cr Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

mf 4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
cr Only believe, and thou shalt see.
That Christ is all in all to thee.

I. S. B. Monsell

505 (SECOND TUNE) L. M. PENTECOST *W. Boyd*


mf
Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy
mf
strength, and Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and
it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

mf 2 Run the straight race thro' God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
cr Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

mf 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
cr Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

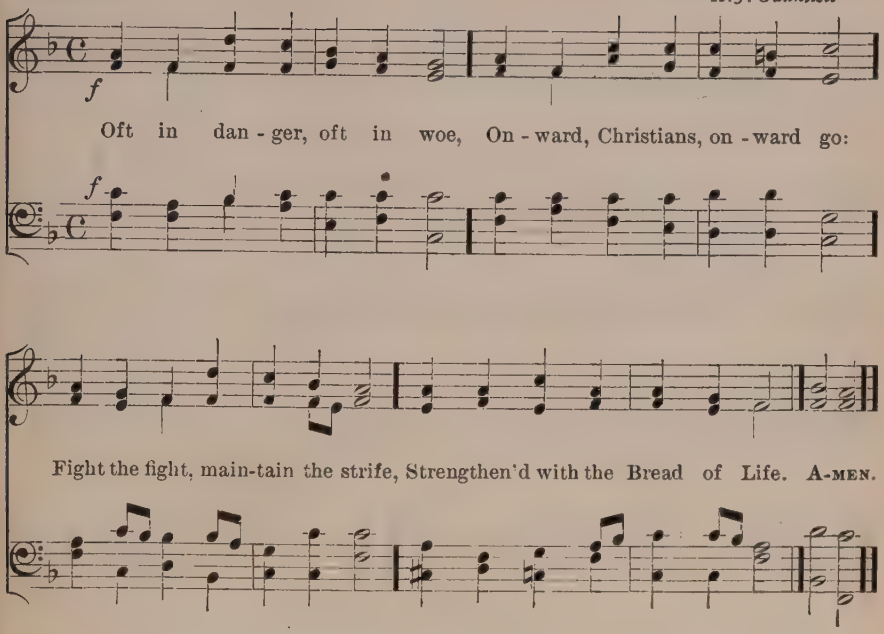
mf 4 Faint not for fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
cr Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell

506

7. 7. 7. 7.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
H. J. Gauntlett


f
Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christians, on - ward go:
f
Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life. A-MEN.

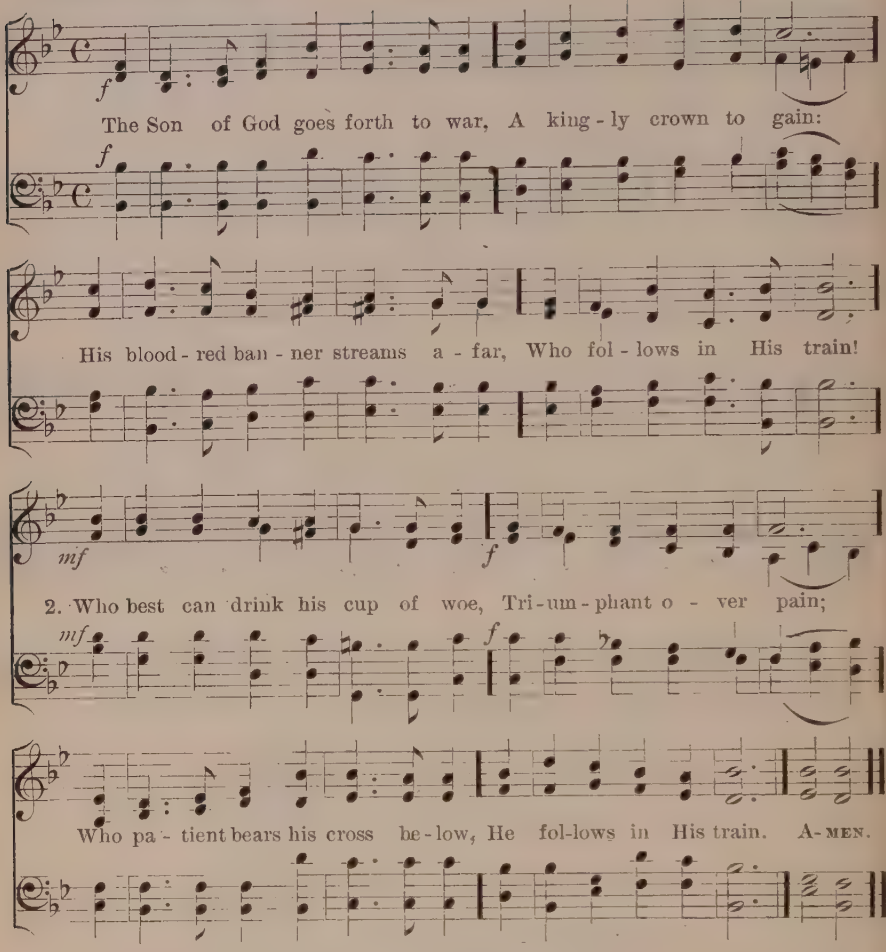
f 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

mf 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
cr Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

f 4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. K. White

507 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. D. ALL SAINTS *H. S. Cutler*


The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain:
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far, Who fol-lows in His train!
2. Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain;
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. A-MEN.

f 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

mp 4 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
mf He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
f Who follows in His train?

mf 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came: [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame.

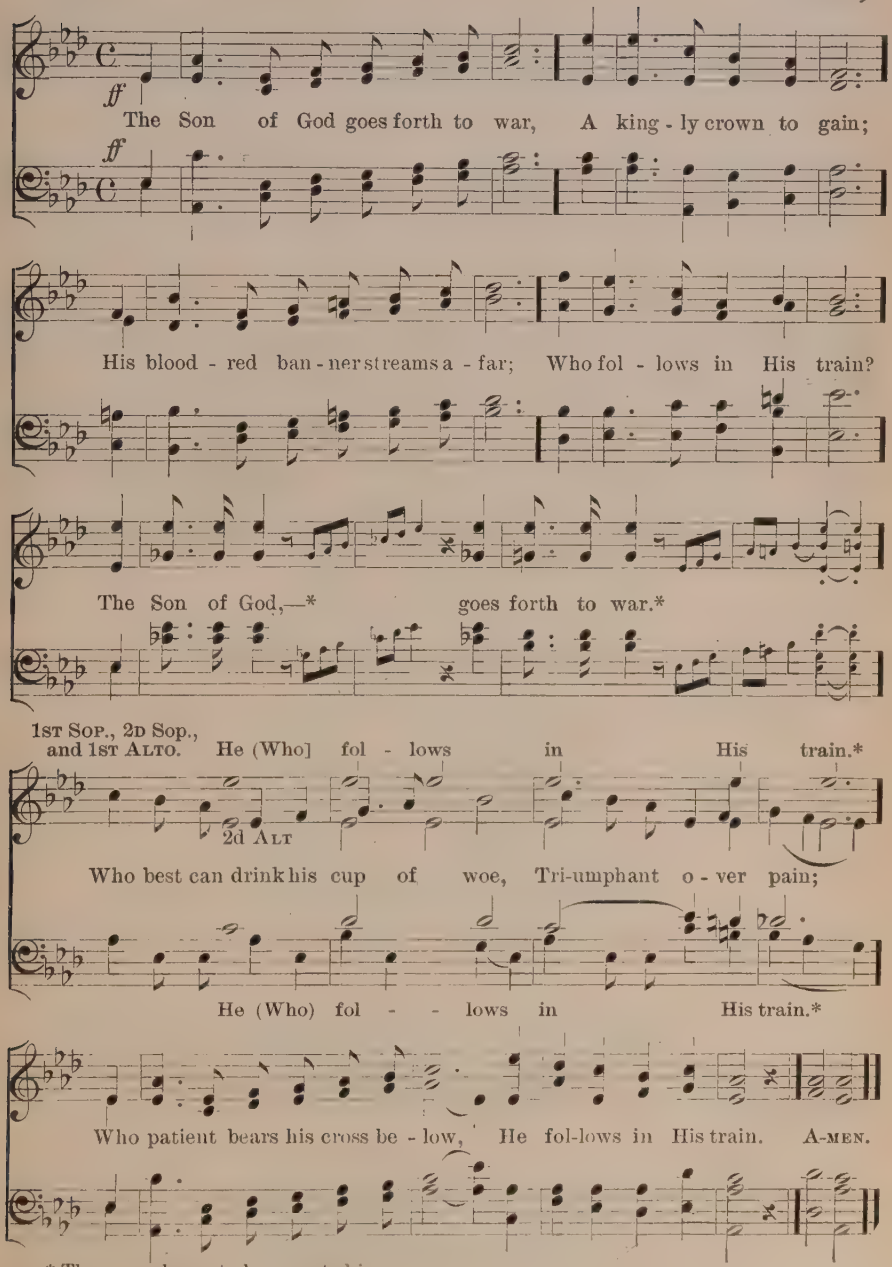
mf 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane; [feel:
p They bowed their necks the death to
cr Who follows in their train?

f 7 A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviours throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

mf 8 They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n
Through peril, toil, and pain:
p O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

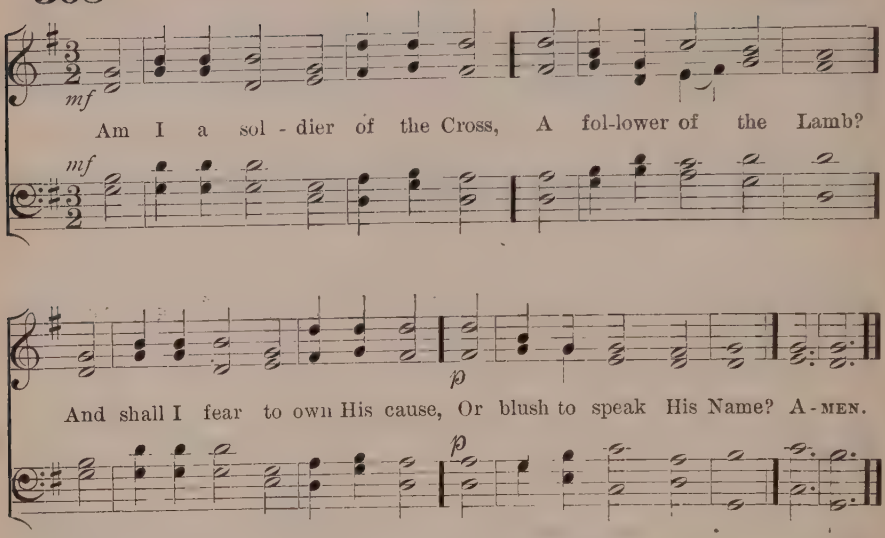
R. Heber

507 (SECOND TUNE) C. M. D. CRUSADER *S. B. Whitney*


ff
The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?
The Son of God,—* goes forth to war.*
1st Sop., 2d Sop., and 1st Alto. He (Who) fol - lows in His train.*
2d Alt
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umphant o - ver pain;
He (Who) fol - - lows in His train.*
Who patient bears his cross be - low, He fol-lows in His train. A-men.

* These words are to be repeated in every verse.

508 C. M. MARLOW *J. Chetham*



mf 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

mf 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
p Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

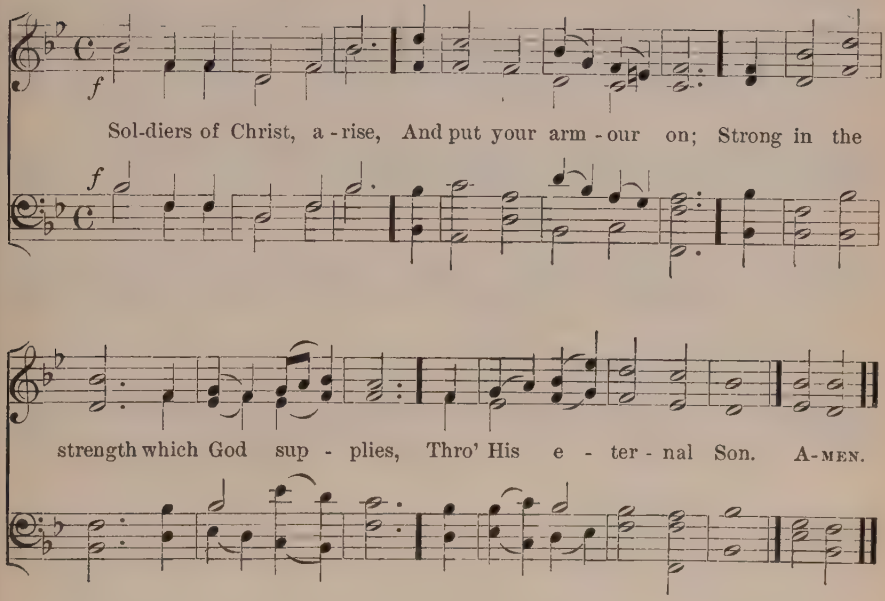
f 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

f 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

f 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

I. Watts

509 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. SILVER STREET *I. Smith*



f 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

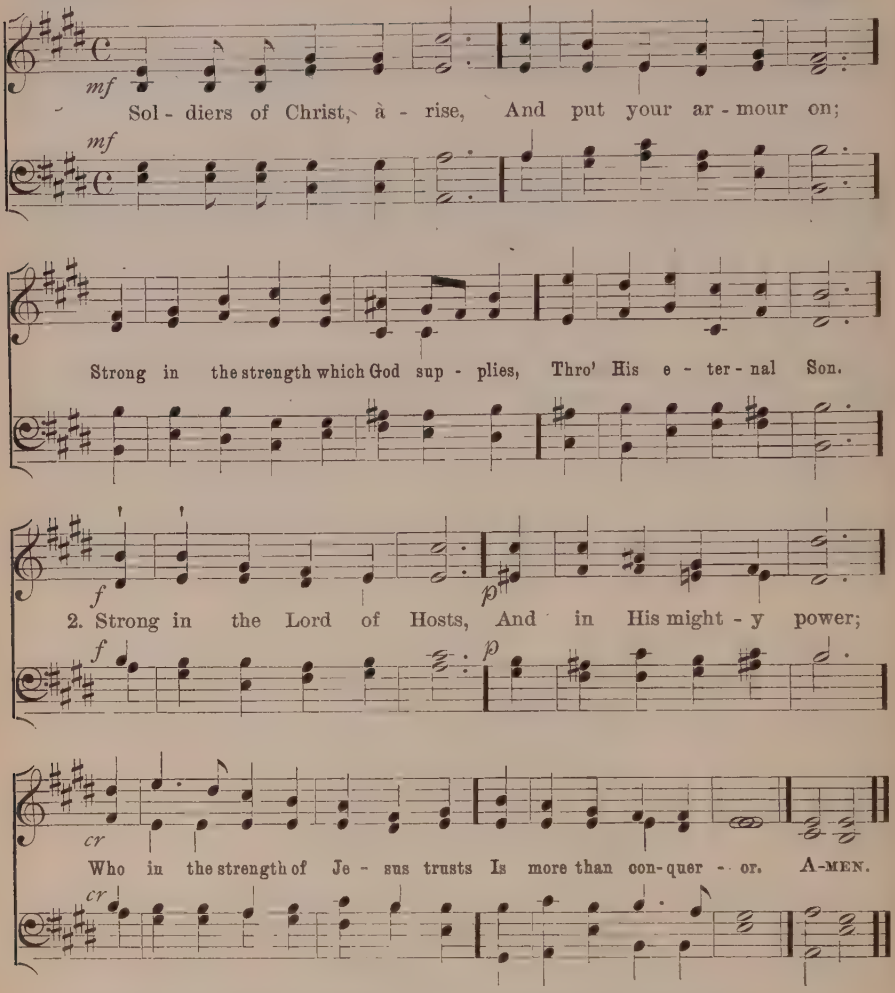
f 3 Stand then is His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

mf 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
cr And win the well-fought day.

p 5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
cr Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
f And stand complete at last.

C. Wesley

509 (SECOND TUNE) S. M. D. DIADEMATA *G. J. Elvey*


mf
Sol - diers of Christ, à - rise, And put your ar - mour on;
Strong in the strength which God sup - plies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son.
f
p
2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y power;
cr
Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer - or. A-MEN.

f 3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

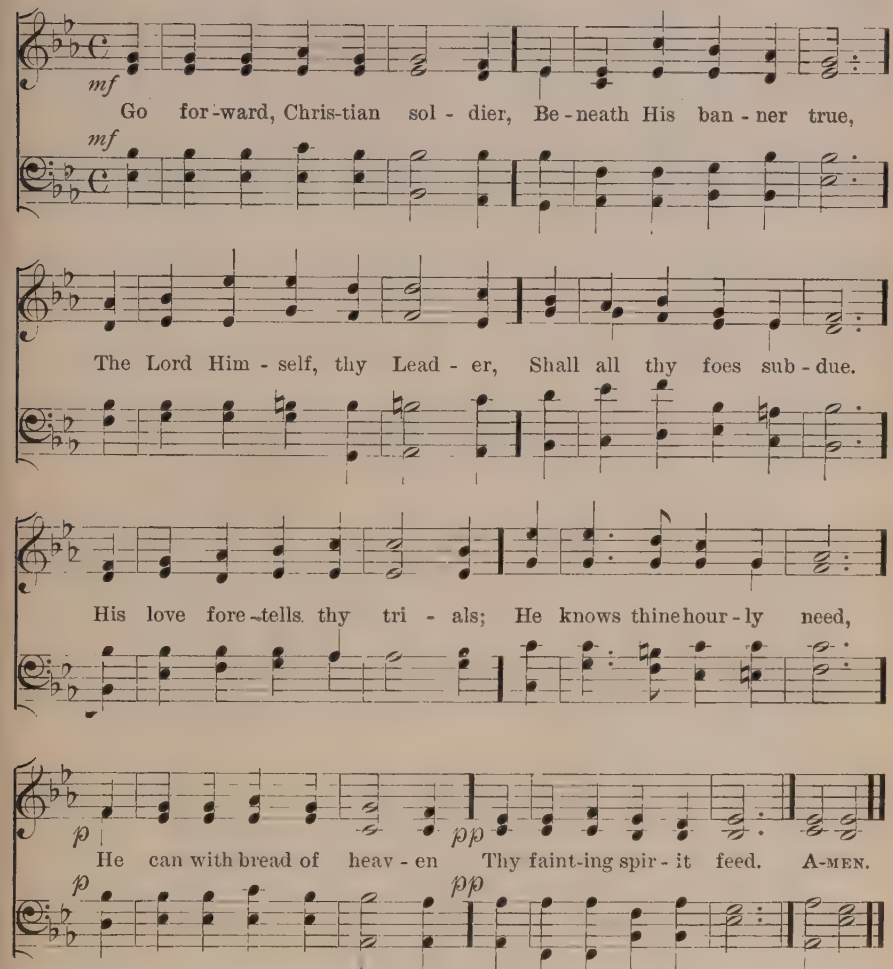
mf 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,
cr And win the well-fought day.

p 5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
cr Ye may o'ercome, thro' Christ alone,
f And stand complete at last.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

C. Wesley

510 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. AURELIA *S. S. Wesley*


mf
Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Be-neath His ban - ner true,
mf
The Lord Him - self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.
His love fore-tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour - ly need,
p
He can with bread of heav - en
pp
Thy faint-ing spir - it feed. A-MEN.
p
pp

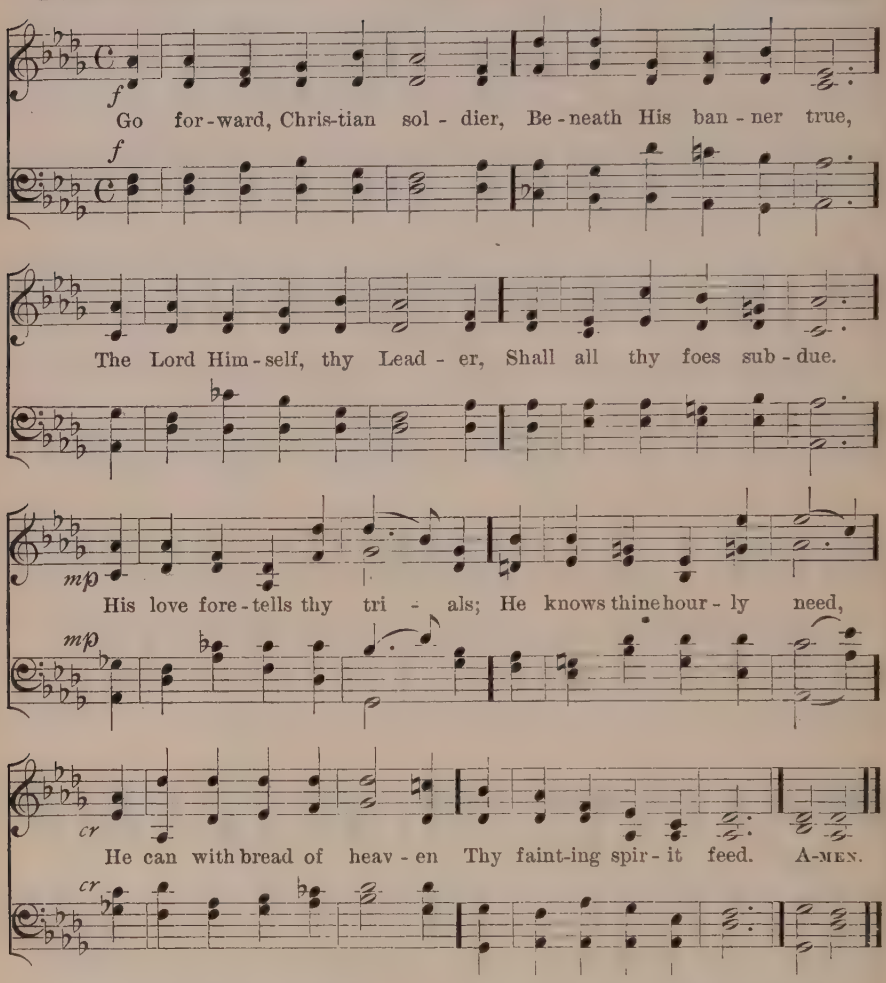
mf 2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
p Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
cr Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

mf 3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
cr And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

f 4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night:
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
mf When morn His face revealeth,
cr Thy dangers all are past:
p O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last!

L. Tuttiett

510 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. LANCASHIRE *H. Smart*


f
Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Be-neath His ban - ner true,
The Lord Him-self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.
mp
His love fore-tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour - ly need,
cr
He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint-ing spir - it feed. A-MEN.

mf 2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
p Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
cr Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

mf 3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
cr And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

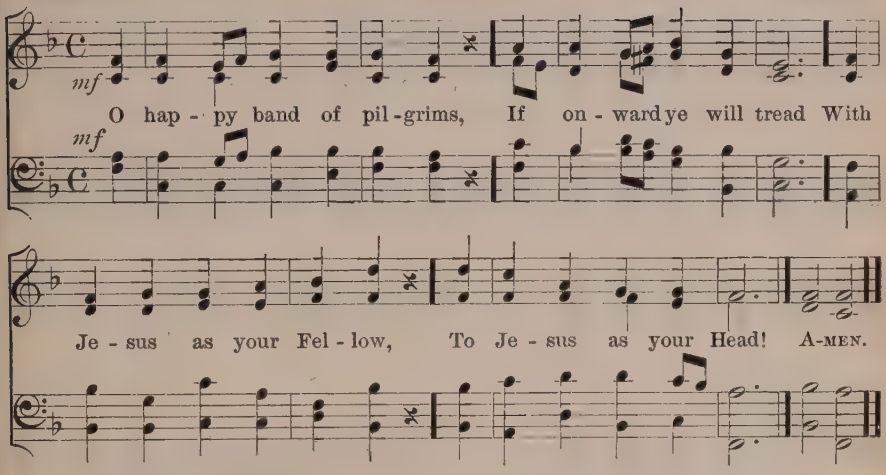
f 4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
mf When morn His face revealeth,
cr Thy dangers all are past:
p O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last!

L. Tuttiett

511 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 6. 7. 6.

KOCHER
J. H. Knecht



mf 2 Oh, happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men!
Oh, happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

mf 3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
f The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

mf 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;

p 5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

mf 6 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

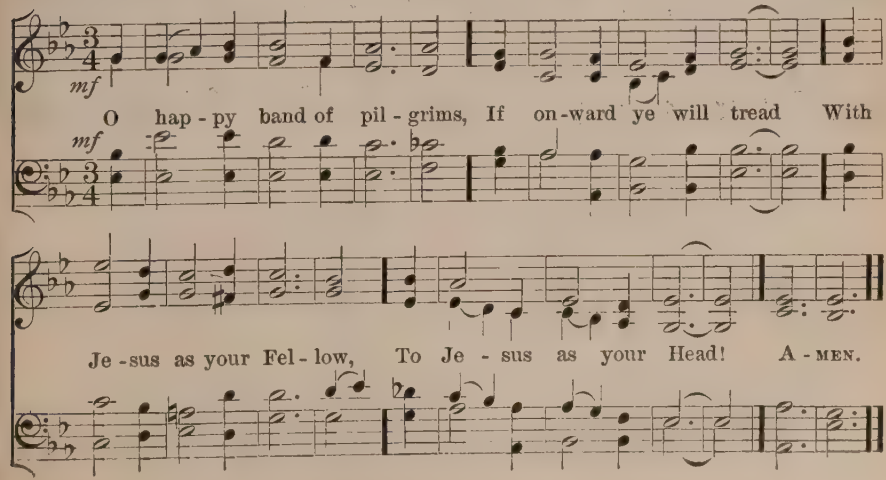
f 7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!

TR. *J. M. Neale*

(SECOND TUNE)

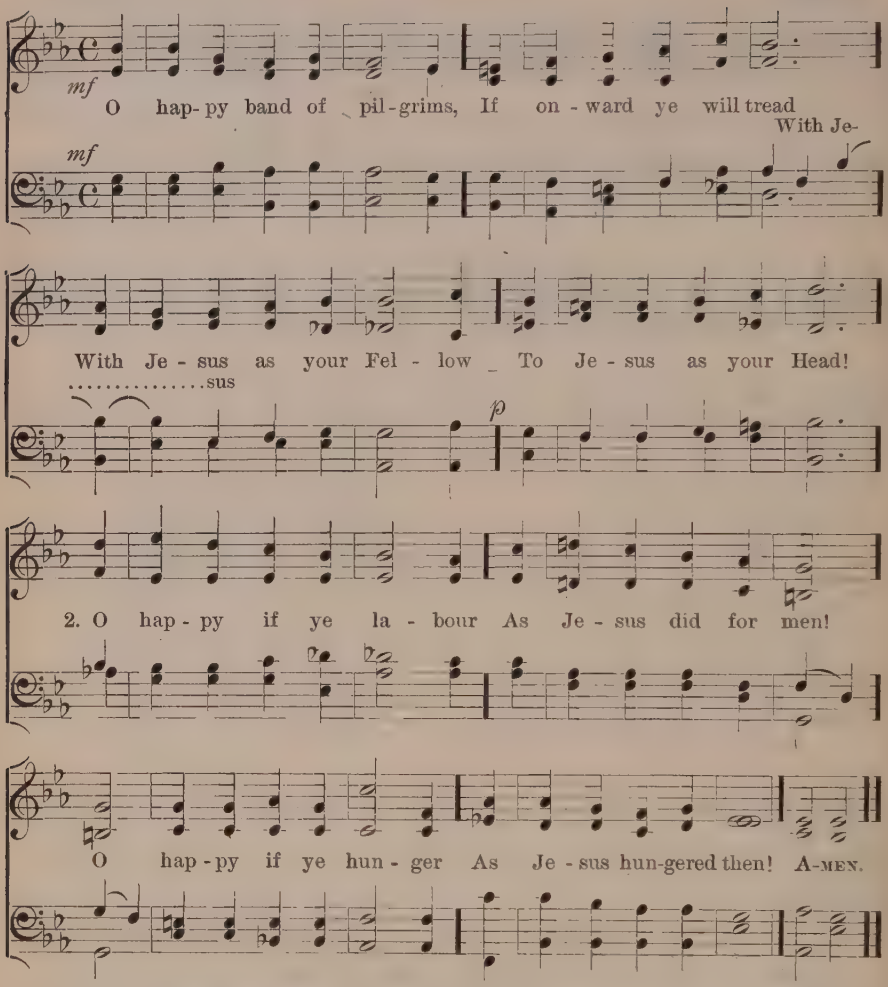
7. 6. 7. 6.

ST. GILES
J. Stainer



511 (THIRD TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ST. ANSELM
J. Barnby


mf
O hap-py band of pil-grims, If on-ward ye will tread
With Je-
mf
With Je-sus as your Fel-low To Je-sus as your Head!
.....sus
p
2. O hap-py if ye la-bour As Je-sus did for men!
O hap-py if ye hun-ger As Je-sus hun-gered then! A-MEN.

mf 3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
f The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

mf 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;

p 5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

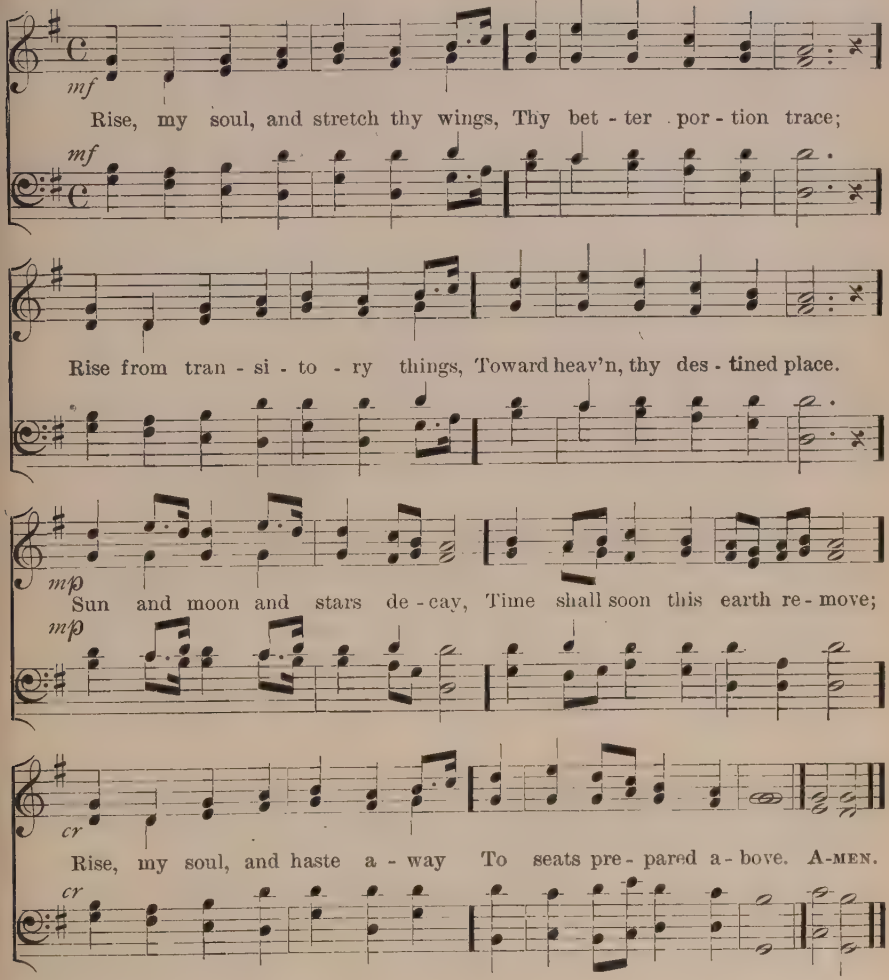
mf 6 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

f 7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!

8 To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God Whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore.

St. Joseph: TR. *J. M. Neale*

512 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6. AMSTERDAM *J. Nares*

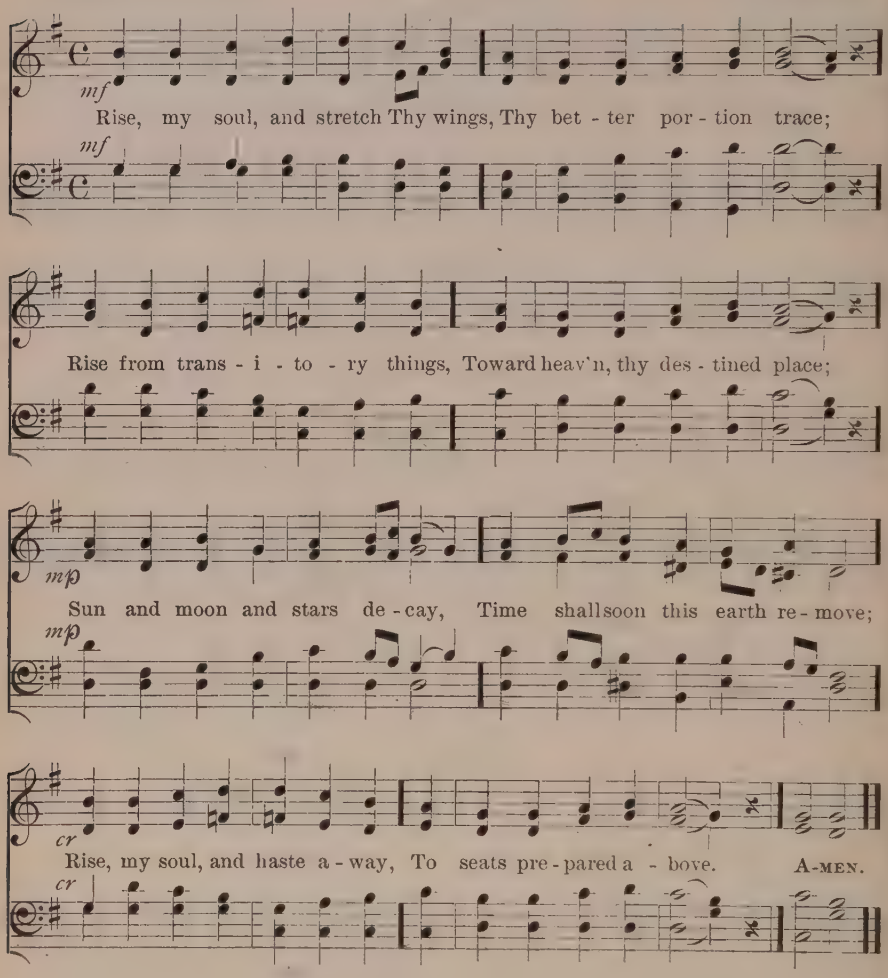

mf
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
mf
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Toward heav'n, thy des - tined place.
mp
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
mp
cr
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. A-MEN.
cr

p 2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn!
cr Press onward to the prize;
f Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
mf There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
cr There will sorrow ever cease,
f And crowns of joy be given.

R. Seagrave

512 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

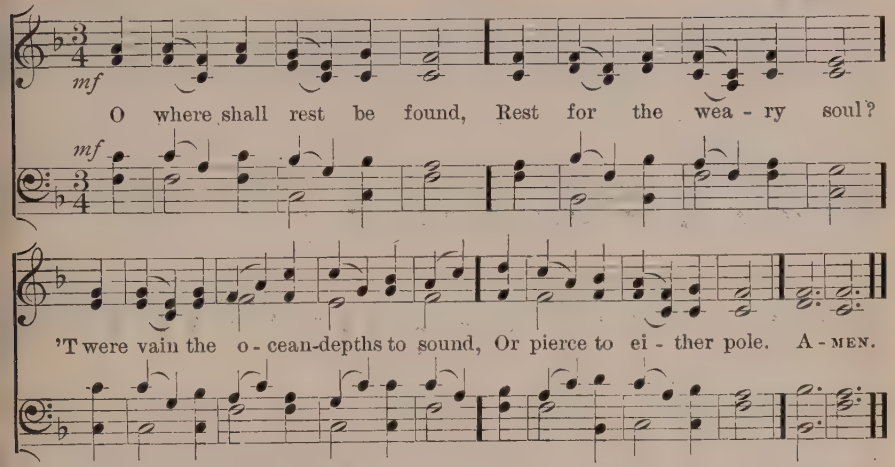
BEETHOVEN
Beethoven
Arr. E. HODGES


mf
Rise, my soul, and stretch Thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
mf
Rise from trans - i - to - ry things, Toward heav'n, thy des - tined place;
mp
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shallsoon this earth re - move;
mp
cr
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre - pared a - bove. A-MEN.
cr

p 2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn!
cr Press onward to the prize;
f Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
mf There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
cr There will sorrow ever cease,
f And crowns of joy be given.

R. Seagrave

513 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. DENNIS *J. G. Nageli*



mf 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
p 'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

mp 3 Beyond this vale of tears
cr There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
f And all that life is love.

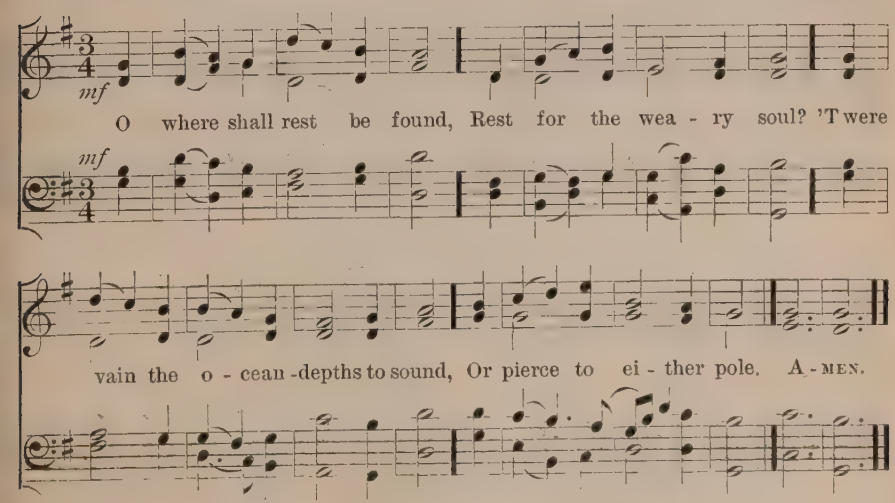
p 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
pp O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

mf 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
p Lest we be banished from Thy face,
For evermore undone.

mf 6 Here would we end our quest:
cr Alone are found in Thee
f The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

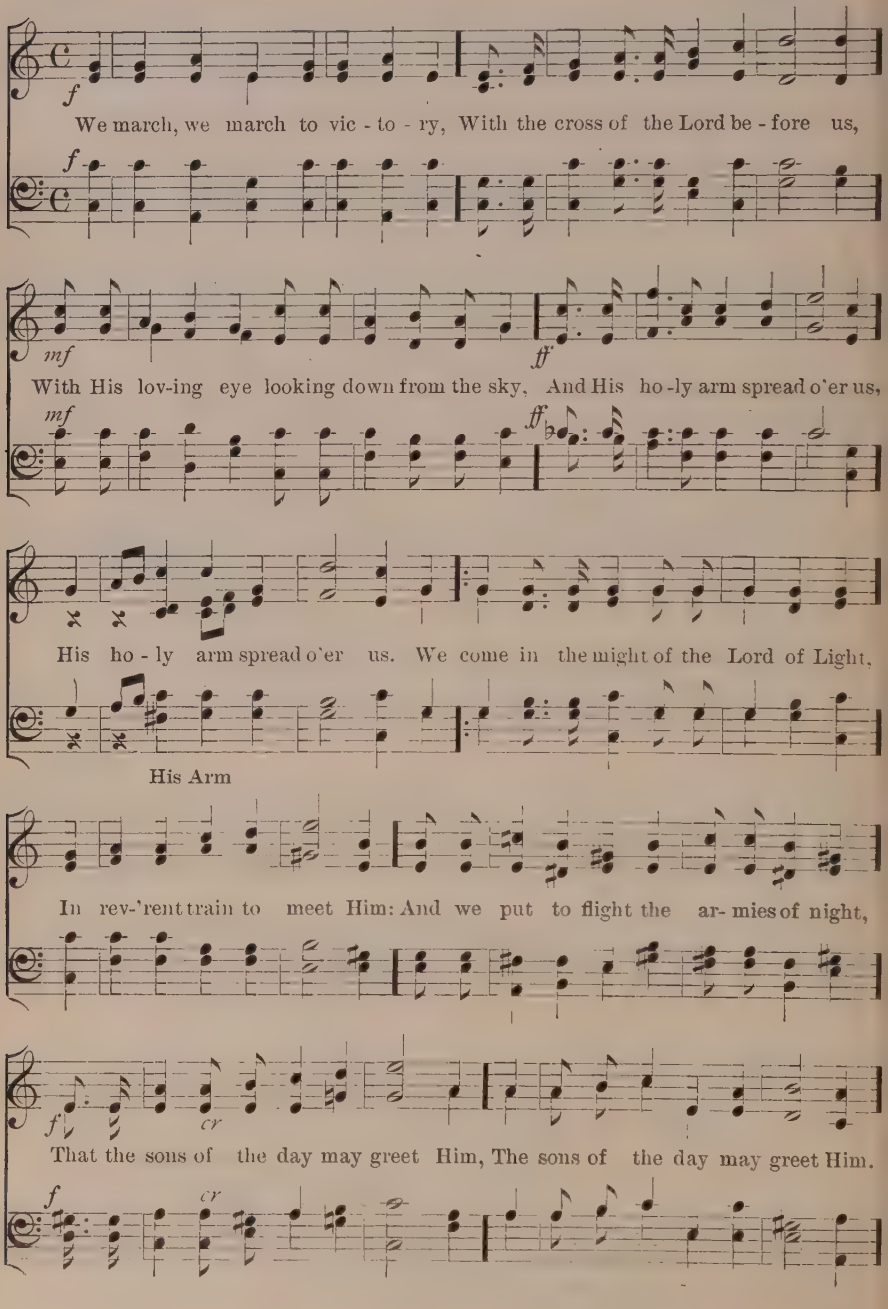
J. Montgomery

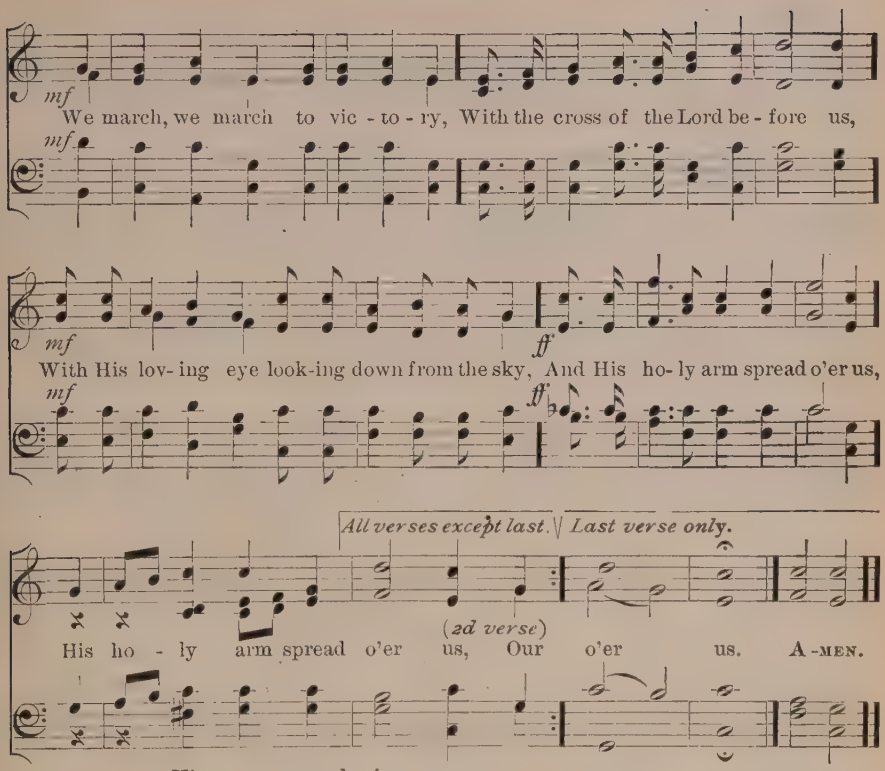
(SECOND TUNE) S. M. THATCHER *From Handel*



514 P. M.

WE MARCH TO VICTORY
J. Barnby


We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,
With His lov-ing eye looking down from the sky, And His ho-ly arm spread o'er us,
His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. We come in the might of the Lord of Light,
His Arm
In rev-'rent train to meet Him: And we put to flight the ar- mies of night,
That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him.


mf
We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,
mf
mf
With His lov- ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His ho- ly arm spread o'er us,
ff
mf
ff
All verses except last.
Last verse only.
(2d verse)
His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, Our o'er us. A - MEN.
His arm spread o'er us,

mf 2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

p 3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
cr For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
mf We march, we march, etc.

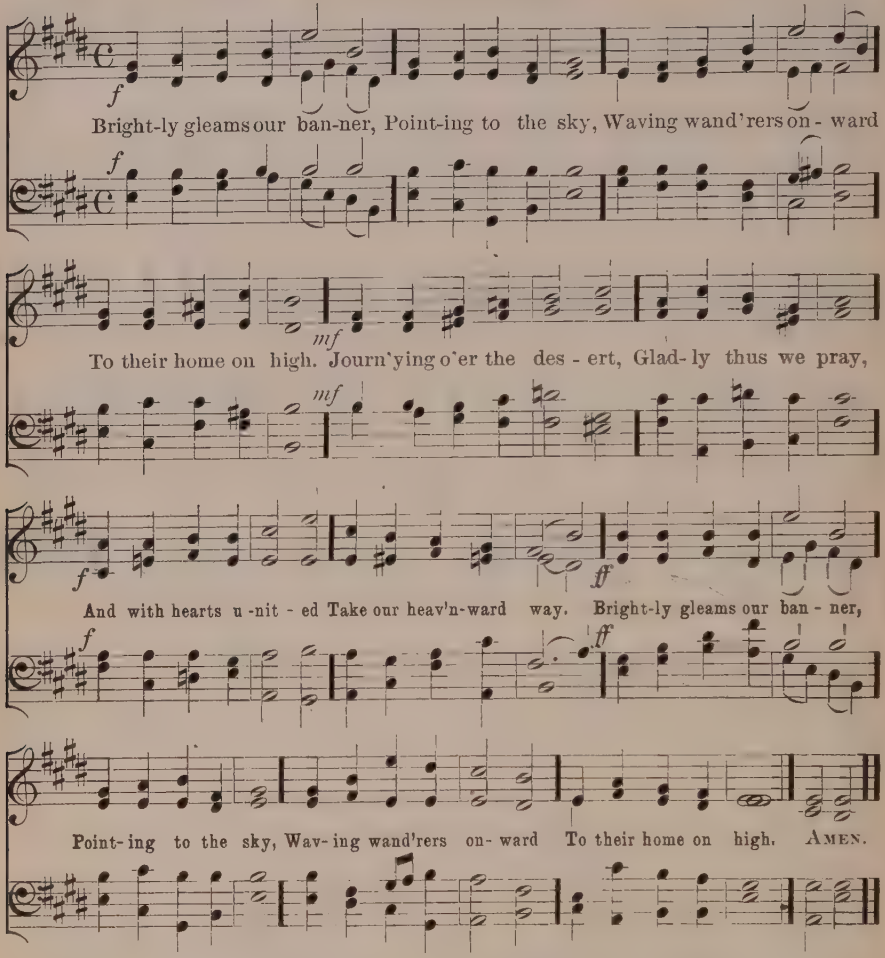
mf 4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

ff 5 We march, we march to victory!
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

G. Moultrie

515 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

VEXILLUM
H. Smart


Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Waving wand'rers on - ward
To their home on high. Journ'ying o'er the des - ert, Glad- ly thus we pray,
And with hearts u -nit - ed Take our heav'n-ward way. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner,
Point- ing to the sky, Wav- ing wand'rers on- ward To their home on high. AMEN.

mf 2 Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet:
p Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray:
cr Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
ff Brightly gleams, etc.

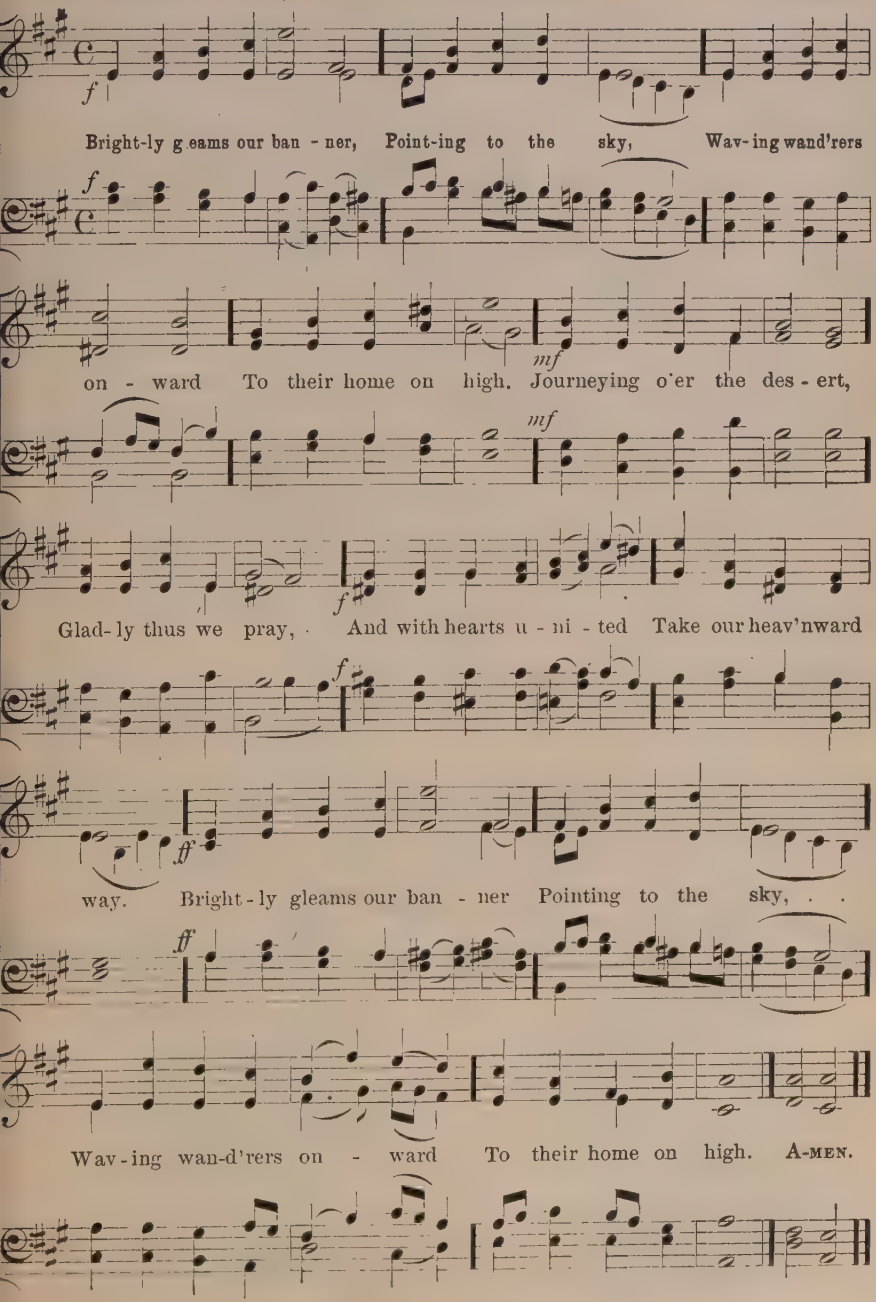
mf 3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
p Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
ff Brightly gleams, etc.

f 4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
p Then come rest and peace,
cr Jesus in His beauty,
f Songs that never cease.
ff Brightly gleams, etc.

T. G. Potter

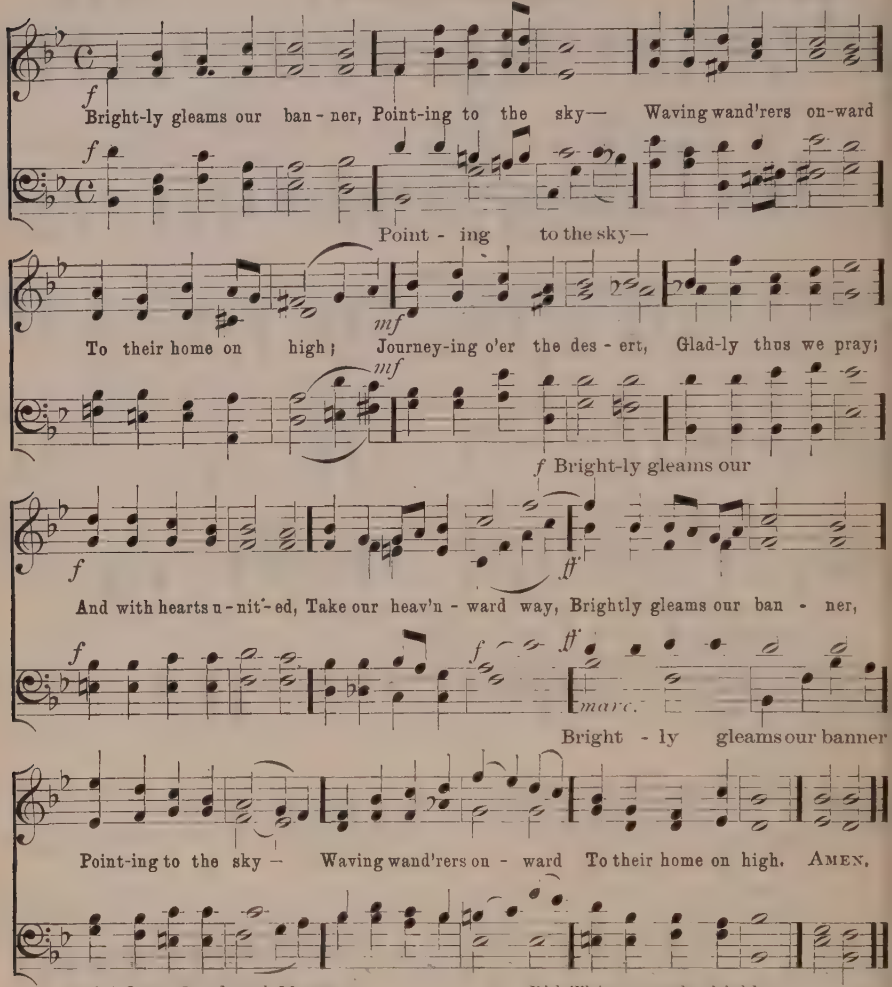
515 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

GAISBERG
C. R. Gale


Bright-ly g eams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers
on - ward To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des - ert,
Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - ni - ted Take our heav'nward
way. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner Pointing to the sky, . .
Wav-ing wan-d'rers on - ward To their home on high. A-MEN.

515 (THIRD TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

BRIGHTLY GLEAMS
H. J. Storer


f
Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky— Waving wand'rers on-ward
Point - ing to the sky—
mf
To their home on high; Journey-ing o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray;
f Bright-ly gleams our
And with hearts u - nit'-ed, Take our heav'n - ward way, Brightly gleams our ban - ner,
ff
marc.
Bright - ly gleams our banner
Point-ing to the sky — Waving wand'rers on - ward To their home on high. AMEN.

mf 2 Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet:
p Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
cr Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
ff Brightly gleams, etc.

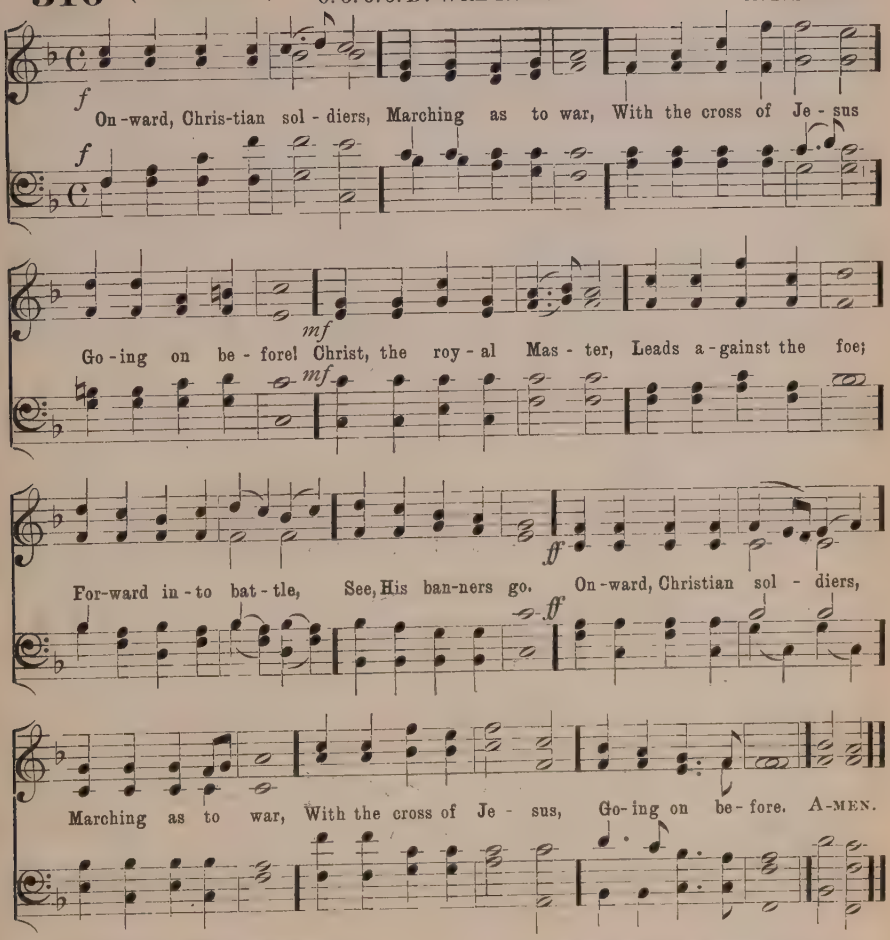
mf 3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
p Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
p Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
ff Brightly gleams, etc.

f 4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the toil is over.
p Then come rest and peace,
cr Jesus in His beauty!
f Songs that never cease!
ff Brightly gleams, etc.

T. J. Potter

516 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

ST. GERTRUDE
A. S. Sullivan


f
On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus
mf
Go-ing on be-fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
ff
For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners go. On-ward, Christian sol-diers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus, Go-ing on be-fore. A-MEN.

f 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee:
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
ff Onward, etc.

f 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
ff Onward, etc.

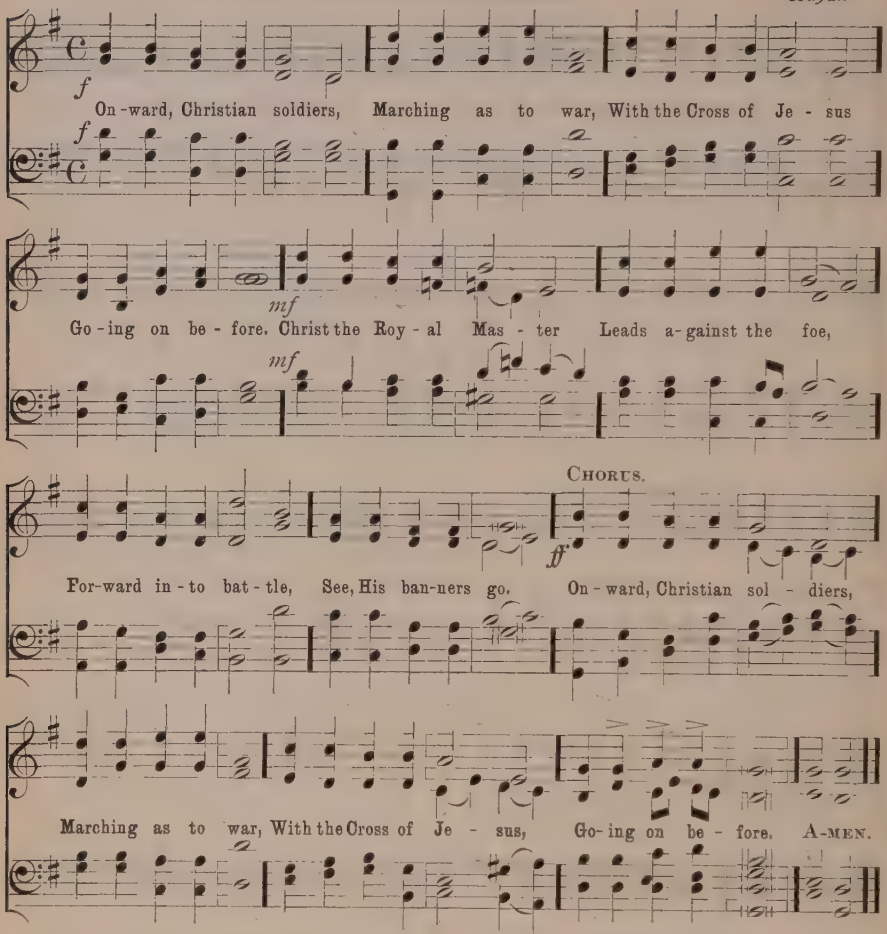
mf 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
f But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
f Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
ff Onward, etc.

f 5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
ff Onward, etc.

S. Baring-Gould

516 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

ST. ALBAN
Haydn


f
On-ward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus
f
mf
Go-ing on be - fore. Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads a-gainst the foe,
mf
CHORUS.
ff
For-ward in-to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go. On - ward, Christian sol - diers,
Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus, Go-ing on be - fore. A-MEN.

p 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
ff Onward, etc.

f 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope, and doctrine,
One in charity.
ff Onward, etc.

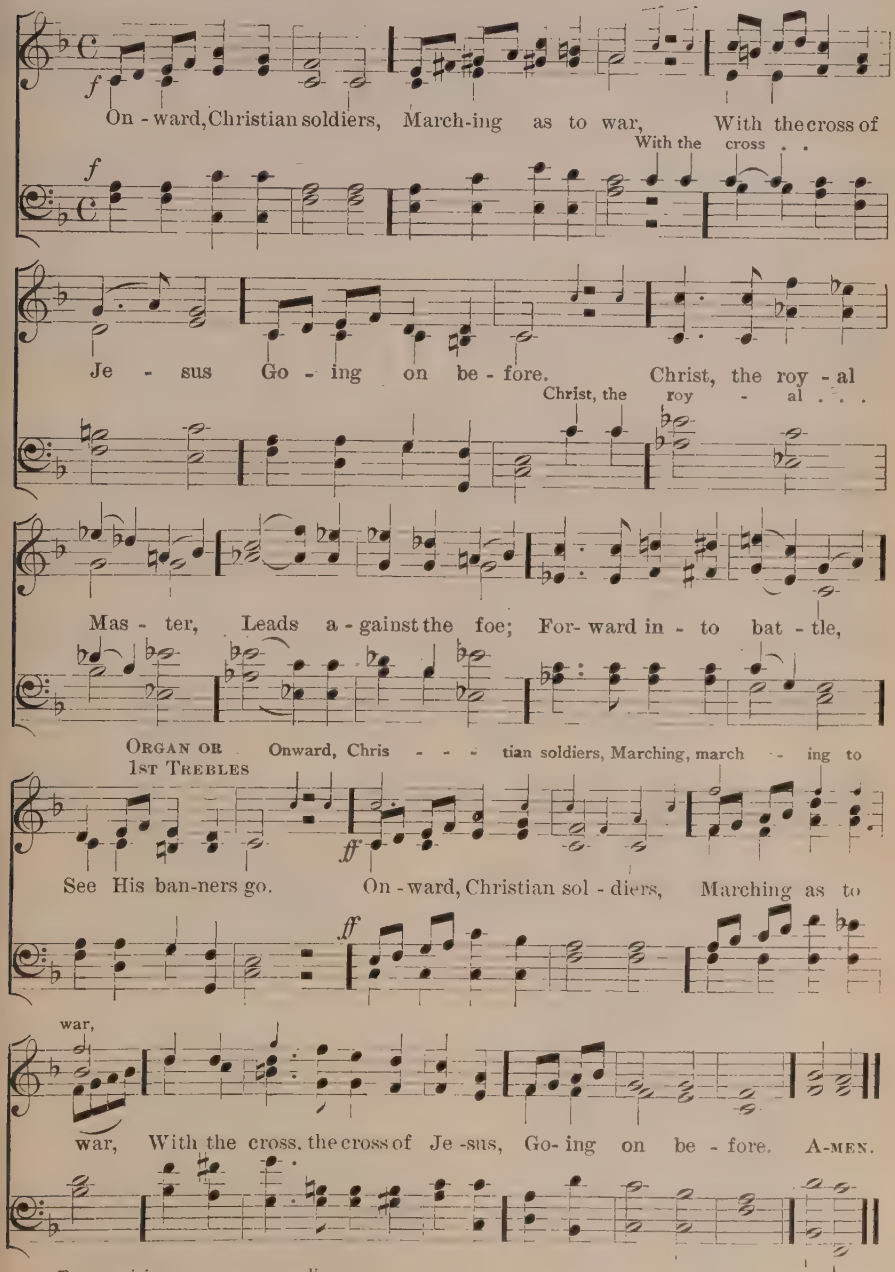
p 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
f But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
f Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
ff Onward, etc.

f 5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
p Onward, etc.

S. Baring-Gould

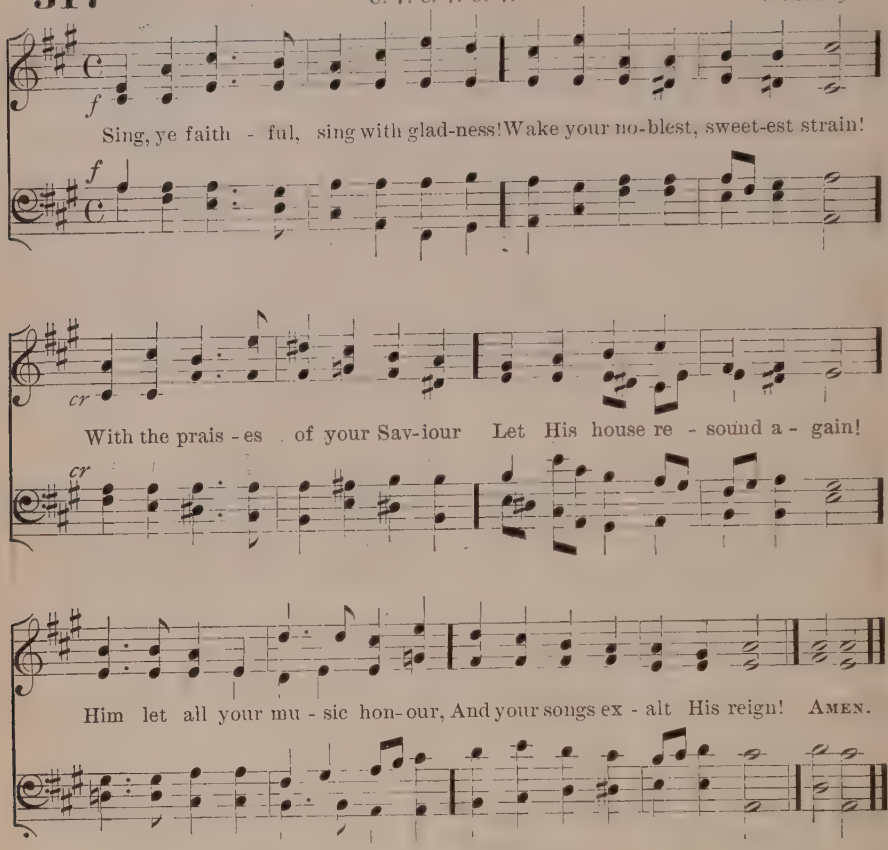
516 (THIRD TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS
H. R. Fuller


On - ward, Christian soldiers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of
With the cross . .
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al
Christ, the roy - al . . .
Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe; For- ward in - to bat - tle,
ORGAN OR 1ST TREBLES
Onward, Chris - - - tian soldiers, Marching, march - ing to
See His ban-ners go. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to
war,
war, With the cross, the cross of Je - sus, Go- ing on be - fore. A-MEN.

For remaining verses see preceding page.

517 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. ELLERTON *W. S. Hoyte*


Sing, ye faith - ful, sing with glad-ness! Wake your no-blest, sweet-est strain!
With the prais - es of your Sav-iour Let His house re - sound a - gain!
Him let all your mu - sic hon-our, And your songs ex - alt His reign! AMEN.

mf 2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,
mp Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
p Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save!

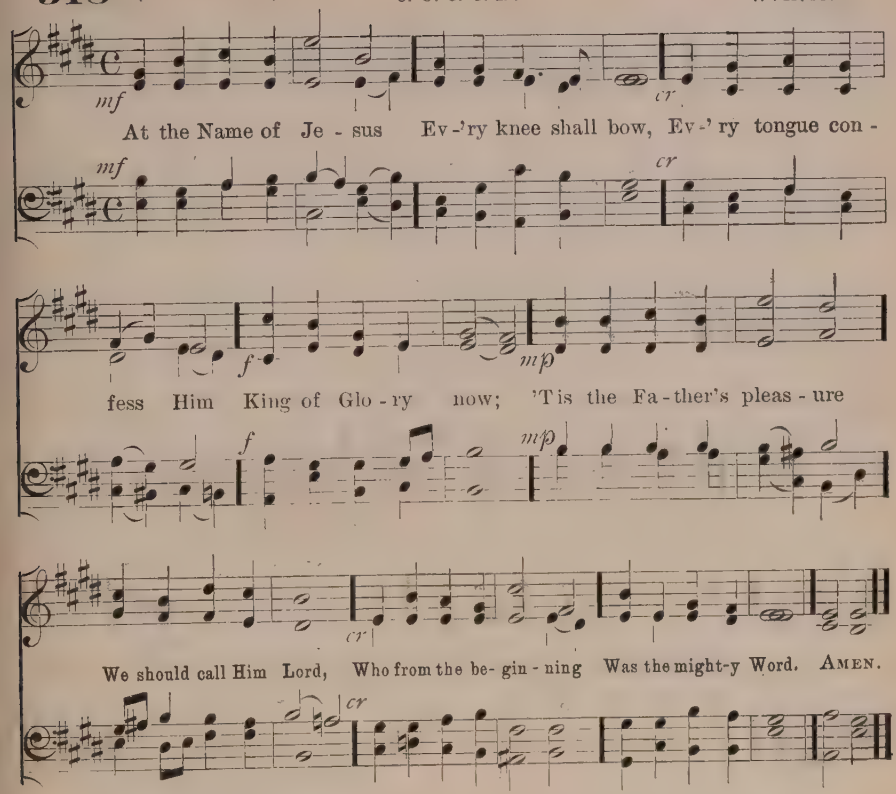
p 3 So He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
Prince of life among the dead;
cr So He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.

f 4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's throne, the Son
Rules and guides the world He ransom'd
Till the appointed work be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one.

f 5 Day of promised restitution!
Fruit of all His sorrows past!
When the crown of His dominion
He before the throne shall cast,
cr And throughout the wide creation
God be "all in all" at last.

J. Ellerton

518 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. EVELYNS *W. H. Monk*


mf
At the Name of Je - sus Ev-'ry knee shall bow, Ev-'ry tongue con -
cr
mf
cr
f
mp
fess Him King of Glo - ry now; 'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure
f
mp
cr
We should call Him Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might-y Word. AMEN.
cr

f 2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and Dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly Orders,
In their great array.

p 3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came,
cr Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He pass'd:

f 4 Bore it up triumphant,
p With its human light,
cr Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height:

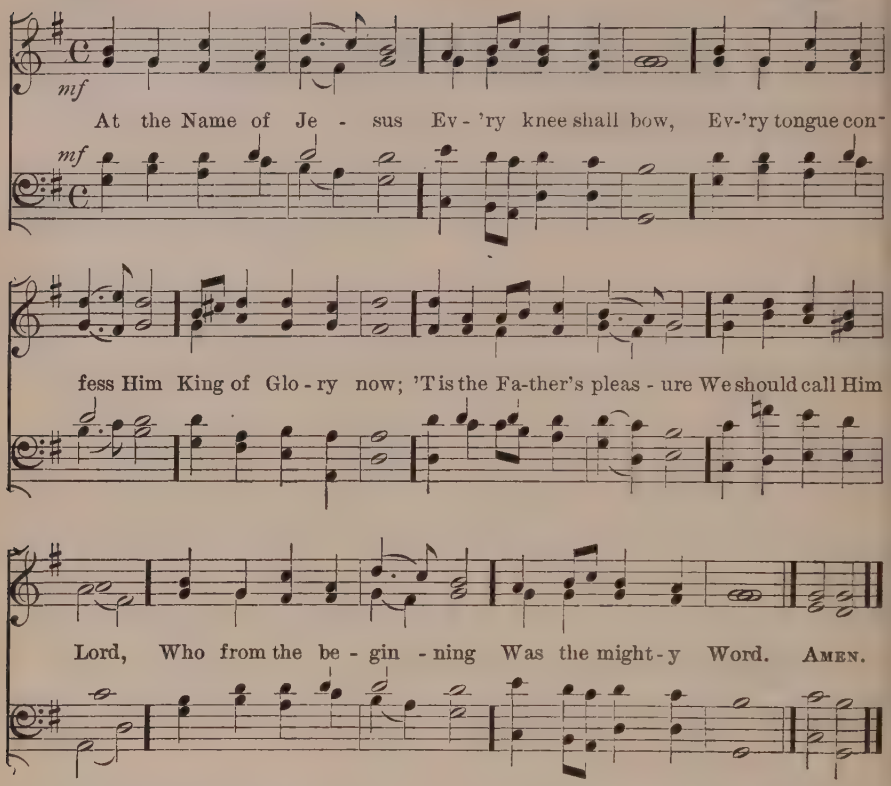
f To the Throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Fill'd it with the glory
p Of that perfect rest.

mf 5 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
cr Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

f 6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
ff For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

C. M. Noel

518 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. PRINCETHORPE *W. Pitts*


mf
At the Name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow, Ev-'ry tongue con-
mf
fess Him King of Glo - ry now; 'Tis the Fa-ther's pleas - ure We should call Him
Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might - y Word. AMEN.

f 2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

p 3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came,
cr Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed;

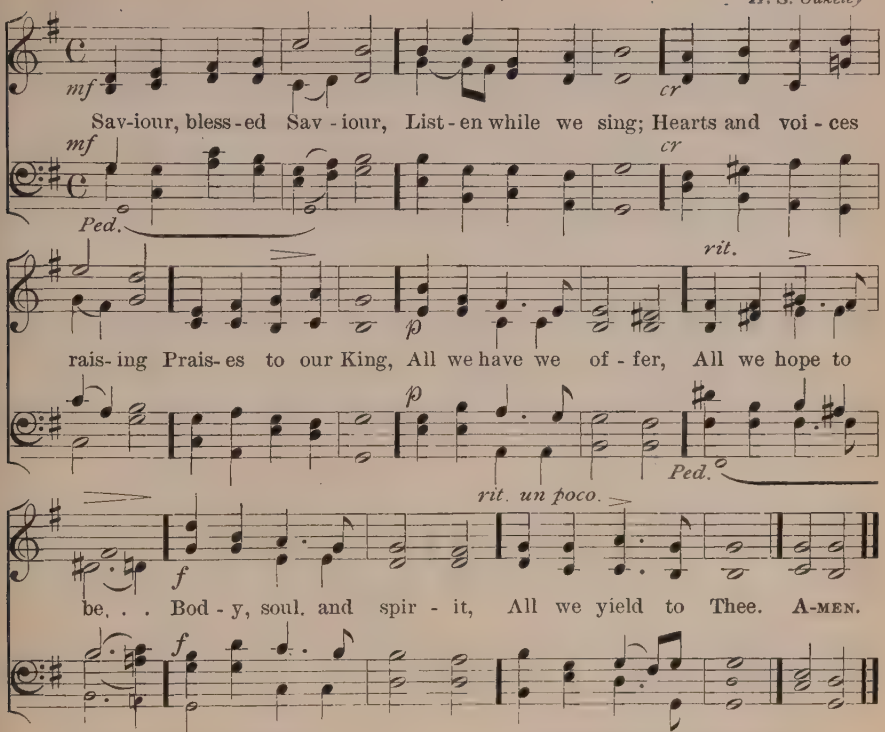
f 4 Bore it up triumphant,
p With its human light,
cr Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height:
f To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Fill'd it with the glory
p Of that perfect rest.

mf 5 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
cr Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

f 6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
ff For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

C. M. Noel

519 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. EDINA *H. S. Oakeley*



p 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
f Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

mf 3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
f True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
p Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
f Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

mf 4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
f Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

f 5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
p Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
cr May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

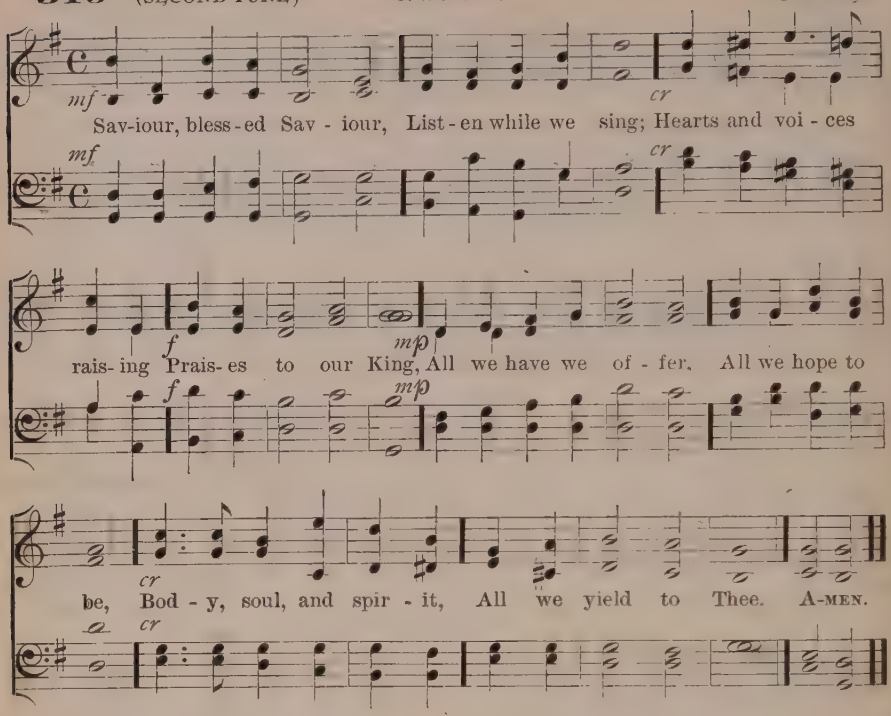
mf 6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
cr Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
p Leaving all behind us,
cr May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

f 7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
p Wherein joys unheard of
cr Saints with angels sing,
f Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

G. Thring

519 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

DAVID
T. Morley


mf
cr
Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, List-en while we sing; Hearts and voi - ces
mf
cr
f
mp
rais- ing Prais- es to our King, All we have we of - fer, All we hope to
f
mp
cr
be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A-MEN.
cr

p 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
f Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

mf 3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
f True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
p Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
f Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

mf 4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
f Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

f 5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
p Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
cr May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

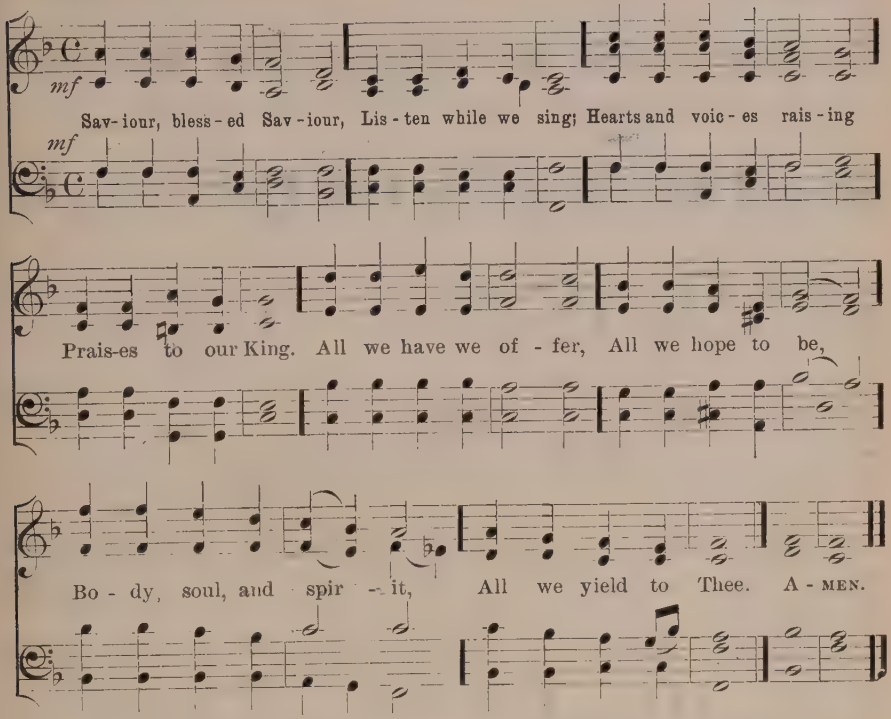
mf 6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
cr Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
p Leaving all behind us,
cr May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

f 7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
p Where in joys unheard of
cr Saints with angels sing,
f Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

G. Thring

519 (THIRD TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

ERLING
G. E. Stubbs


mf
Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, Lis-ten while we sing; Hearts and voic-es rais-ing
mf
Prais-es to our King. All we have we of-fer, All we hope to be,
Bo-dy, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to Thee. A-MEN.

p 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
f Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

mf 3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
f True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
p Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care is known,
f Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

mf 4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven,
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
f Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

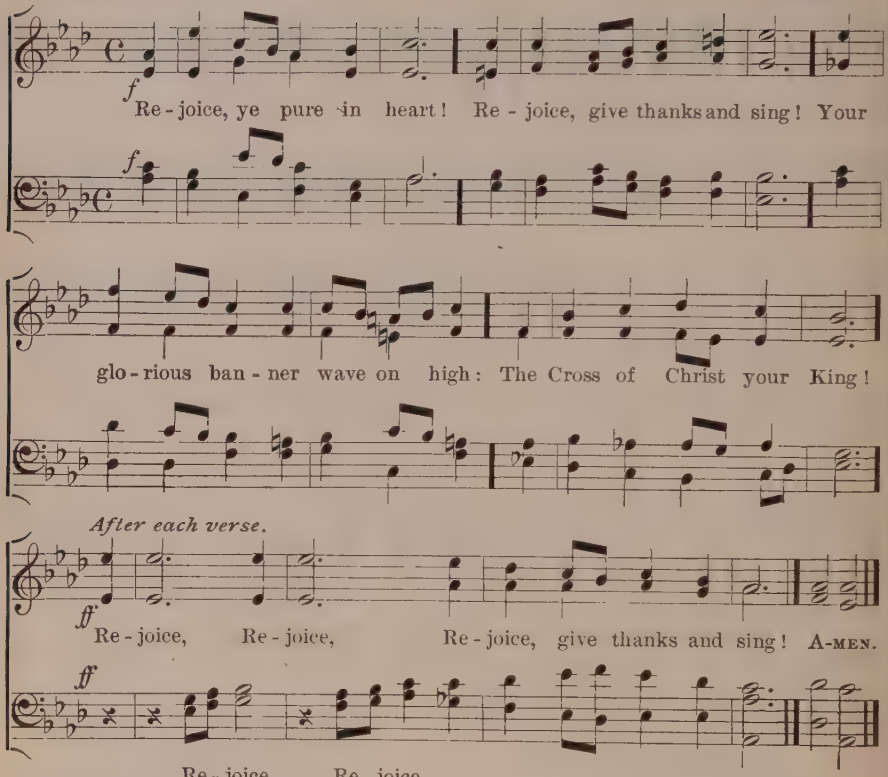
f 5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
p Time will soon be over
Toil and sorrow past,
cr May we blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

mf 6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
cr Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
p Leaving all behind us,
cr May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

f 7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
p Where in joys unheard of
cr Saints with angels sing,
f Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

G. Thring

520 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. MARION *A. H. Messiter*


f
Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks and sing! Your
glo - rious ban - ner wave on high: The Cross of Christ your King!
After each verse.
ff
Re - joice, Re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing! A-MEN.
Re - joice, Re - joice,

mf 2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!

f 3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

f 4 Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Alleluias loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

mf 5 Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

f 6 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!

p 7 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
cr The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

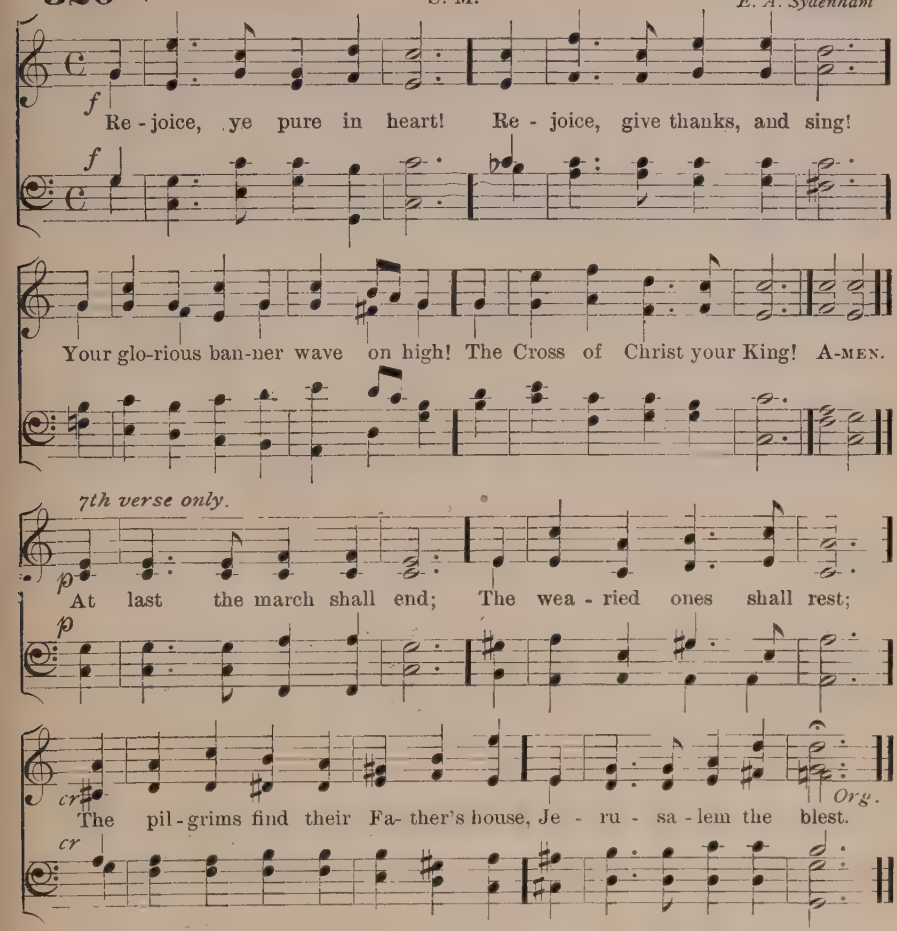
ff 8 Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King!

E. H. Plumptre

520 (SECOND TUNE)

S. M.

KING EDWARD
E. A. Sydenham


f
Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glo-rious ban-ner wave on high! The Cross of Christ your King! A-MEN.
7th verse only.
p
At last the march shall end; The wea - ried ones shall rest;
cr
The pil - grims find their Fa- ther's house, Je - ru - sa - lem the blest.
Org.

mf 2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!

f 3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

f 4 Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Alleluias loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

mf 5 Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go:
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

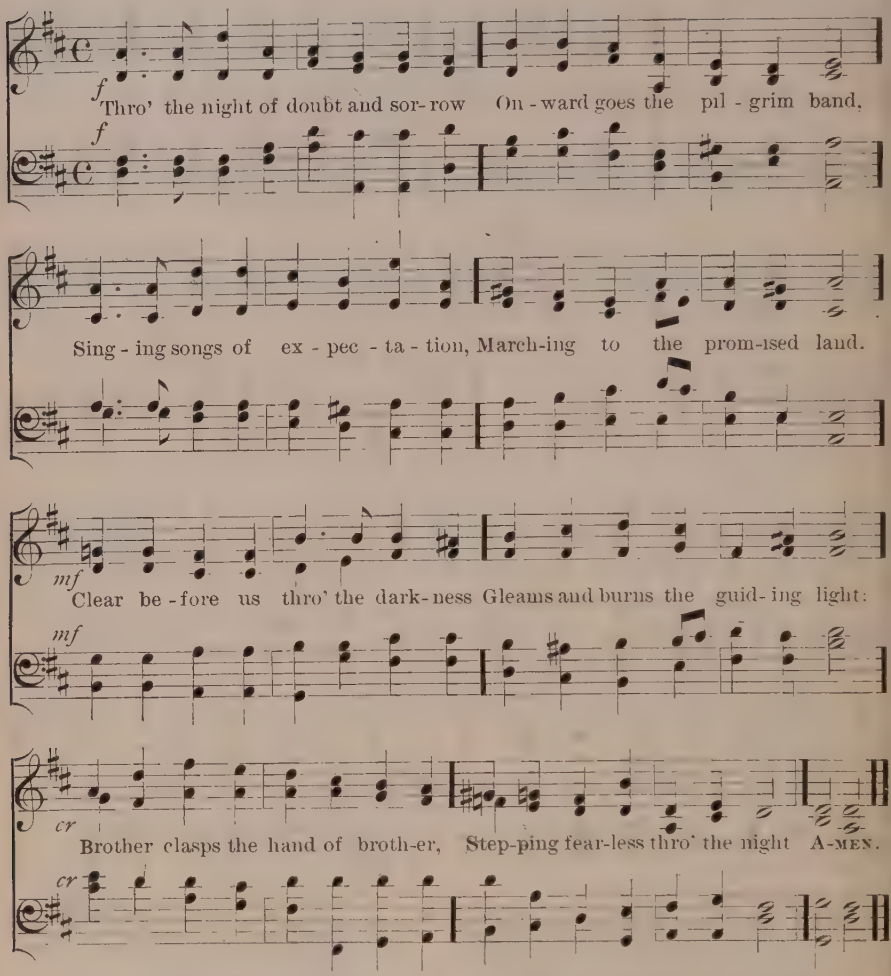
f 6 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!

p 7 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest:
cr The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

ff 8 Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King!

E. H. Plumptre

521 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D. LUX EOI *A. S. Sullivan*


f
Thro' the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,
Sing-ing songs of ex-pec-ta-tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land.
mf
Clear be-fore us thro' the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light:
cr
Brother clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fear-less thro' the night A-MEN.

mf 2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
cr Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
f One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

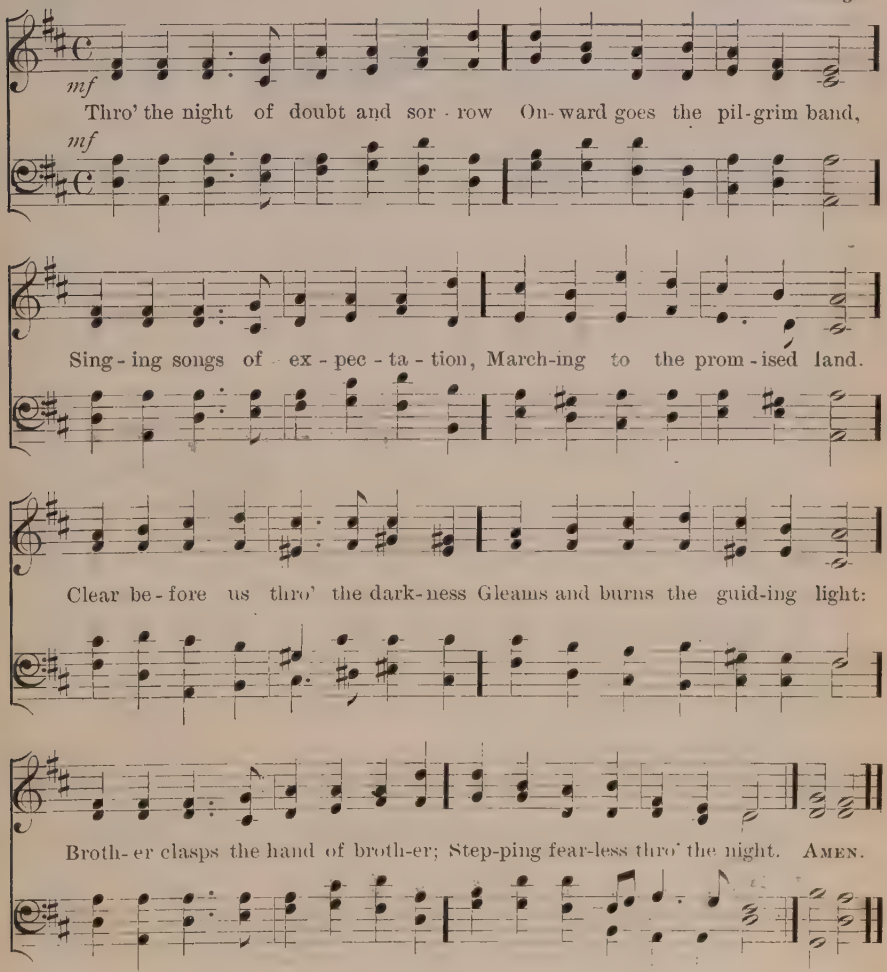
f 3 One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One, the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
ff One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore

f 4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
p Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
cr Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
f Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!

TR. *S. Baring-Gould*

521 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

ST ASAPH
W. S. Bambridge


mf
Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,
mf
Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March-ing to the prom - ised land.
Clear be - fore us thro' the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light:
Broth - er clasps the hand of broth-er; Step-ping fear-less thro' the night. AMEN.

mf 2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
cr Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
f One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

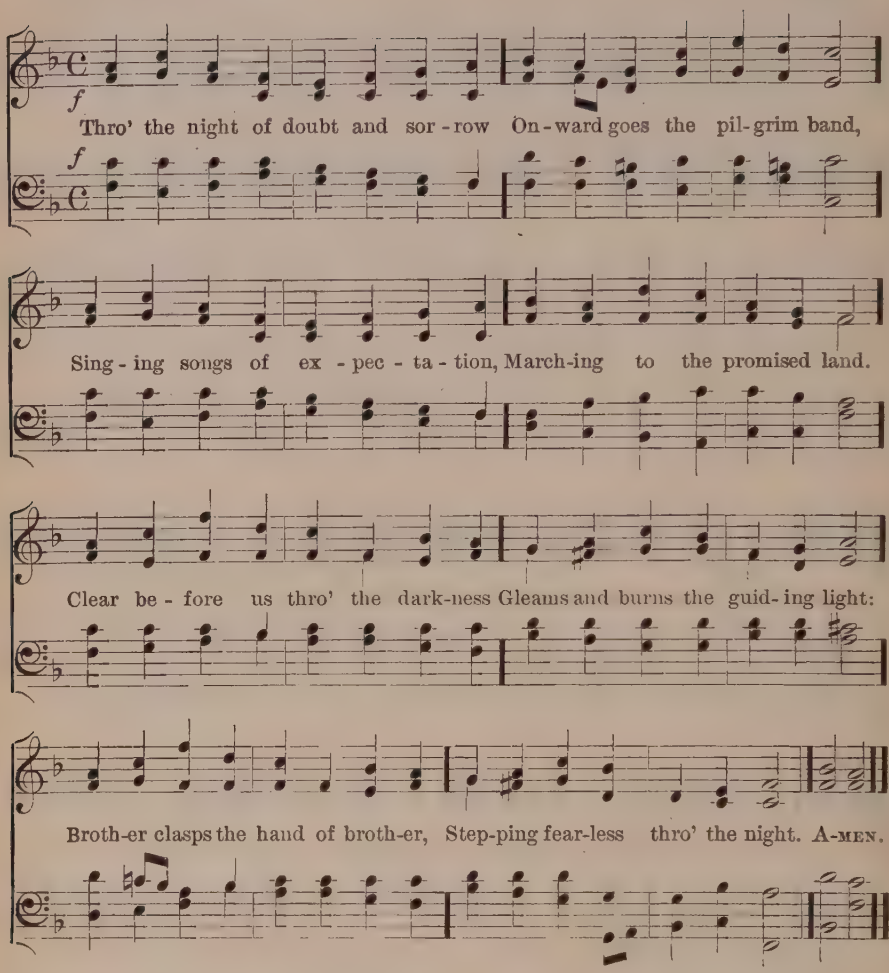
f 3 One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
cr One, the conflict, one the peril,
p One, the march in God begun:
ff One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

f 4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
p Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
cr Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
f Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!

TR. *S. Baring-Gould*

521 (THIRD TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

DEERHURST
J. Langran


f
Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil - grim band,
Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the promised land.
Clear be - fore us thro' the dark - ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light:
Broth - er clasps the hand of broth - er, Step - ping fear - less thro' the night. A - MEN.

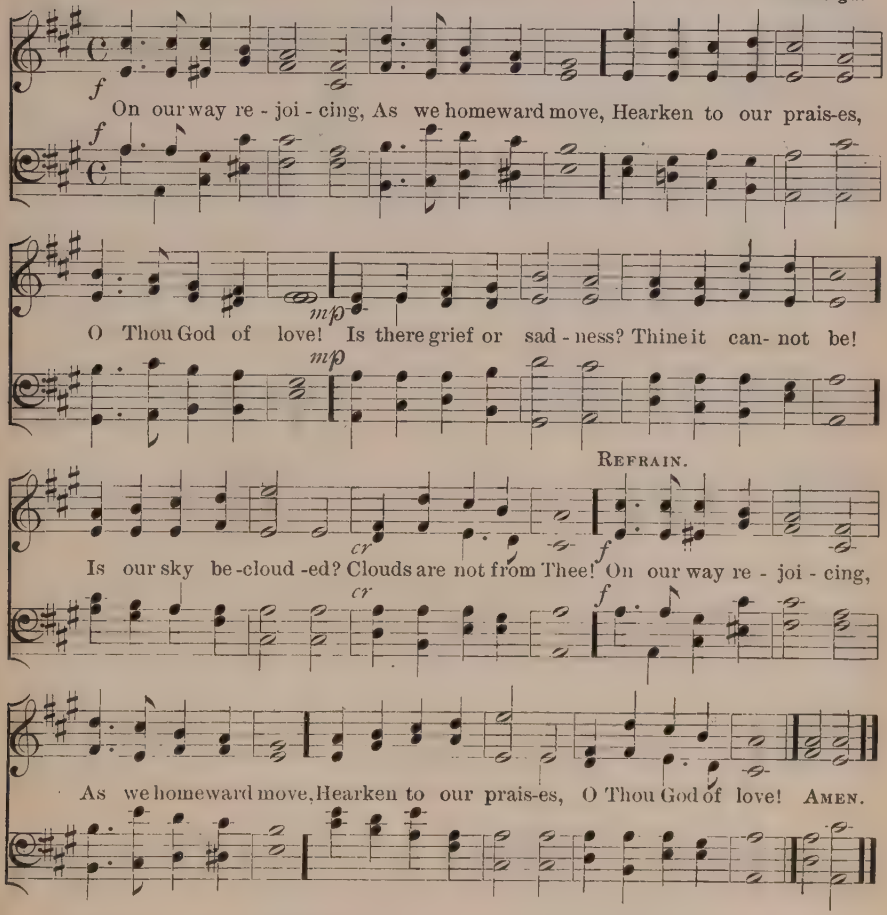
mf 2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
cr Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
f One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

f 3 One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one:
One, the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
ff One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

f 4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
p Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
cr Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
f Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!

TR. *S. Baring-Gould*

522 (FIRST TUNE) 11. 11. 11. 11. 11. 11. HERMAS *F. R. Havergal*


On our way re - joi - cing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es,
O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can- not be!
REFRAIN.
Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re - joi - cing,
As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es, O Thou God of love! AMEN.

mf 2 If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.
f On our way rejoicing, etc.

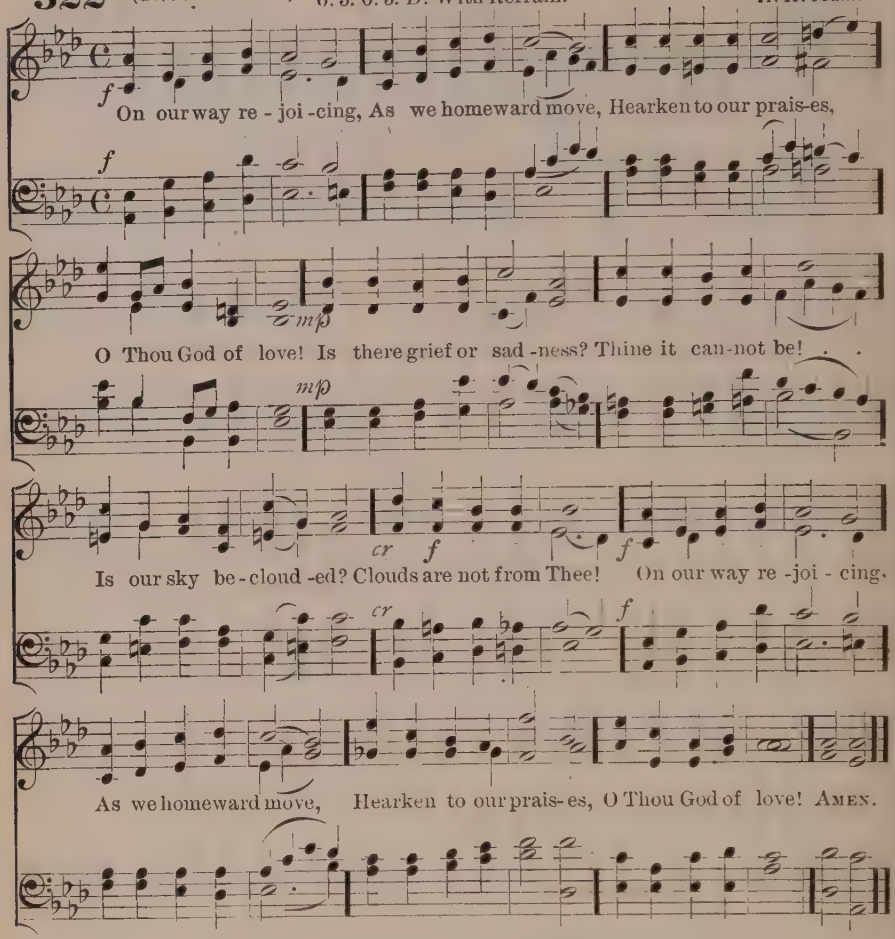
f 3 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety, Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, etc.

ff 4 Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing, etc.

J. S. B. Monsell

522 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

VALOUR
A. H. Mann


On our way re - joi - cing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es,
O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can-not be!
Is our sky be - cloud - ed? Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re - joi - cing.
As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es, O Thou God of love! AMEN.

mf 2 If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.
f On our way rejoicing, etc.

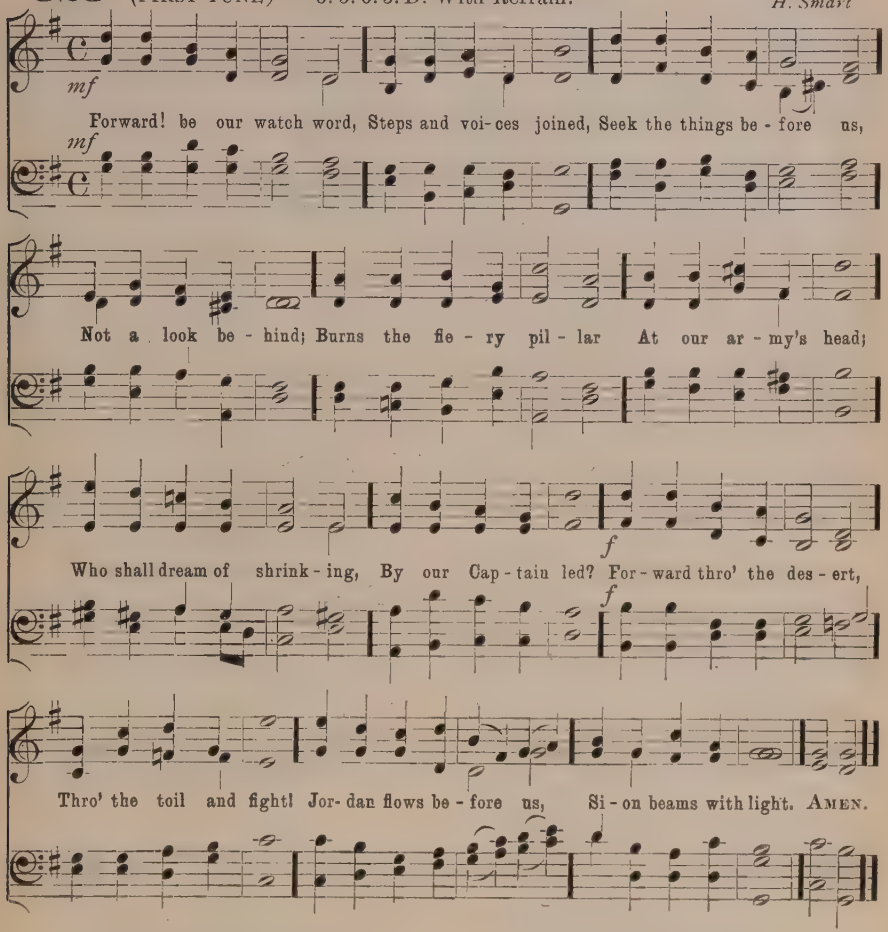
f 3 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety, Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, etc.

ff 4 Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing, etc.

J. S. B. Monsell

523 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

St. Botolph
H. Smart


mf
Forward! be our watch word, Steps and voi - ces joined, Seek the things be - fore us,
mf
Not a look be - hind; Burns the fie - ry pil - lar At our ar - my's head;
f
Who shall dream of shrink - ing, By our Cap - tain led? For - ward thro' the des - ert,
f
Thro' the toil and fight! Jor - dan flows be - fore us, Si - on beams with light. AMEN.

f 2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
mf Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Though or speech a word;
f Forward! marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

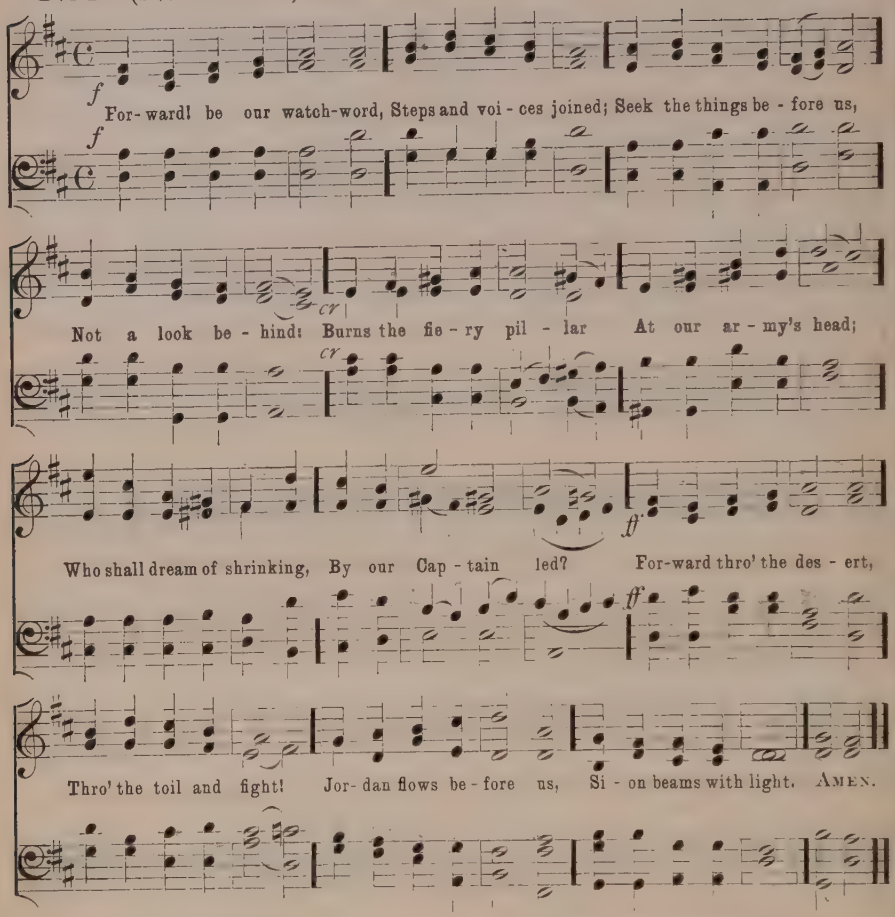
mf 3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth:
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
f Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might!
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

ff 4 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
p Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
cr Forward into triumph!
f Forward into light!

H. Alford

523 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

DEVA
E. J. Hopkins


f
For-ward! be our watch-word, Steps and voi - ces joined; Seek the things be - fore us,
cr
Not a look be - hind: Burns the fie - ry pil - lar At our ar - my's head;
ff
Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap - tain led? For-ward thro' the des - ert,
Thro' the toil and fight! Jor - dan flows be - fore us, Si - on beams with light. AMEN.

f 2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
mf Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
f Forward! marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

mf 3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
f Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might!
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

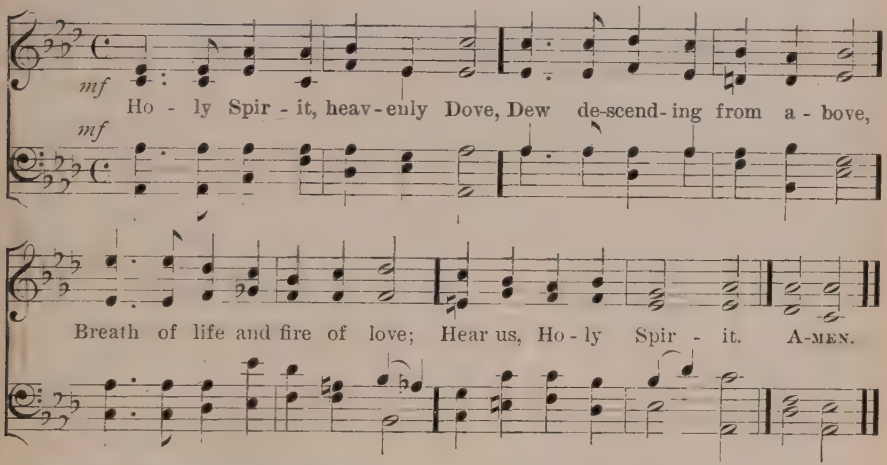
ff 4 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
p Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
cr Forward into triumph!
f Forward into light!

H. Alford

VIII. LITANIES

Litany of the Holy Ghost

524 7. 7. 7. 6. LITANY No. 1.



mf 2 Source of strength, of knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf 3 Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf 4 Spirit guiding us aright,
Spirit making darkness light,
cr Spirit of resistless might;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

p 5 Thou by Whom the Virgin bore
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf 6 Thou Whom Jesus, from His throne,
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf 7 Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf 8 Coming with Thy power to save,
Moving on baptismal wave,
cr Raising us from sin's dark grave;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf 9 Thou by Whom our souls are fed
With the true and living Bread,
p Even Him Who for us bled;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf 10 All Thy sevenfold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
cr Gifts of strength to meet the foe;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

p 11 All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf 12 Come to raise us when we fall,
mp And, when snares our souls enthral,
Lead us back with gentle call;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

cr 13 Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

mf 14 Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

p 15 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

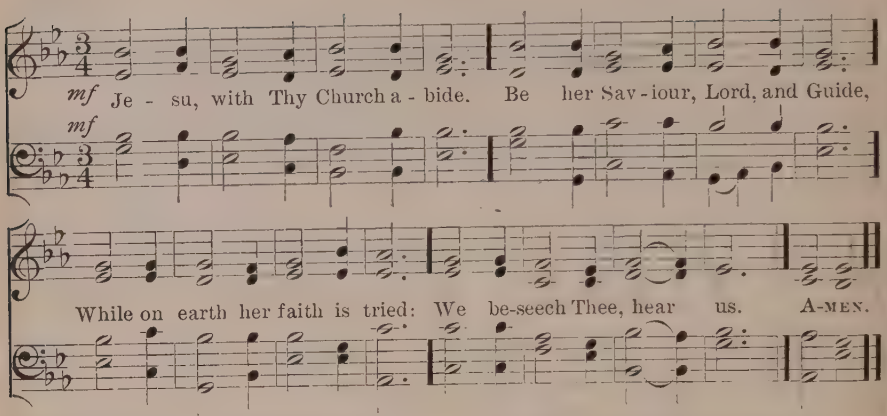
mf 16 Holy, loving, as Thou art
Come, and live within our heart;
cr Never more from us depart;
p Hear us, Holy Spirit.

R. F. Littledale

Litanies

Litany of the Church

525 7. 7. 7. 6. LITANY NO. 2


mf Je - su, with Thy Church a - bide. Be her Sav - iour, Lord, and Guide,
mf
While on earth her faith is tried: We be-seech Thee, hear us. A-MEN.

mf 2 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Help her, patient to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 3 Be Thou with her all the days,
May she, safe from error's ways,
Toil for Thine eternal praise:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 4 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 5 All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
p Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 6 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 7 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 8 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 9 May her priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where Thou call'st to lead:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

p 10 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
cr Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

p 11 For the past give deeper shame,
cr Make her jealous for Thy Name,
Kindle zeal's most holy flame:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

f 12 Raise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Hear Thy heralds' warning cry:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

f 13 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 14 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 15 Arm her soldiers with the Cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

cr 16 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

f 17 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

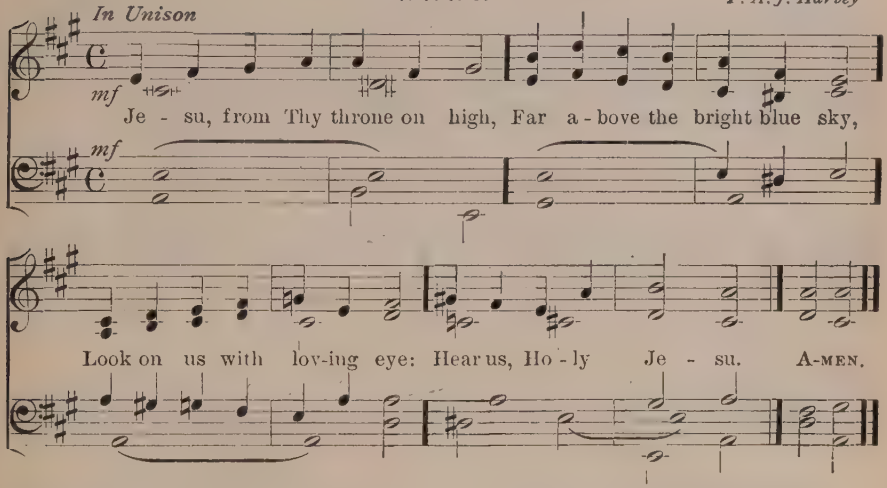
mf 18 Fit her all Thy joy to share
In the home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blessèd there:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

T. B. Pollock

Litanies

Litany for Children

526 7. 7. 7. 6. LITANY No. 3
F. A. J. Harvey



mf 2 Little children need not fear,
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 3 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 4 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mp 5 Jesu, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
cr Thou the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 6 Once a child so good and fair,
p Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 7 Jesu, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 8 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p 9 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
cr Keep us safe till morning light:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

f 10 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 11 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
p Fearing all that causes shame:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 12 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 13 May we ever try to be
From all sinful tempers free,
p Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 14 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 15 Jesu, Son of God most high,
p Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the Cross didst die:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 16 Jesu, from Thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
p Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

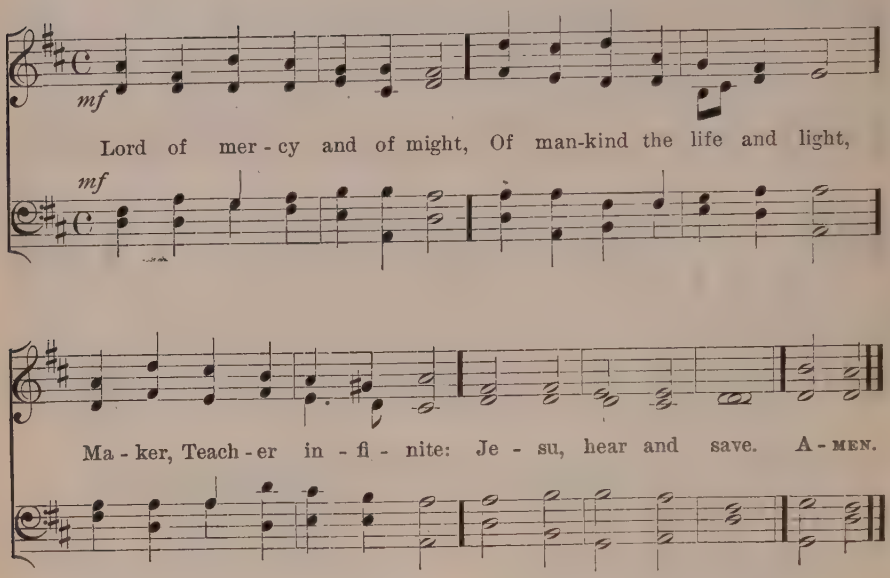
mf 17 Jesu, Whom we hope to see
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

T. B. Pilcock

Litanies

Litany of the Incarnate Life

527 7. 7. 7. 5. LITANY No. 4 *F. Filitz*



mf 2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
p Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled:
Jesu, hear and save.

f 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings:
p Jesu, hear and save.

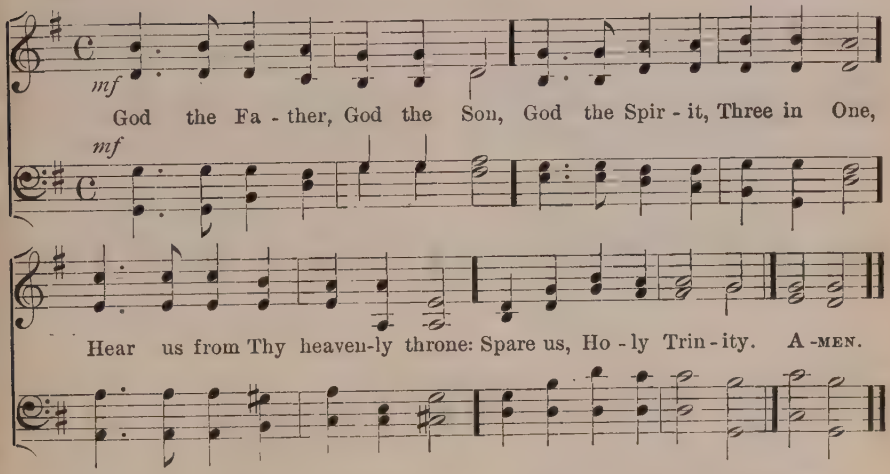
p 4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then:
Jesu, hear and save.

R. Heber

Litanies

Litany of the Incarnate Life

528 7. 7. 7. 6. LITANY No. 5 *W. S. Hoyte*



p 2 Thou Who, leaving crown and throne,
Camest here, an outcast lone,
That Thou mightest save Thine own:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 3 Thou with sinners wont to eat,
Who with loving words didst greet
Mary weeping at Thy feet:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 4 Thou Whose saddened look didst chide
Peter when he thrice denied,
Till with bitter tears he cried:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p 5 Thou Who hanging on the Tree
To the thief saidst, "Thou shalt be
cr To-day in Paradise with Me:"
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p 6 Thou, despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

pp 7 Thou Who on the Cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with Thy blood our stain;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 8 Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep:
Hear us, Holy Jesu,

mf 9 That in Thy pure innocence
p We may wash our souls' offence,
And find truest penitence:
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

mf 10 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy face:
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

p 11 That denying evil lust,
cr Living godly, meek, and just,
In Thee only we may trust,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

mf 12 That to sin for ever dead,
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread:
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

p 13 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore:
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

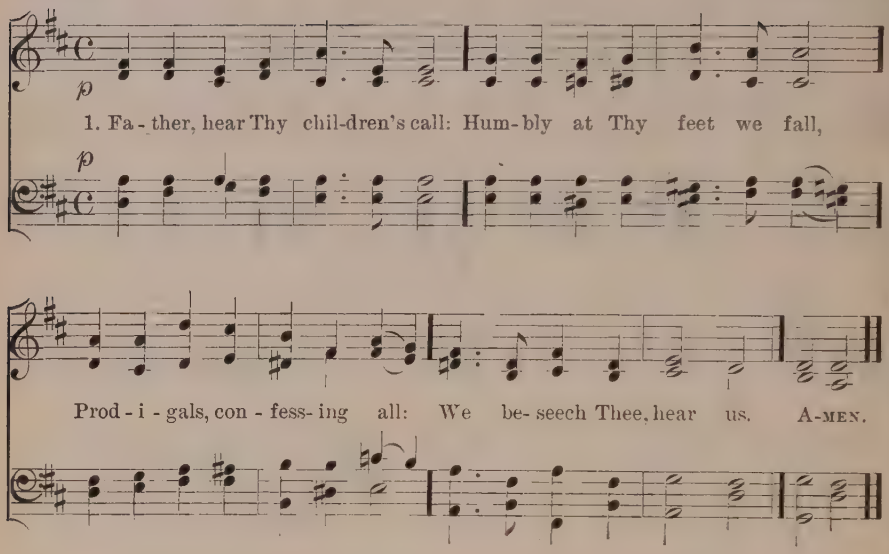
R. F. Littledale

Litanies

Litany of Penitence

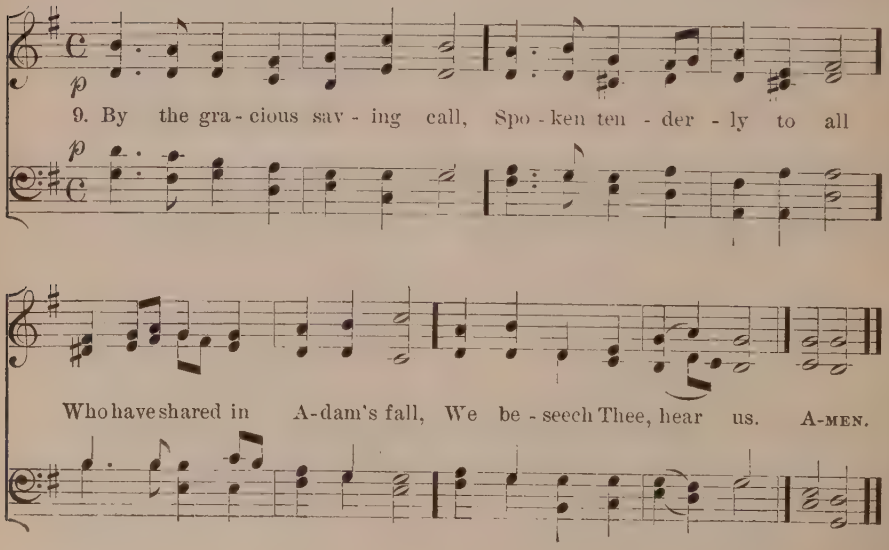
PARTS I. AND III.

529 7. 7. 7. 6. LITANY No. 6
J. H. Gower



PART II.

7. 7. 7. 6. LITANY No. 7
A. H. Brown



Litanies.

PART I.

1 Father, hear Thy children's call:
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Christ, beneath Thy cross, we blame
All our life of sin and shame;
Penitent we breathe Thy Name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Love, that caused us first to be,
Love, that bled upon the tree,
Love, that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Thou Who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART II.

9 By the gracious saving call,
Spoken tenderly to all,
Who have shared in Adam's fall,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
By His life for evermore,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong
And our day of grace prolong,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin,
And the joy of goodness win,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART III.

15 Teach us what Thy love has borne,
That with loving sorrow torn
Truly contrite we may mourn:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

16 Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what alone is woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it purge away our stain:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

19 Grant us faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

20 Grant us hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

21 Grant us love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

22 All our weak endeavors bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

23 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:
We beseech Thee, hear us. Amen.

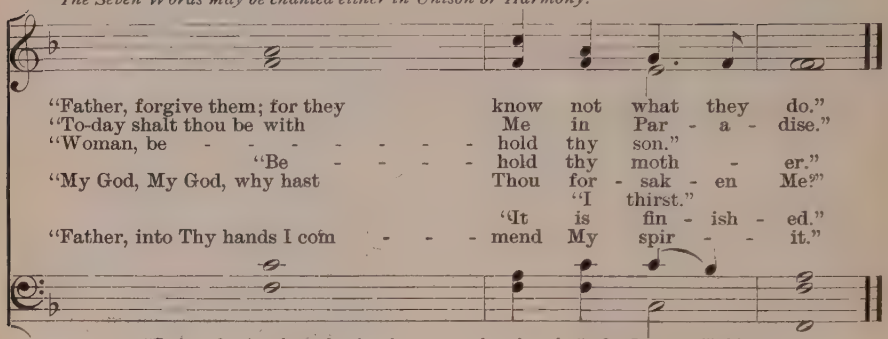
T. B. POLLOCK.

The Words on the Cross

530

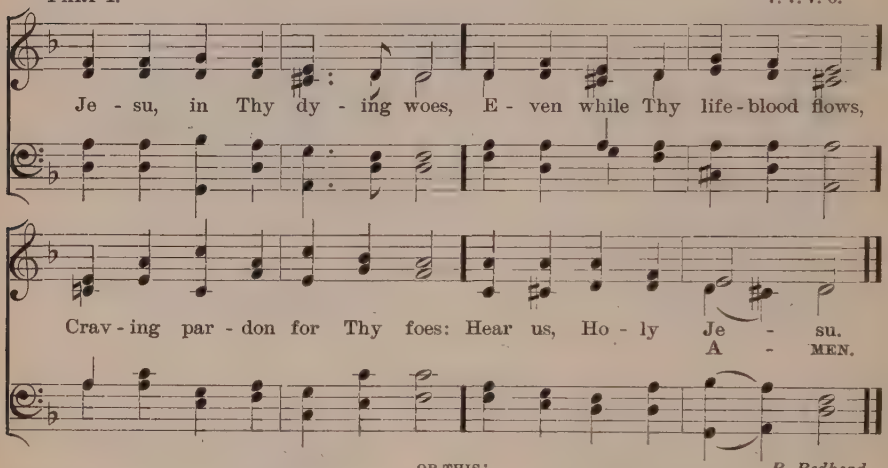
LITANY No. 8
W. H. Monk

The Seven Words may be chanted either in Unison or Harmony.

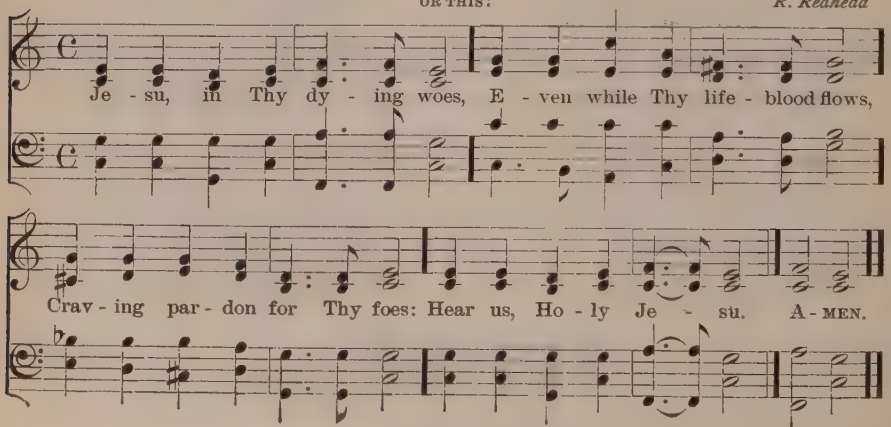

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."
"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Par - a - dise."
"Woman, be - - - - - - hold thy son."
"Be - - - - - hold thy moth - er."
"My God, My God, why hast Thou for - sak - en Me?"
"I thirst."
"It is fin - ish - ed."
"Father, into Thy hands I com - - - mend My spir - - it."

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—ST. LUKE, xxiii. 34.

PART I. 7. 7. 7. 6.



OR THIS: *R. Redhead*



2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Oh, may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Part II

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."
St. Luke, xxiii, 43

p 1 Jesu, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p 2 May we, in our guilt and shame,
cr Still Thy love and mercy claim,
p Calling humbly on Thy Name:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p 3 O remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
cr Cheer our souls with hope divine:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Part III

"Woman, behold thy son!" "Behold thy mother!" St. John, xix. 26, 27

p 1 Jesu, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p 2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
cr And for Thee all peril dare,
mf And enjoy Thy tender care:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Part IV

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" St. Matt. xxvii. 46

p 1 Jesu, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heav'n is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p 2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
cr In the darkness be our stay:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p 3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
cr Tell our faith that God is near:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Part V

"I thirst."—St. John, xix. 28

p 1 Jesu, in Thy thirst and pain,
WhileThy woundsThy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p 2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil:
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p 3 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
cr Where the healing waters flow:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Part VI

"It is finished."—St. John, xix. 30

p 1 Jesu, all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
By Thy suff'rings perfect made:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p 2 Save us in our soul's distress,
cr Be our help to cheer and bless,
mf While we grow in holiness:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf 3 Brighten all our heav'nward way,
With an ever holier ray,
cr Till we pass to perfect day:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Part VII

"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." St. Luke, xxiii. 46

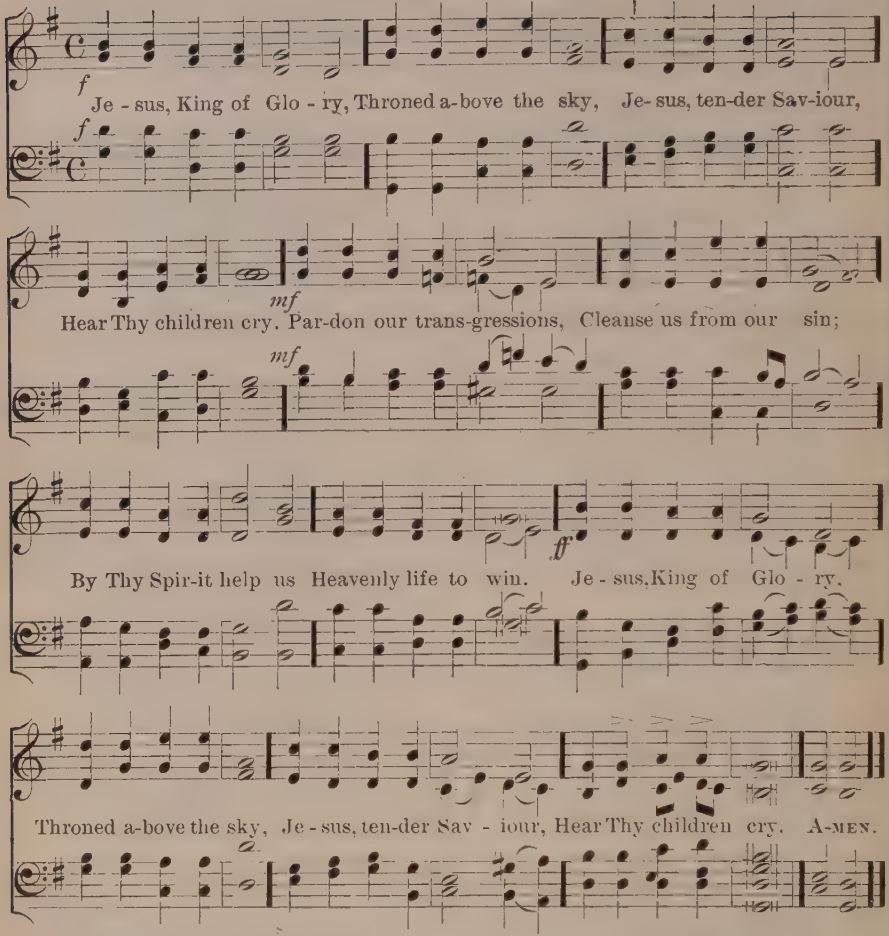
p 1 Jesu, all Thy labour vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,
Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p 2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

cr 3 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
mf Grace to reach the home on high:
p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

T. B. Pollock

531 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain. ST. ALBAN *Haydn*


f
Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Throned a-bove the sky, Je- sus, ten-der Sav-iour,
f
mf
Hear Thy children cry. Par-don our trans-gressions, Cleanse us from our sin;
mf
ff
By Thy Spir-it help us Heavenly life to win. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry,
Throned a-bove the sky, Je - sus, ten-der Sav - iour, Hear Thy children cry. A-MEN.

mf 2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee;
cr Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth,
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.
f Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
p Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

mp 3 For the little children,
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;
p For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
cr For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face,
f Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
p Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

St. Alban

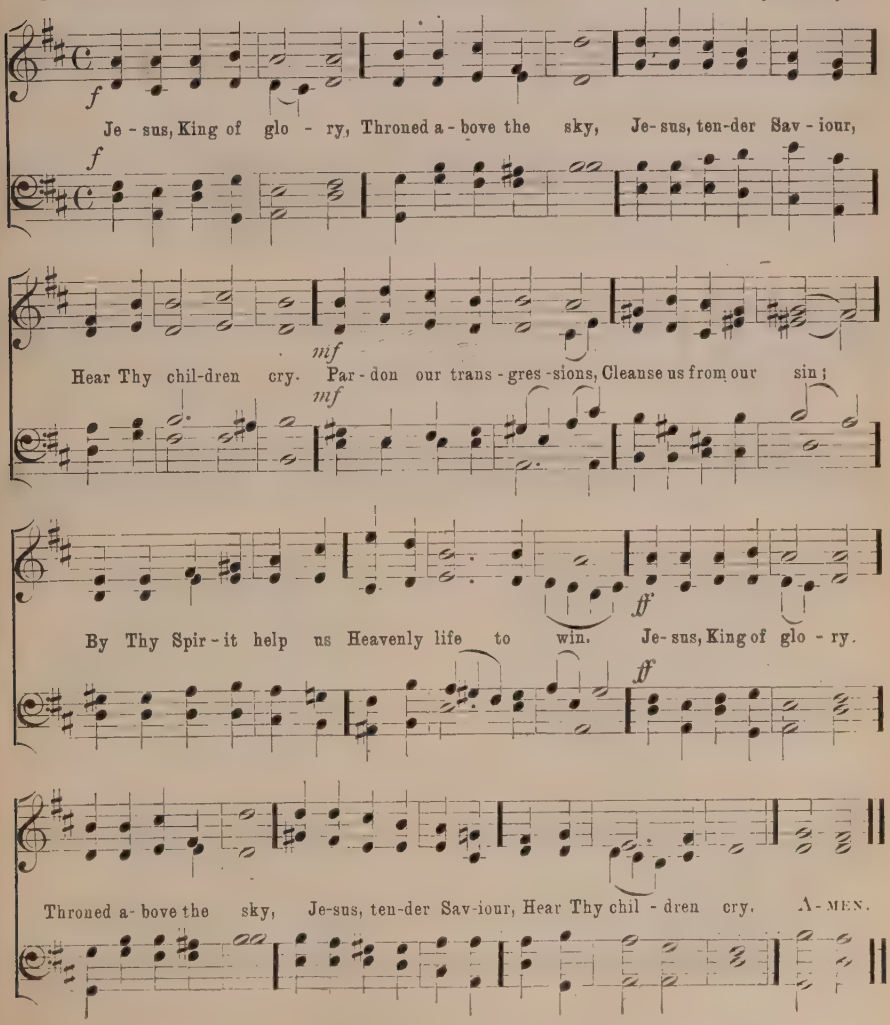
mf 4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
cr On to victory;
f Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
p Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

p 5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
cr To the heavenly day.
p When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
cr Grant us with the faithful,
Palms and crowns of life,
f Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
p Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

E. Harland

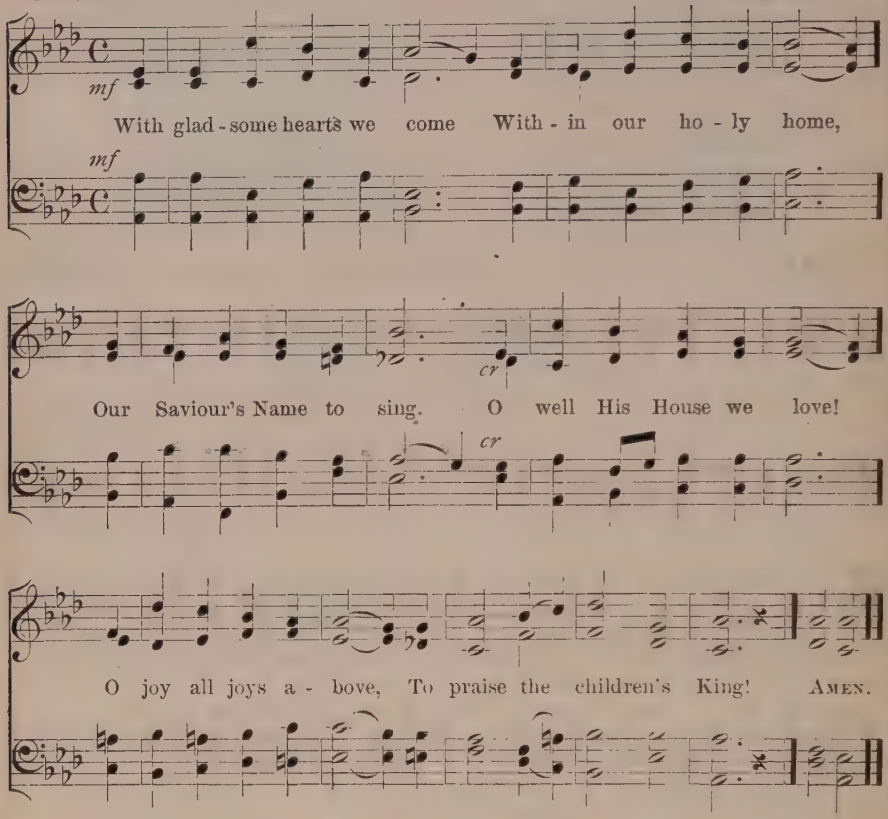
531 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. With Refrain.

REX GLORIÆ
J. Barnby


f
Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten-der Sav - iour,
f
mf
Hear Thy chil-dren cry. Par - don our trans - gres - sions, Cleanse us from our sin;
mf
ff
By Thy Spir - it help us Heavenly life to win. Je - sus, King of glo - ry.
ff
Throned a - bove the sky, Je-sus, ten-der Sav-iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry. A - MEN.

532 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

THE CHILDREN'S KING
D. B. Mac Leod


mf
With glad-some hearts we come With-in our ho-ly home,
mf
cr
Our Saviour's Name to sing. O well His House we love!
cr
O joy all joys a-bove, To praise the children's King! AMEN.

f 2 The angels sing on high
Thy glory through the sky,
And then to earth they wing;
p To guard us while we sleep,
And, as their watch they keep,
To praise the children's King.

mf 3 O may we, while we live,
Such willing service give,
A holy offering!
And still Thy glory show
By deeds of love below,
To praise the children's King.

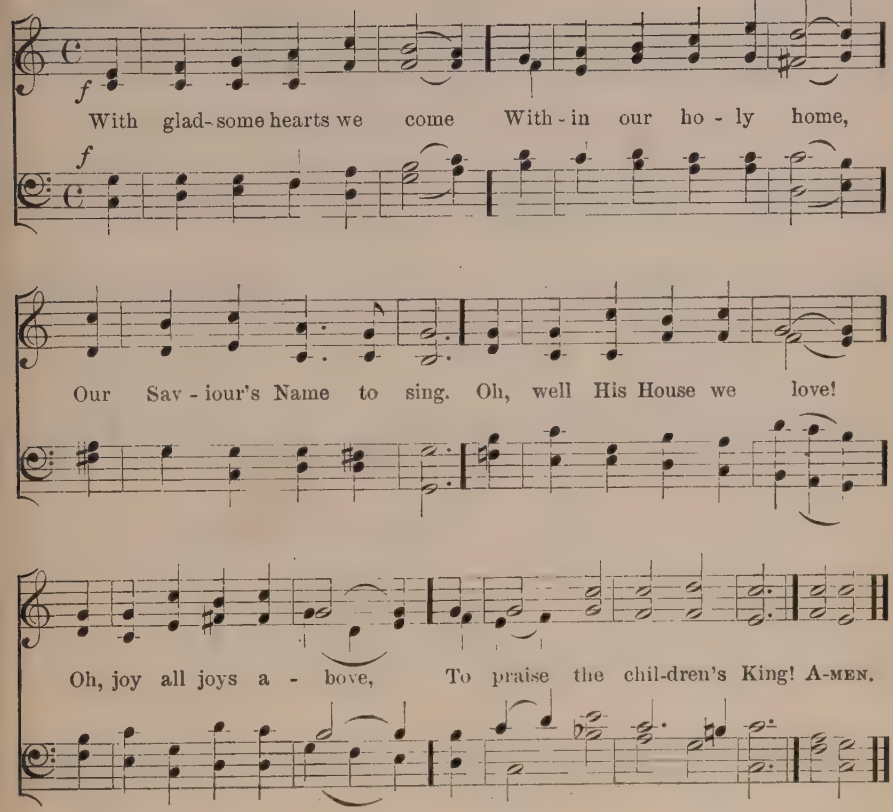
mf 4 And may our hearts aspire
To join the heavenly choir,
Whose strains for ever ring;
And learn on earth their hymn,
The song of seraphim,
To praise the children's King.

f 5 O Light of Light, to Thee
Let earth and sky and sea
Eternal homage bring;
And grant us through Thy love,
Before Thy throne above,
To praise the children's King.

L. Mac Leod

532 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

LAUDES DOMINI
J. Barnby


f
With glad-some hearts we come With-in our ho-ly home,
Our Sav-iour's Name to sing. Oh, well His House we love!
Oh, joy all joys a-bove, To praise the chil-dren's King! A-MEN.

f 2 The angels sing on high
Thy glory through the sky,
And then to earth they wing;
p To guard us while we sleep,
And, as their watch they keep,
To praise the children's King.

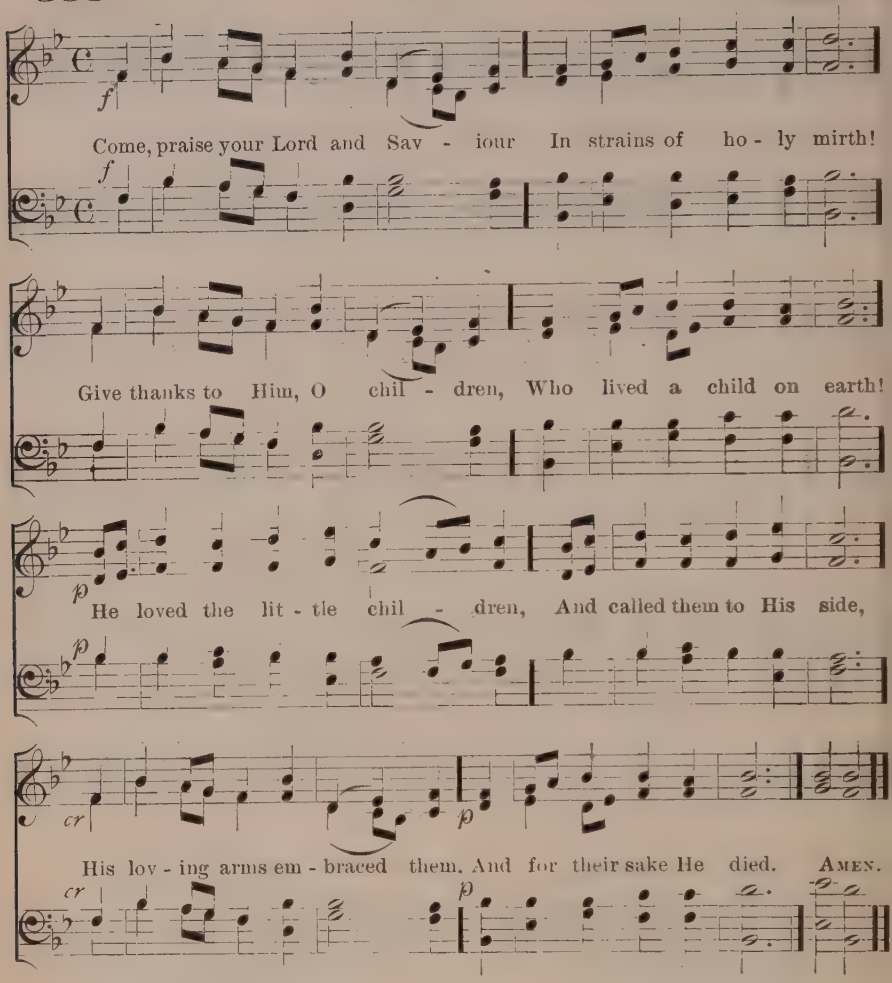
mf 3 O may we, while we live,
Such willing service give,
A holy offering!
And still Thy glory show
By deeds of love below,
To praise the children's King.

mf 4 And may our hearts aspire
To join the heavenly choir,
Whose strains for ever ring;
And learn on earth their hymn,
The song of seraphim,
To praise the children's King.

f 5 O Light of Light, to Thee
Let earth and sky and sea
Eternal homage bring;
And grant us through Thy love,
Before Thy throne above,
To praise the children's King.

L. Mac Leod

533 7. 6. 7. 6. D. ELLACOMBE *German*


Come, praise your Lord and Sav - iour In strains of ho - ly mirth!
Give thanks to Him, O chil - dren, Who lived a child on earth!
He loved the lit - tle chil - dren, And called them to His side,
His lov - ing arms em - braced them, And for their sake He died. AMEN.

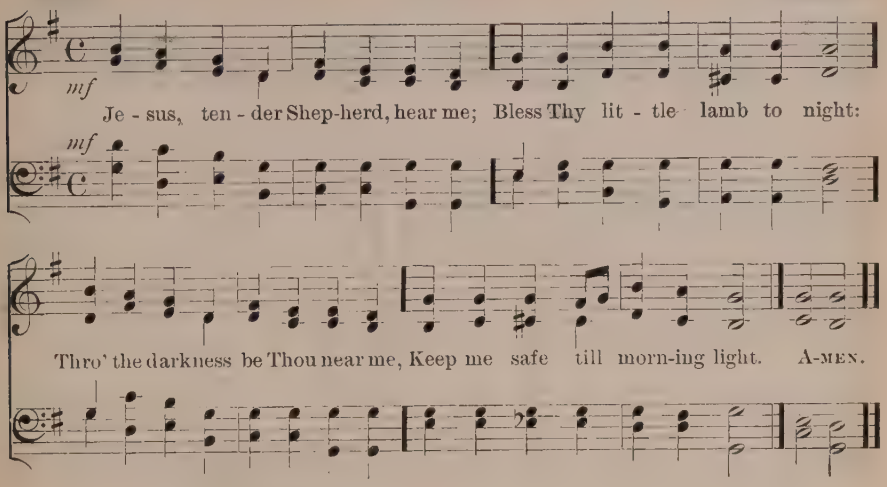
mf 2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy;
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us like Thee, obedient,
p Like Thee from sin-stains free,
cr Like Thee in God's own temple,
p In lowly home like Thee.

p 3 O Jesus, we would praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's son:
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
cr O give that best adornment
That Christian child can wear,
p The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair!

f 4 O Lord, with voices lifted
We sing our songs of praise;
Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days;
And lead us ever onward,
That while we stay below,
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

W. H. How

534 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. BROCKLESBURY *C. A. Barnard*

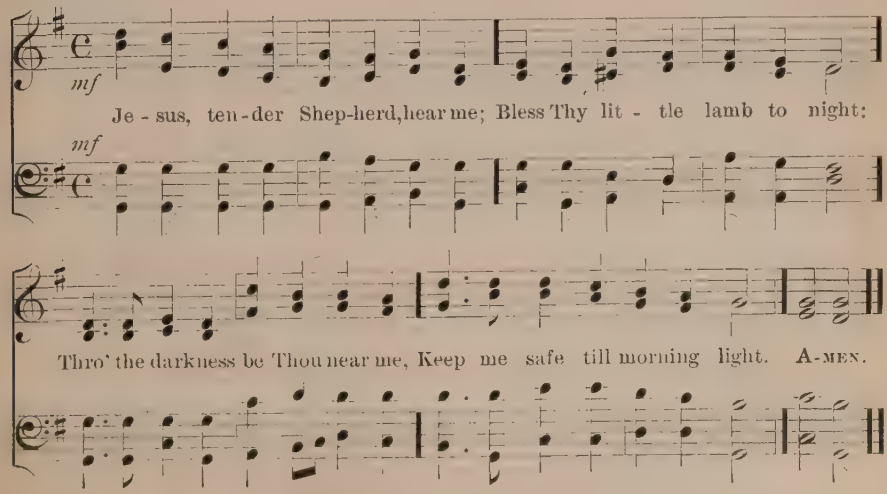

mf
Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to night:
mf
Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A-MEN.

mf 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer!

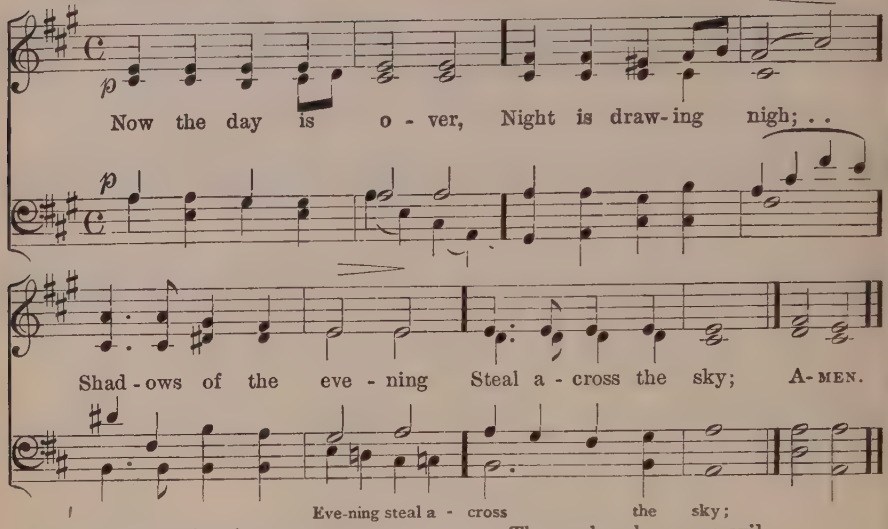
p 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
cr Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

M. Duncan

(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. TENDER SHEPHERD


mf
Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to night:
mf
Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light. A-MEN.

535 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. MERRIAL *J. Barnby*



mf 2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
p With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

cr 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

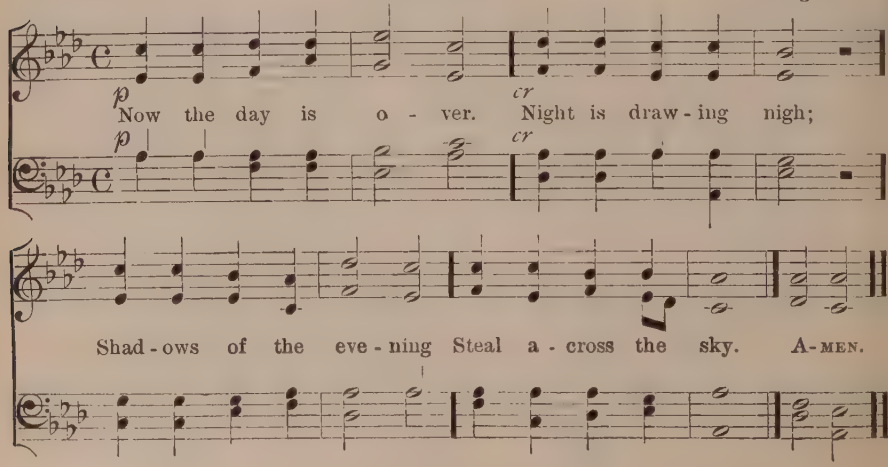
p 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
cr From their sins restrain.

p 5 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
cr Watching round my bed.

mf 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould

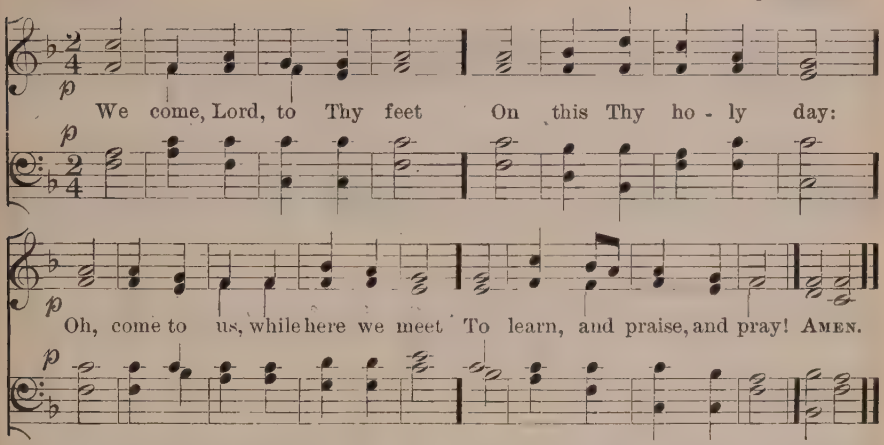
(SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. EUDOXIA *S. Baring-Gould*



536

S. M.

NEWLAND
H. J. Gauntlett



p 2 Our many sins forgive;
The Holy Spirit send;
cr And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.

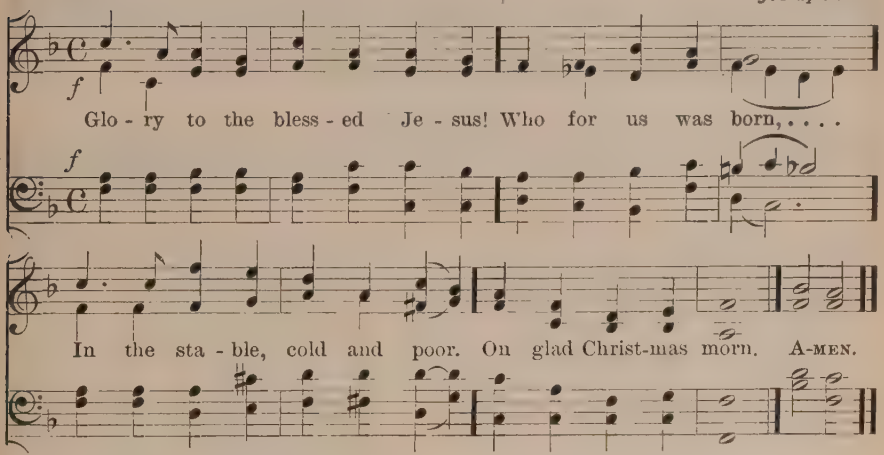
mf 3 Lord, fill our hearts with love;
Our teachers' labours own;
That we and they may meet above,
To sing before Thy throne.

Anon

537

8. 5. 7. 5.

GLORIA TIBI
J. Napleton



mf 2 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
p Who was crucified
On Good Friday for our sins:
Loving us He died.

mf 3 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
p Who for sinners lay
In the tomb, and rose upon
Happy Easter day.

f 4 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
He, Who is our Way,
Went up in a cloud to heaven,
On Ascension day.

f 5 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who, at Whitsuntide,
p Sent His Holy Spirit down,
With us to abide.

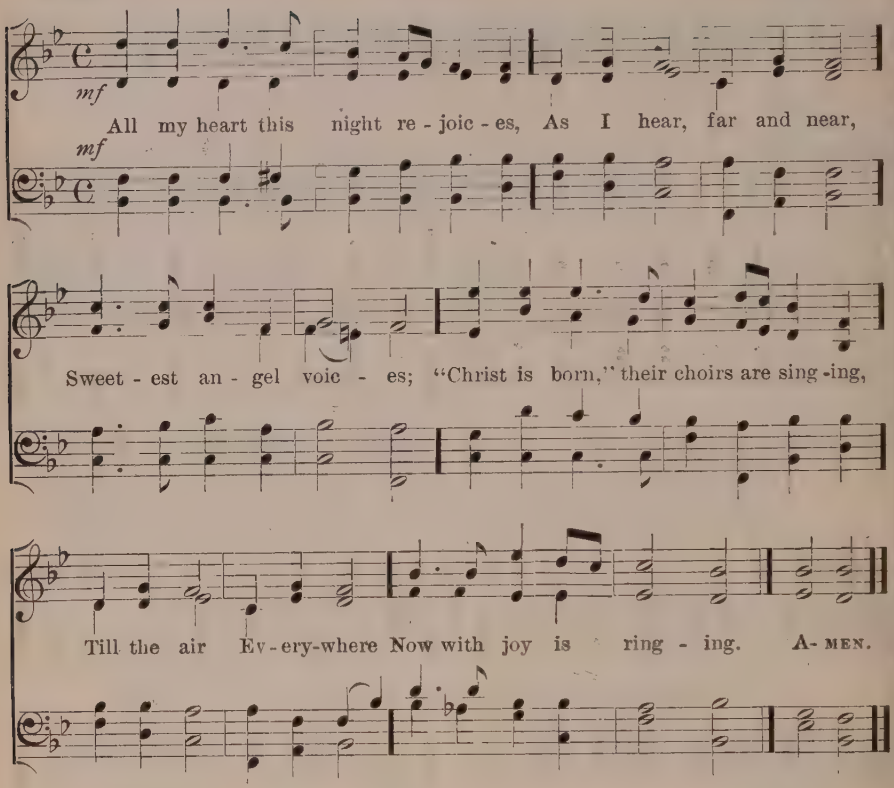
f 6 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
We will praise His love,
All our days on earth below,
And for aye above.

Anon

538

8. 8. 3. 6. D.

STELLA
Horatio W. Parker


mf
All my heart this night re - joic - es, As I hear, far and near,
mf
Sweet - est an - gel voic - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,
Till the air Ev - ery-where Now with joy is ring - ing. A - MEN.

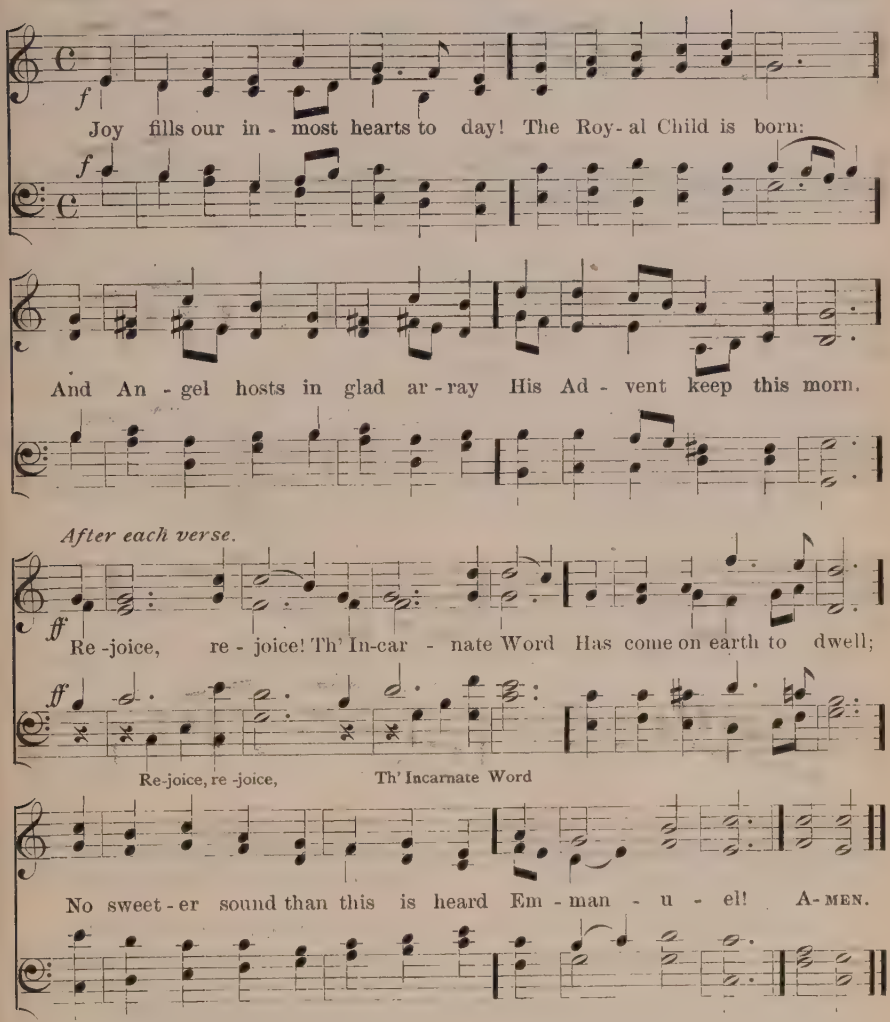
p 2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
cr Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

mf 3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
p Kneel in awe and wonder!
mf Love Him Who with love is yearning,
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

mf 4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish:
f But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt: TR. *C. Winkworth*

539 8.6.8.6.8.6.8.4. GAUDETE *S. Smith*


f
Joy fills our in - most hearts to day! The Roy - al Child is born:
f
And An - gel hosts in glad ar - ray His Ad - vent keep this morn.
After each verse.
ff
Re - joice, re - joice! Th' In-car - nate Word Has come on earth to dwell;
ff
Re-joice, re -joice, Th' Incarnate Word
No sweet - er sound than this is heard Em - man - u - el! A-MEN.

p 2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
cr And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
Rejoice, etc.

mf 3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine.
p When, folded in Thy mother's arms,
We see Thee, Babe divine.
Rejoice, etc.

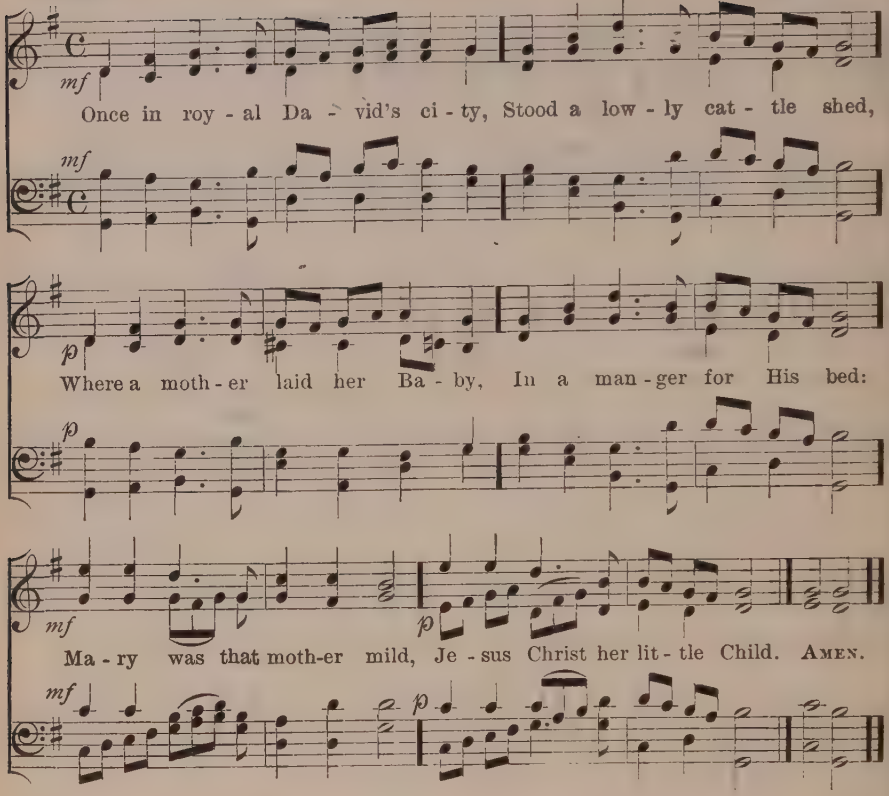
mf 4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, Holy Child:
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, etc.

W. C. Dix

540

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

IRBY
H. J. Gauntlett


mf
Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty, Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
mf
p
Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed:
p
mf
p
Ma - ry was that moth-er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. AMEN.
mf
p

p 2 He came down to earth from heaven,
cr Who is God and Lord of all,
p And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

mf 3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms he lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

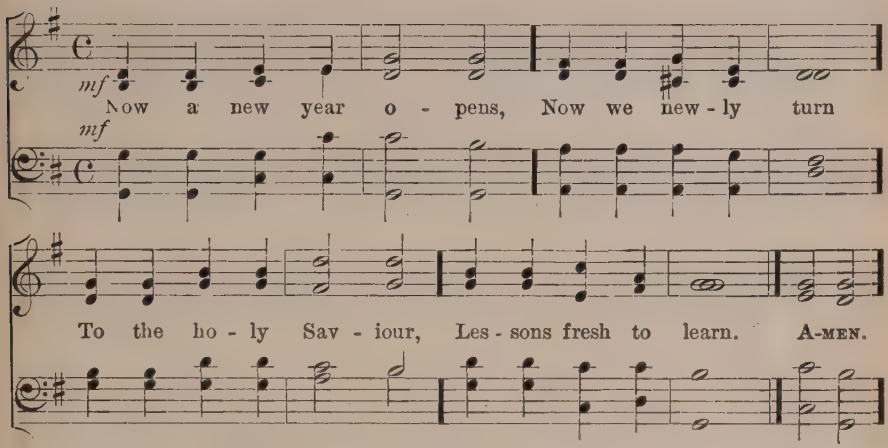
mf 4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
p He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
cr And He shareth in our gladness.

f 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
p For that Child so dear and gentle
f Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

mf 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crown'd,
All in white shall wait around.

C. F. Alexander

541 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. NORTH COATES *T. R. Matthews*



mf 2 This the holy lesson
One the year's first day;
Jesus by obedience
Teaches to obey.

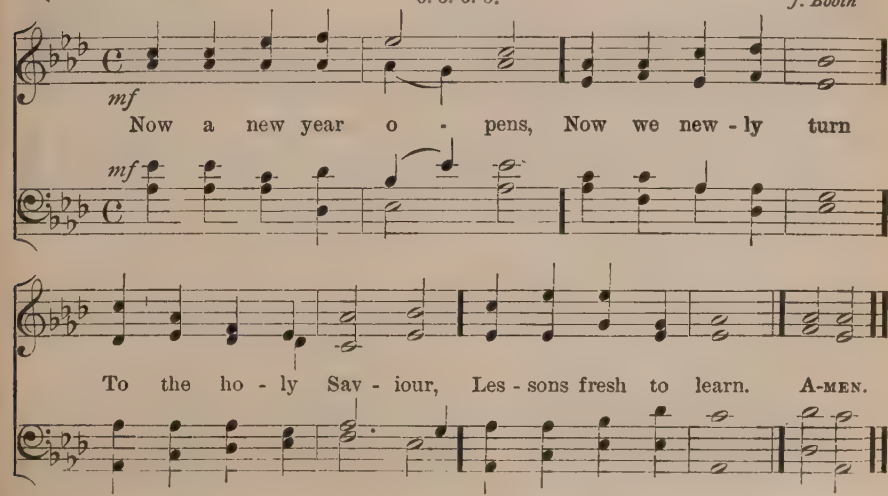
p 3 Of Thy Cross thus early,
Tokens Thou dost give;
By Thy wounds Thou healest;
By Thy death we live.

mp 4 Not to suffer only,
Jesus, didst Thou come,
cr But to leave us way-marks
Pointing to our home.

mf 5 In Thy blessèd footsteps
Ever may we tread;
Safe when keeping near Thee,
By Thy Spirit led.

S. C. Clarke

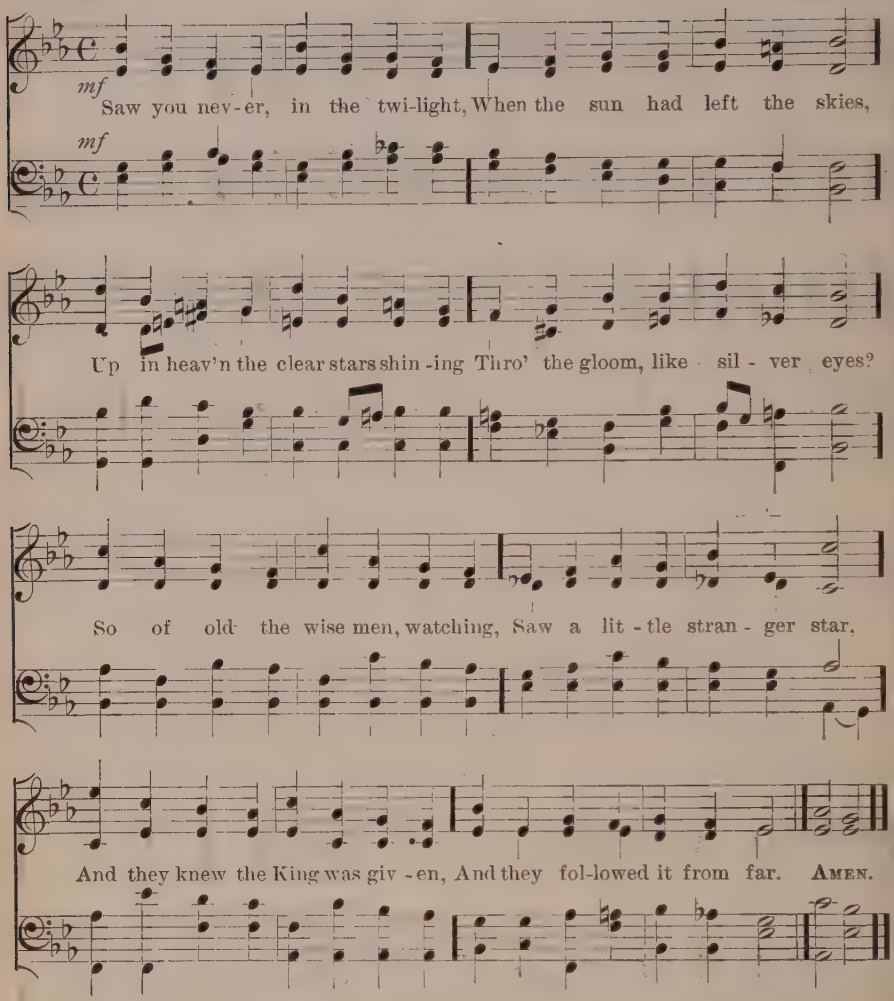
(SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. NEW YEAR *J. Booth*



542

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

THE WISE MEN
B. Tours

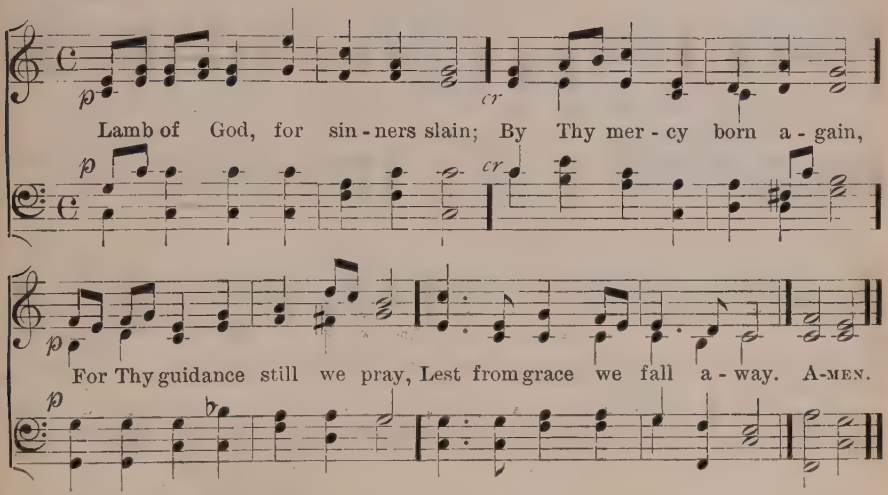

mf
Saw you nev-er, in the twi-light, When the sun had left the skies,
mf
Up in heav'n the clear stars shin-ing Thro' the gloom, like sil-ver eyes?
So of old the wise men, watching, Saw a lit-tle stran-ger star,
And they knew the King was giv-en, And they fol-lowed it from far. AMEN.

mp 2 Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild;
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child?
cr How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

mf 3 Know ye not that lowly baby
Was the bright and morning Star?
cr He Who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
mf And, we too, may seek His cradle;
There our hearts' best treasures bring;
Love, and faith, and true devotion,
For our Saviour, God, and King.

C. F. Alexander

543 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. MAITLAND



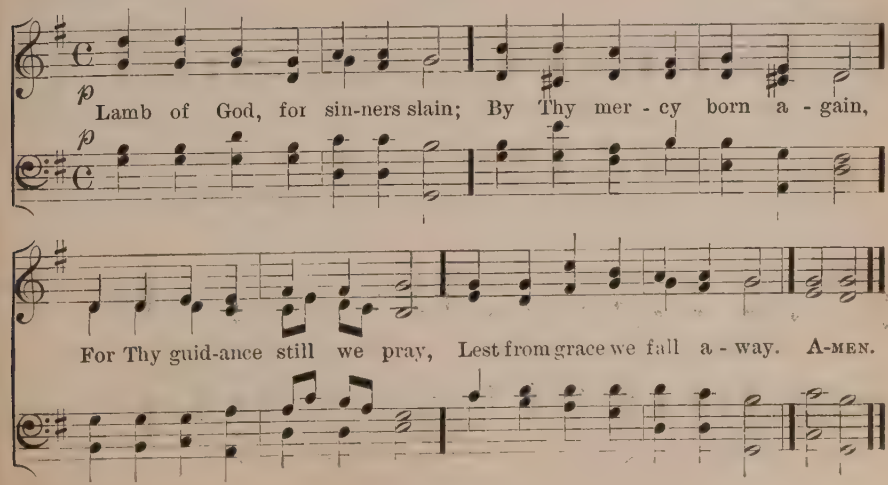
p 2 By the mystic, cleansing flood,
By the Water and the Blood,
cr Washed and sanctified to Thee,
Holy may we ever be.

mf 3 Aid us with Thy daily grace
Steadfastly to run our race;
cr Grant us victory in the strife,
And the prize of endless life.

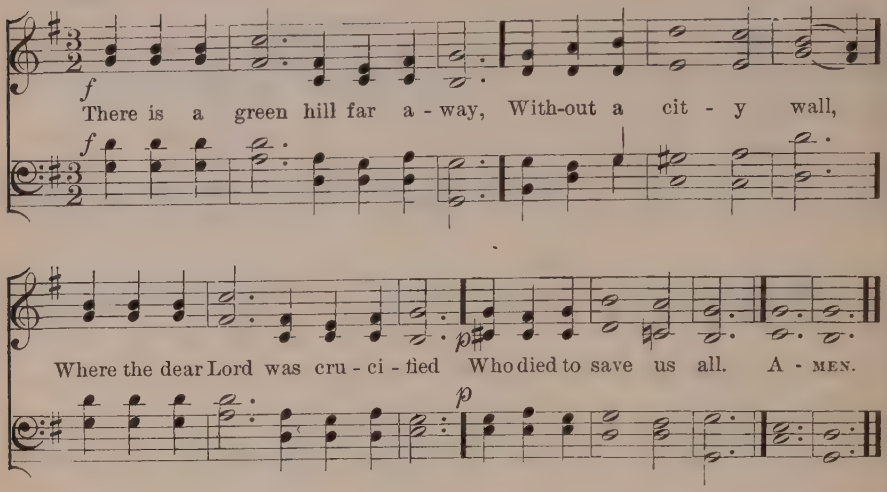
f 4 Praise to Thee, from all on earth,
God, Who gavest us new birth;
Praise from all the heavenly host;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

J. R. Woodford

(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. GUIDANCE *J. H. Willcox*



544 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. LAMBETH *S. Webbe (?)*



p 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

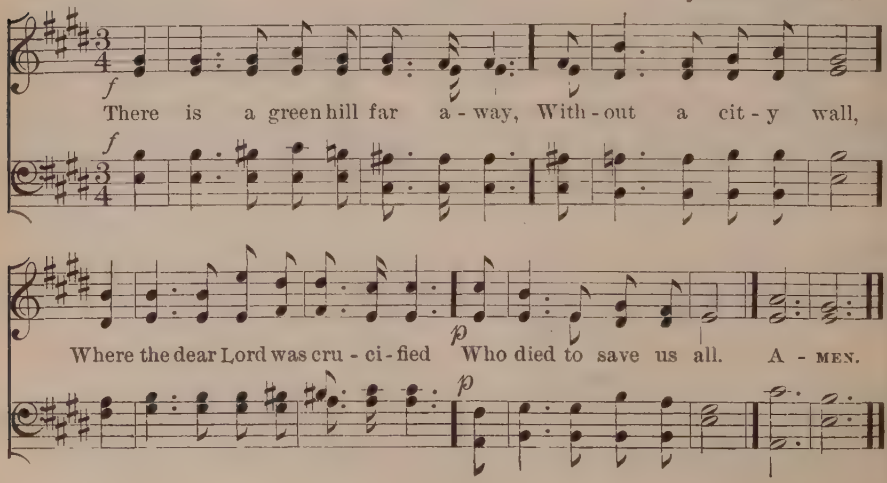
mf 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
cr That we might go at last to heaven,
p Saved by His precious blood.

mf 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

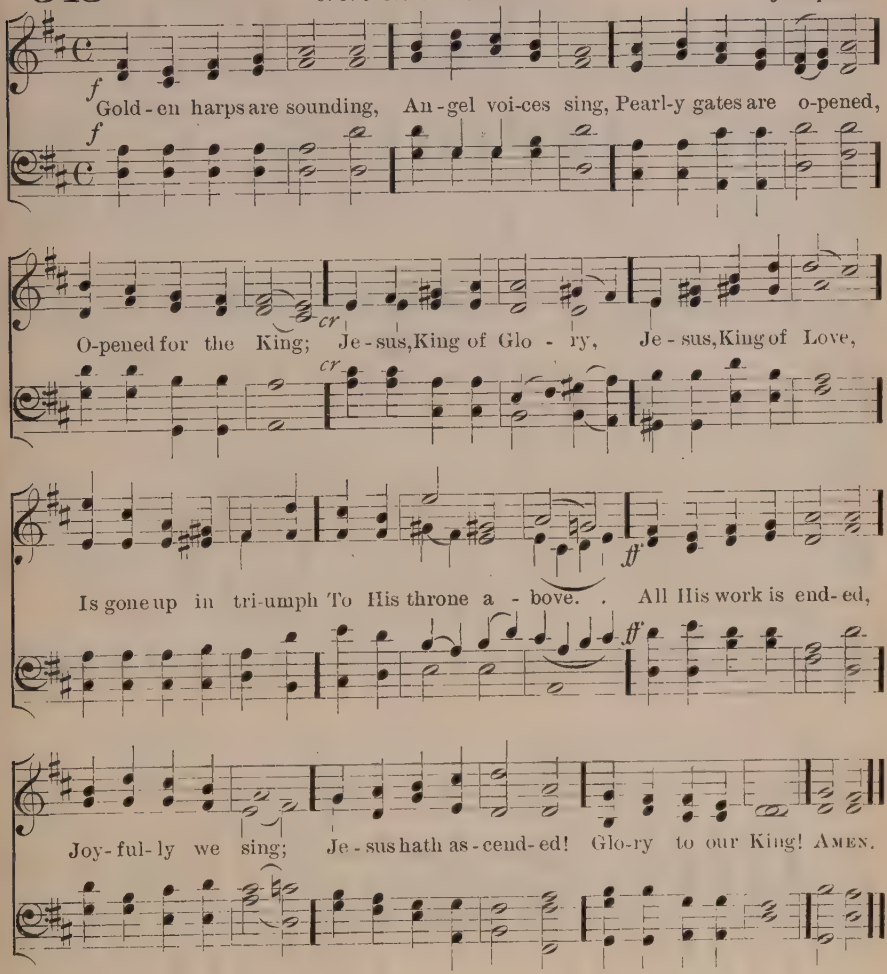
mf 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

C. F. Alexander

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. SERENITY *Arr. from W. V. Wallace*



545 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain. DEVA *E. J. Hopkins*


f
Gold-en harps are sounding, An-gel voi-ces sing, Pearl-y gates are o-pened,
cr
O-pened for the King; Je-sus, King of Glo-ry, Je-sus, King of Love,
ff
Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a-bove. All His work is end-ed,
Joy-ful-ly we sing; Je-sus hath as-cend-ed! Glo-ry to our King! AMEN.

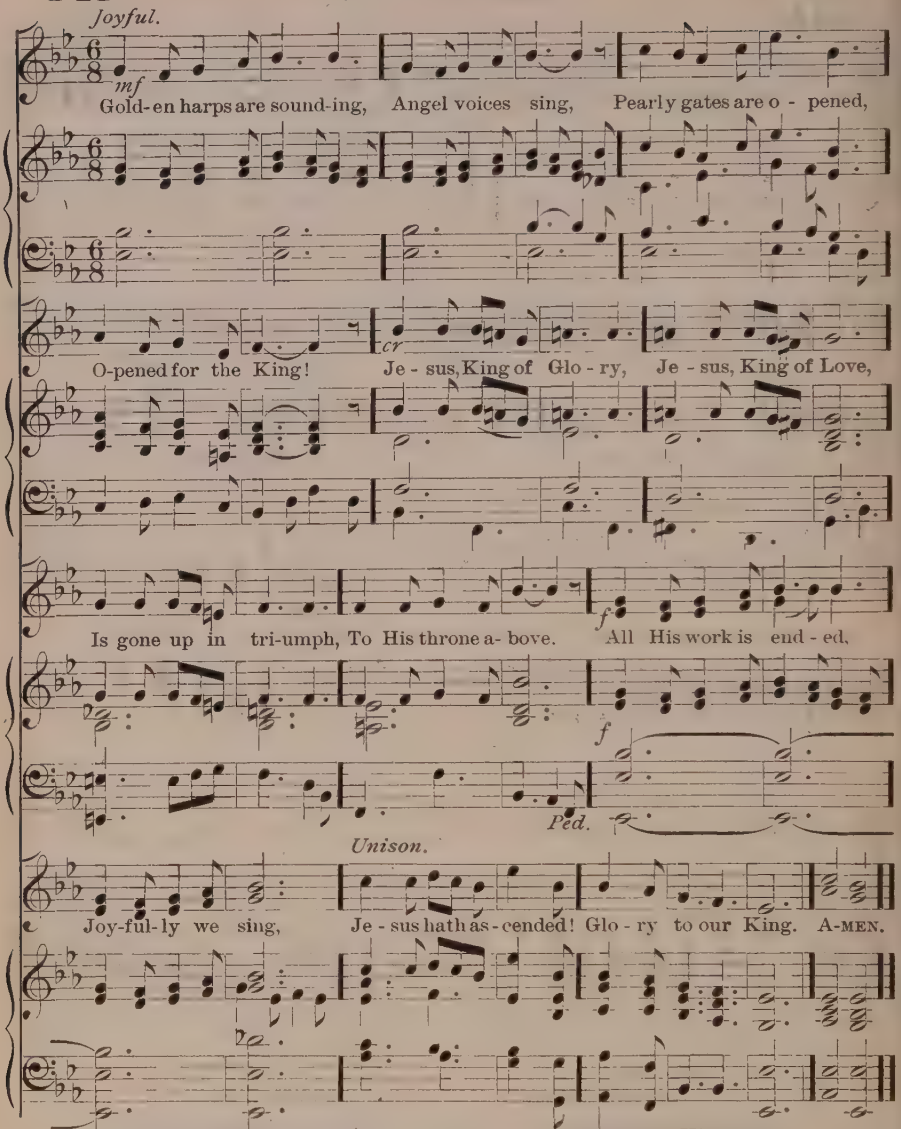
p 2 He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
cr Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high!
f All His work, etc.

p 3 Pleading for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
f Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work, etc.

F. R. Havergal

545 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

ST. TERESA
A. S Sullivan

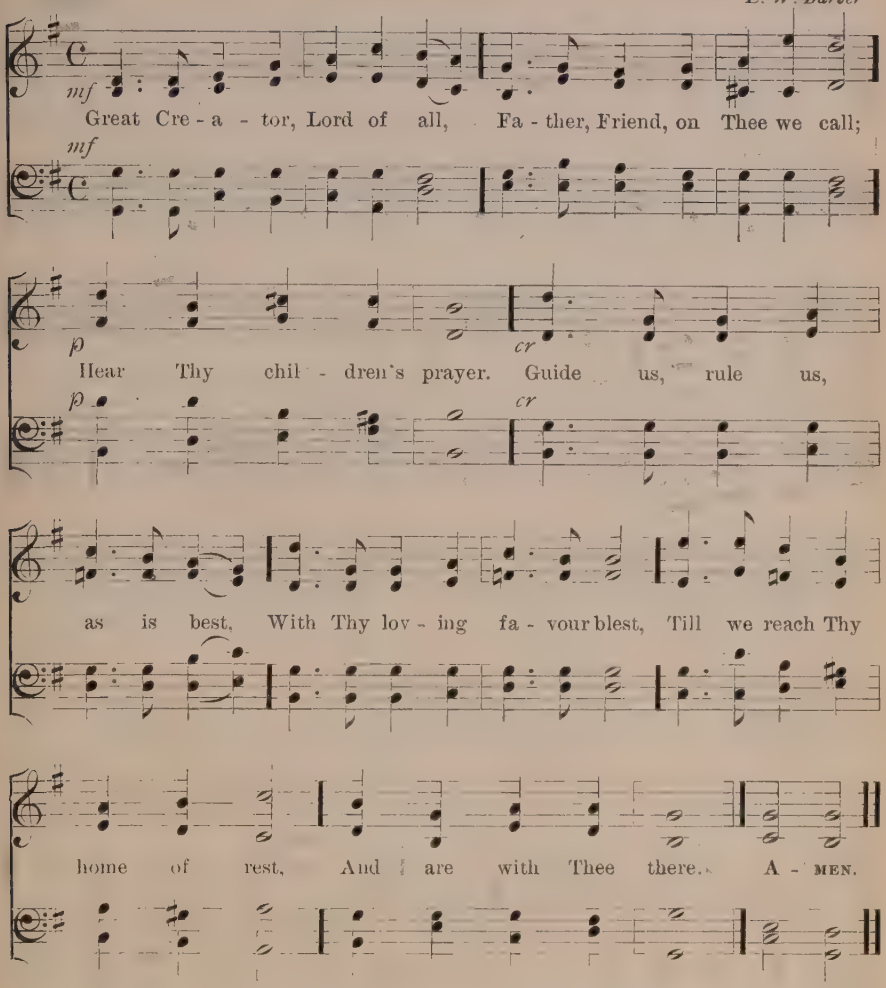

Joyful.
mf
Gold-en harps are sound-ing, Angel voices sing, Pearly gates are o - pened,
cr
O-pened for the King! Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,
f
Is gone up in tri-umph, To His throne a- bove. All His work is end - ed,
f
Ped.
Unison.
Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je - sus hath as - cended! Glo - ry to our King. A-MEN.

p 2 He who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
cr Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high!
f All His work, etc.

p 3 Pleading for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
f Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work, etc.

F. R. Havergal

546 7. 7. 5. 7. 7. 7. 5. SAN REMO *E. W. Barber*


mf
Great Cre - a - tor, Lord of all, Fa - ther, Friend, on Thee we call;
mf
p
cr
Hear Thy chil - dren's prayer. Guide us, rule us,
p
cr
as is best, With Thy lov - ing fa - vour blest, Till we reach Thy
home of rest, And are with Thee there. A - MEN.

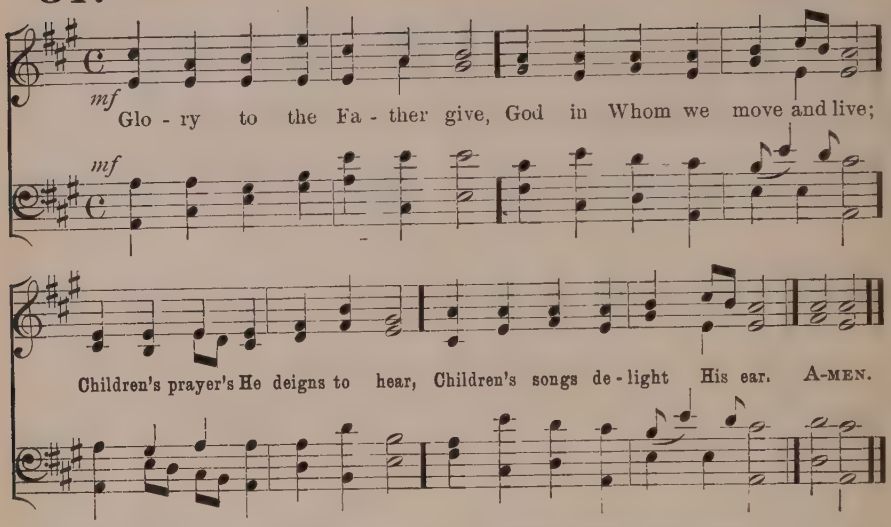
p 2 Jesus, Who for man didst die,
Who dost plead Thy death on high,
And our place prepare;
cr From sin's bondage set us free,
Lead us onward after Thee,
f Till with joy Thy face we see,
And Thy likeness wear.

mf 3 Holy Spirit, Life, and Light,
Wisdom, Pureness, Love, and Might,
Fallen souls restore,
mp Guide our spirits when we pray,
cr Cheer us, help us on our way,
Make us holier day by day,
Till we sin no more.

f 4 Ever blessèd Three in One,
May Thy will in us be done,
Show in us Thy love;
Keep us Thine while here below,
Make us in Thy grace to grow,
And at last Thy glory know
In the world above.

T. B. Pollock

547 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. NUREMBERG *J. R. Ahle*


mf
Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in Whom we move and live;
mf
Children's prayer's He deigns to hear, Children's songs de - light His ear. A-MEN.

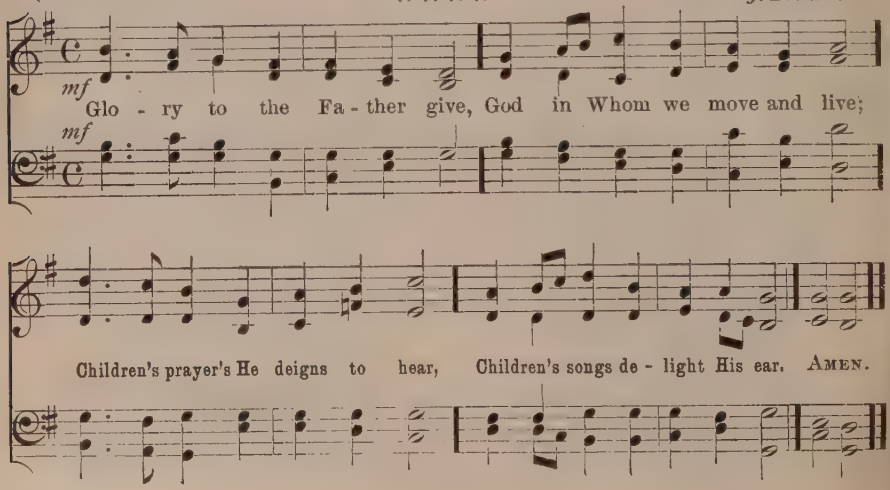
mf 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

mf 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may He inspire.
Touch their tongues with holy fire,

f 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessèd Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

J. Montgomery

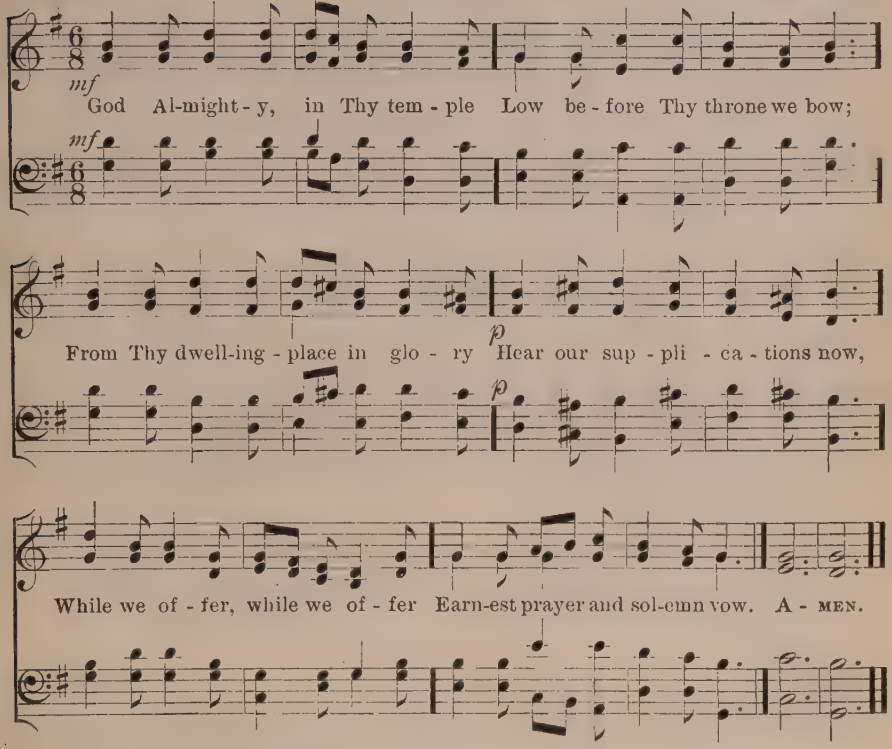
(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. NEW CALABAR *J. D. Farrer*


mf
Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in Whom we move and live;
mf
Children's prayer's He deigns to hear, Children's songs de - light His ear. AMEN.

548

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

PARRY
J. H. Maunder


mf
God Al-might-y, in Thy tem-ple Low be-fore Thy throne we bow;
mf
p
From Thy dwell-ing-place in glo-ry Hear our sup-pli-ca-tions now,
p
While we of-fer, while we of-fer Earn-est prayer and sol-emn vow. A-MEN.

mf 2 Christ our Saviour, Thou Who carest
For the youngest of Thy fold,
Give us now Thy heavenly blessing,
As Thou didst in days of old;
Priceless treasure,
Richer far than gems or gold.

mf 3 God the Holy Ghost, be near us;
Ever dwell our hearts within;
Keep them pure, and brave, and earnest,
Give us grace to conquer sin.
cr And, through Jesus,
Heaven's eternal crown to win.

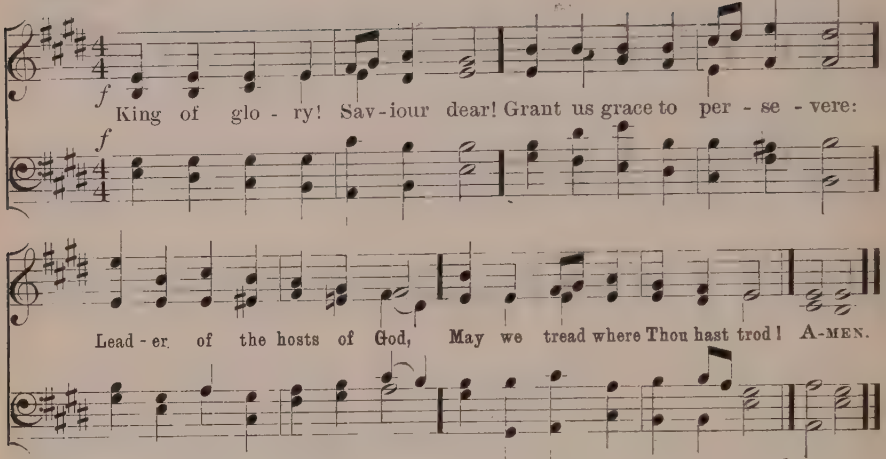
f 4 Holy Trinity, defend us
In a world with evil rife;
Let Thine angel-guards surround us
In each sore and bitter strife:
O preserve us
Unto everlasting life!

R. H. Baynes

549

7. 7. 7. 7.

POSEN
C. G. Strattner



mf 2 Once for Thee, the Crucified,
Many a faithful martyr died:
How can we, Thy children, show
All our love, for all Thy woe?

mp 3 They for Thee faced axe and wheel,
Fire, and beasts, and piercing steel:
Like them, may we suffer shame,
Pain or loss for Thy dear name;

mp 4 Bearing calmly for our Lord
Thoughtless jest or bitter word;
Curbing angry speech and tear,
Strong in Thee to persevere

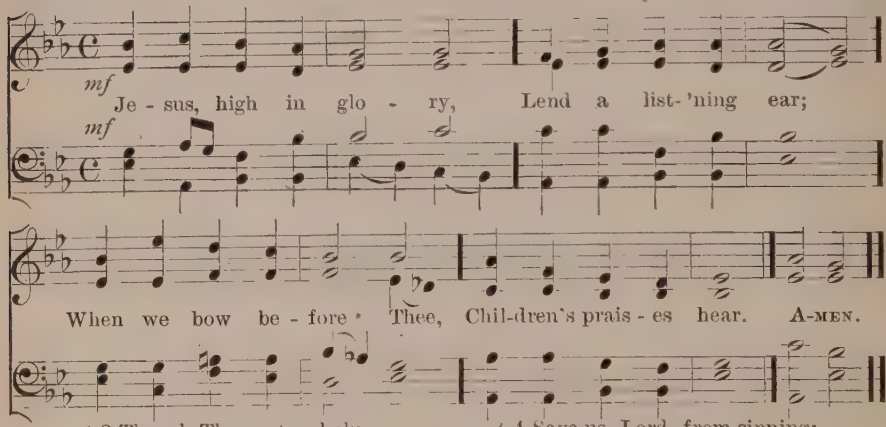
mf 5 Persevere! Thy yoke is light,
cr Persevere! Thy crown is bright.
f Persevere, and we shall sing
In the palace of our King!

E. H. Mitchell

550

6. 5. 6. 5.

ENON
O. M. Fielden



p 2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

mf 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray:
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

p 4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day:
cr Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

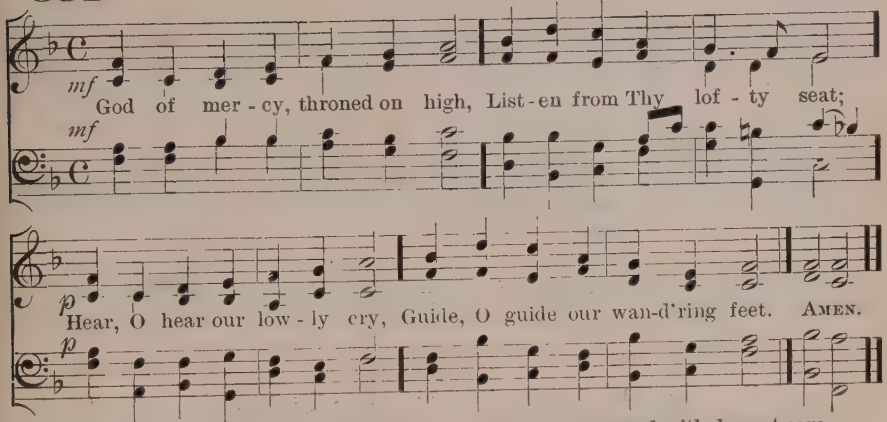
mp 5 Then, when Thou dost call us
To our heavenly home,
f We shall gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come.

J. E. Clark

551

7. 7. 7. 7.

ELEANOR


mf
God of mer - cy, throned on high, List - en from Thy lof - ty seat;
mf
p
Hear, O hear our low - ly cry, Guide, O guide our wan-d'ring feet. AMEN.
p

mf 2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
p Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

mp 3 Jesus, Lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Make us, take us, keep us Thine.

4 When perplexed in dangers' snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be:
When oppressed with deepest care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

mf 5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day:
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

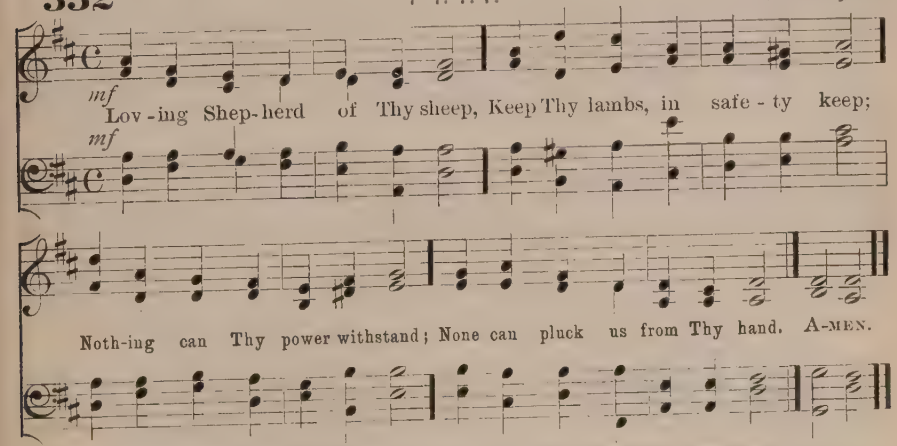
cr 6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul;
Hope, till time shall be no more;
Love, while endless ages roll.

H. Neele

552

7. 7. 7. 7.

BUCKLAND
L. G. Hayne


mf
Lov - ing Shep - herd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy lambs, in safe - ty keep;
mf
Noth-ing can Thy power withstand; None can pluck us from Thy hand. A-MEN.

p 2 Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live;
And the hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

mf 3 We would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy will obey.
Like Thy blessed ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

mf 4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lambs Thy voice to hear:
p Suffer not our steps to stray
From the strait and narrow way.

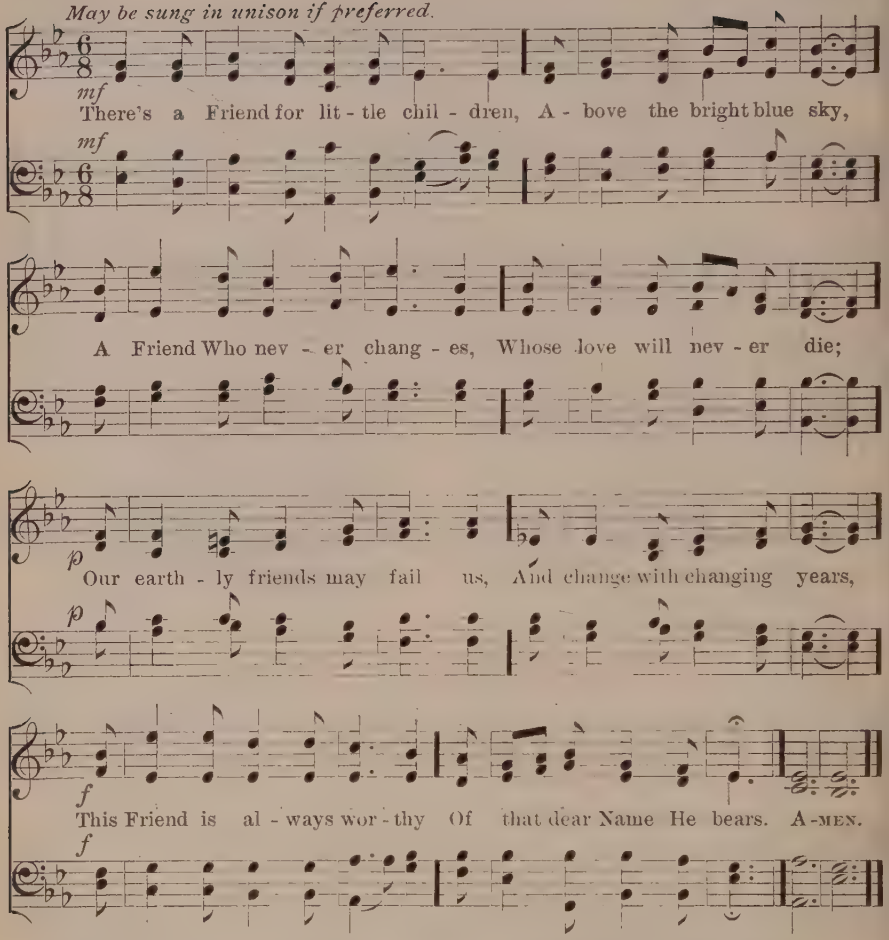
mf 5 Where Thou leadest we would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
cr Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.

J. E. Leeson

For Children

553 7.6.7.6. D. EVANGEL *J. Stainer*

May be sung in unison if preferred.


mf
There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
mf
A Friend Who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die;
p
Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with changing years,
p
f
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear Name He bears. A-MEN.
f

mf 2 There 's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
p A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

mf 3 There 's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
f Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
mf No home on earth is like it.
Nor can with it compare;
f For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

f 4 There 's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
mf A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

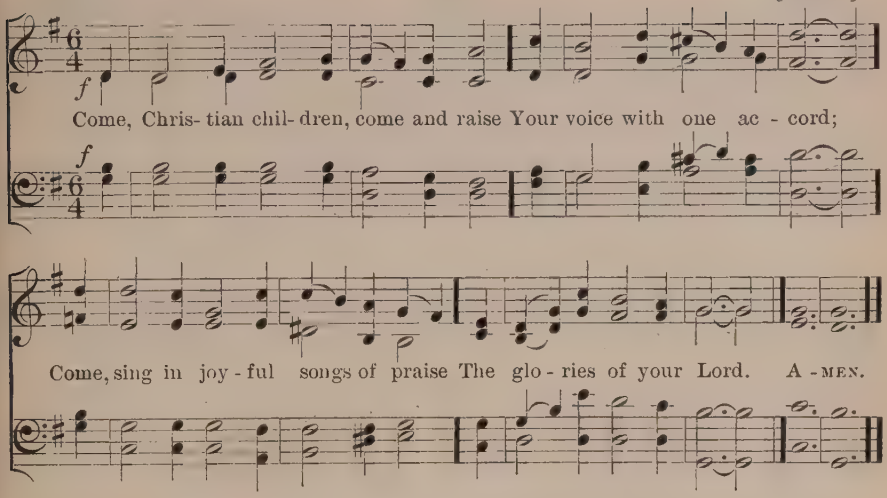
f 5 There 's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
mf And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
p Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own.

A. Midlane

554 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

SOHO
J. Barnby


Come, Chris- tian chil- dren, come and raise Your voice with one ac - cord;
Come, sing in joy - ful songs of praise The glo - ries of your Lord. A - MEN.

mf 2 Sing of the wonders of His love,
cr And loudest praises give
To Him Who left His throne above,
And died that you might live.

mf 3 Sing of the wonders of His truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth,
Fulfilled to latest age.

f 4 Sing of the wonders of His power,
Who with His own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

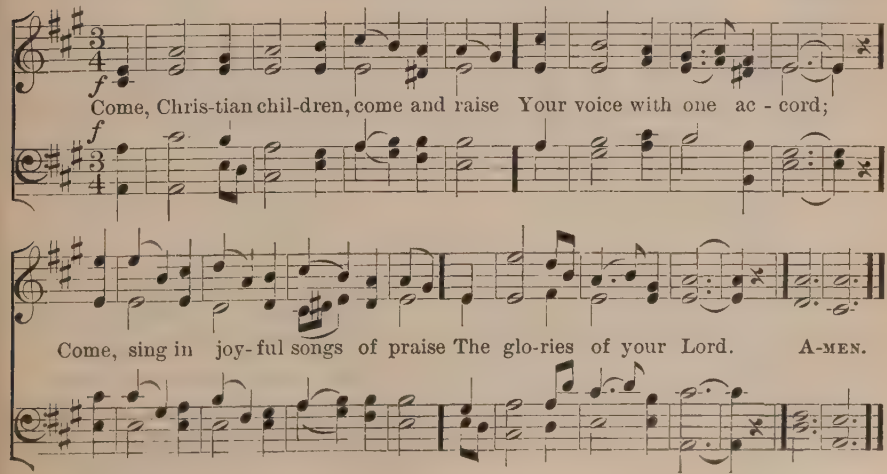
f 5 Sing of the wonders of His grace,
Who made and keeps you His,
And guides you to the appointed place
At His right hand in bliss.

D. A. Thrupp

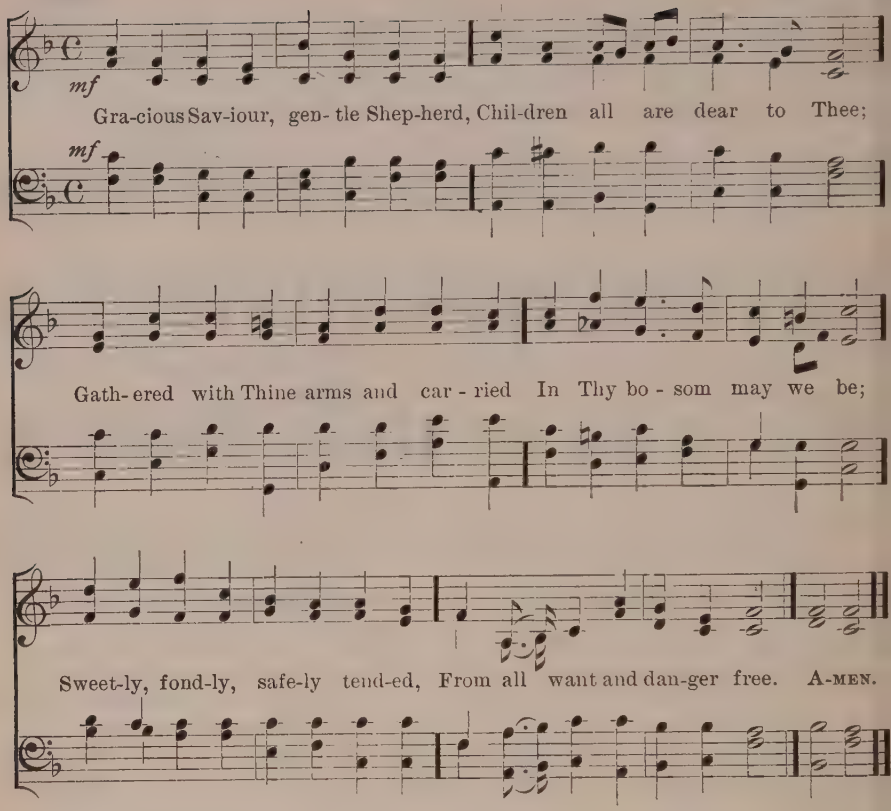
(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

THRAXTED
Beethoven


Come, Chris-tian chil-dren, come and raise Your voice with one ac - cord;
Come, sing in joy-ful songs of praise The glo-ries of your Lord. A-MEN.

555 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. WILLCOX *I. H. Willcox*


mf
Gra-cious Sav-iour, gen- tle Shep-herd, Chil-dren all are dear to Thee;
mf
Gath- ered with Thine arms and car - ried In Thy bo - som may we be;
Sweet-ly, fond-ly, safe-ly tend-ed, From all want and dan-ger free. A-MEN.

p 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

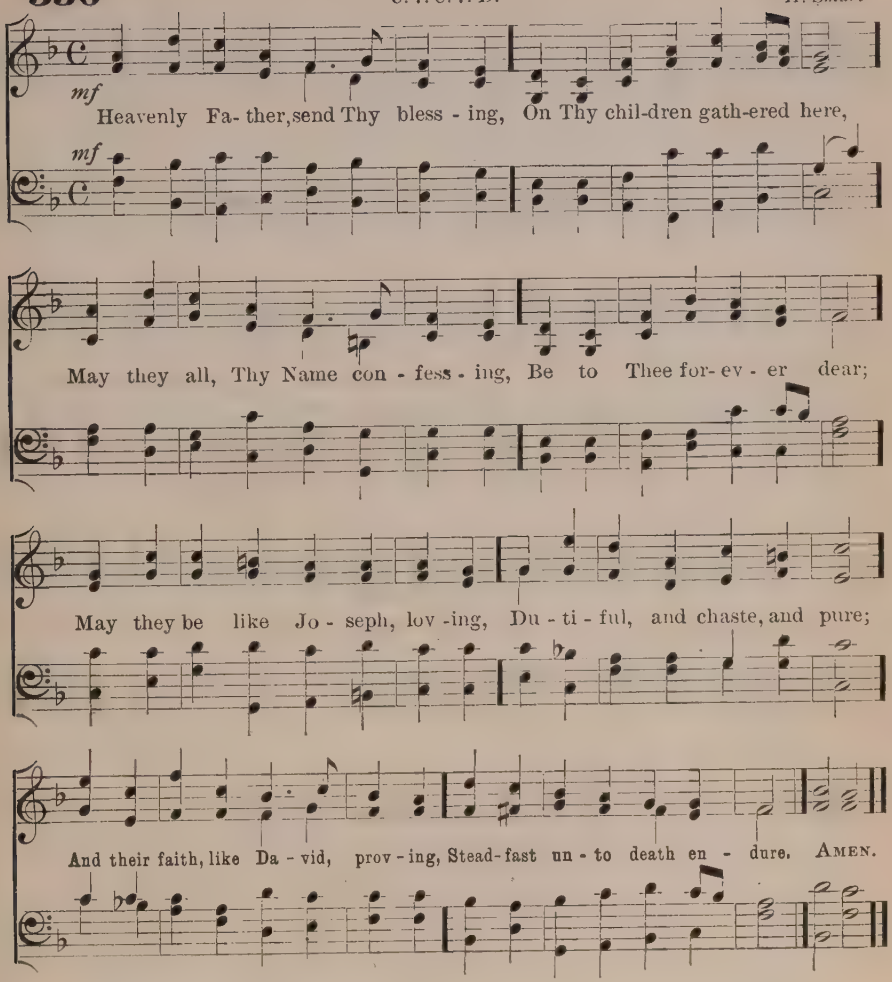
mf 3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly,
In the stream Thy love supplied,
p Mingled stream of blood and water,
Flowing from Thy wounded side;
cr And to heavenly pastures lead us,
Where Thy own still waters glide.

mf 4 Let Thy holy Word instruct us;
Guide us daily by its light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right;
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
Strengthened with Thy heavenly might.

mp 5 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
cr Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd,
May we our thank-offerings bring;
f Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

H. Bateman

556 8.7.8.7.D. BETHANY *H. Smart*

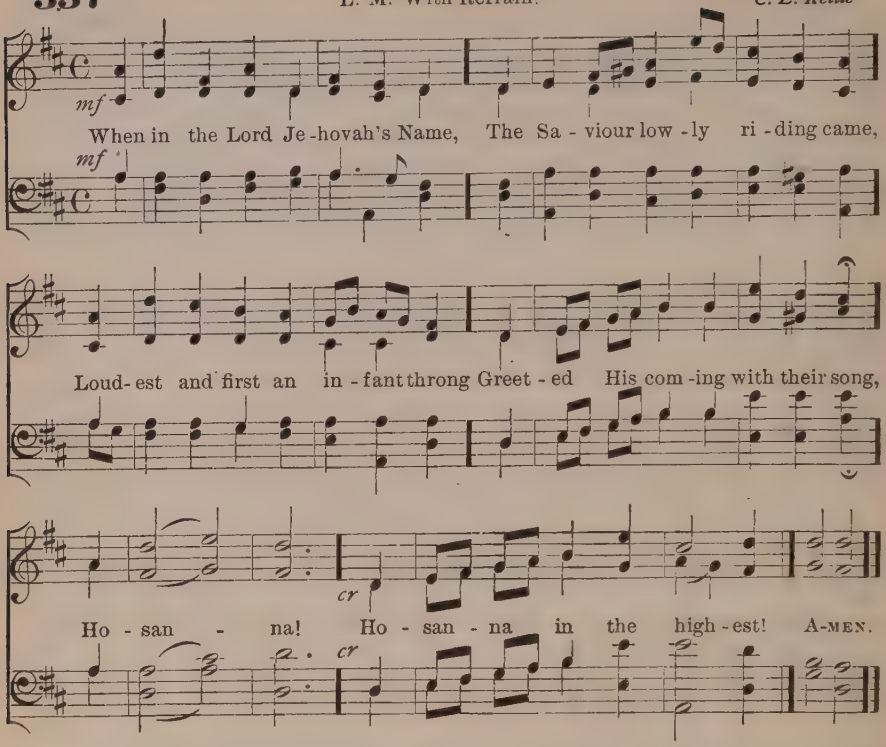

mf
Heavenly Fa- ther, send Thy bless - ing, On Thy chil-dren gath-ered here,
mf
May they all, Thy Name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for- ev - er dear;
May they be like Jo - seph, lov -ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like Da - vid, prov - ing, Stead-fast un - to death en - dure. AMEN.

p 2 Holy Saviour, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
cr Bless and make them like to Thee.
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Thro' life's desert, dry and dreary,
cr Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

mf 3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,
cr May they with Thy presence shine,
f And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

C. Wordsworth

557 L. M. With Refrain. HOSANNA *C. E. Kettle*


mf
When in the Lord Je-hovah's Name, The Sa-viour low-ly ri-ding came,
mf
Loud-est and first an in-fant throng Greet-ed His com-ing with their song,
cr
Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na in the high-est! A-MEN.
cr

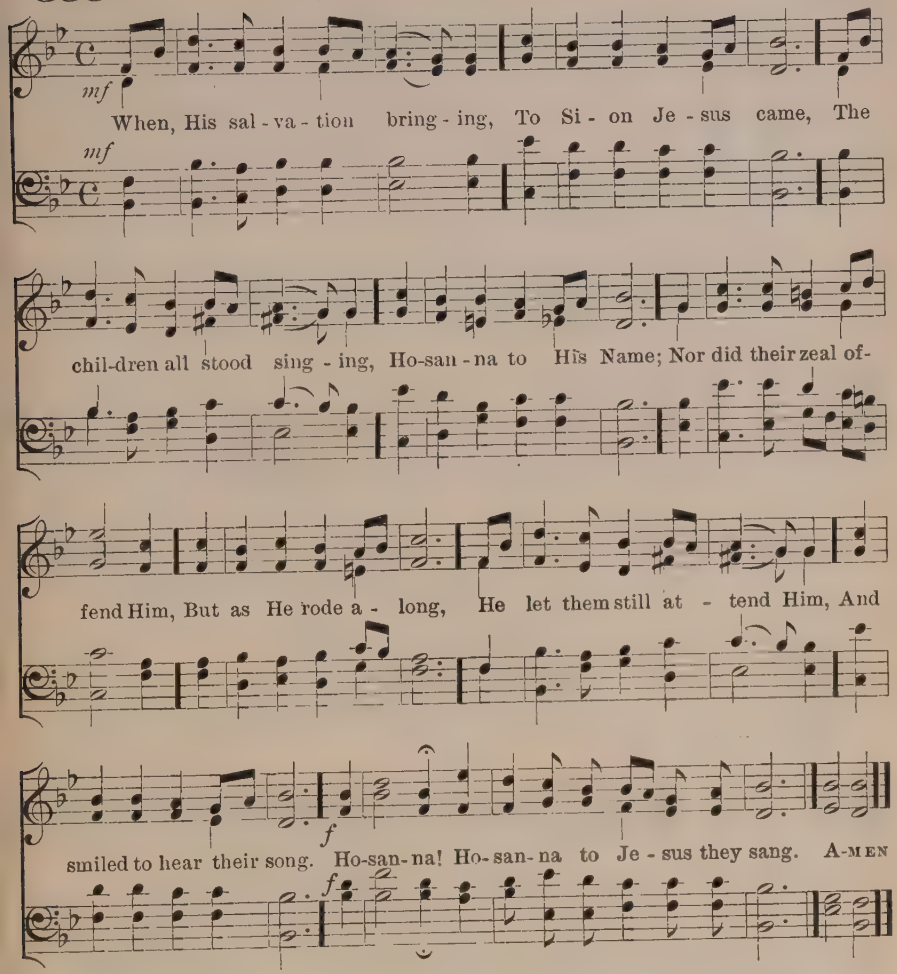
mf 2 We too are taught to know the Lord,
To fear His Name, to read His Word;
And though we simple are and young,
Can praise Him with our joyful song,
cr Hosanna in the highest!

p 3 Soon shall the Lord again pass by
To judgment from His throne on high;
cr And from the saints' assembled throng
f Shall burst upon the world the song,
Hosanna in the highest!

mf 4 Then may our youthful band be found
With coronals of triumph crowned;
f Raising, the heavenly hosts among,
Our chorus of eternal song,
ff Hosanna in the highest!

H. Alford

558 7. 6. 7. 6. D. With Refrain. JOSEPH *E. H. Mehul*

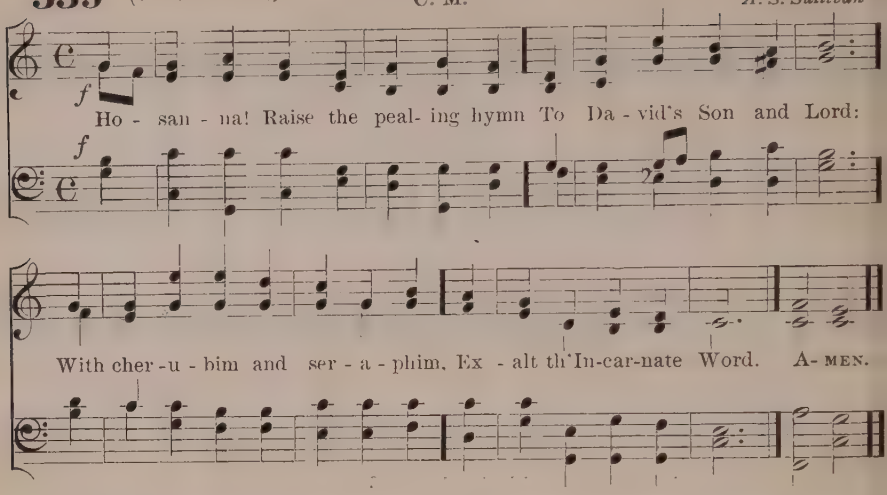

mf
When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Si - on Je - sus came, The
mf
chil-dren all stood sing - ing, Ho-san - na to His Name; Nor did their zeal of-
fend Him, But as He rode a - long, He let them still at - tend Him, And
f
smiled to hear their song. Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na to Je - sus they sang. A-MEN
f

p 2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Sion's heavenly hill;
cr We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
f And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son:
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

mf 3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well Hosannas raise.
p But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
mf No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
f Hosanna to Jesus, our King.

J. King

559 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. SHEPHERDS *A. S. Sullivan*



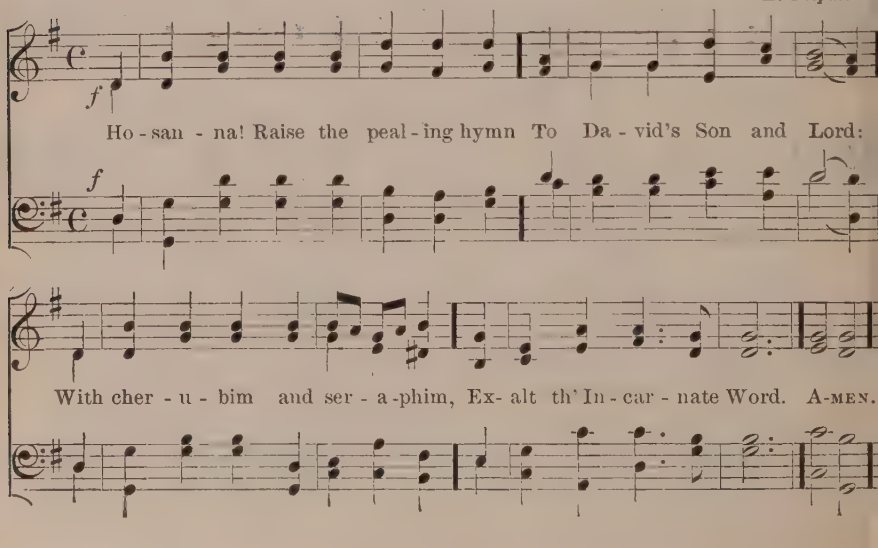
mf 2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise;
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

f 3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy Blood, our life; Thy Word, our feast;
Thy Name, our only plea.

mf 4 Hosanna! Once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our ever grateful song.

W. H. Havergal

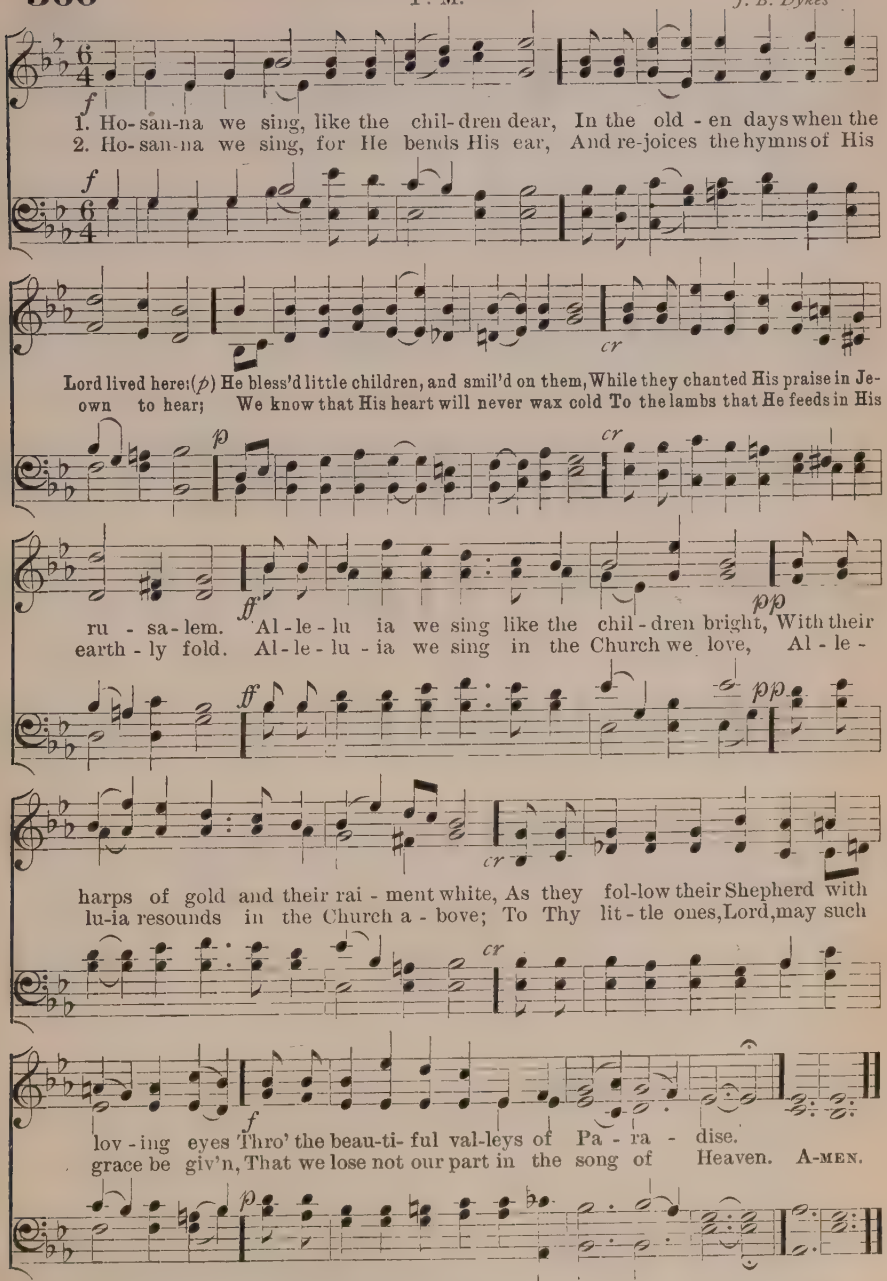
(SECOND TUNE) C. M. DINARD *E. Chepmell*



560

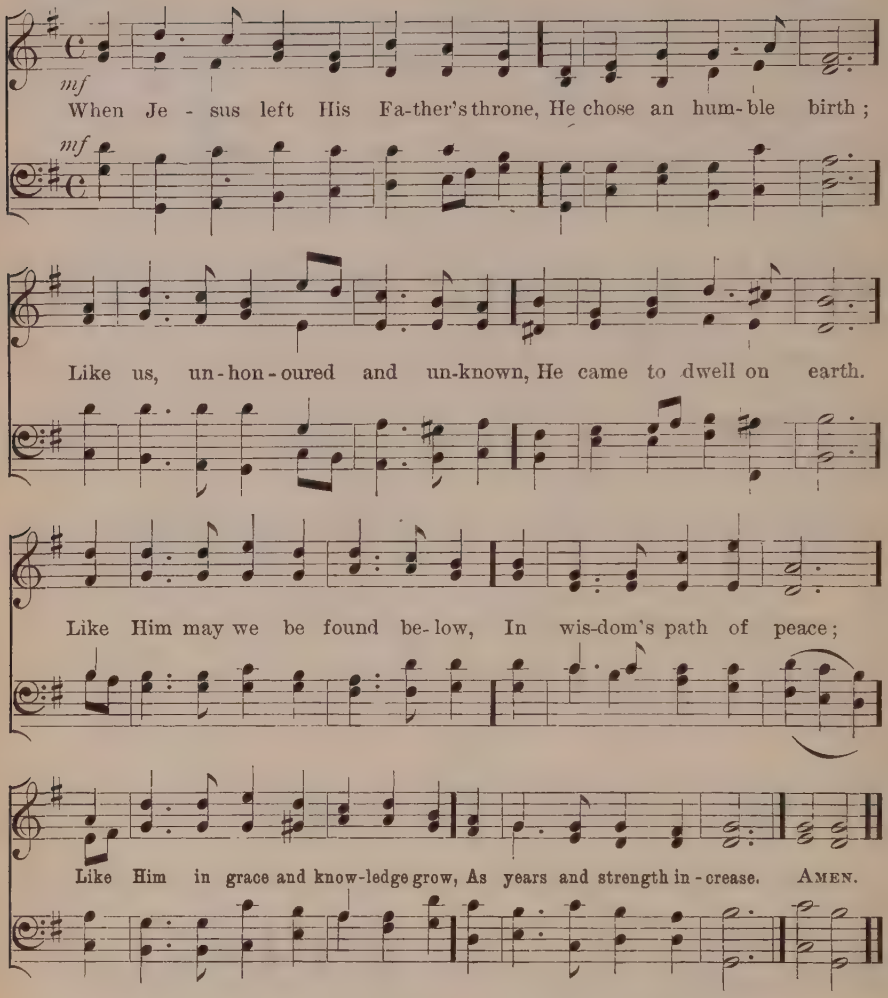
P. M.

HOSANNA WE SING
J. B. Dykes


1. Ho-san-na we sing, like the chil-dren dear, In the old-en days when the
2. Ho-san-na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re-joices the hymns of His
Lord lived here: (p) He bless'd little children, and smil'd on them, While they chanted His praise in Je-
own to hear; We know that His heart will never wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His
ru-sa-lem. Al-le-lu ia we sing like the chil-dren bright, With their
earth-ly fold. Al-le-lu-ia we sing in the Church we love, Al-le-
harps of gold and their rai-ment white, As they fol-low their Shepherd with
lu-ia resounds in the Church a-bove; To Thy lit-tle ones, Lord, may such
lov-ing eyes Thro' the beau-ti-ful val-leys of Pa-ra-dise.
grace be giv'n, That we lose not our part in the song of Heaven. A-MEN.

G. S. Hodges

561 C. M. D. St. Ursula *F. Westlake*

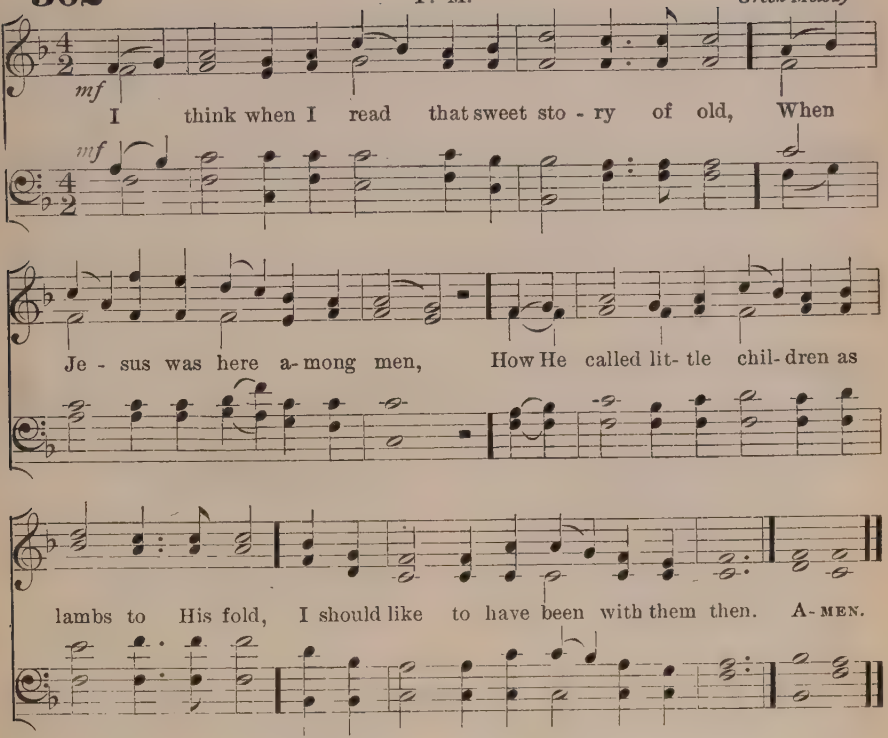

mf
When Je - sus left His Fa-ther's throne, He chose an hum-ble birth ;
mf
Like us, un-hon-oured and un-known, He came to dwell on earth.
Like Him may we be found be-low, In wis-dom's path of peace ;
Like Him in grace and know-ledge grow, As years and strength in-crease. Amen.

mf 2 Sweet were His words and kind His look,
When mothers round Him pressed;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.
Safe from the word's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
p Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie.

mf 3 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms and strowed
Their garments on the ground.
cr Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

J. Montgomery

562 P. M. SALAMIS *Greek Melody*


mf
I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
mf
Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit- tle chil- dren as
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A-MEN.

mf 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
p "Let the little ones come unto Me."

mf 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
In shall see Him and hear Him above.

mf 4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
cr And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

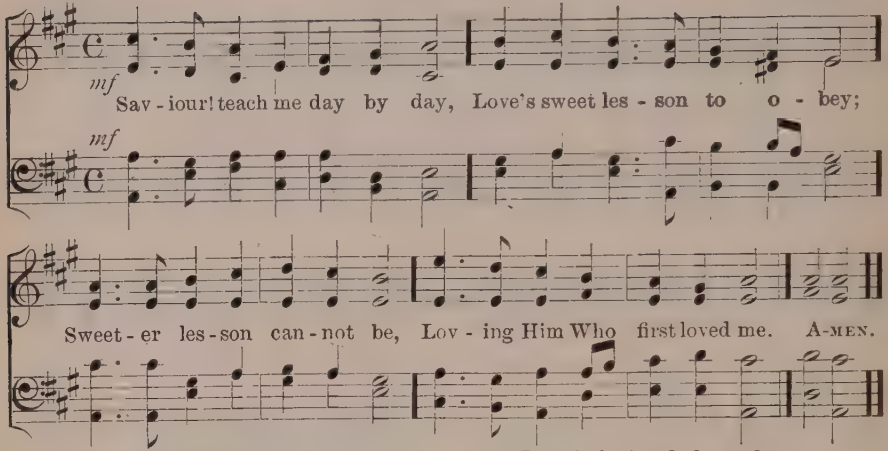
p 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
cr I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

J. Luke

563

7. 7. 7. 7.

PERCIVALS



mf 2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move:
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

mf 3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee;
Loving Him Who first loved me.

mf 4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
cr Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

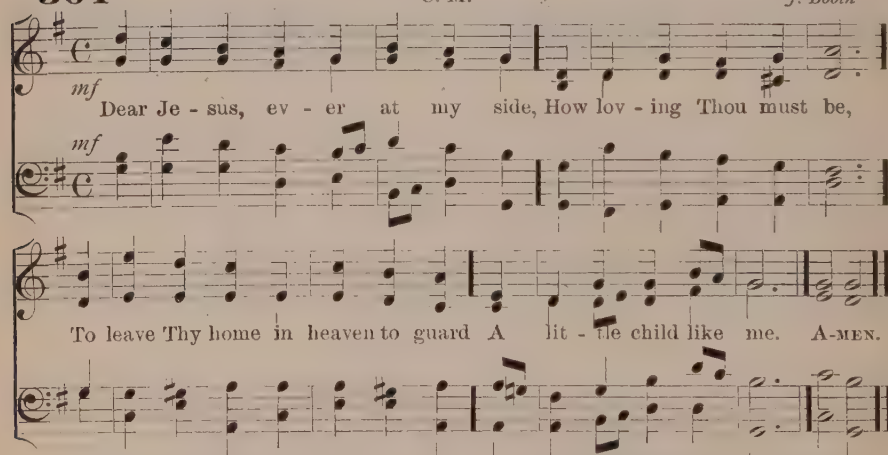
mf 5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see;
Of His love Who first loved me.

J. E. Leeson

564

C. M.

FERNSHAW
J. Booth



mp 2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child:

p 3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
cr And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

p 4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night in prayer,
cr Something there is within my heart
p Which tells me Thou art there.

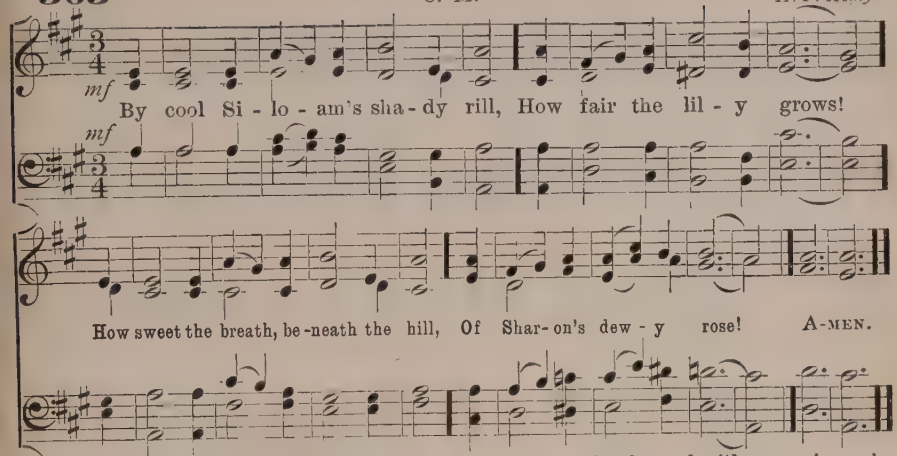
p 5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest to:
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

F. W. Faber

565

C. M.

SILOAM
H. F. Hemy



mf 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace, have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

p 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

p 4 And soon, too soon the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passion's rage.

mf 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:

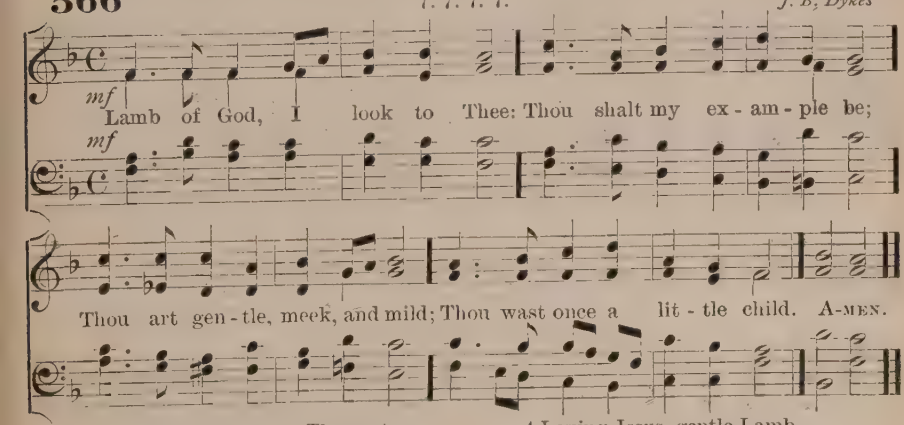
p 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
cr In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

R. Heber

566

7. 7. 7. 7.

GLEBE FIELD
J. B. Dykes



mf 2 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

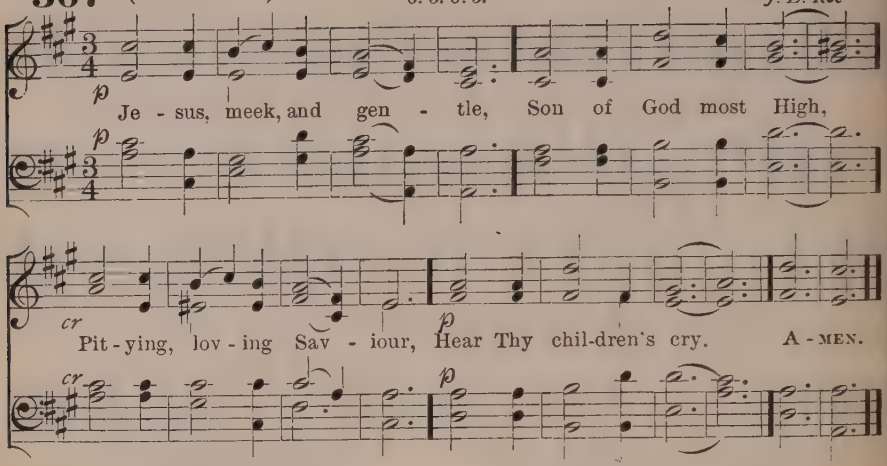
mf 3 Let me, above all, fulfil,
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

p 4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
cr Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

f 5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy Child in me.

C. Wesley

567 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. GENTLE JESUS *J. E. Roe*



mf 2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

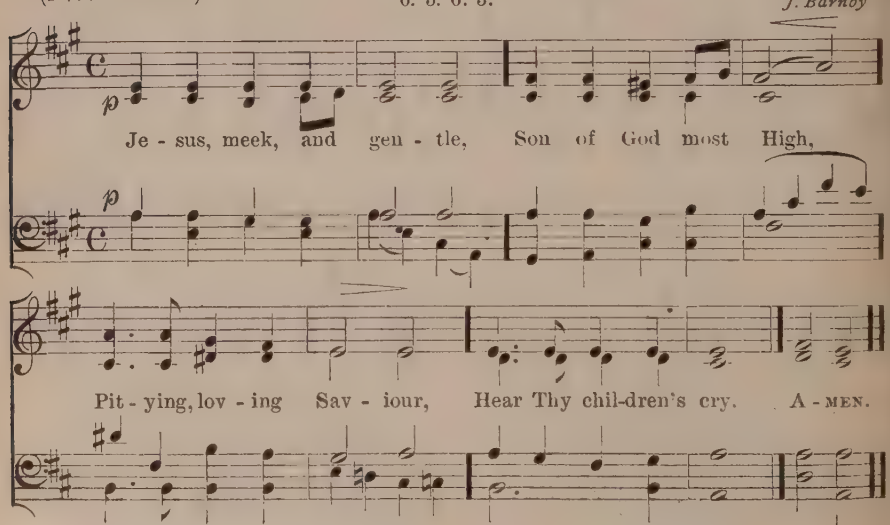
f 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

mf 4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

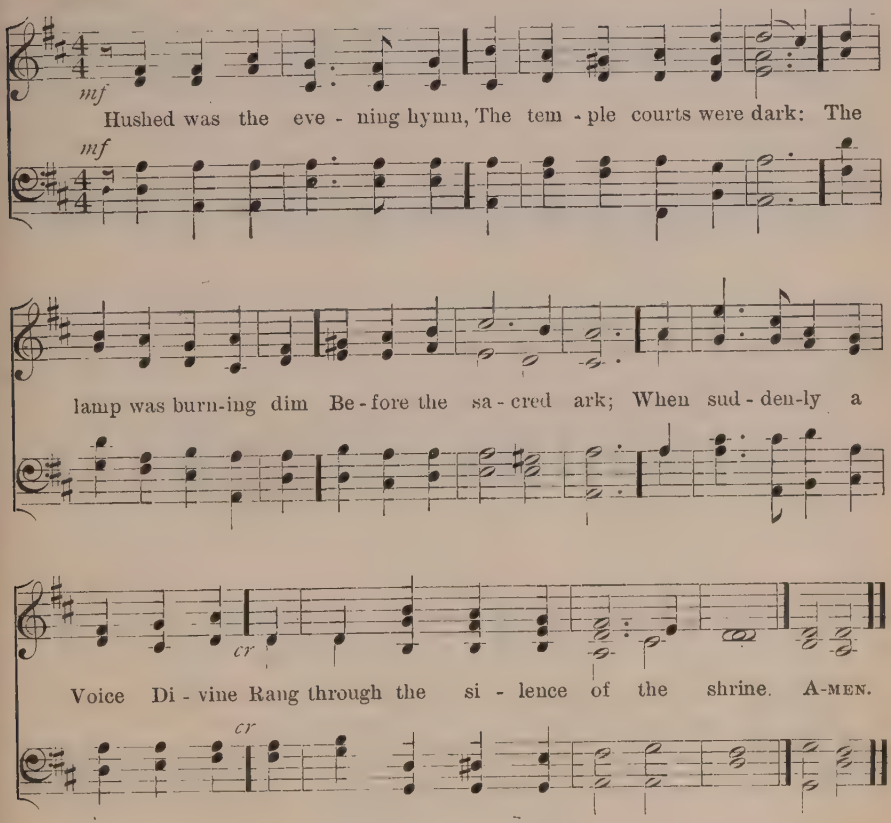
p 5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High.
cr Pitying, loving Saviour,
p Hear Thy children's cry.

G. R. Prynne

(SECOND TUNE) 6. 5. 6. 5. MERRIAL *J. Barnby*


p
Je - sus, meek, and gen - tle, Son of God most High,
p
Pit - ying, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil-dren's cry. A - MEN.
Sav-iour hear Thy chil - dren's cry.

568 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. SAMUEL *A. S. Sullivan*


mf
Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark: The
mf
lamp was burn-ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den-ly a
cr
Voice Di - vine Rang through the si - lence of the shrine. A-MEN.
cr

p 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child;
The little Levite, kept; [sealed,
And what from Eli's sense was
cr The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

mf 3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
p Each whisper of Thy word!
cr Like him to answer at Thy call.
And to obey Thee first of all.

mf 4 O give me Samuel's heart,
p A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates!
cr By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

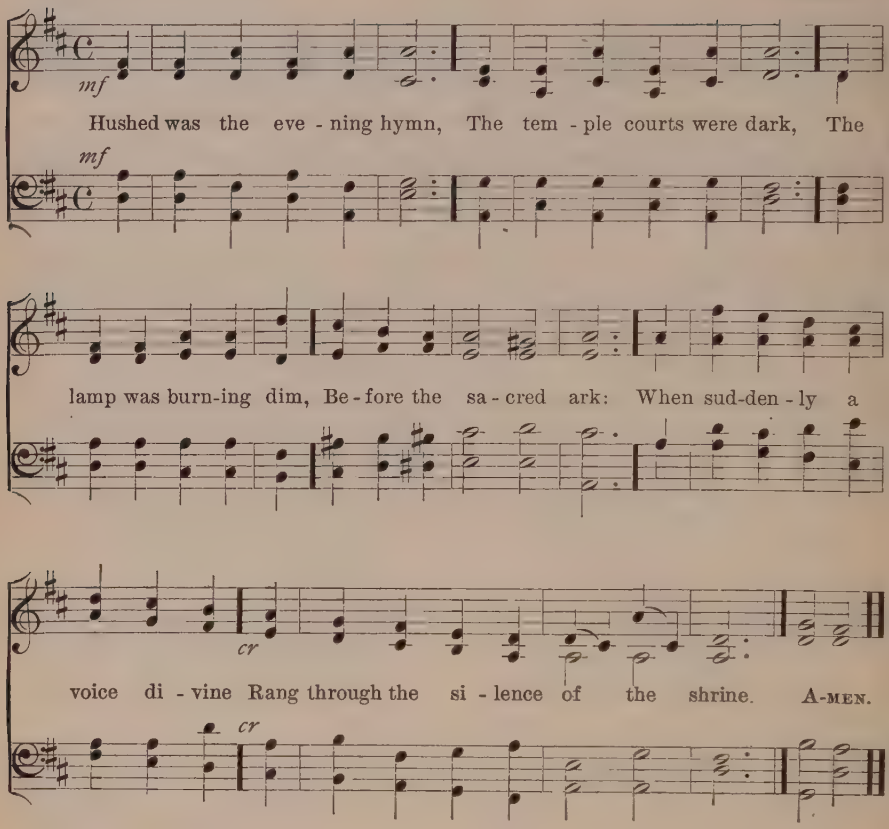
mf 5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death!
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

J. D. Burns

568 (SECOND TUNE)

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

SAFE HOME
A. Sullivan


mf
Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark, The
mf
lamp was burn-ing dim, Be - fore the sa - cred ark: When sud-den - ly a
cr
voice di - vine Rang through the si - lence of the shrine. A-MEN.
cr

p 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept; [sealed,
And what from Eli's sense was
cr The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

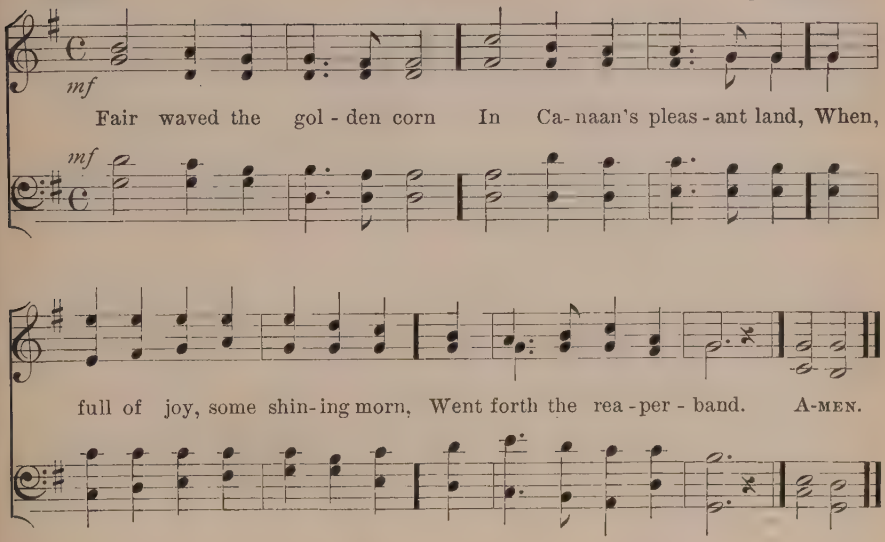
mf 3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
p Each whisper of Thy word!
cr Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

mf 4 O give me Samuel's heart,
p A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates!
cr By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

mf 5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death!
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

J. D. Burns

569 S. M. GOLDEN CORN *J. B. Calkin*


mf
Fair waved the gol - den corn In Ca - naan's pleas - ant land, When,
mf
full of joy, some shin - ing morn, Went forth the rea - per - band. A-MEN.

f 2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour;
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

mf 3 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
p And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

mf 4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
p And bless our evening hours.

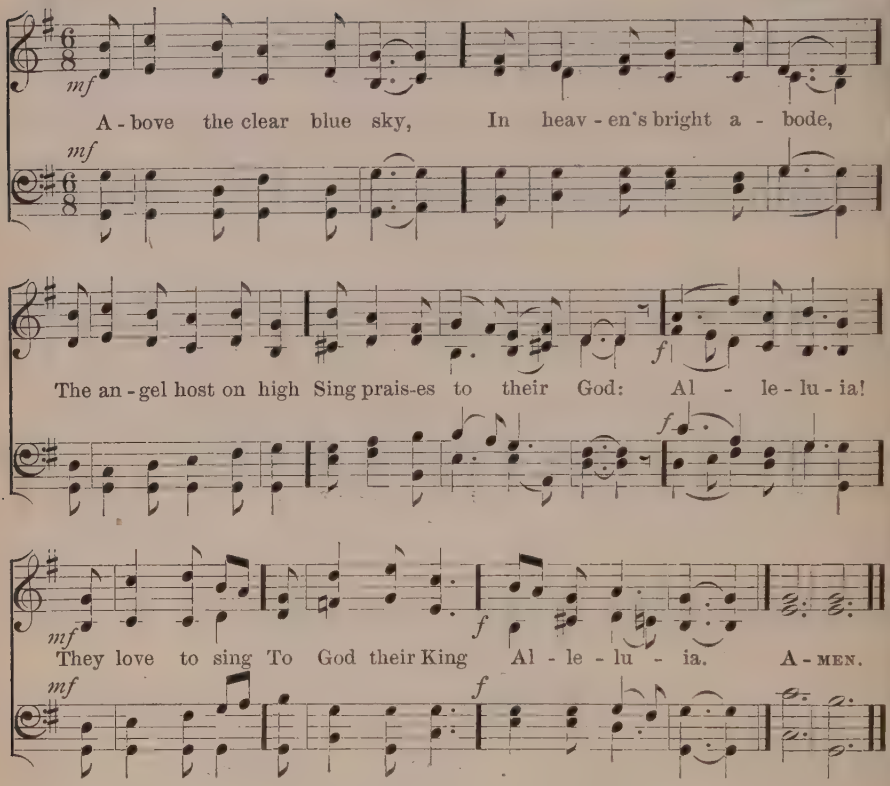
mf 5 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
f That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

J. H. Gurney

570

6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4.

CHILDREN'S VOICES
E. J. Hopkins


mf
A - bove the clear blue sky, In heav - en's bright a - bode,
mf
The an - gel host on high Sing prais-es to their God: Al - le - lu - ia!
f
f
mf
They love to sing To God their King Al - le - lu - ia. A - MEN.
f
mf
f

mf 2 But God from children's tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
cr We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
f Alleluia!
mf We too will sing
To God our King
f Alleluia!

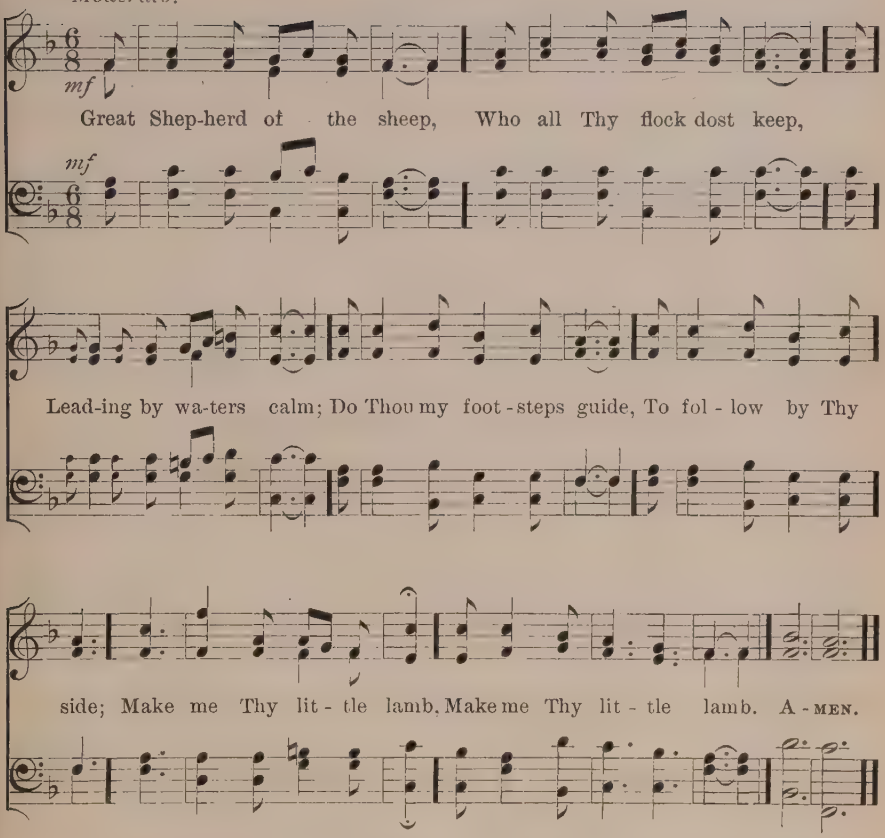
p 3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth
To all Thy flock impart,
cr And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art,
f Alleluia!
mf Then shall we sing
To God our King
f Alleluia!

mf 4 O may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around!
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound:
f Alleluia!
mf All then shall sing
To God their King
f Alleluia!

J. Chandler

571 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. PASTORAL

Moderato.


mf
Great Shep-herd of the sheep, Who all Thy flock dost keep,
mf
Lead-ing by wa-ters calm; Do Thou my foot-steps guide, To fol-low by Thy
side; Make me Thy lit-tle lamb, Make me Thy lit-tle lamb. A-MEN.

p 2 I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thorn,
As far from Thee I stray;
My weary feet may bleed,
For rough are paths which lead
Out of Thy pleasant way.

mp 3 But when the road is long,
Thy tender arm, and strong,
The weary one will bear;
cr And Thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
Where all the flowers are fair.

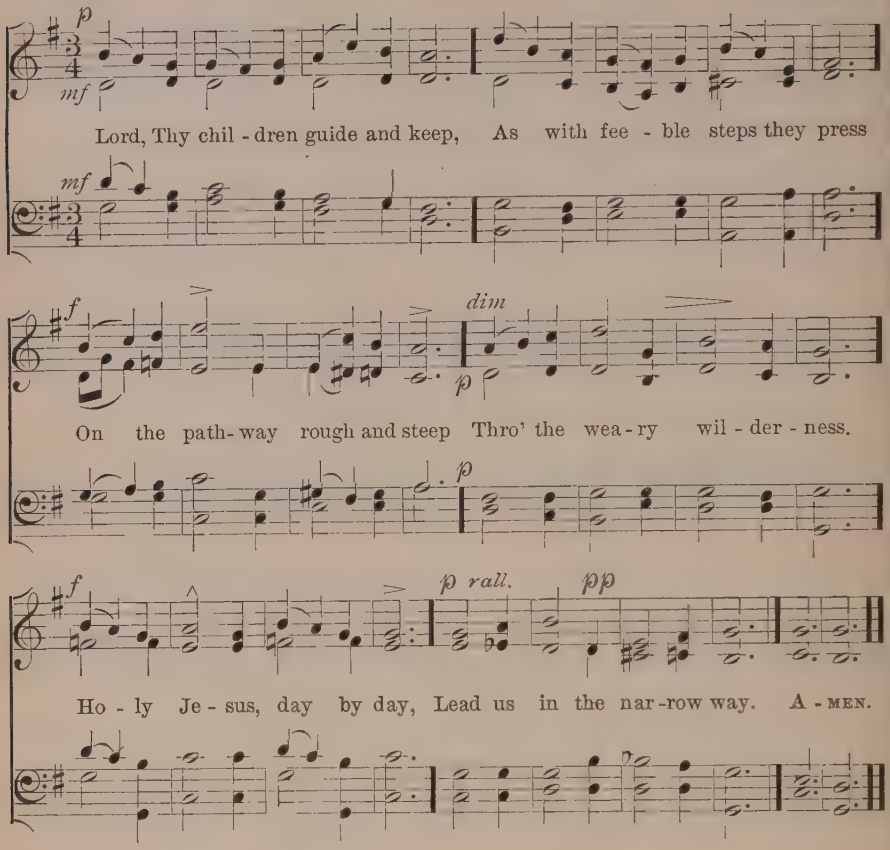
p 4 Till, from the soil of sin
cr Cleansed and made pure within,
Dear Saviour, Who hast died,
p Thou bringest me in love,
Save to Thy fold above,
For ever to abide.

Anon

* The small notes are to be used in the 1st verse only.

572 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

HOLY JESUS
G. B. Lissant


Lord, Thy chil - dren guide and keep, As with fee - ble steps they press
On the path-way rough and steep Thro' the wea-ry wil - der - ness.
Ho - ly Je - sus, day by day, Lead us in the nar-row way. A - MEN.

mf 2 There are stony ways to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack.
There are tangled paths to thread;
Light us, lest we miss the track.
p Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

p 3 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
cr Grant us grace to persevere.
p Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

mf 4 There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees.
Sunny slopes and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
p Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

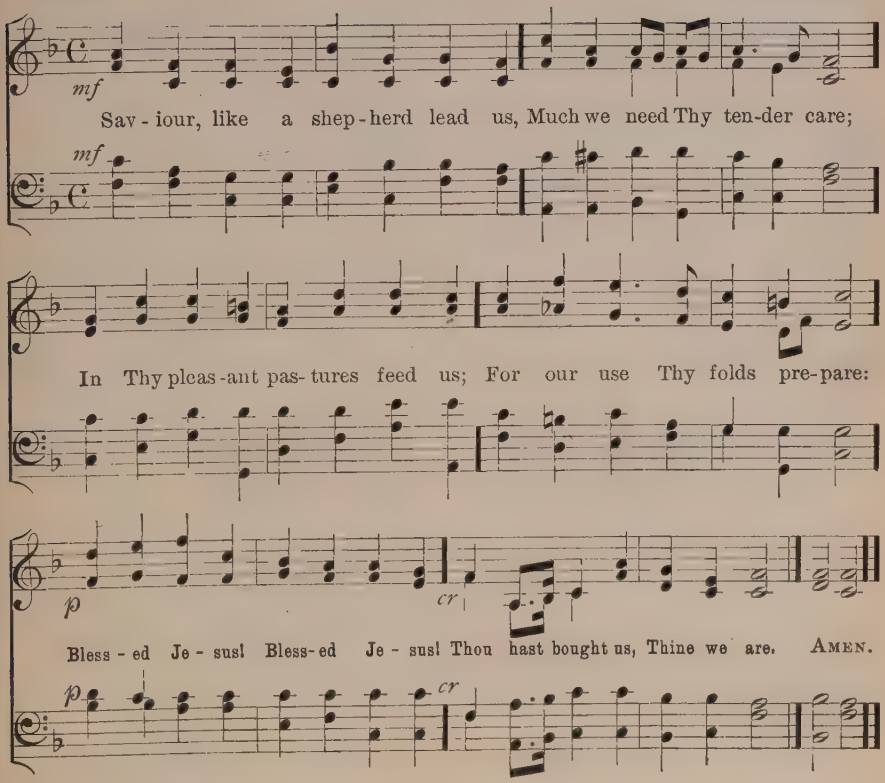
cr 5 Upward still to purer heights!
f Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
p Till we reach the promised rest!
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

W. W. How

573

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

JESU, BONE PASTOR
I. H. Willcox


mf
Sav - iour, like a shep - herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
mf
In Thy pleas-ant pas- tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
p
cr
Bless - ed Je - sus! Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. AMEN.
p
cr

p 2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
cr Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
cr Blessèd Jesus!
cr Let us early turn to Thee.

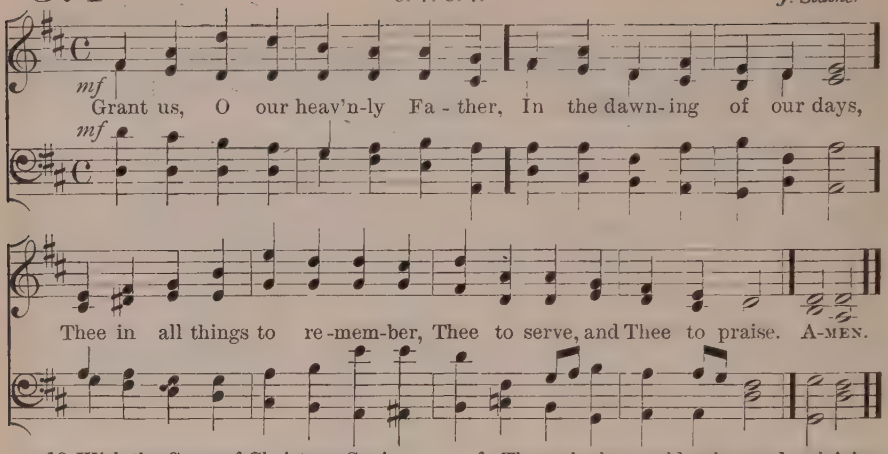
mf 3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us learn Thy will;
Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
p Blessèd Jesus!
mf Thou hast loved us: love us still.

Anon

574

8. 7. 8. 7.

OXFORD
J. Stainer


mf
Grant us, O our heav'n-ly Fa - ther, In the dawn-ing of our days,
mf
Thee in all things to re-mem-ber, Thee to serve, and Thee to praise. A-MEN.

mf 2 With the Cross of Christ our Saviour,
Stamped upon our infant brows,
May we in the battle's dawning
Heed His word, and keep our vows.

mf 3 Then in Holy Confirmation,
By the laying on of hands,
Strength may we receive, and blessing,
To obey our Lord's commands.

mf 4 Drawing nearer still and nearer,
May we close and closer cling
To our Lord, and to His altar
There ourselves an offering bring.

mf 5 Step by step in life advancing,
cr Onward, upward, as we move
f Through the world unharmed, rejoicing
In His all-redeeming love.

f 6 Blest in joy, upheld in sorrow,
At our work as in His sight,
May His presence still be with us,
As we do it with our might.

mf 7 Serving Thee, our heavenly Father,
From the dawn to set of sun,
Serving Thee in life's young morning.
p Till our work on earth is done:

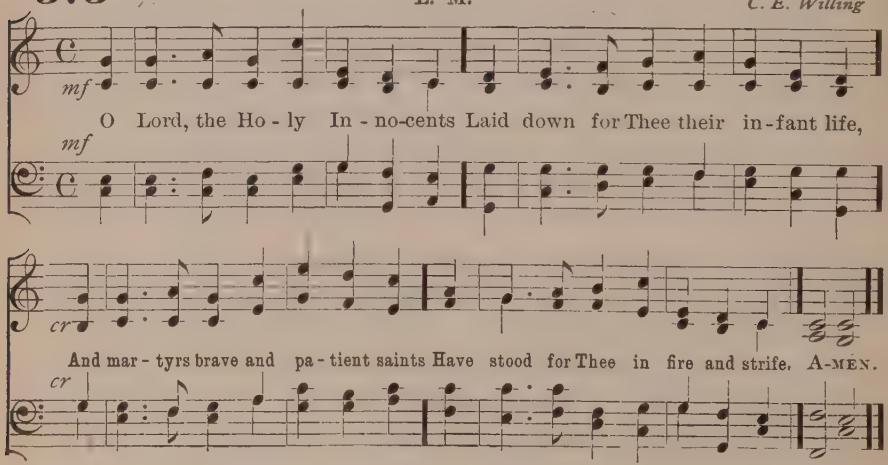
p 8 Till the shadows of the evening
cr Shall for ever pass away,
f And the Resurrection-morning
Kindle into perfect day.

G. Thring

575

L. M.

ALSTONE
C. E. Willing


mf
O Lord, the Ho - ly In - no-cents Laid down for Thee their in-fant life,
mf
cr
And mar - tyrs brave and pa - tient saints Have stood for Thee in fire and strife. A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 We wear the cross they wore of old.
Our lips have learned like vows to make:
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

p 3 O day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
cr A weary war to wage with sin.

p 4 When deep within our swelling hearts,
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

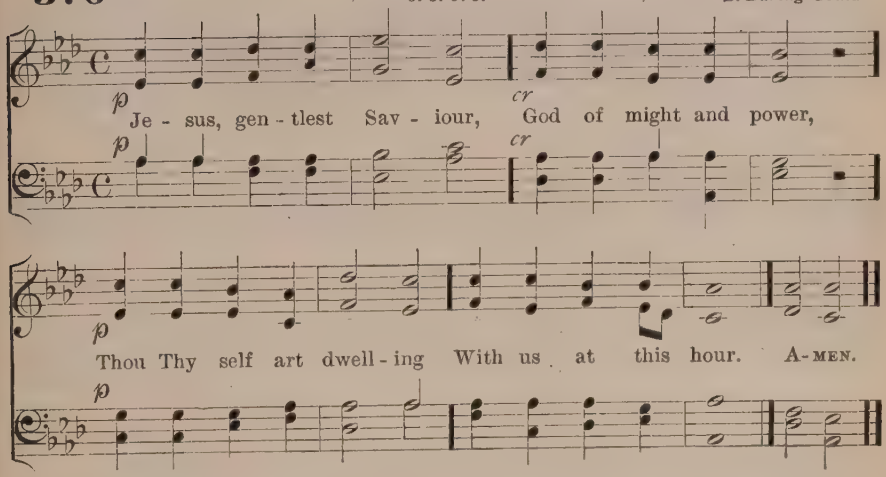
p 5 Then we may stay the angry blow.
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
cr And fight a battle for our Lord.

mf 6 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

mf 7 There's not a child so weak and small
But has his little cross to take,
cr His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

C. F. Alexander

576 6. 5. 6. 5. EUDOXIA *S. Baring-Gould*



mf 2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
cr For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.

mf 3 Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

p 4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

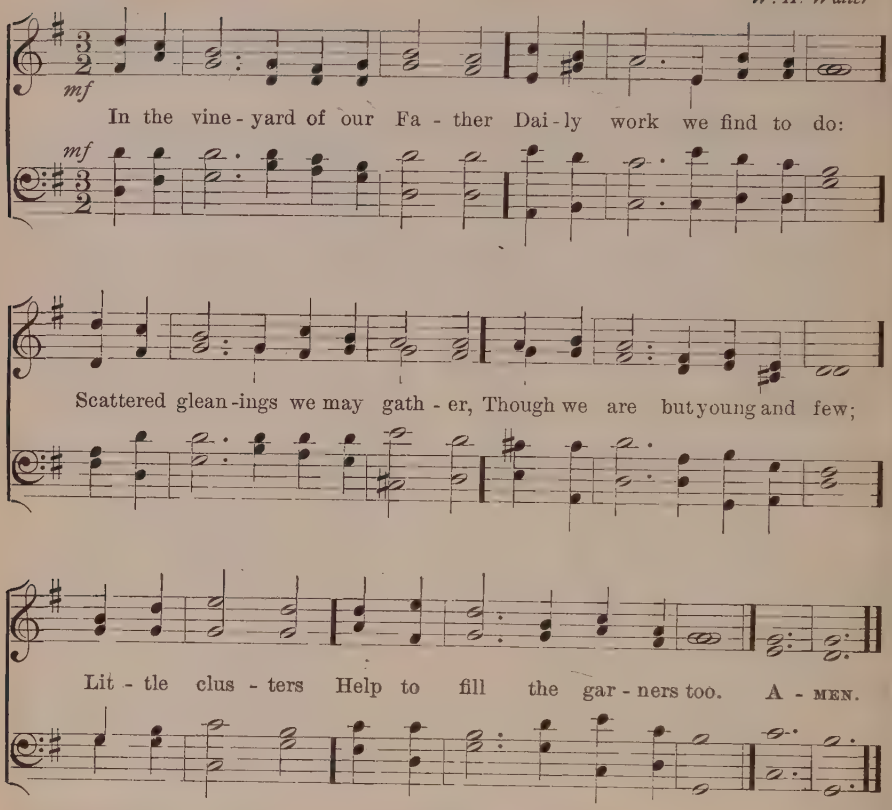
p 5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art with us now;
cr Fill us with Thy goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

mf 6 Multiply our graces;
Give us love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere!

f 7 O how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss?

F. W. Faber

577 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. GLEANERS *W. H. Walter*


mf
In the vine - yard of our Fa - ther Dai - ly work we find to do:
Scattered glean - ings we may gath - er, Though we are but young and few;
Lit - tle clus - ters Help to fill the gar - ners too. A - MEN.

mf 2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

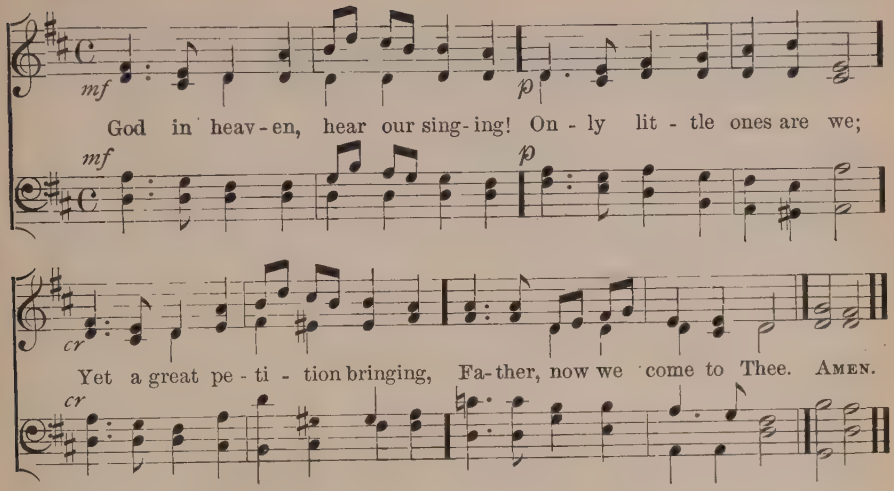
mp 3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
cr But to send the blessèd story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

mf 4 Up and ever at our calling,
p Till in death our lips are dumb,
cr Or till, sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

f 5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Alleluia!
Singing all eternity.

T. Mackellar

578 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. GOD IN HEAVEN *H. R. Fuller*



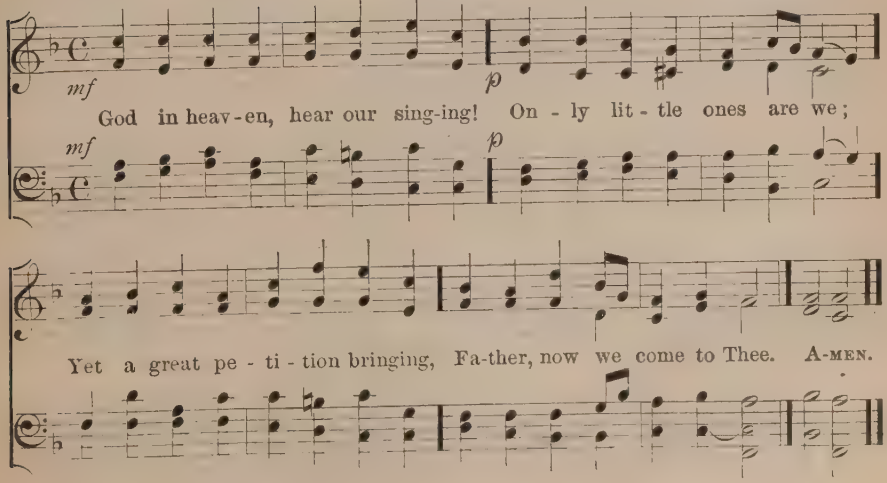
mf 2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;
Let the world in Thee find rest!
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest!

mf 3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above!

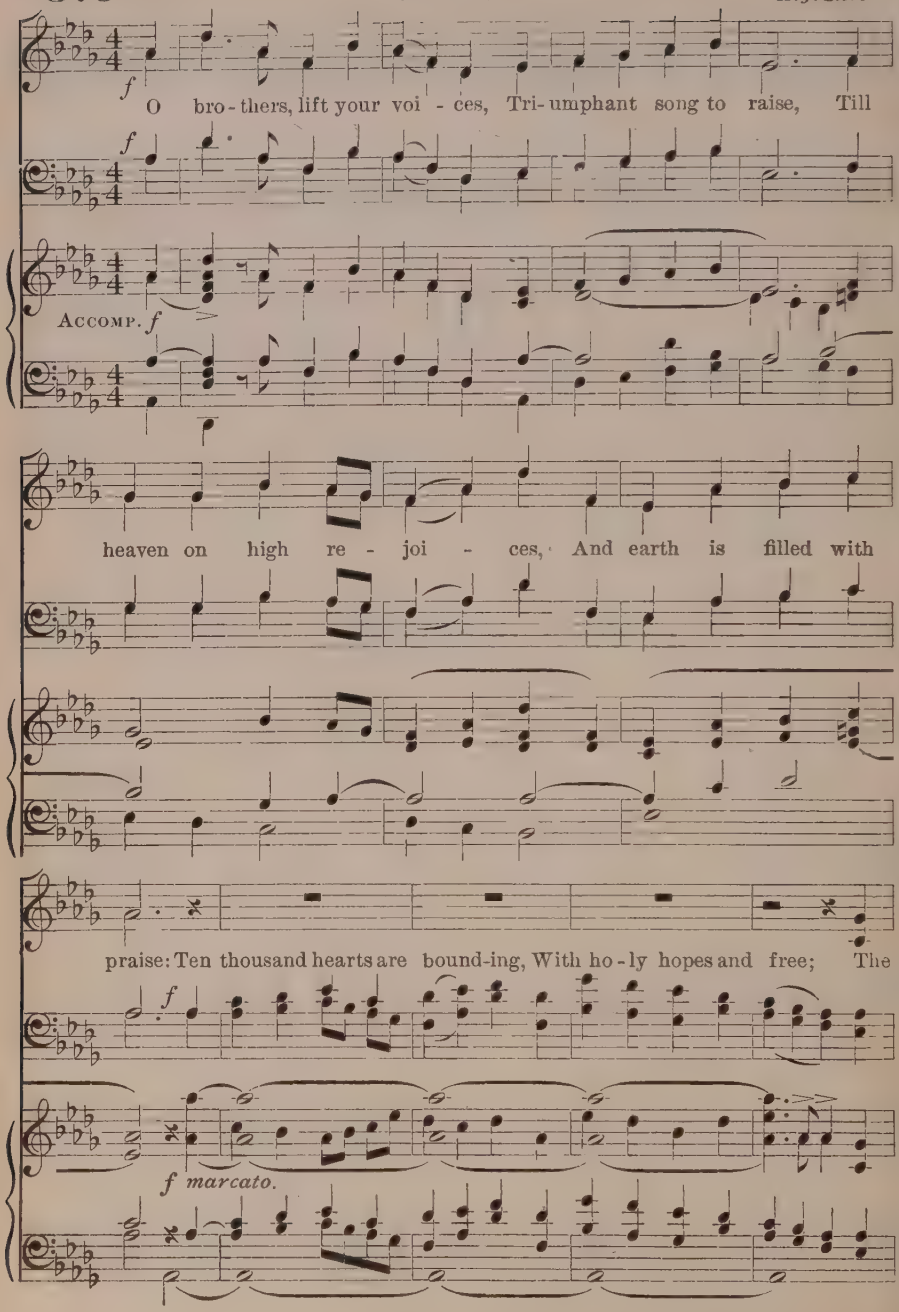
mf 4 Father, send the glorious hour!
Every heart be Thine alone!
For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory are Thine own.

F. R. Havergal

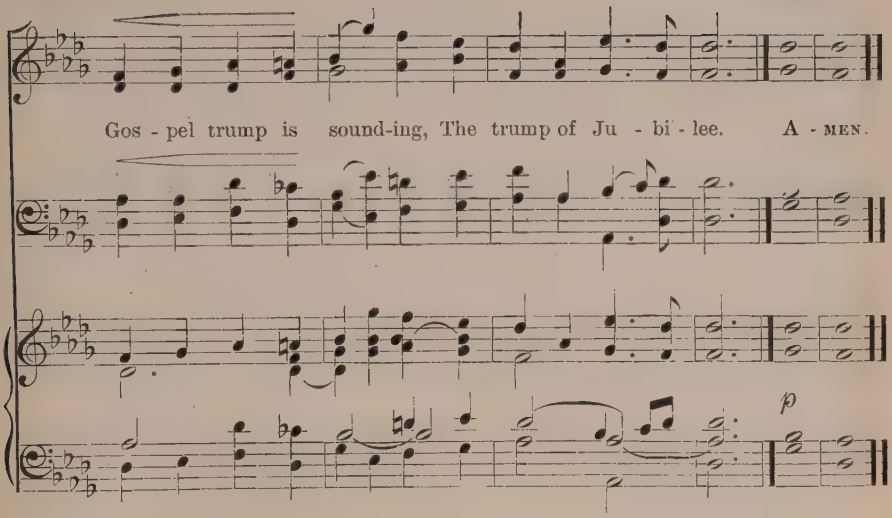
(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. HAVERGAL *W. H. Havergal*


mf
God in heav-en, hear our sing-ing! On-ly lit-tle ones are we;
p
mf
p
Yet a great pe-ti-tion bringing, Fa-ther, now we come to Thee. A-MEN.

579 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. STORER *H. J. Storer*


f
O bro - thers, lift your voi - ces, Tri - umphant song to raise, Till
f
ACCOMP. f
heaven on high re - joi - ces, And earth is filled with
praise: Ten thousand hearts are bound-ing, With ho - ly hopes and free; The
f
f marcato.

General



f 2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
cr Faith is our battle-token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

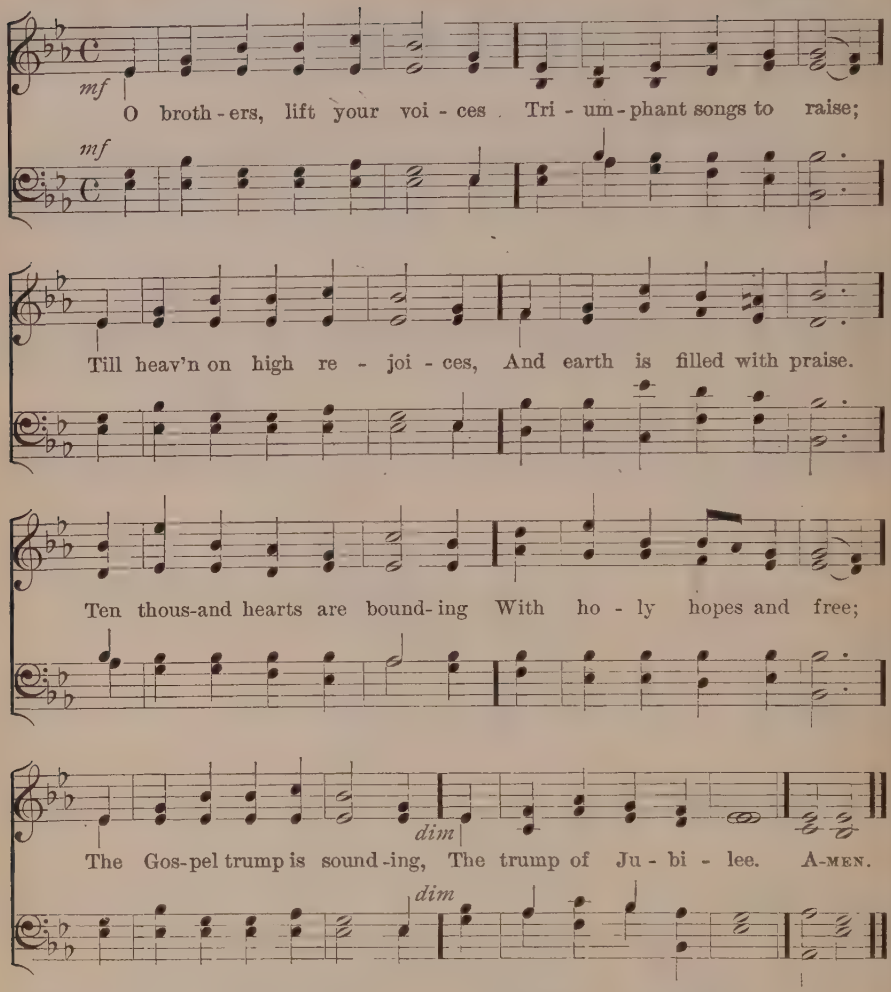
mf 3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due!
cr Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too
f Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

mf 4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
cr Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore!
mf Still on in conflict pressing
On Thee Thy people call,
cr Thee, King of kings confessing,
Thee, crowning Lord of all.

E. H. Bickersteth

579 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

MISSIONARY HYMN
L. Mason


mf
O broth - ers, lift your voi - ces Tri - um - phant songs to raise;
mf
Till heav'n on high re - joi - ces, And earth is filled with praise.
Ten thous-and hearts are bound- ing With ho - ly hopes and free;
dim
The Gos-pel trump is sound -ing, The trump of Ju - bi - lee. A-MEN.
dim

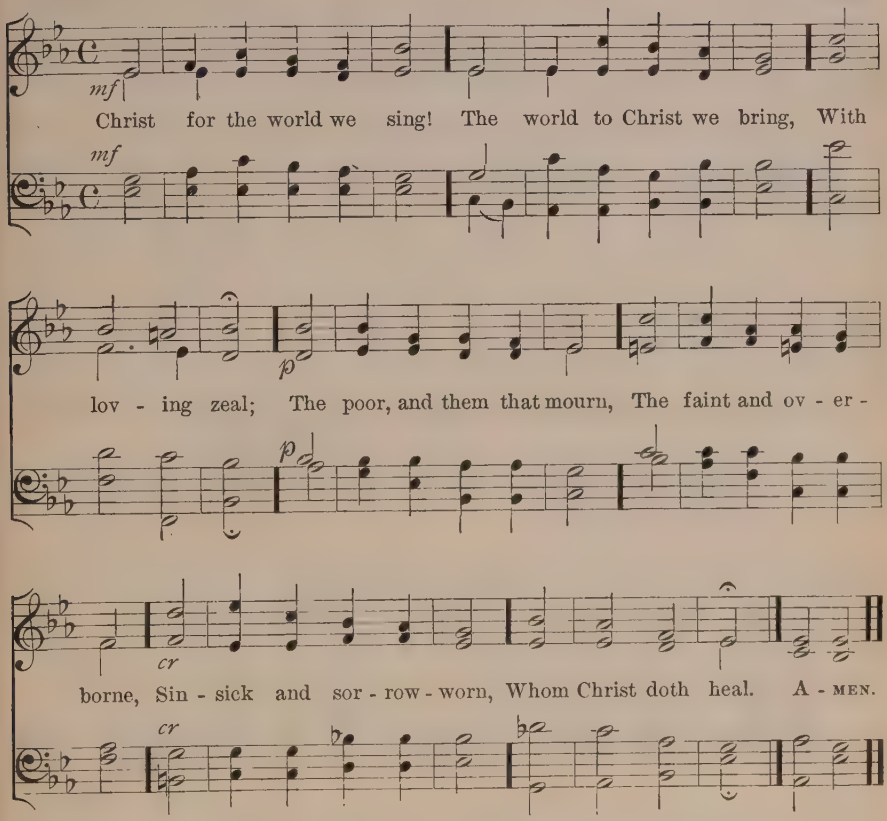
f 2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The Cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
mf Faith is our battle-token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

mf 3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due!
cr Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
f Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

mf 4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
cr Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore!
mp Still on in conflict pressing
On Thee Thy people call,
cr Thee, King of kings confessing,
f Thee, crowning Lord of all.

E. H. Bickersteth

580 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. ST. AMBROSE *W. H. Monk*


mf
Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring, With
mf
p
lov - ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and ov - er -
p
cr
borne, Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A - MEN.
cr

f 2 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
mp The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

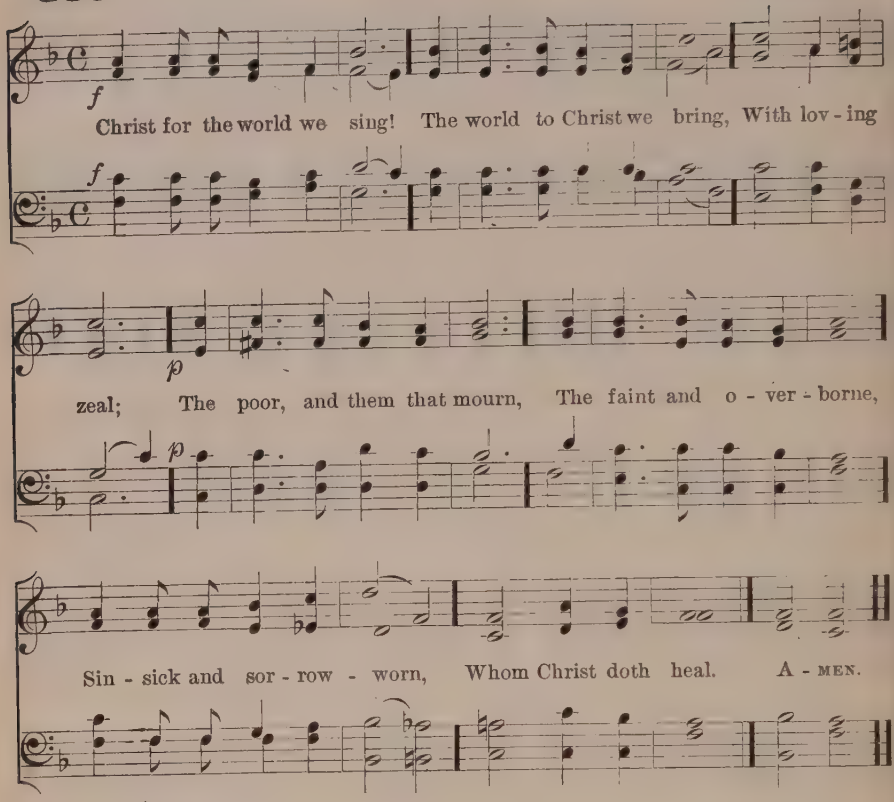
f 3 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
mf With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

f 4 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

S. Wolcott

580 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

KIRBY BEDON
E. Bunnett


f
Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring, With lov - ing
f
p
zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o - ver - borne,
p
Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A - MEN.

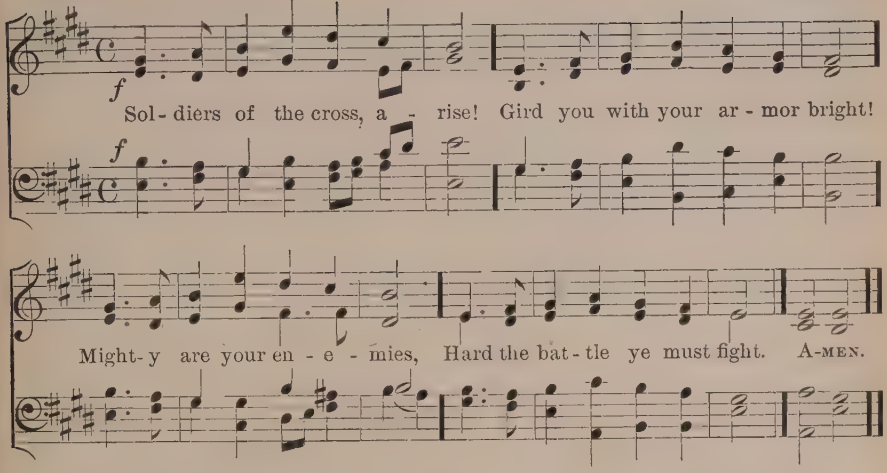
f 2 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
mp The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

f 3 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
mf With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

f 4 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

S. Wolcott

581 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. INNOCENTS *Thibaut*



mf 2 O'er a faithless fallen world,
Raise your banner in the sky!
Let it float there wide unfurled!
Bear it onward! lift it high!

p 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go!
cr Let the voice of hope be heard!

mp 4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray!
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display!

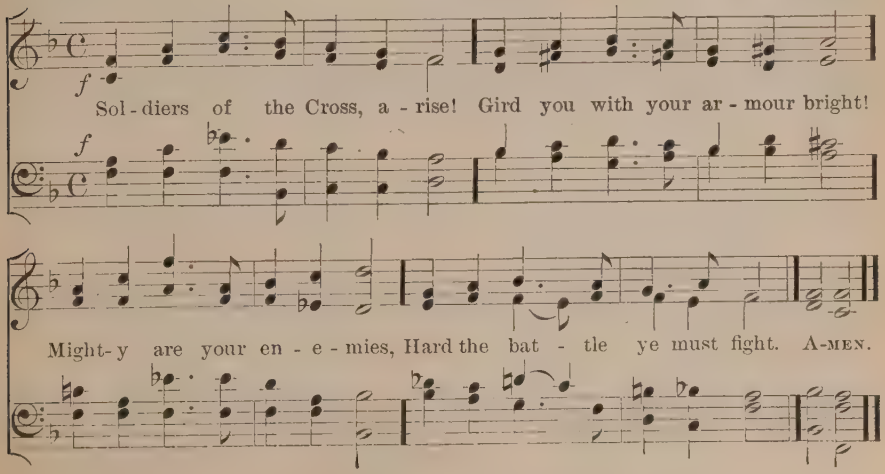
mp 5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease!
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace!

mp 6 Guard the helpless! seek the strayed!
Comfort troubles! banish grief!
cr In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief!

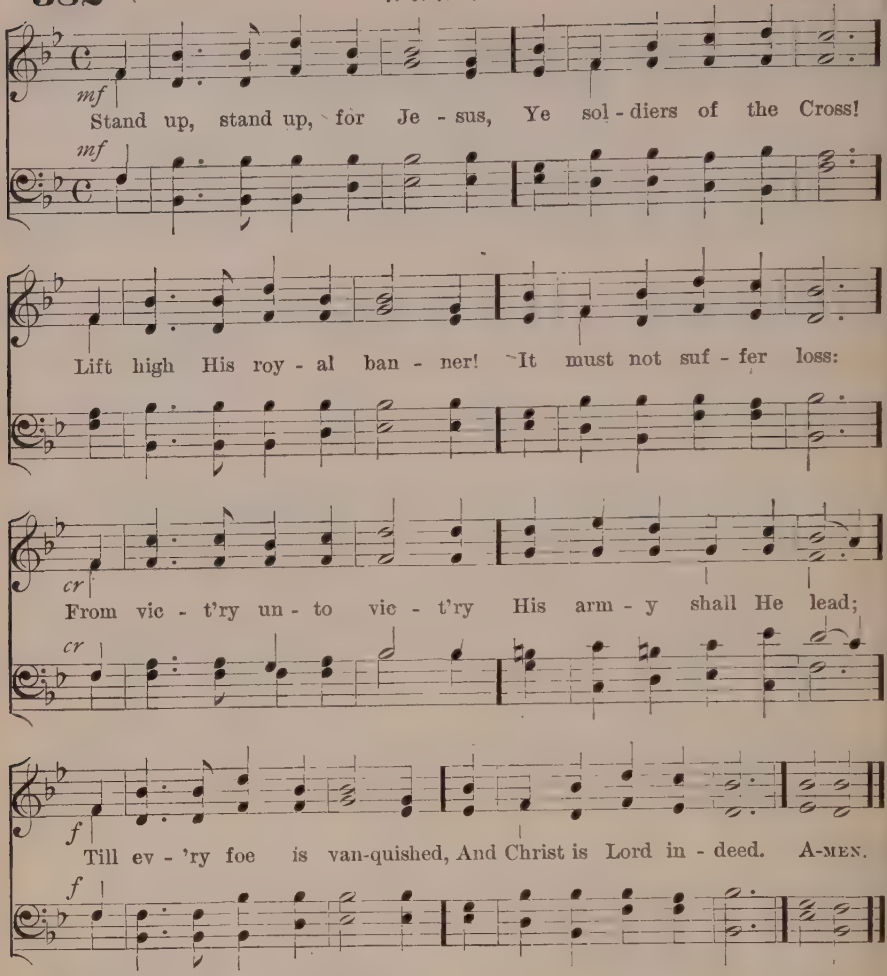
mf 7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
cr Till the kingdoms of the world
ff Are the kingdom of the Lord!

J. A. Waterbury

(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. ELI *M. Costa*


f
Sol - diers of the Cross, a - rise! Gird you with your ar - mour bright!
f
Might - y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat - tle ye must fight. A-MEN.

582 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. WEBB *G. J. Webb*


mf
Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the Cross!
mf
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss:
cr
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead;
cr
f
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A-MEN.
f

mf 2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey!
cr Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
f Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes!
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

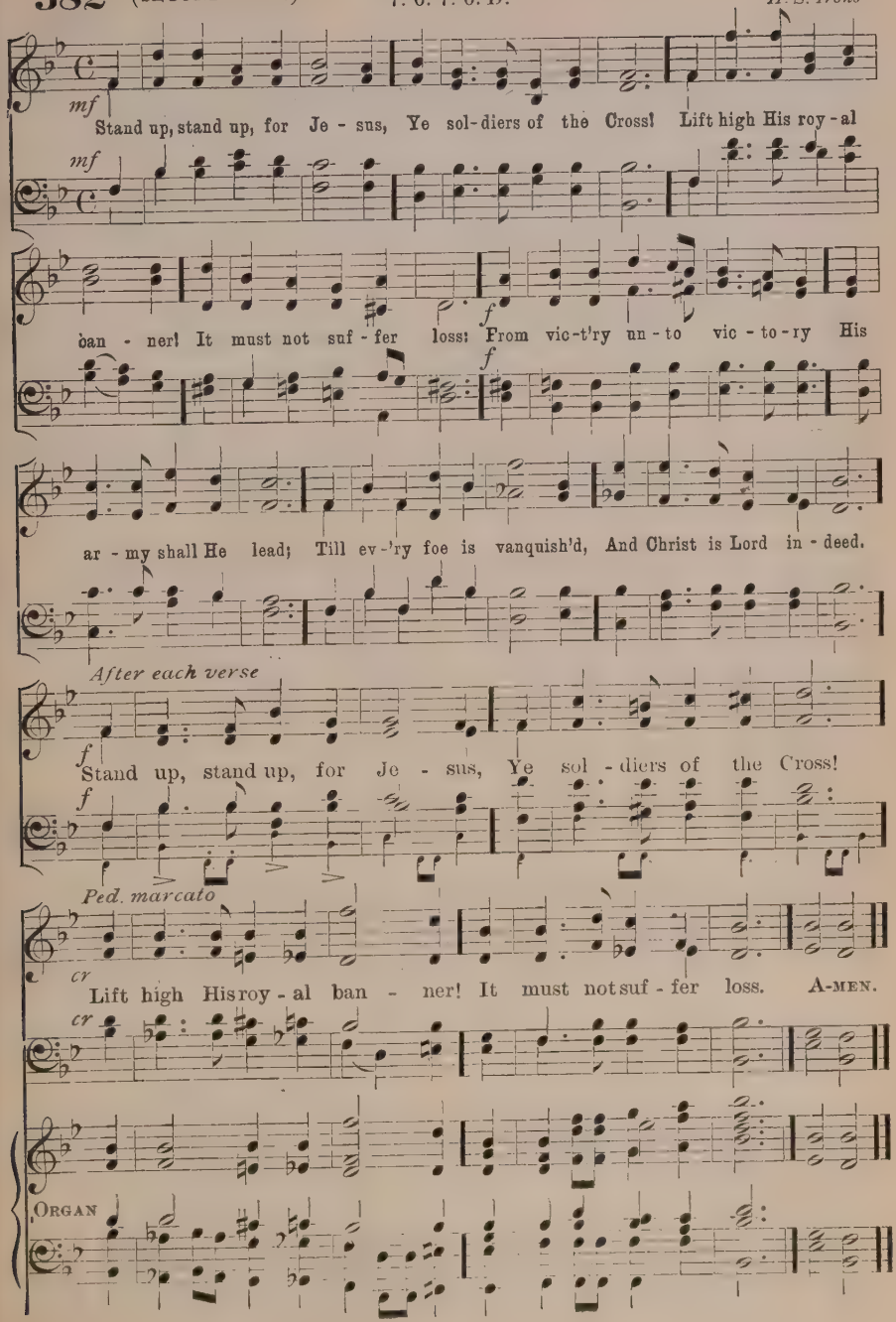
mp 3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone!
p Thy arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
p Put on the Gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

mf 4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The strife will not be long:
This day, the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.
p To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

G. Duffield

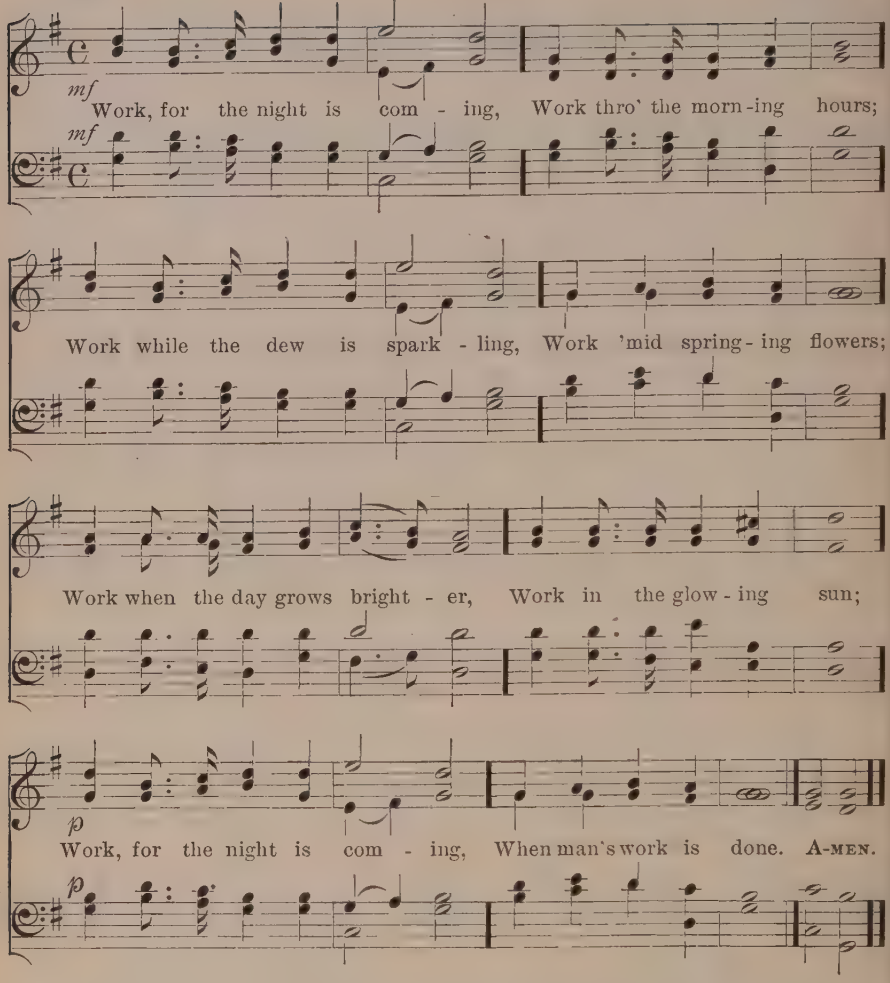
582 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

CRUCIFER
H. S. Irons


mf
Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the Cross! Lift high His roy - al
mf
f
ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic - to - ry His
f
ar - my shall He lead; Till ev-'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
After each verse
f
Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the Cross!
f
Ped. marcato
cr
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss. A-MEN.
cr
ORGAN

583 7. 6. 7. 5. D.

DILIGENCE
L. Mason


mf
Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flowers;
Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
p
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A-MEN.

mf 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
p Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

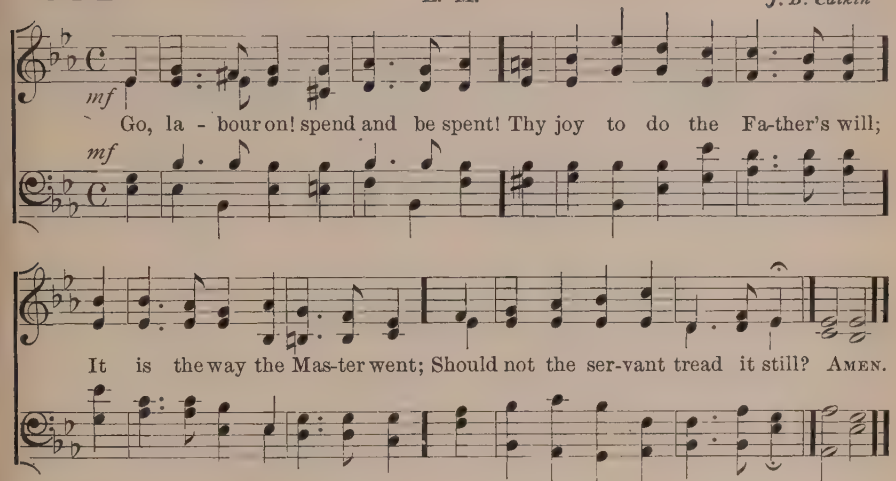
mf 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies:
p Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

A. L. Walker

584 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

CAMDEN
J. B. Calkin


mf
Go, la - bour on! spend and be spent! Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
mf
It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the ser-vant tread it still? AMEN.

mf 2 Go, labour on! 't is not for nought;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
cr The Master praises: what are men?

mf 3 Go, labour on! enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

mf 4 Go, labour on, while it is day!
The world's dark night is hast'ning on:
cr Speed, speed thy work ! cast sloth away
p It is not thus that souls are won.

mf 5 Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win!
Go forth, into the world's highway!
Compel the wanderer to come in!

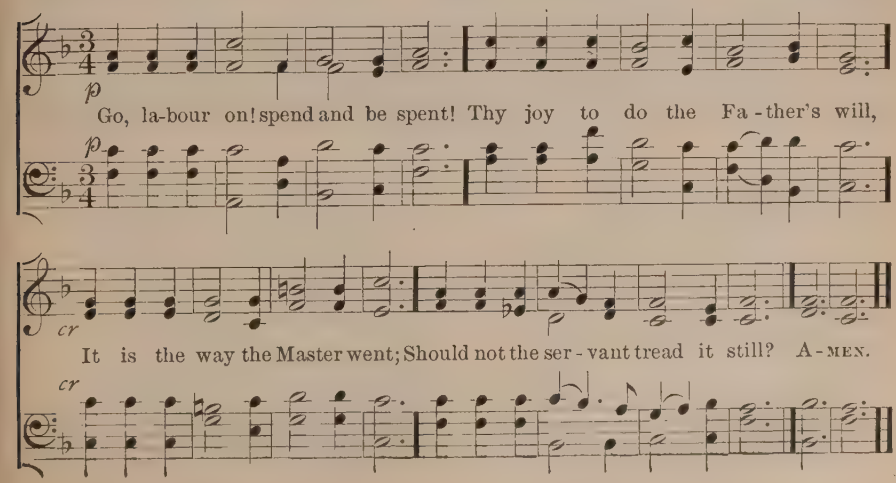
mf 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
cr Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
f The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"

H. Bonar

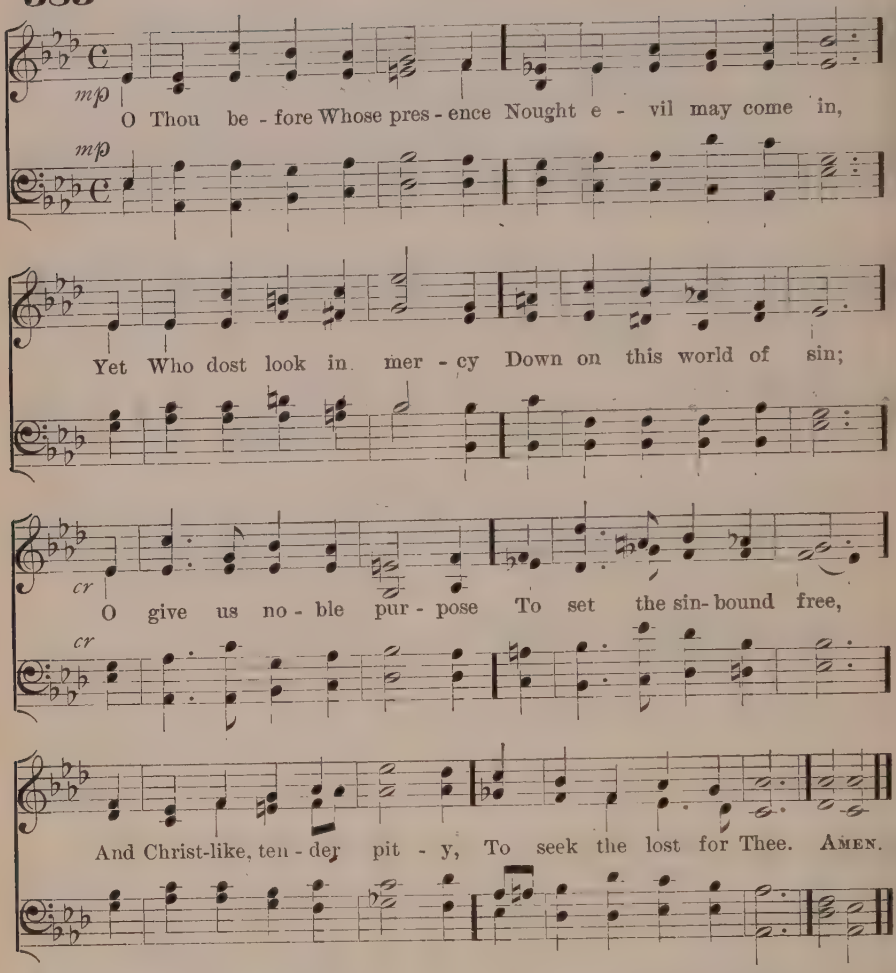
(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

HESPERUS
H. Baker


p
Go, la-bour on! spend and be spent! Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will,
p
cr
It is the way the Master went; Should not the ser-vant tread it still? A-MEN.
cr

585 7. 6. 7. 6. D. YORK *E. A. Harris*


mp
O Thou be - fore Whose pres - ence Nought e - vil may come in,
mp
Yet Who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin;
cr
O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin-bound free,
cr
And Christ-like, ten - der pit - y, To seek the lost for Thee. AMEN.

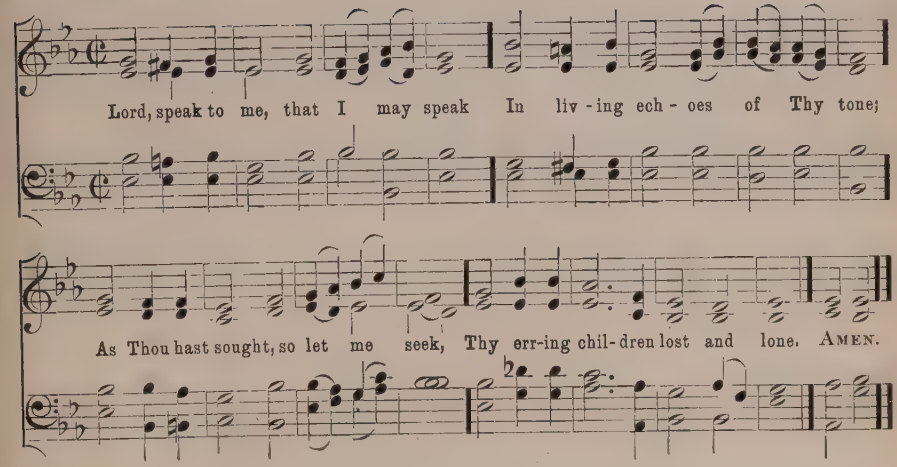
mp 2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand,
With woes that none can number,
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
mf Must in their Saviour's armour
Be stronger than the strong.

mf 3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see:
'For things that are we thank Thee;
And for the things to be;
For bright Hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.

cr 4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power!
p Lead on, till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
cr In triumph, meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

S. J. Stone

586 L. M. HOLLEY *G. Hews*


Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech-oes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy err-ing chil-dren lost and lone. AMEN.

mf 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

f 3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
p To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

mf 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

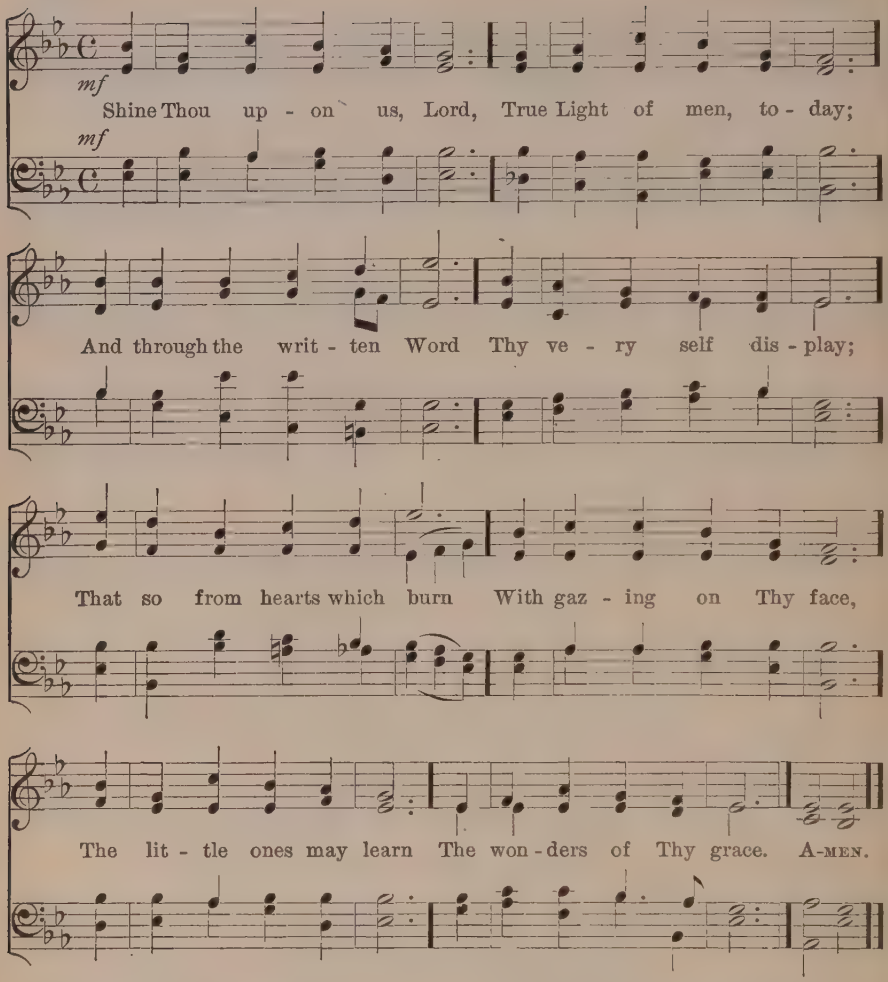
p 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing pow'r
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

f 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

mf 7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
cr Until Thy blessèd face I see,
f Thy rest Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. Havergal

587 6. 6. 6. 6. D. LAUSANNE *Lausanne Choral Book*


mf
Shine Thou up - on us, Lord, True Light of men, to - day;
mf
And through the writ - ten Word Thy ve - ry self dis - play;
That so from hearts which burn With gaz - ing on Thy face,
The lit - tle ones may learn The won - ders of Thy grace. A-MEN.

mp 2 Breath Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
cr That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy Name;
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

mf 3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy Word
Let all our teaching be;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
cr And in His love rejoice.

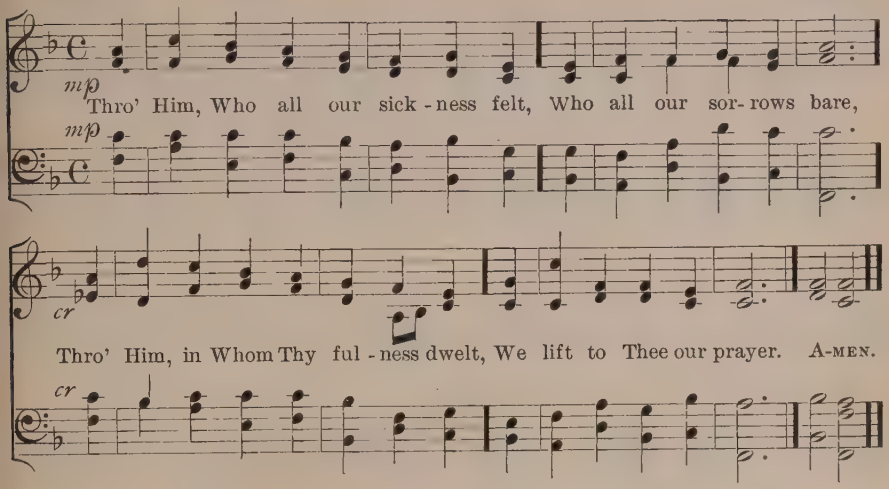
mf 4 Live Thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served, with all our powers;
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what thou art,
p And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart.

J. Ellerton

588 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

ALBANO
V. Novello


mp
Thro' Him, Who all our sick - ness felt, Who all our sor - rows bare,
mp
cr
Thro' Him, in Whom Thy ful - ness dwelt, We lift to Thee our prayer. A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burdens bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
p To soothe another's care.

mf 3 Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

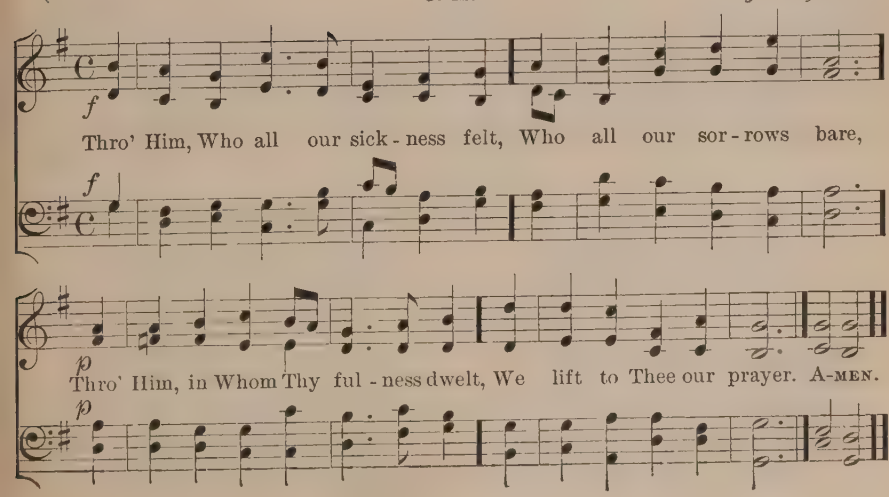
mf 4 Complete at length Thy work of grace,
p And take us to Thy rest,
cr Among the saints who see Thy face,
To be for ever blest.

C. Wesley

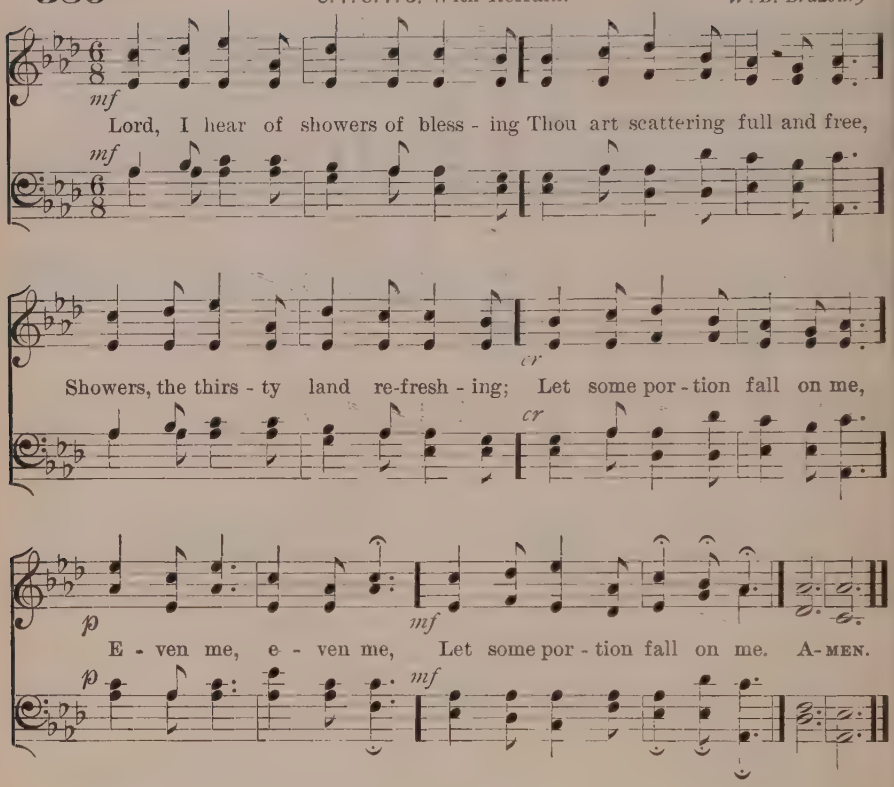
(SECOND TUNE)

C. M.

DULCIS MEMORIA
J. B. Dykes


f
Thro' Him, Who all our sick - ness felt, Who all our sor - rows bare,
f
p
Thro' Him, in Whom Thy ful - ness dwelt, We lift to Thee our prayer. A-MEN.
p

589 8.7.8.7.3. With Refrain. EVEN ME *W. B. Bradbury*


mf
Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scattering full and free,
mf
cr
Showers, the thirs - ty land re-fresh - ing; Let some por - tion fall on me,
cr
p
mf
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some por - tion fall on me. A-MEN.
p
mf

p 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st punish, but the rather
cr Let Thy mercy light on me,
p Even me!

p 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
cr I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
p Even me!

p 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
cr Speak the word of power to me,
p Even me!

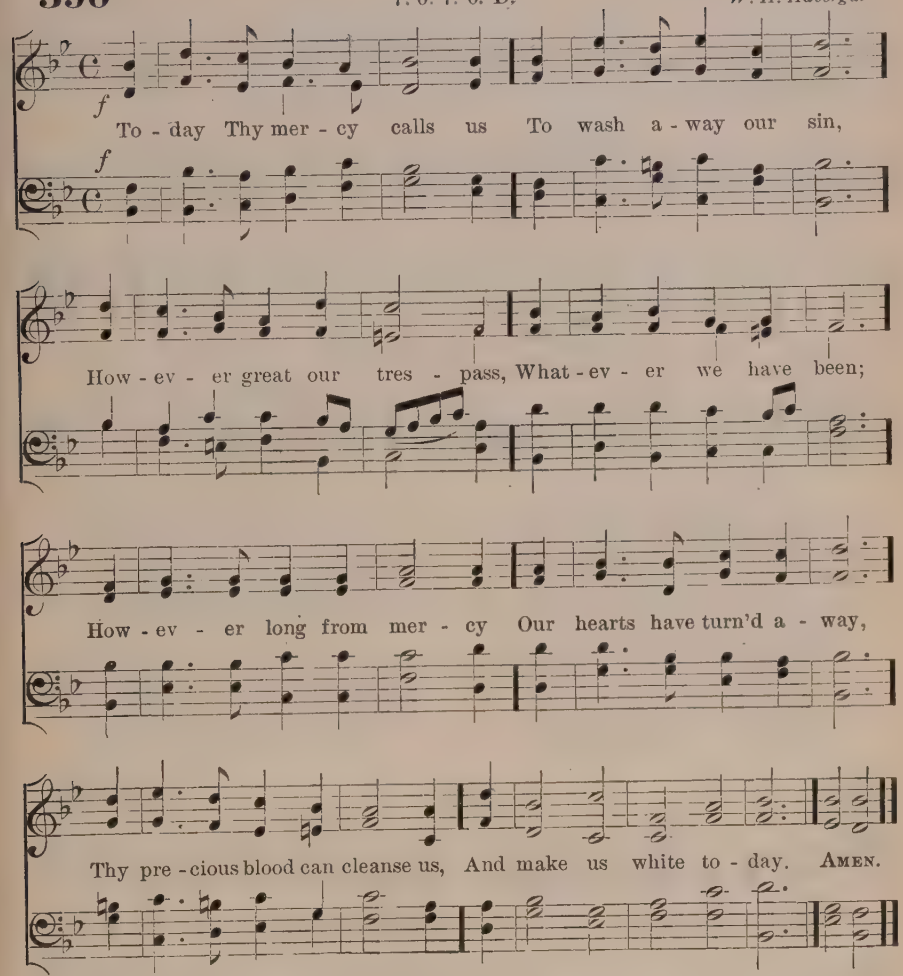
p 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
cr O forgive and rescue me,
p Even me!

mf 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of God, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
cr Magnify it all in me,
p Even me!

p 7 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
'T is but one more, Lord, for Thee!
cr All my heart to Thee is springing;
p Blessing others, O bless me,
Even me!

E. Codner

590 7. 6. 7. 6. D. ZOAN *W. H. Havergal*


f
To - day Thy mer - cy calls us To wash a - way our sin,
How - ev - er great our tres - pass, What - ev - er we have been;
How - ev - er long from mer - cy Our hearts have turn'd a - way,
Thy pre - cious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to - day. AMEN.

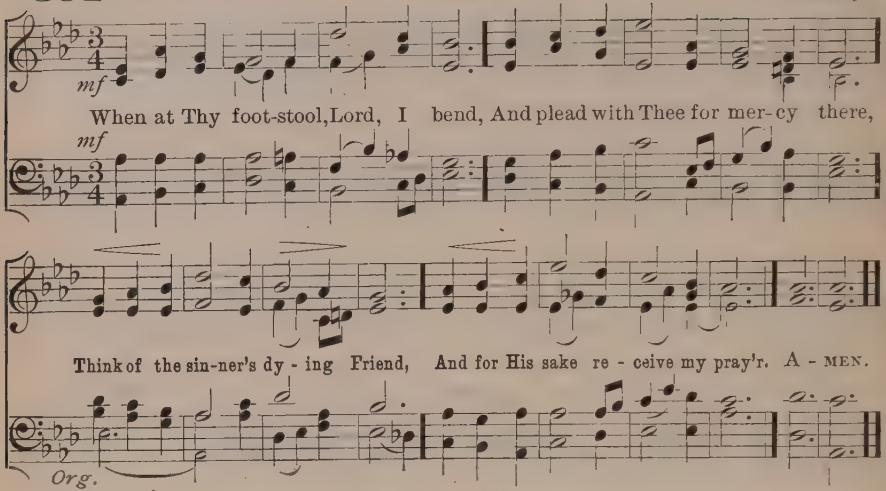
mf 2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
p And pardon for their sin.
cr The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
f A glorious crown in heaven.

mf 3 To-day our Father calls us,
p His Holy Spirit waits;
cr His blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates:
mf No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
mp Although we oft have wandered,
cr It is our Father's home.

mf 4 O all-embracing mercy!
O ever-open door!
What shall we do without Thee
When heart and eyes run o'er?
p When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
cr We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer.

O. Allen

591 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. ABENDS *H. S. Oakeley*


When at Thy foot-stool, Lord, I bend, And plead with Thee for mer-cy there,
Think of the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend, And for His sake re - ceive my pray'r. A - MEN.
Org.

p 2 O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye!
cr Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

mf 3 Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
p The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

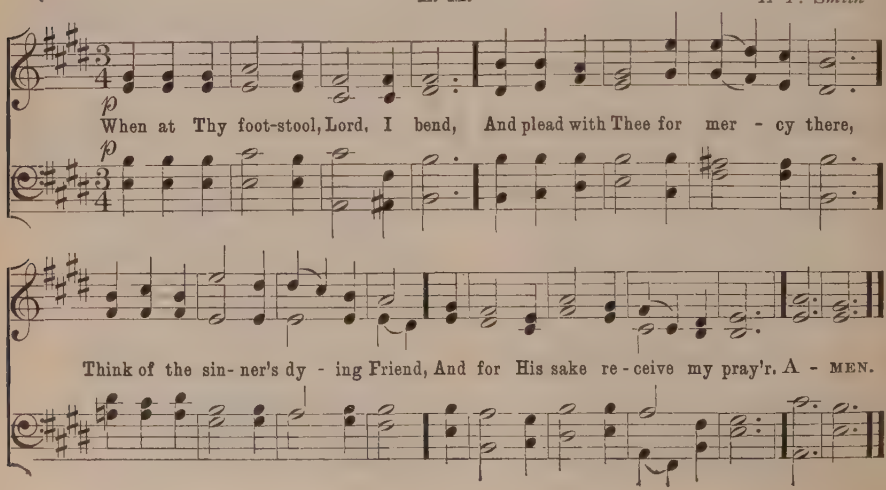
mf 4 O think upon Thy holy Word,
And every plighted promise there!
How pray'r should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

p 5 O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
cr And let His merits stand for mine.

mf 6 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
p Behold, and spare, and succour me.

H. F. Lyte

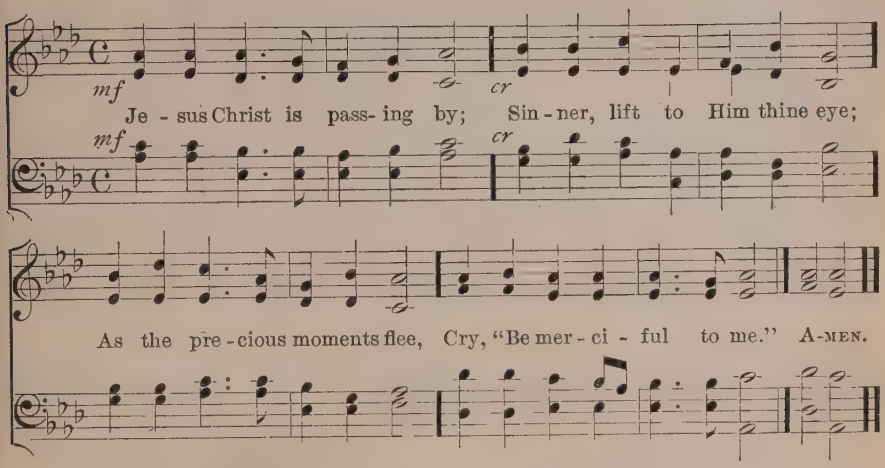
(SECOND TUNE) L. M. ST. WILFRID *H. P. Smith*


When at Thy foot-stool, Lord, I bend, And plead with Thee for mer - cy there,
Think of the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend, And for His sake re-ceive my pray'r. A - MEN.

592 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

ST. BEES
J. B. Dykes



mf 2 Jesus Christ is passing by;
Will He always be so nigh?
Now is the accepted day,
Seek for healing while you may.

mf 3 Fearest thou He will not hear?
Art thou bidden to forbear?
Let no obstacle defeat;
Yet more earnestly entreat.

p 4 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
"What wilt thou then have of Me?
cr Rise and tell Him all thy need;
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

mp 5 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
cr Lord, reveal Thy love to me:
Let it penetrate my soul;
All my heart and life control."

mf 6 O how sweet! the touch of power
Comes; it is salvation's hour:
Jesus gives from guilt release:
p Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

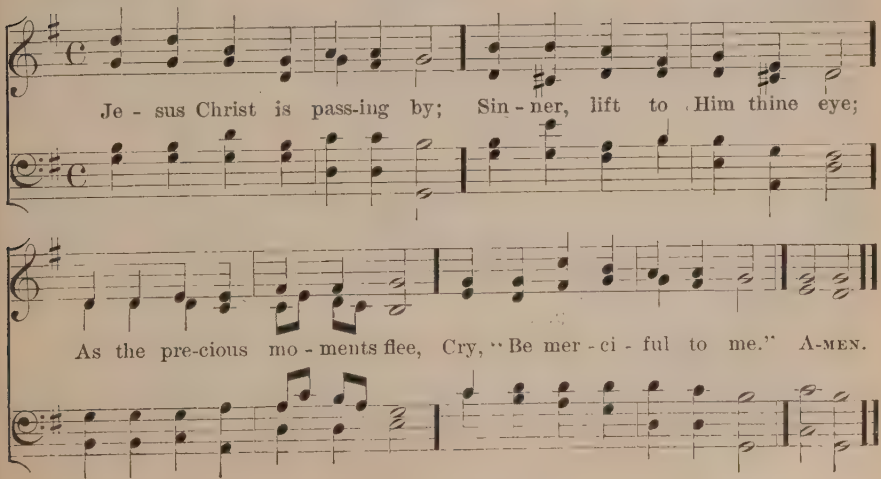
f 7 Glory to the Saviour's Name!
He is ever still the same;
To His matchless honour raise
Never-ending songs of praise.

J. D. Smith

(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

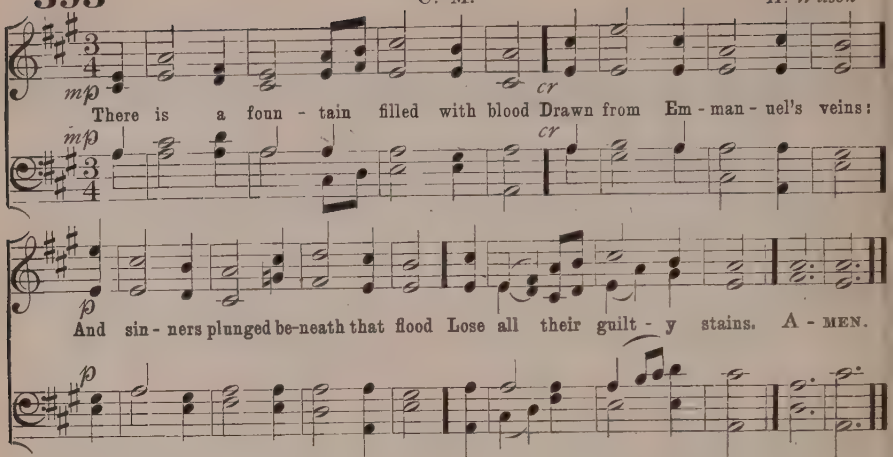
GUIDANCE
J. H. Willcox



593

C. M.

MARTYRDOM
H. Wilson


There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Em - man - uel's veins:
And sin - ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains. A - MEN.

mf 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
p And there may I, as vile as he,
cr Wash all my sins away.

p 3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
cr Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

mf 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
cr Redeeming love has been my theme,
f And shall be till I die.

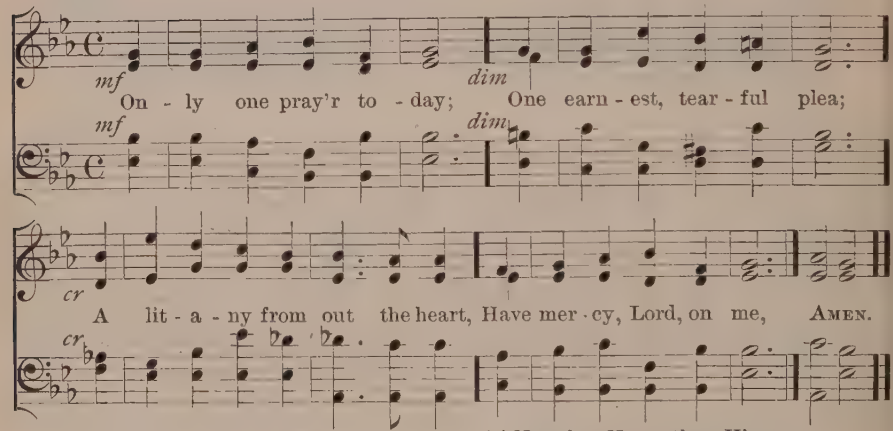
f 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
p When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

W. Cowper

594

S. M.

ST. ANDREW
J. Barnby



p 2 Although my sin is great,
cr Still to my God I flee
p Yes, I can dare look up, and say
"Have mercy, Lord, on me"

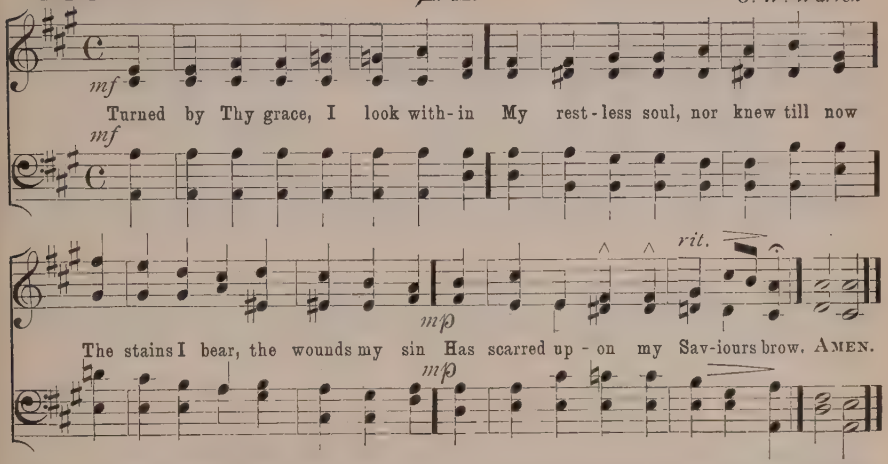
mf 3 Because of Jesus' Cross,
And that unfathomed sea.
The crimson tide which laves the world,
p Have mercy, Lord, on me

mf 4 No other Name than His,
My hope, my help may be:
cr O by that one all-saving Name,
p Have mercy, Lord, on me!

p 5 In garb of sorrow clad
I crave Thy pardon free;
In life to die, in death to live;
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

W. C. Dix

595 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. GRACE *G. W. Warren*


mf
Turned by Thy grace, I look with-in My rest-less soul, nor knew till now
mf
rit.
mp
The stains I bear, the wounds my sin Has scarred up-on my Sav-iours brow. AMEN.
mp

p 2 The sight afflicts my guilty soul:
My conscience cries and spares me not.
Grief's bitter waves now o'er me roll:
Tears flow that cannot cleanse one spot.

mp 3 O God, my God, I see my sin:
p I crucified the Lord of love.
Wormwood and gall I gave to Him;
And sorely grieved God's holy Dove.

mf 4 Turned back and won by grace so free,
My sin confessed I'll ne'er repeat:
cr Converted now, my aim shall be
To tread the prints of Christ's dear feet.

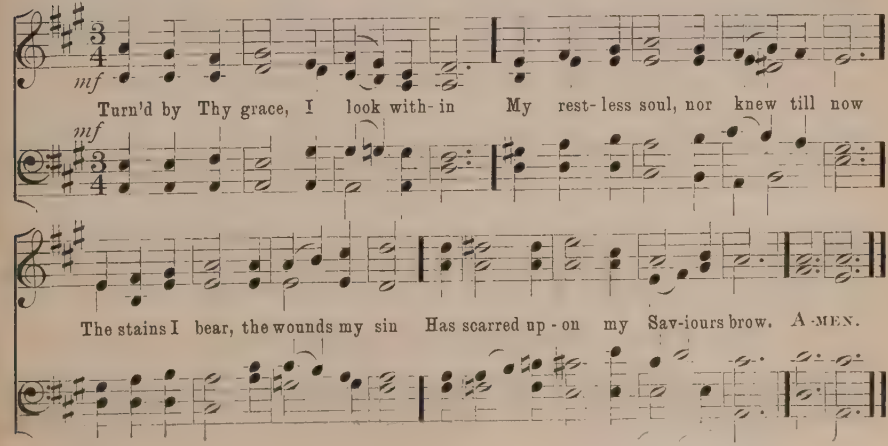
mf 5 The wrong my sin has done, confessed,
Return four-fold shall now make right
My soul shall then by God be blest [sight.
Through Christ's atonement in His

mf 6 Forgiveness for the wrongs done me,
With my whole heart I freely give;
'T is only so that there can be
Pardon from Christ and grace to live.

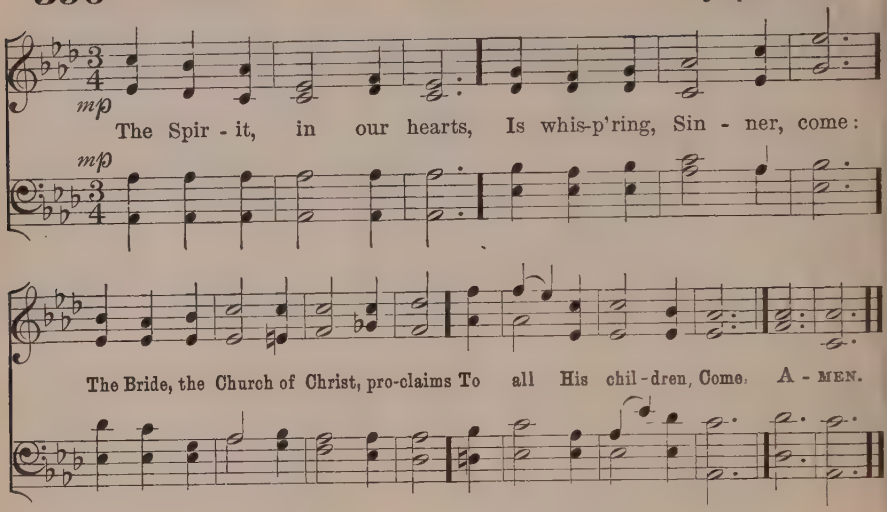
mp 7 My sin thus seen, wept o'er, confest,
Turn'd from and loathed as paining Thee,
As Thou forgiv'ts, O Saviour blest, [free.
cr Is pardoned, cleansed! (*f*) My soul is

E. A. Bradley

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. STRATFORD *I. Barnby*


mf
Turn'd by Thy grace, I look with-in My rest-less soul, nor knew till now
mf
The stains I bear, the wounds my sin Has scarred up-on my Sav-iours brow. A-MEN.

596 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. GREENWOOD *Joseph E. Sweetser*


mp
The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whis-p'ring, Sin - ner, come:
mp
The Bride, the Church of Christ, pro-claims To all His chil-dren, Come. A - MEN.

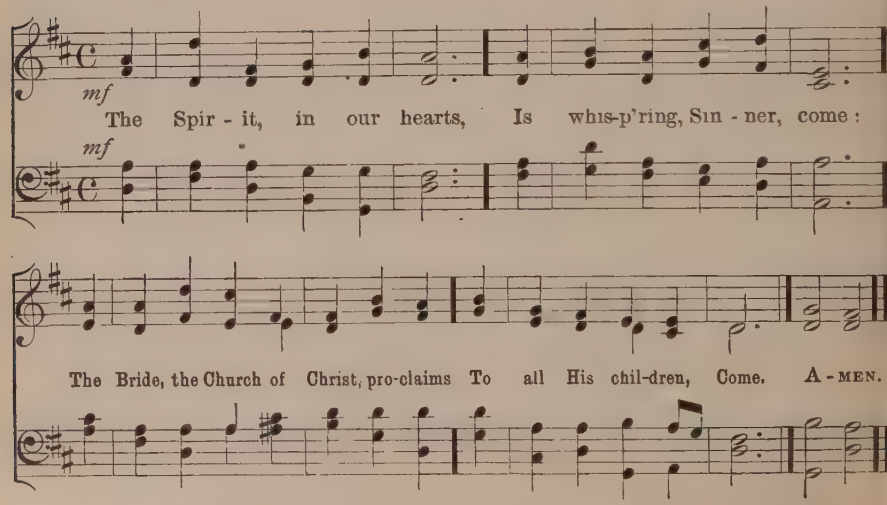
mf 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come:
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

mf 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'T is Jesus bids him come.

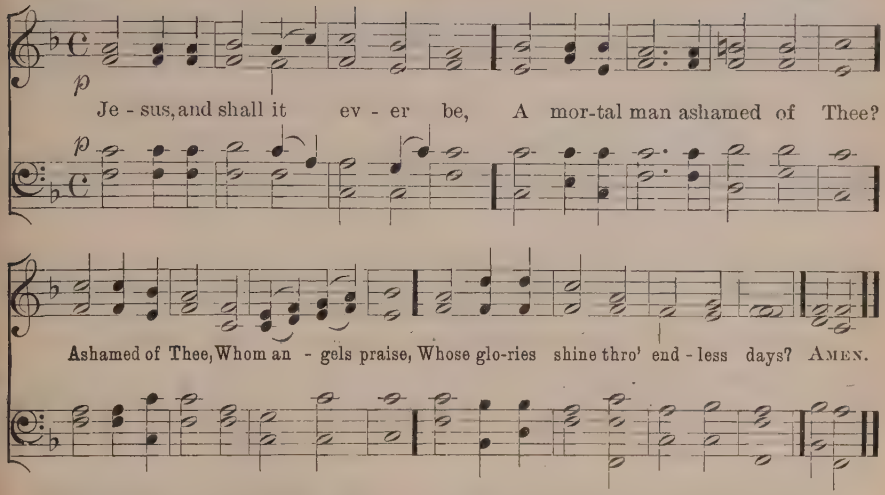
mf 4 Lo, Jesus, Who invites,
Declares, I quickly come.
Lord! even so; I wait Thy hour!
p Jesus, my Saviour, come.

H. U. Onderdonk

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. DONCASTER *S. Wesley*


mf
The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whis-p'ring, Sin - ner, come:
mf
The Bride, the Church of Christ, pro-claims To all His chil-dren, Come. A - MEN.

597 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. FEDERAL STREET *H. K. Oliver*


Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, Whom an - gels praise, Whose glo-ries shine thro' end - less days? AMEN.

p 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'T is midnight with my soul, till He,
mf Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

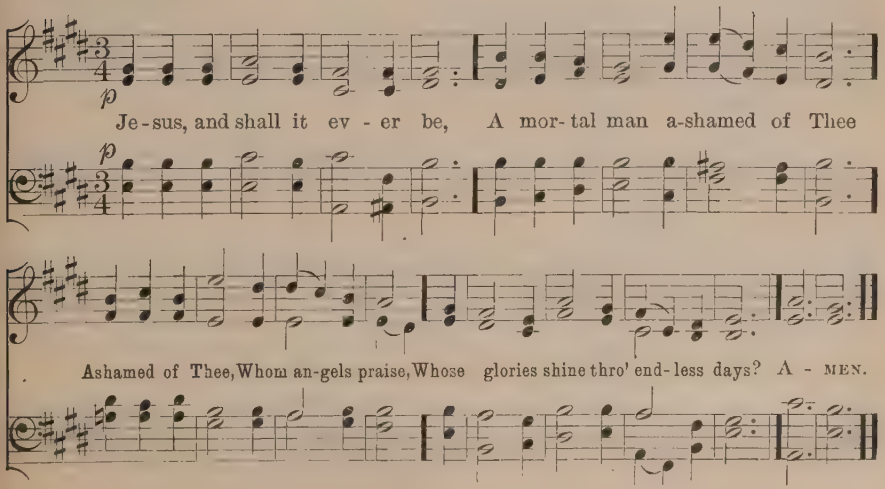
mp 3 Ashamed of Jesus! O as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

p 4 Ashamed of Jesus! (*cr*) that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend!
p No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

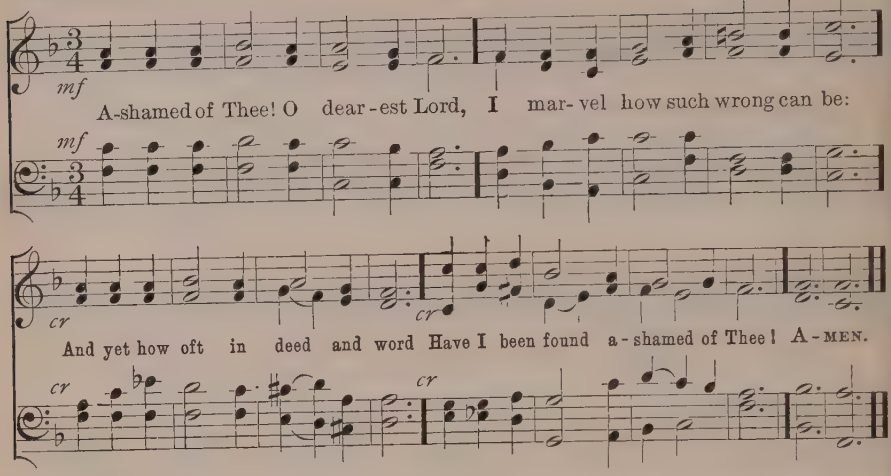
p 5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!
cr I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And O may this my portion be,
f My Saviour not ashamed of me.

J. Grigg

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. ST. WILFRID *H. P. Smith*


Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee
Ashamed of Thee, Whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days? A - MEN.

598 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. PENITENCE *C. Elven*


mf
A-shamed of Thee! O dear-est Lord, I mar-vel how such wrong can be:
mf
cr
And yet how oft in deed and word Have I been found a-shamed of Thee! A-MEN.
cr
cr

p 2 Ashamed of Thee! (*cr*) my King, my God,
Who sought'st me with wondrous love,
p Whose feet the way of sorrow trod
cr To bring me to Thy home above.

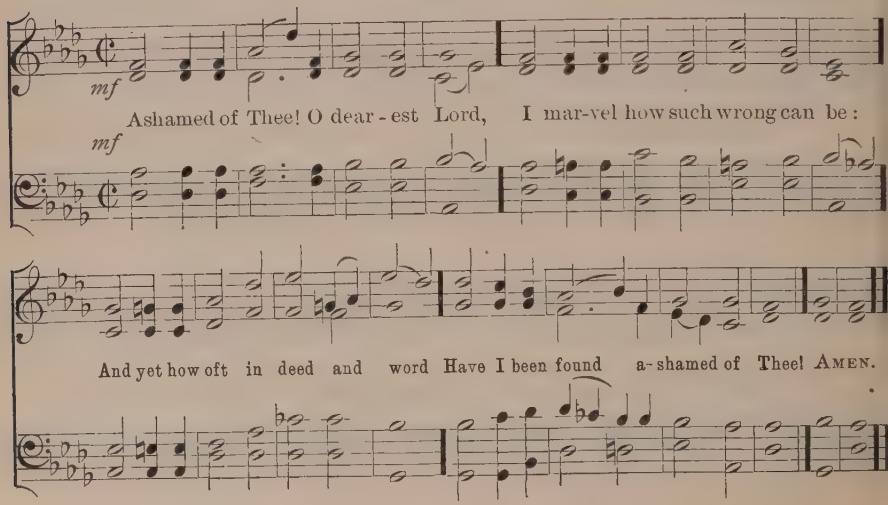
p 3 Ashamed of Thee! (*cr*) of that blest Name,
Which speaks of mercy full and free!
p Nay, Lord, I would my only shame
Might be to be ashamed of Thee.

p 4 Asham'd of Thee! (*cr*) Whose love divine
Was not ashamed of our lost race,
But even this cold heart of mine [place.
Dost make Thy home and dwelling-

mf 5 Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray
This cruel wrong no more may be:
cr And in Thy last great Advent-day,
p O be not Thou ashamed of me!

W. W. How

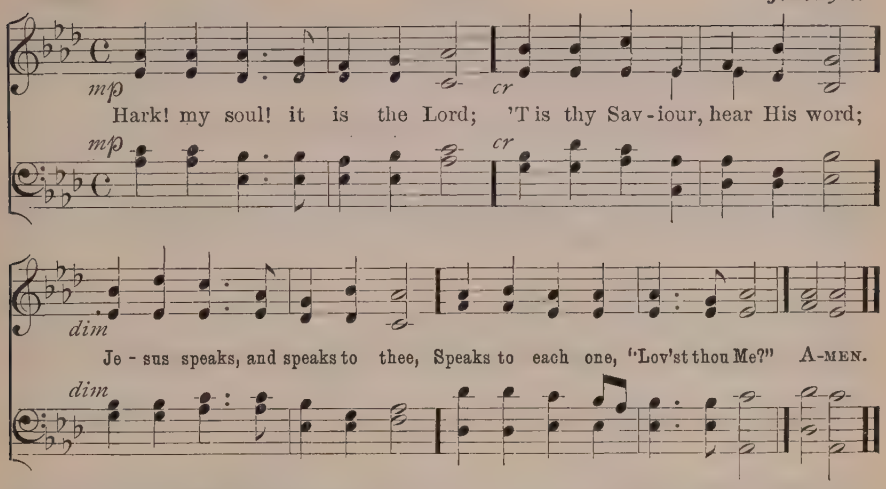
(SECOND TUNE) L. M. GRASSMERE *Ethelbert Nevin*


mf
Ashamed of Thee! O dear-est Lord, I mar-vel how such wrong can be:
mf
And yet how oft in deed and word Have I been found a-shamed of Thee! AMEN.

599 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

ST. BEES
J. B. Dykes


mp
cr
Hark! my soul! it is the Lord; 'T is thy Sav-iour, hear His word;
dim
Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, Speaks to each one, "Lov'st thou Me?" A-MEN.

mf 2 He delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
cr Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

mf 3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
p Yes, she may forgetful be;
cr Yet will He remember thee.

mf 4 His is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
cr Free and faithful, strong as death.

f 5 We shall see His glory soon,
p When the work of grace is done;
cr Partners of His throne shall be;
p Hear Him asking, "Lov'st thou Me?"

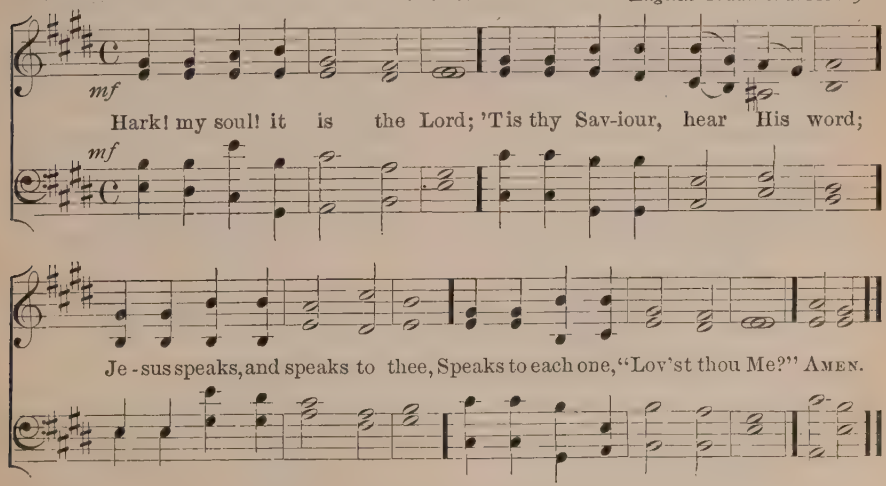
mf 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
cr Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

W. Cowper

(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

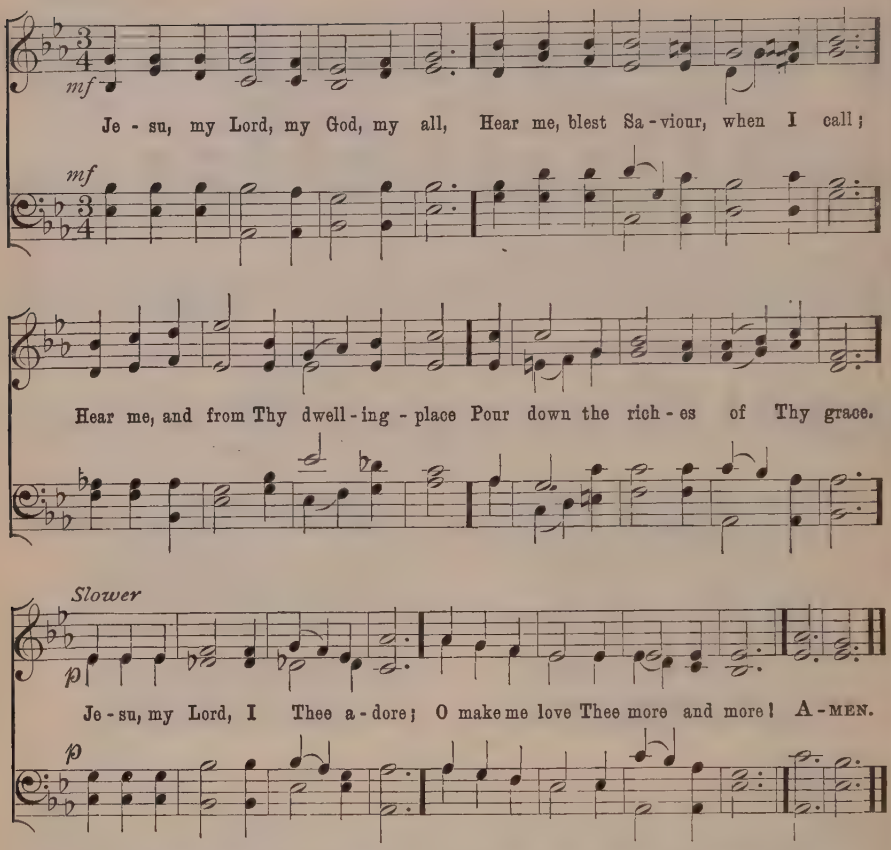
HORSHAM
English Traditional Melody


mf
Hark! my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav-iour, hear His word;
Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, Speaks to each one, "Lov'st thou Me?" AMEN.

600

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

ADORO TE
J. Barnby


mf
Je - su, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sa - viour, when I call;
mf
Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace.
Slower
p
Je - su, my Lord, I Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more! A - MEN.
p

p 2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;
cr How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
f Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!

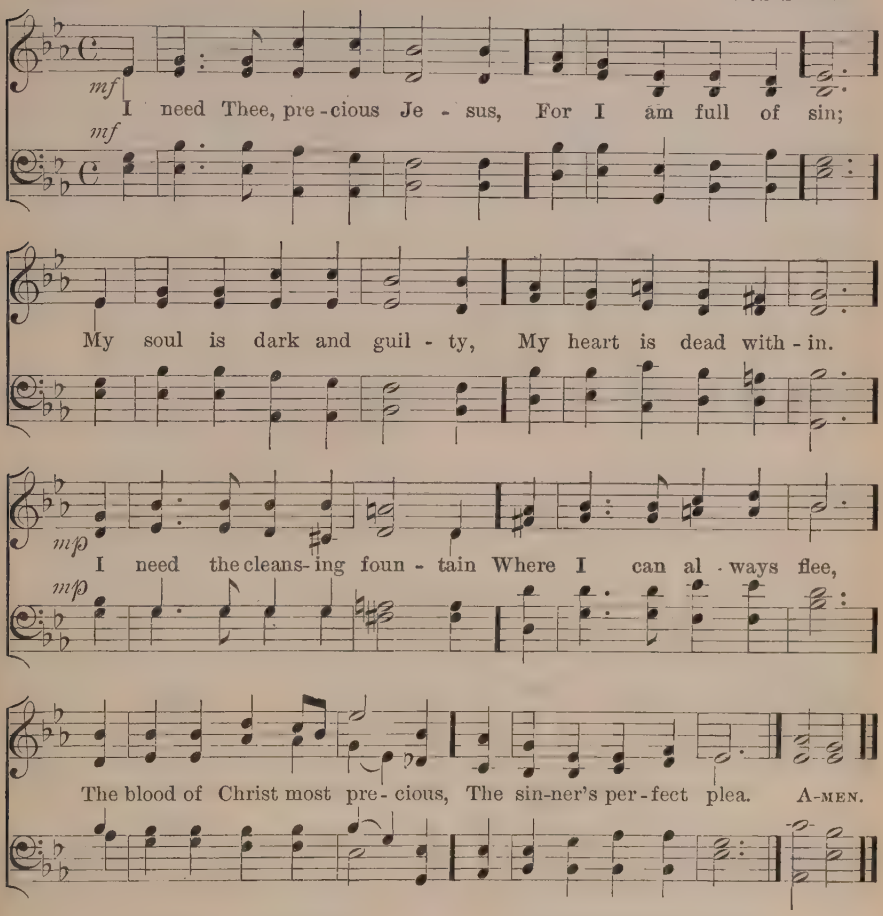
p 3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
cr How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
O far exceeding hope or thought!
f Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!

f 4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine.
ff Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!

H. Collins

601 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D

O BONA PATRIA
A. S. Sullivan


mf
I need Thee, pre-cious Je-sus, For I am full of sin;
mf
My soul is dark and guil-ty, My heart is dead with-in.
mp
I need the cleans-ing foun-tain Where I can al-ways flee,
mp
The blood of Christ most pre-cious, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. A-MEN.

p 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
cr I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

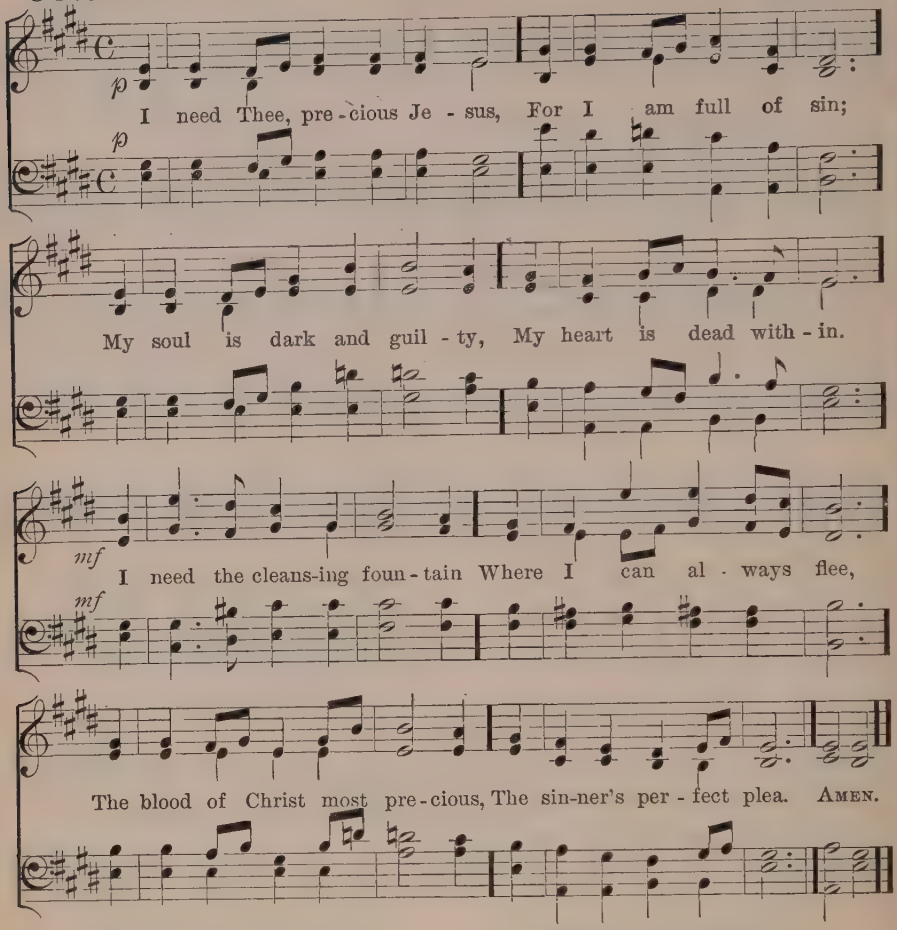
p 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

p 4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
cr And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on Thy throne:
f There, with Thy blood-bought chil-
My joy shall ever be, [dren,
To sing my Jesus' praises,
To gaze, O Lord, on Thee.

F. Whitfield

601 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ST. EDITH
J. H. Knecht


p
I need Thee, pre-cious Je-sus, For I am full of sin;
p
My soul is dark and guil-ty, My heart is dead with-in.
mf
I need the cleans-ing foun-tain Where I can al-ways flee,
mf
The blood of Christ most pre-cious, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. AMEN.

p 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
cr I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

p 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

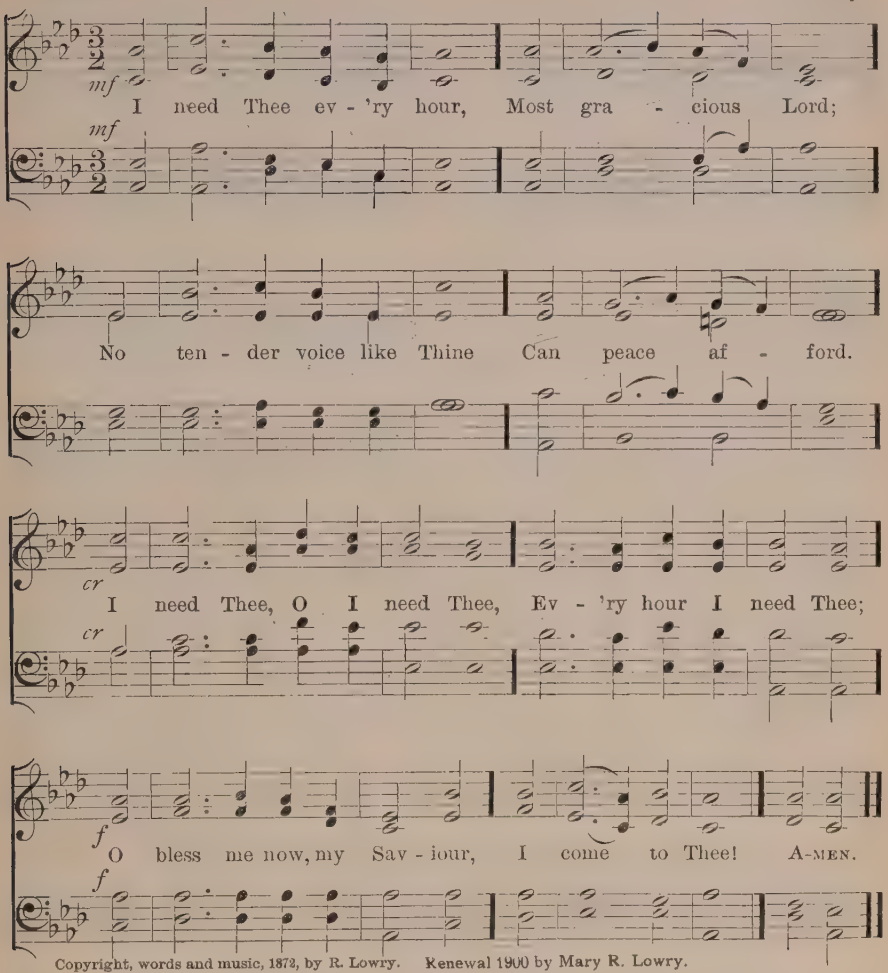
p 4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
cr And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on Thy throne:
f There, with Thy blood-bought chil-
My joy shall ever be, [dren,
To sing my Jesus' praises,
To gaze, O Lord, on Thee.

F. Whitfield

602

6. 4. 6. 4. 7. 6. 7. 4.

NEED
R. Lowry


mf
I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
mf
No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
cr
I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;
cr
f
O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee! A-MEN.
f

Copyright, words and music, 1872, by R. Lowry. Renewal 1900 by Mary R. Lowry.

mf 2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
cr I need Thee, etc.

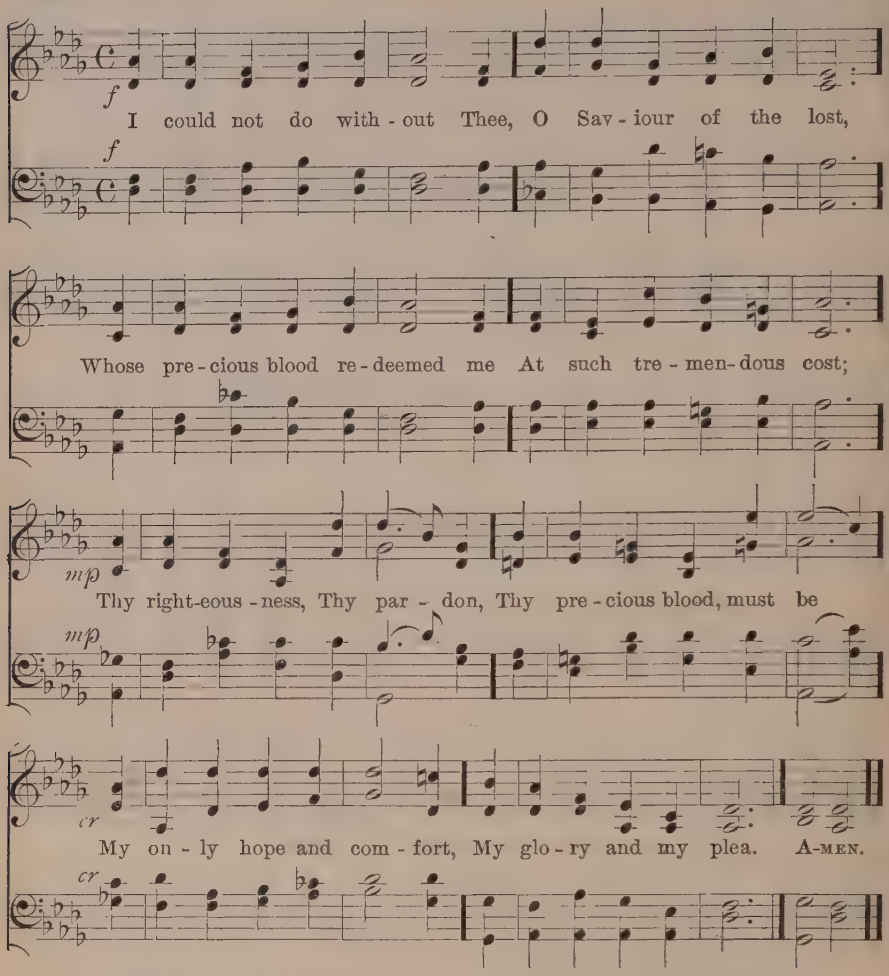
mf 3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide
Or life is vain.
cr I need Thee, etc.

mf 4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
cr I need Thee, etc.

mf 5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
cr O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son!
cr I need Thee, etc.

A. S. Hawks

603 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D. LANCASHIRE *H. Smart*


f
I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,
f
Whose pre - cious blood re - deemed me At such tre - men - dous cost;
mp
Thy right-eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood, must be
mp
cr
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea. A-MEN.
cr

mf 2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
cr But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

mf 3 I could not do without Thee,
p For, O the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
cr Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

mf 4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near

How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

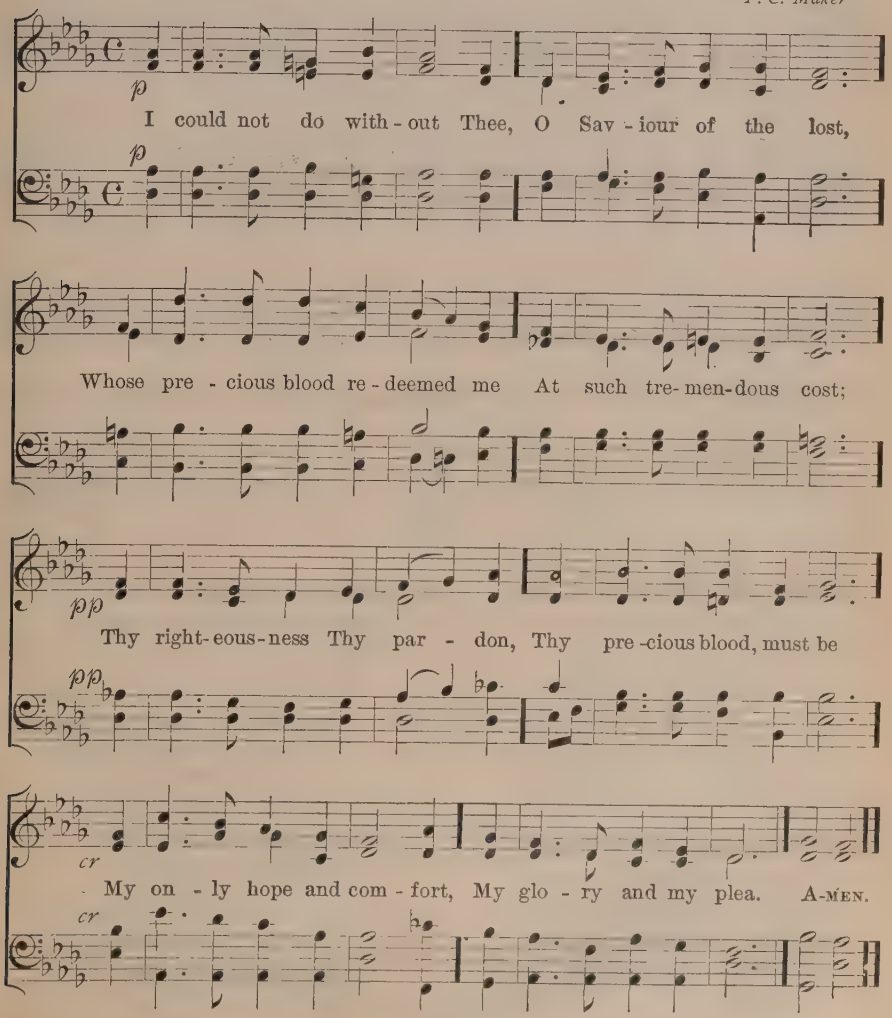
mf 5 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
p And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
cr O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

mf 6 I could not do without Thee,
p For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
cr But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
f I know Thou wilt be near me,
p And whisper, "It is I."

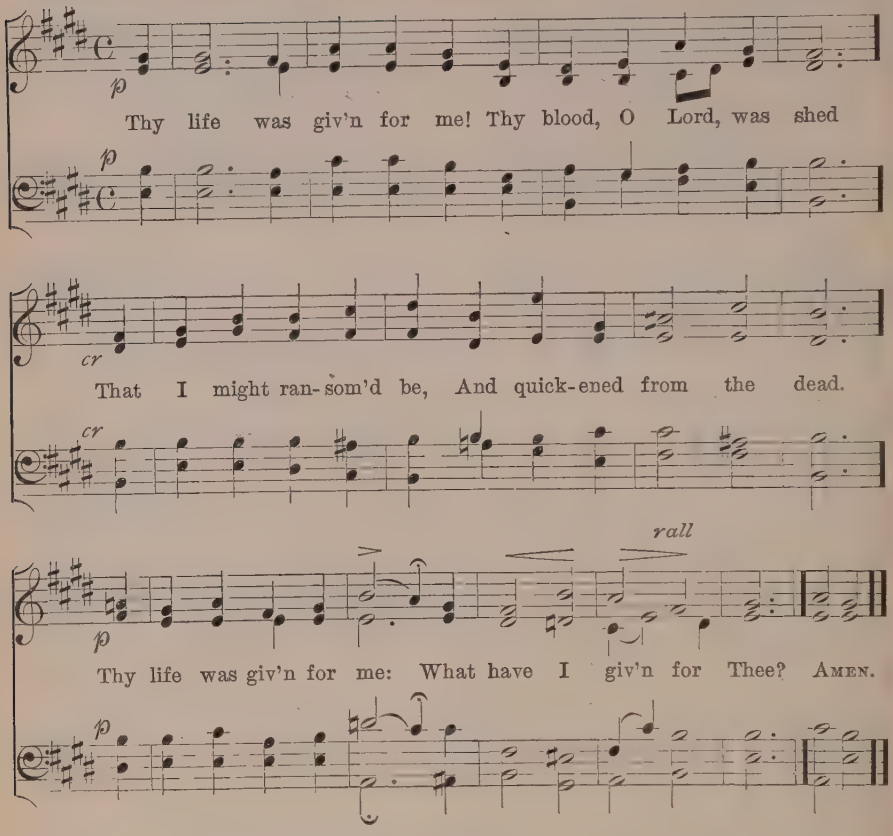
F. R. Havergal

603 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ST. CHRISTOPHER
F. C. Maker


p
I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost,
Whose pre-cious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost;
pp
Thy right-eous-ness Thy par-don, Thy pre-cious blood, must be
cr
My on-ly hope and com-fort, My glo-ry and my plea. A-MEN.

604 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. ST. VIGIAN *A. C. Falconer*


Thy life was giv'n for me! Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ran-som'd be, And quick-ened from the dead.
rall
Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee? AMEN.

p 2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
cr That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
p Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

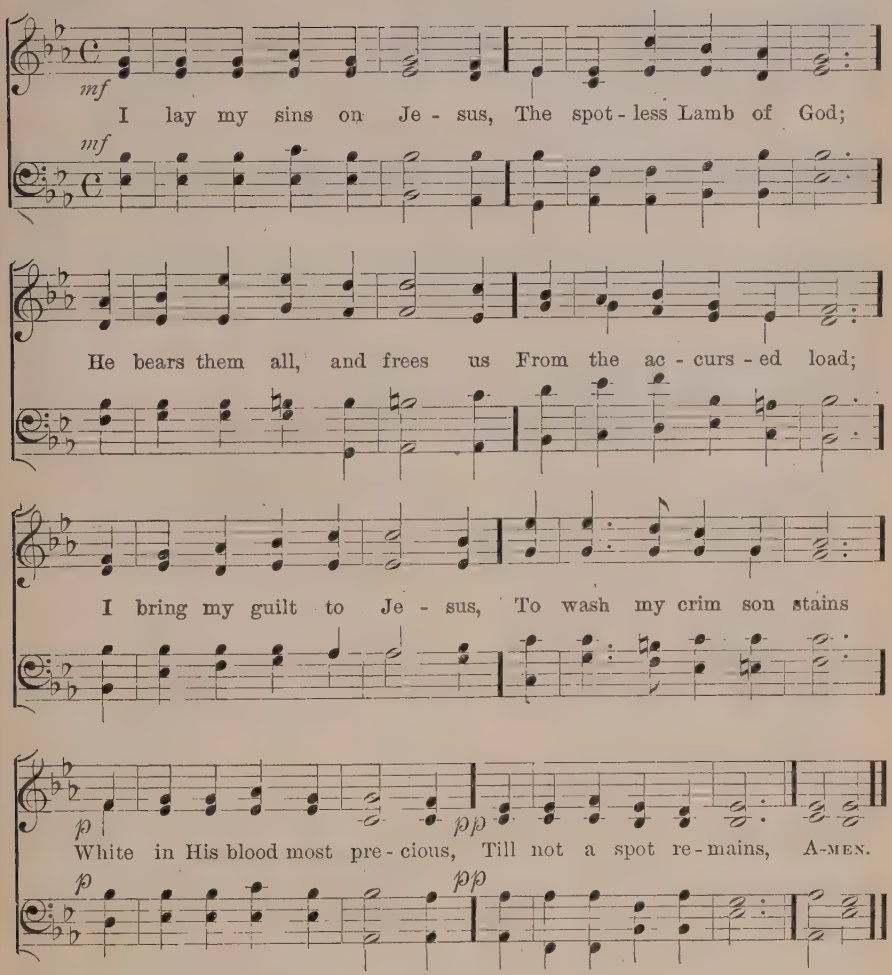
mf 3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
p Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

mf 4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above
cr Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
mf Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
p What have I brought to Thee?

mf 5 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent!
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent!
cr Thou gavest Thyself for me:
I give myself to Thee.

F. R. Havergal

605 7. 6. 7. 6. D. AURELIA *S. S. Wesley*


mf
I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load;
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim son stains
p
pp
White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains, A-MEN.

mf 2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

p I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases;
He all my sorrows shares.

p 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.

mf I love the Name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
cr Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.

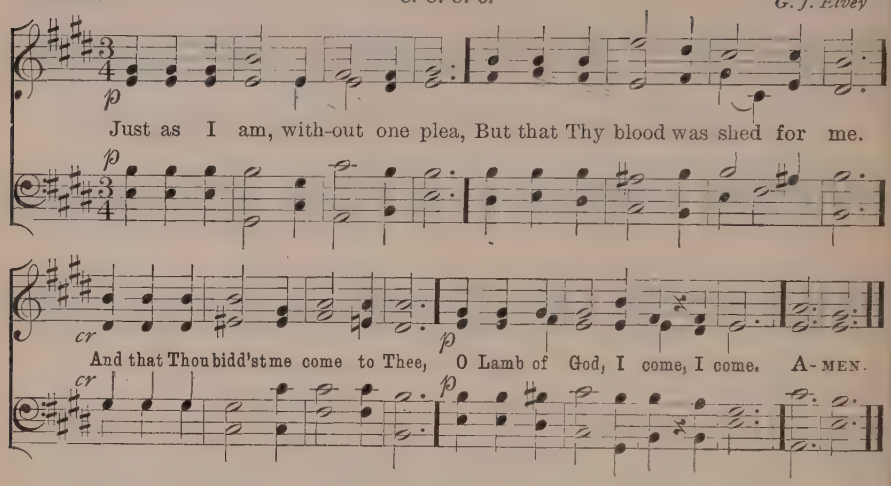
mp 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child;
cr I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
f To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

H. Bonar

606 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 6.

St. Crispin
G. J. Elvey


Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me.
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-MEN.

p 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
cr To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each [spot,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
cr Fightings and fears within, without,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
cr Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Ye, all I need, in Thee to find,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p 5 Just as I am: (*cr*) Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
mf Because Thy promise I believe,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

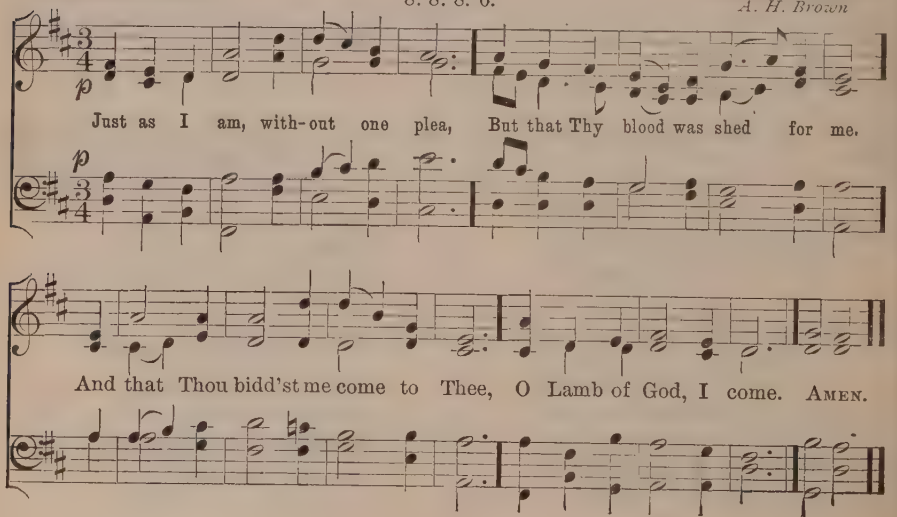
p 6 Just as I am, (*cr*) Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
mf Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

C. Elliott

(SECOND TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 6.

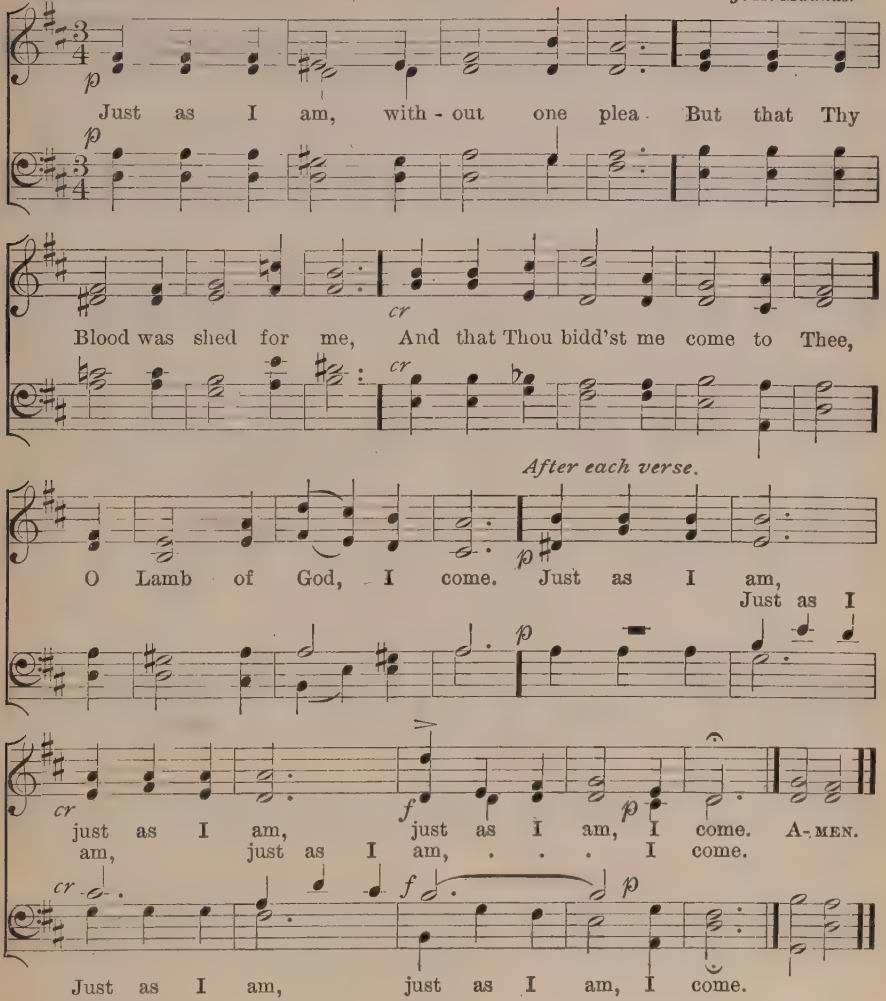
Saffron Walden
A. H. Brown



606 (THIRD TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 6.

MAUNDER
J. H. Maunder


Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy
Blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
After each verse.
O Lamb of God, I come. Just as I am,
Just as I
just as I am, just as I am, I come. A-MEN.
am, just as I am, . . . I come.
Just as I am, just as I am, I come.

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p 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
cr To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each [spot,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
cr Fightings and fears within, without,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

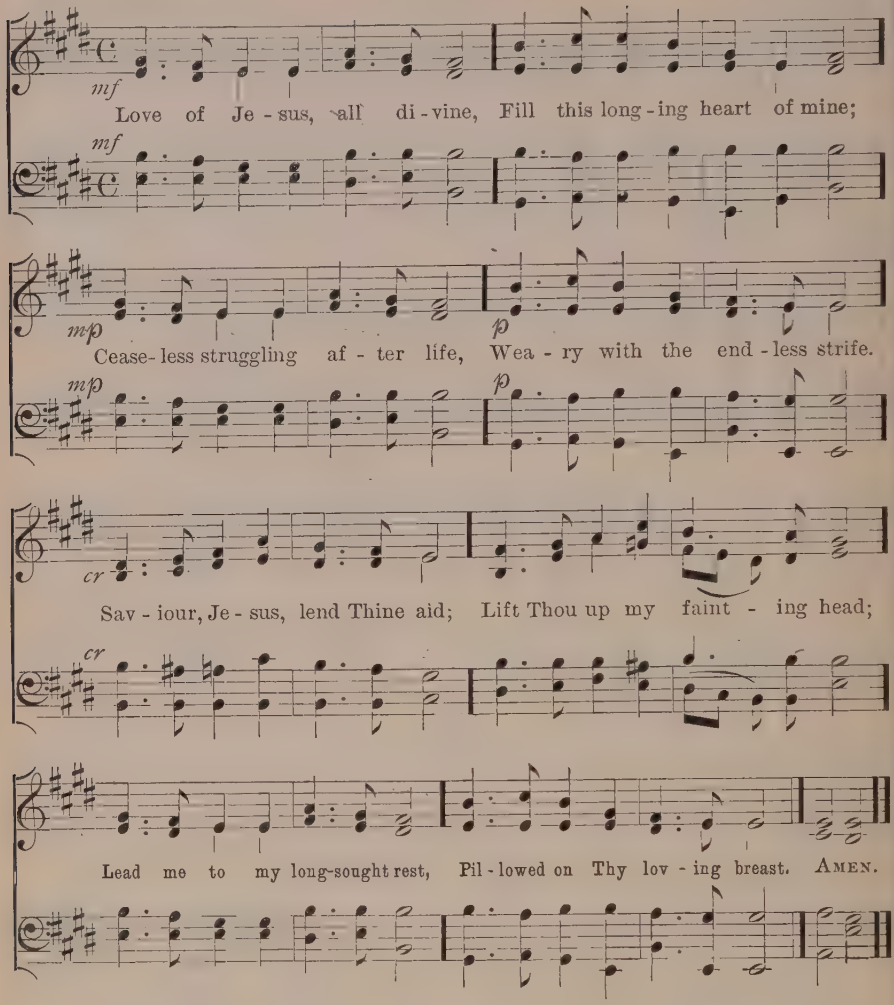
p 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
cr Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Ye, all I need, in Thee to find,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p 5 Just as I am: (*cr*) Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
mf Because Thy promise I believe,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p 6 Just as I am, (*cr*) Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
mf Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

C. Elliott

607 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. D. MESSIAH *Arr. by G. Kingsley*


mf
Love of Je - sus, all di - vine, Fill this long - ing heart of mine;
mf
mp
p
Cease - less struggling af - ter life, Wea - ry with the end - less strife.
mp
p
cr
Sav - iour, Je - sus, lend Thine aid; Lift Thou up my faint - ing head;
cr
Lead me to my long-sought rest, Pil - lowed on Thy lov - ing breast. AMEN.

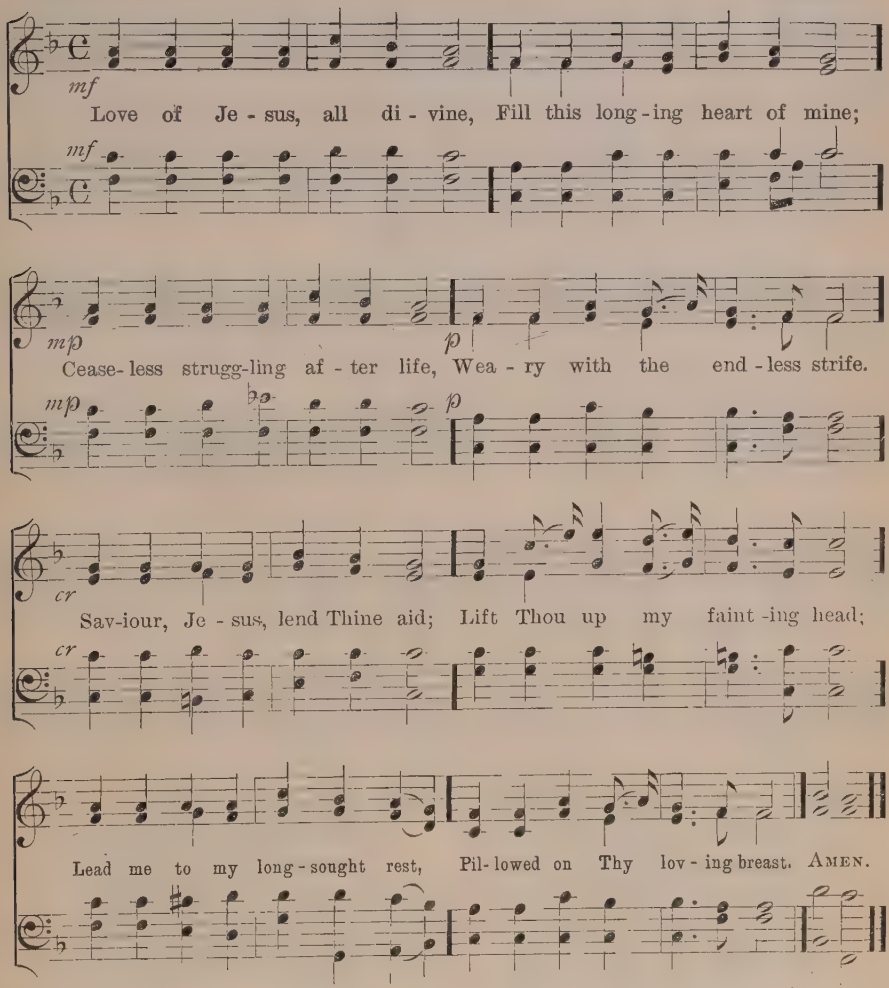
mf 2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,
cr Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my Shield and Hiding-place;
mf Let me know Thy saving power
p In temptation's fiercest hour:
cr Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

mf 3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below
Thee, and Thee alone to know
Thou, Who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy:
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

F. Bottome

607 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

BLUMENTHAL
Blumenthal


mf
Love of Je - sus, all di - vine, Fill this long - ing heart of mine;
mp p
Cease - less strugg - ling af - ter life, Wea - ry with the end - less strife.
cr
Sav - iour, Je - sus, lend Thine aid; Lift Thou up my faint - ing head;
Lead me to my long - sought rest, Pil - lowed on Thy lov - ing breast. AMEN.

mp 2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,
cr Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my Shield and Hiding-place;
mf Let me know Thy saving power
p In temptation's fiercest hour:
cr Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

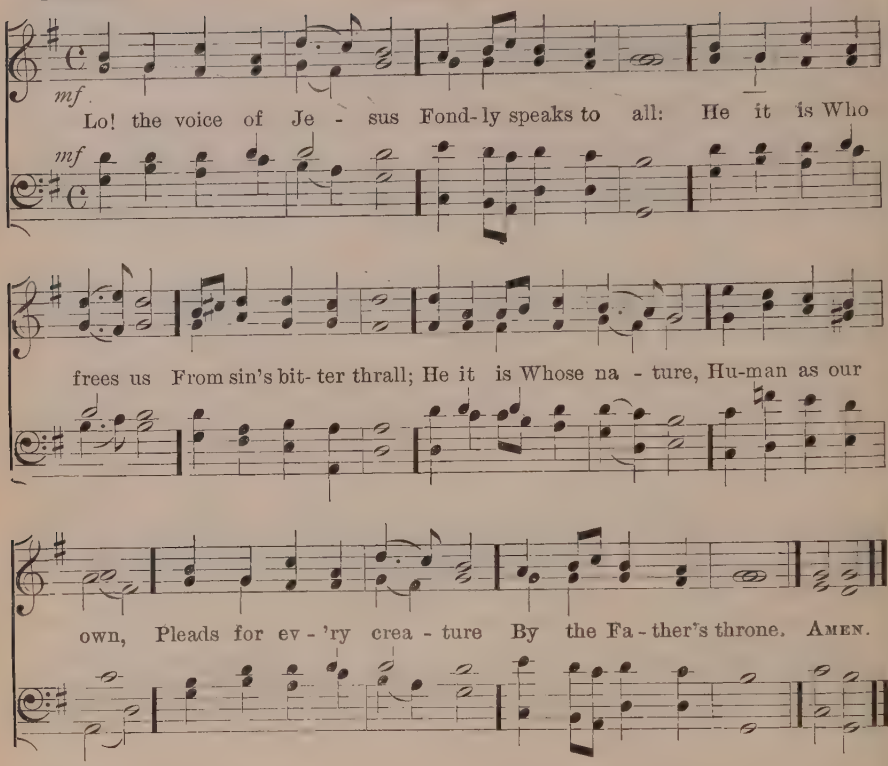
mf 3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know,
Thou, Who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy:
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

F. Bottome

608

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

PRINCETHORPE
W. Pitts


mf
Lo! the voice of Je - sus Fond-ly speaks to all: He it is Who
mf
frees us From sin's bit- ter thrall; He it is Whose na - ture, Hu-man as our
own, Pleads for ev - 'ry crea - ture By the Fa - ther's throne. AMEN.

mf 2 Lo! the voice of Jesus,
mp Heard within the breast,
cr Tells us He will ease us,
Howsoe'er distrest:
Tells us that our sorrow
For the night may last,
But a glad to-morrow
Breaks upon us fast.

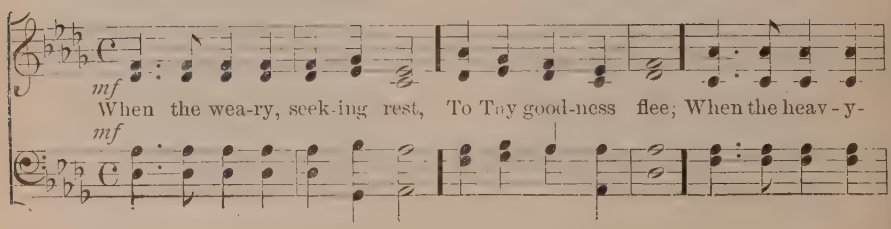
mf 3 Lo! the voice of Jesus
Bids us still endure:
Seek not what will please us,
But things just and pure;
cr Strive through self-denial
Upwards to the light,
Where faith's years of trial
Shall be lost in sight.

A. E. Evans

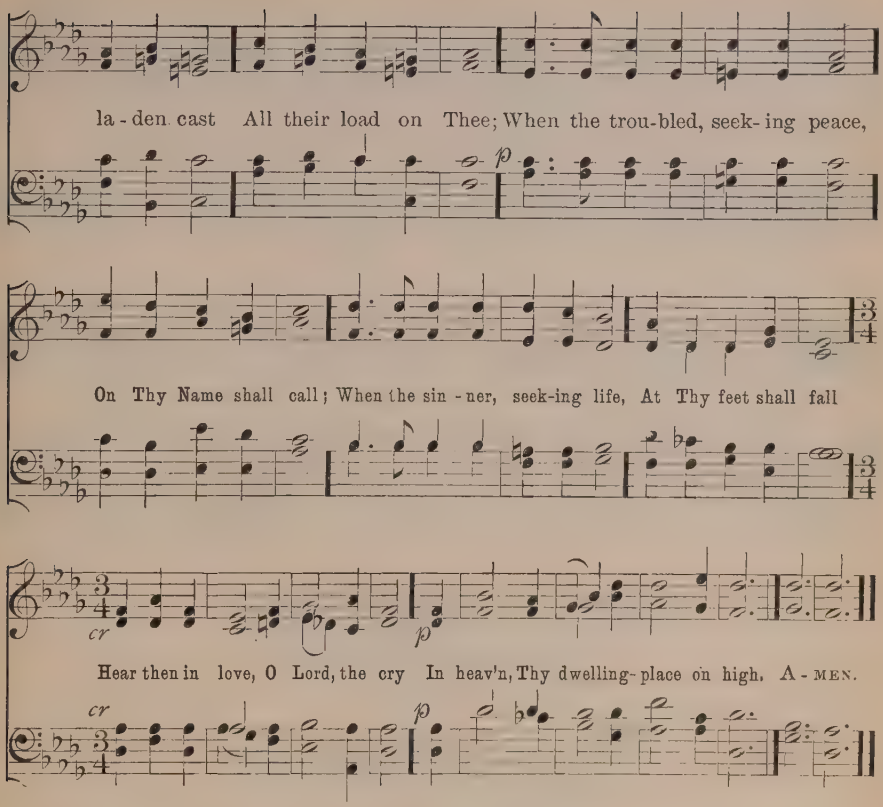
609

7. 5. 7. 5. 7. 5. 7. 5. 8. 8.

ELIJAH
J. Stainer



General


la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the trou-bled, seek- ing peace,
On Thy Name shall call; When the sin - ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high. A - MEN.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
p When the prodigal looks back
To his father's love;
mf When the proud man, from his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
cr Hear then in Love, O Lord, the cry
p In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

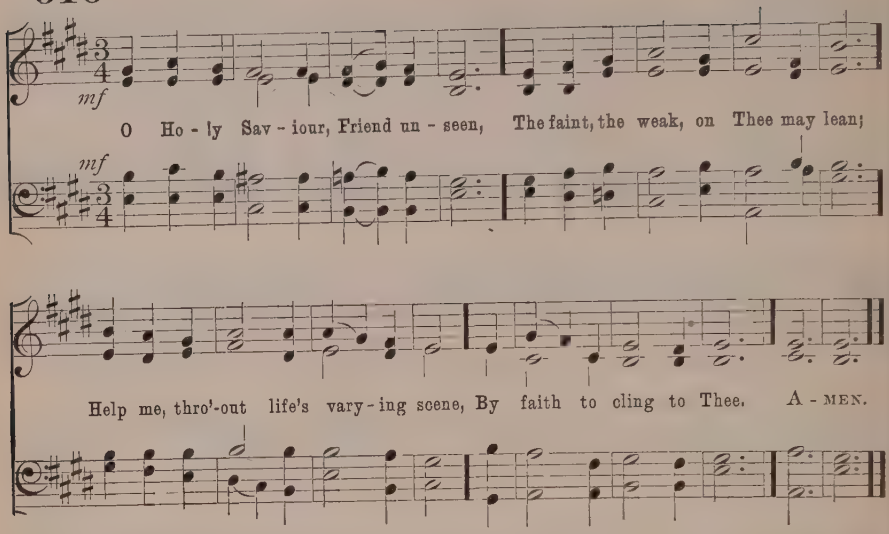
mf 3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
p When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
cr Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
p In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

mp 4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
p When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
cr Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
p In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

H. Bonar

610 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 6.

AGNUS DEI
W. Blow


mf
O Ho - ly Sav - iour, Friend un - seen, The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean;
mf
Help me, thro'-out life's vary - ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee. A - MEN.

mf 2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

mf 3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
cr With patient, uncomplainig love,
p Still would I cling to Thee.

p 4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'er-grown,
A voice of love in gentle tone
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

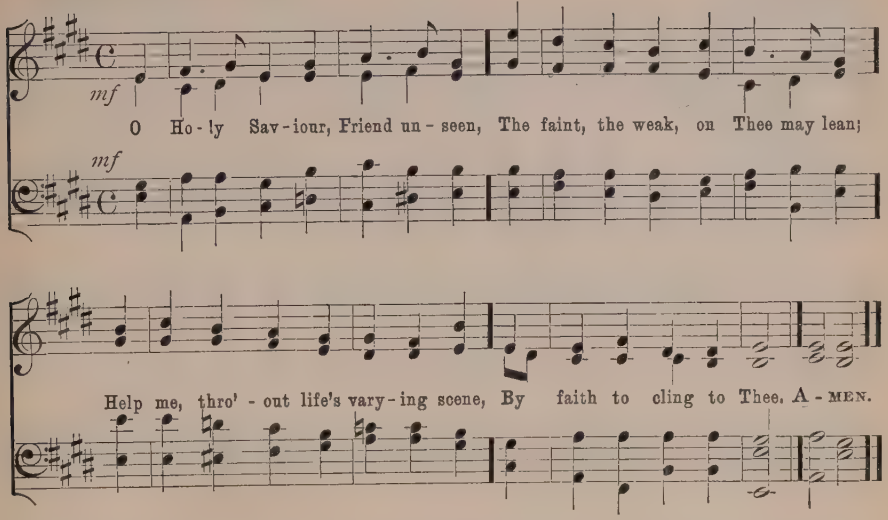
mf 5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

mf 6 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save,
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

C. Elliott

610 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 6.

ST. CECILIA
Gordon Saunders


mf
O Ho - ly Sav - iour, Friend un - seen, The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean;
mf
Help me, thro' - out life's vary - ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee. A - MEN.

mf 2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

mf 3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
cr With patient, uncomplaining love,
p Still would I cling to Thee.

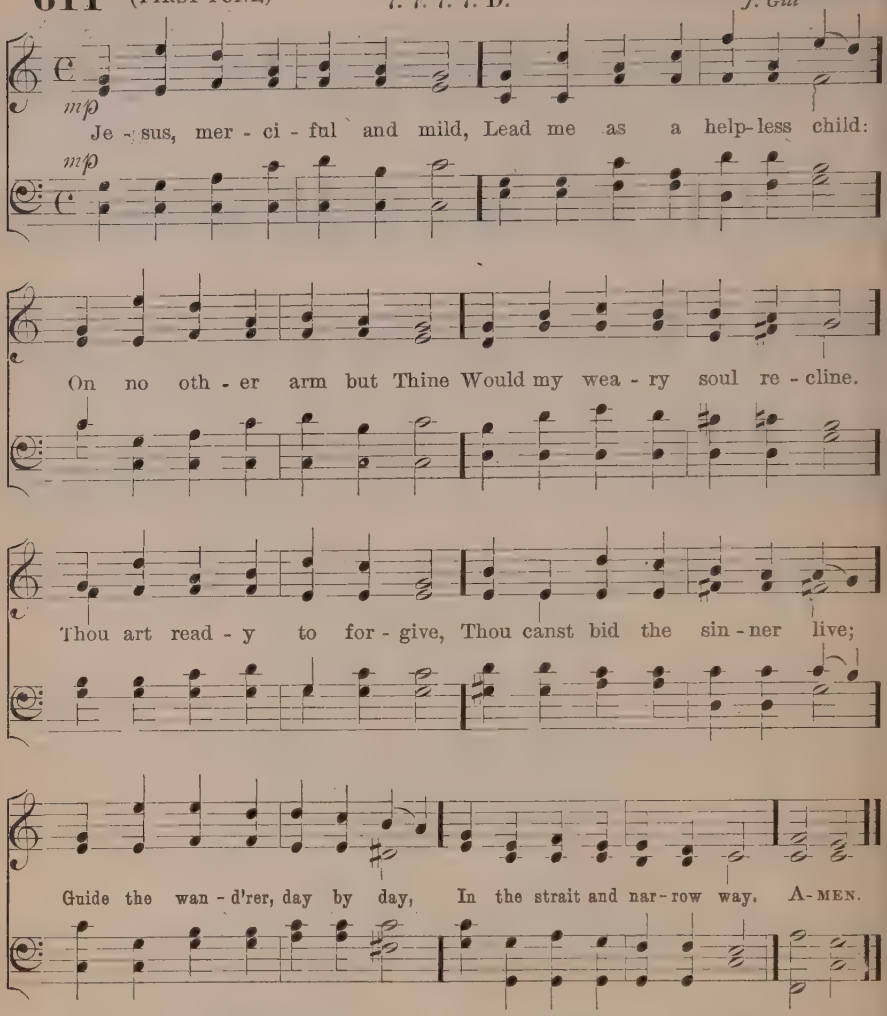
p 4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'er-grown,
A voice of love in gentle tone
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

mf 5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

mf 6 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save,
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

C. Elliott

611 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. D. ST. ANDREW'S (NEW) *J. Gill*


mp
Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help-less child:
mp
On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline.
Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou canst bid the sin - ner live;
Guide the wan - d'rer, day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. A - MEN.

mf 2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

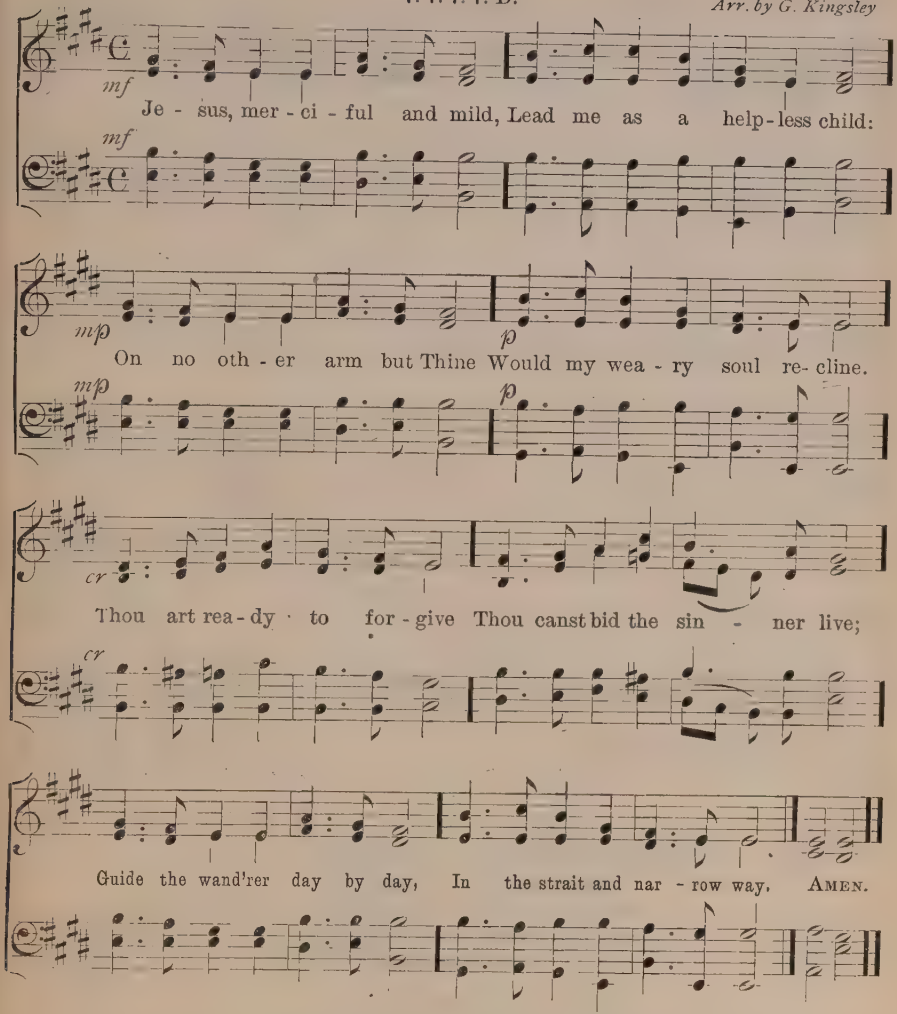
mf 3 Jesus, Saviour, all divine,
Thou hast made me truly Thine;
p Thou hast bought me by Thy blood;
Reconciled my heart to God.
Hearken to my humble prayer,
cr Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more.
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

T. Hastings

611 (SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

MESSIAH
Arr. by G. Kingsley

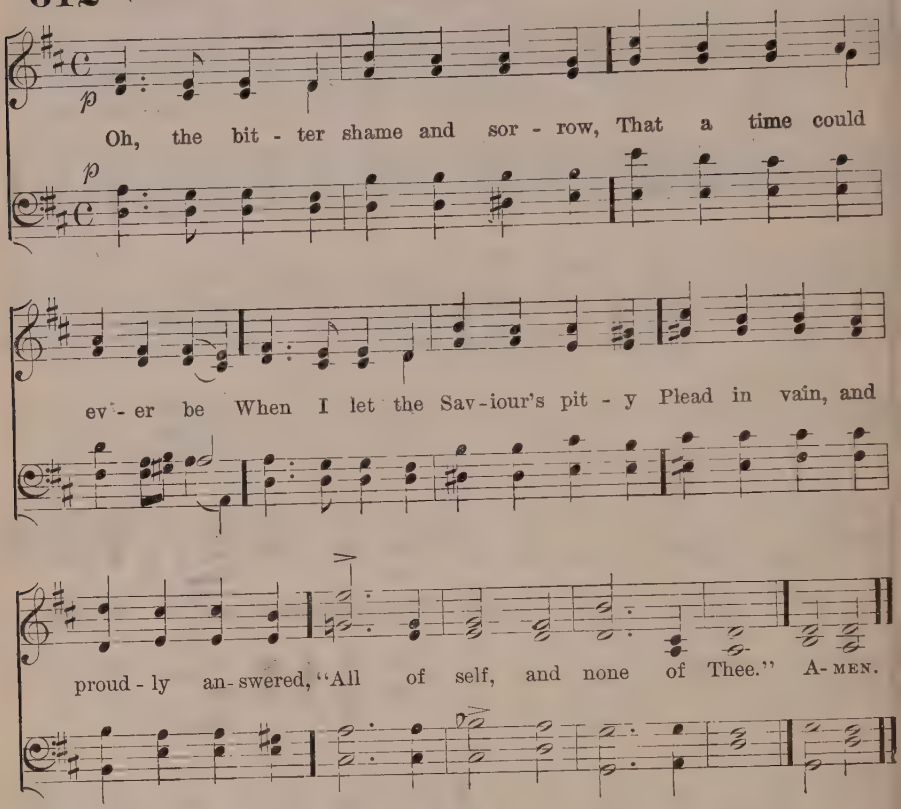

mf
Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help-less child:
mf
mp
p
On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re- cline.
mp
p
cr
Thou art rea - dy to for - give Thou canst bid the sin - ner live;
cr
Guide the wand'rer day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. AMEN.

mf 2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

mf 3 Jesus, Saviour, all divine,
Thou hast made me truly Thine;
p Thou hast bought me by Thy blood;
Reconciled my heart to God.
Hearken to my humble prayer,
cr Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more.
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

T. Hastings

612 (FIRST TUNE) 8.7.8 8.7. MONK *W. H. Monk*


Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could
ev - er be When I let the Sav-iour's pit - y Plead in vain, and
proud - ly an-swered, "All of self, and none of Thee." A-MEN.

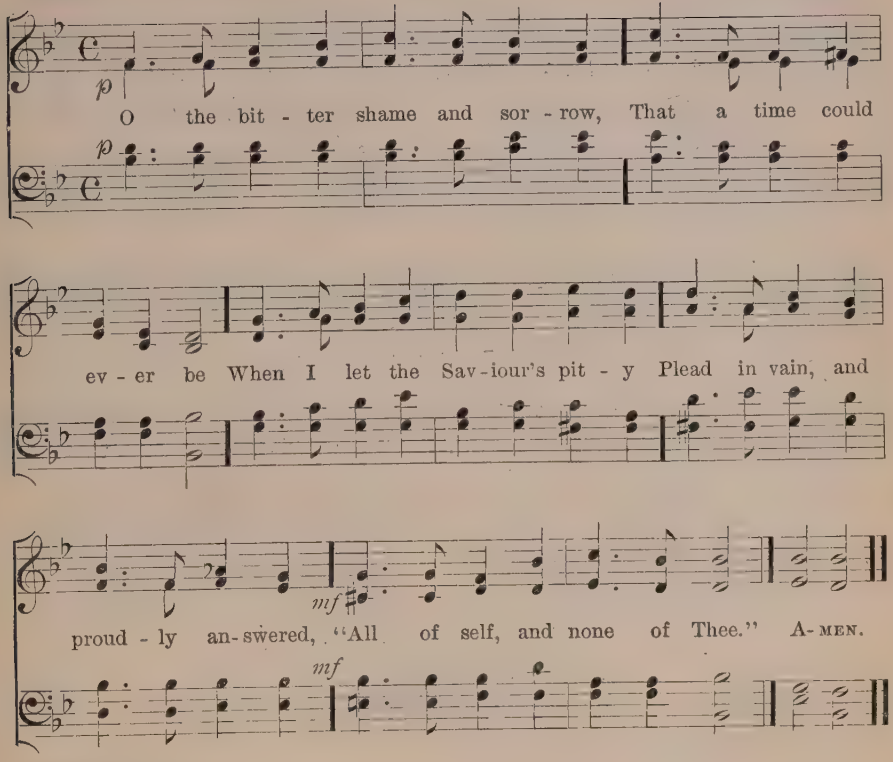
p 2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accurséd tree;
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father;"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
pp "Some of self, and some of Thee."

mf 3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
p "Less of self, and more of Thee."

f 4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
cr Grant me now my soul's desire,
ff "None of self, and all of Thee."

T. Monod

612 (SECOND TUNE) 8.7.8.8.7. MONOD *C. J. Vincent*


p
O the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could
p
ev - er be When I let the Sav - iour's pit - y Plead in vain, and
mf
proud - ly an - swered, "All of self, and none of Thee." A - MEN.
mf

p 2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accurséd tree;
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father;"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
pp "Some of self, and some of Thee."

mf 3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
p "Less of self, and more of Thee."

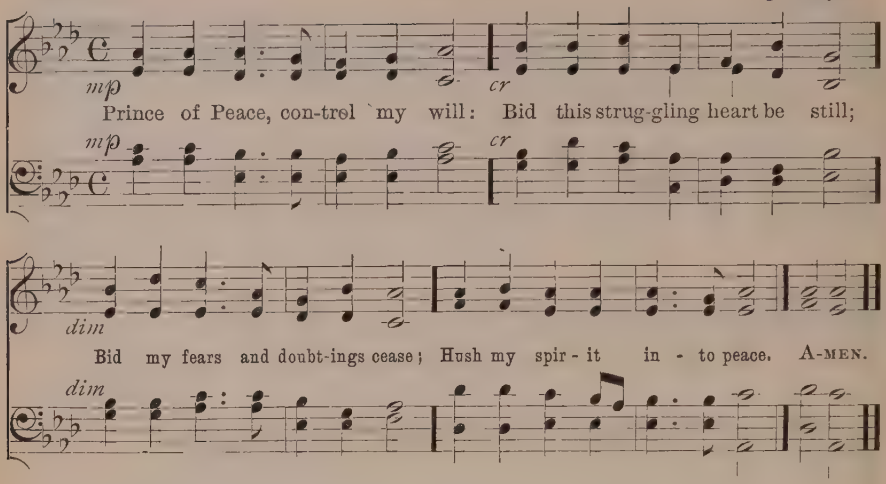
f 4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
cr Grant me now my soul's desire,
ff "None of self, and all of Thee."

T. Monod

613 (FIRST TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

ST. BEES
J. B. Dykes


mp
cr
Prince of Peace, con-trol my will: Bid this strug-gling heart be still;
dim
Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease; Hush my spir - it in - to peace. A-MEN.

mf 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
cr Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask; (*p*) but peace must be,
mf Lord, in being one with Thee.

mf 3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
May Thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

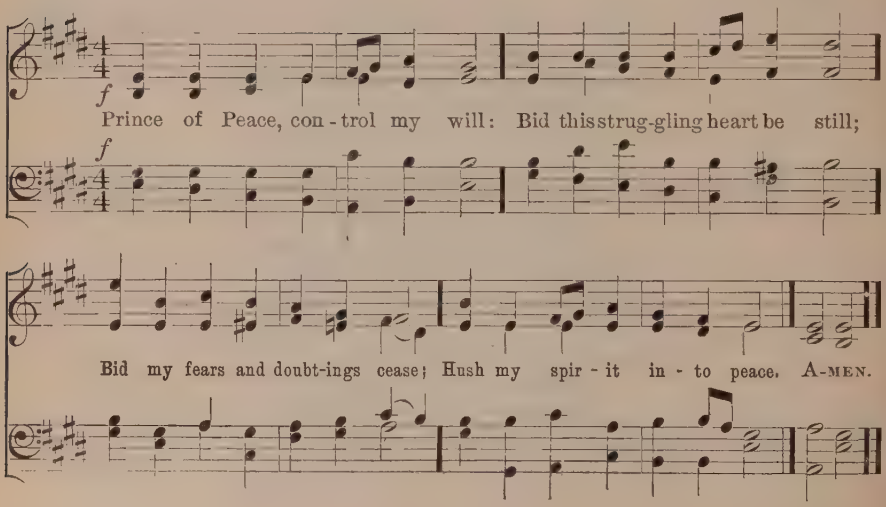
p 4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall;
cr Thou my life, my God, my all!
mf Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

M. A. L. Barber

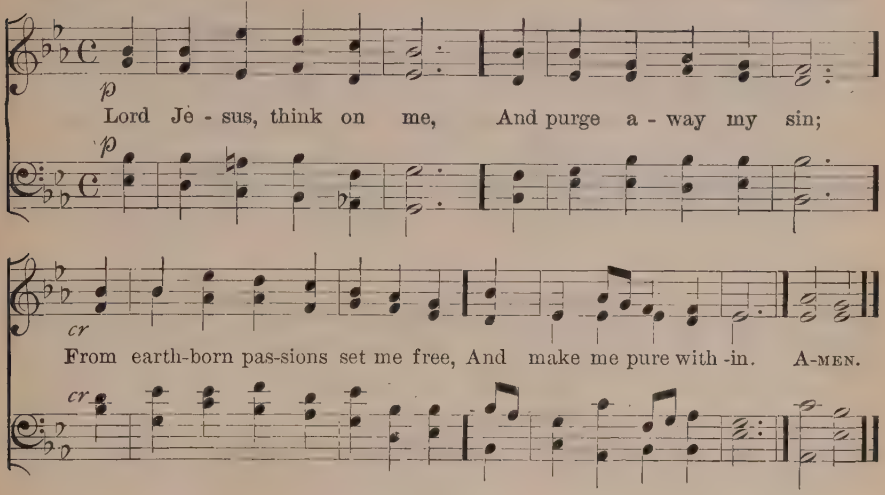
(SECOND TUNE)

7. 7. 7. 7.

POSEN
G. C. Strattner


f
Prince of Peace, con - trol my will: Bid this strug-gling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease; Hush my spir - it in - to peace. A-MEN.

614 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. NEWLANDS *H. J. Gauntlett*



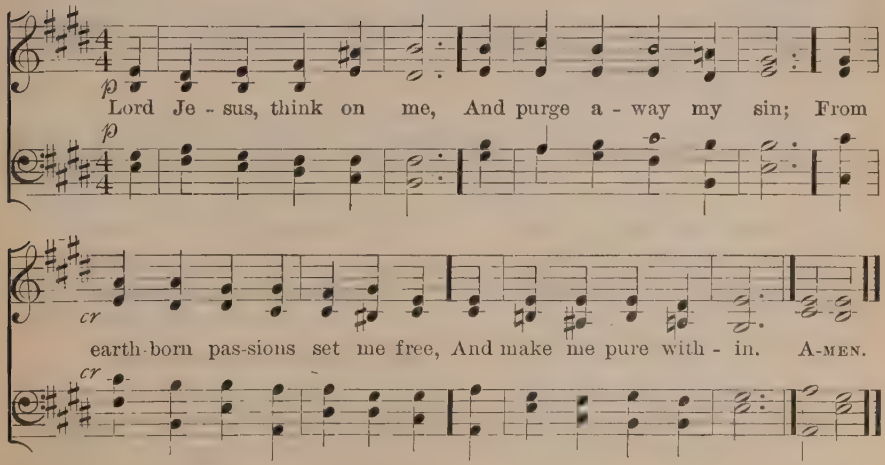
p 2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe opprest,
cr Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

mf 3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
cr Point Thou the heavenly way.

p 4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
cr I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

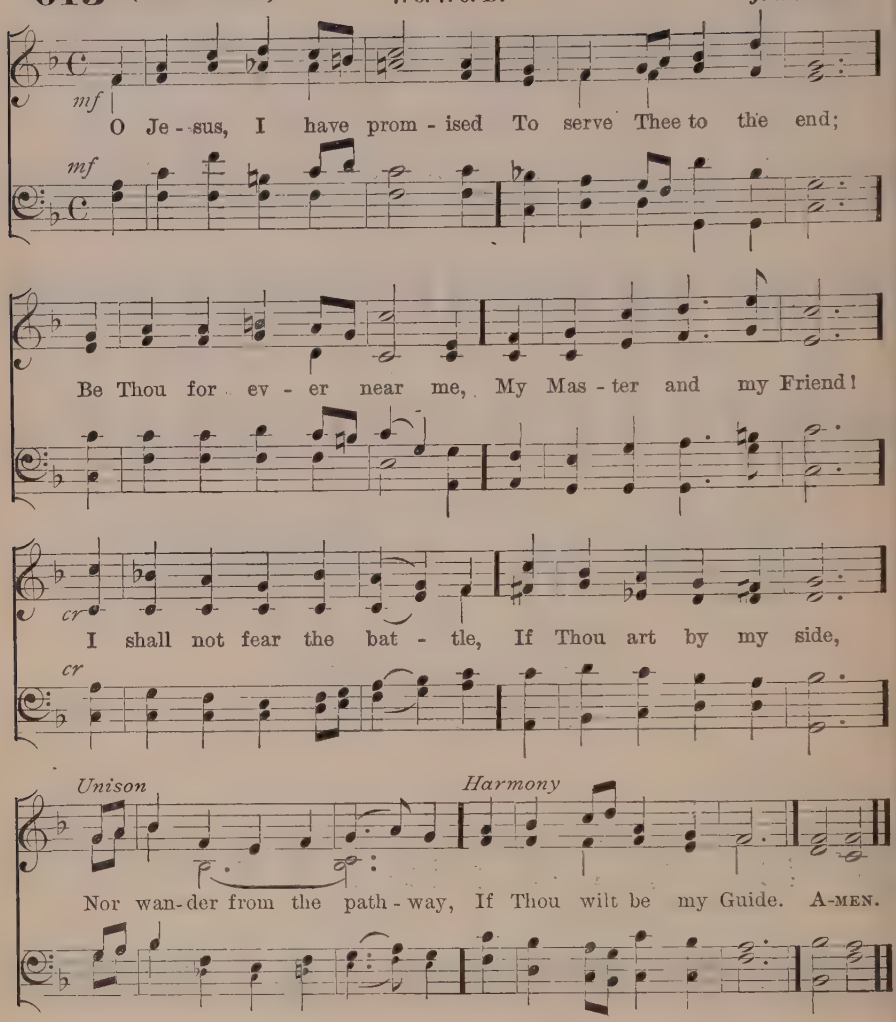
Synesius: TR. *A. W. Chatfield*

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. MOCCAS *A. R. Reinagle*



615 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

DAY OF REST
J. W. Elliott


mf
O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
mf
Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
cr
I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side,
cr
Unison
Harmony
Nor wan-der from the path - way, If Thou wilt be my Guide. A-MEN.

mf 2 O let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
p My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
cr But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

p 3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
mf O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control!
cr O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

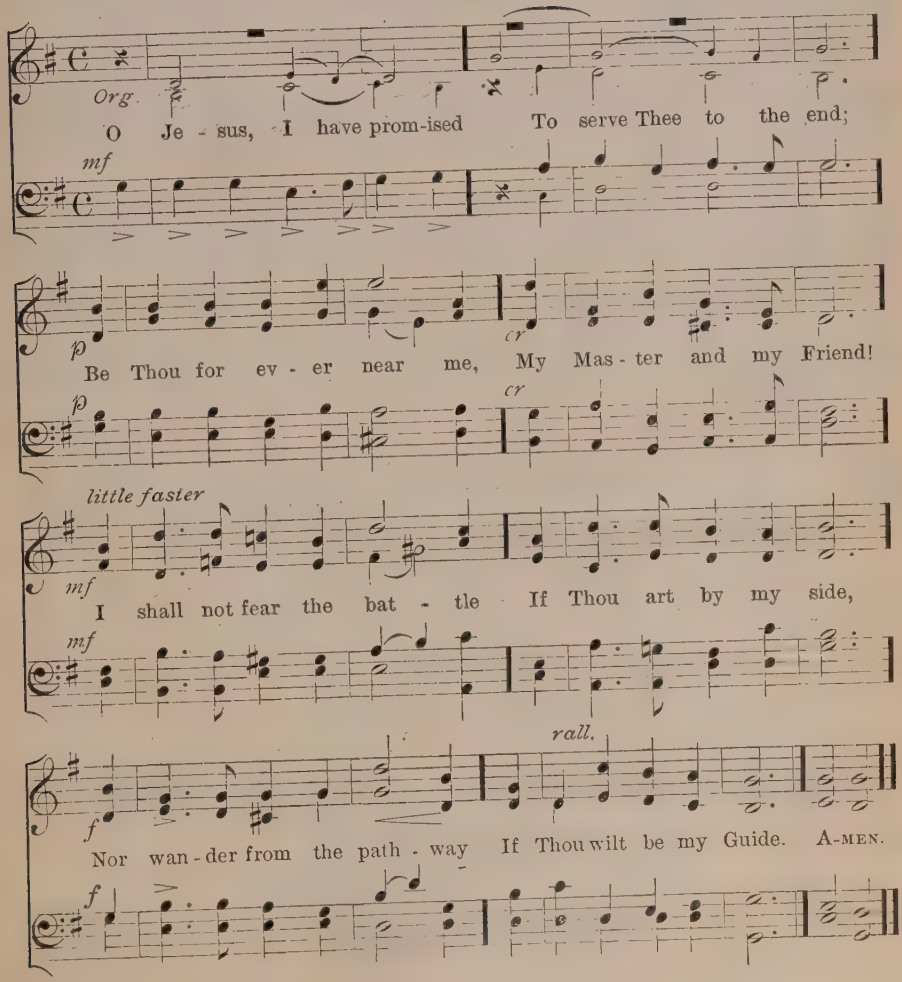
mf 4 O Jesus, Thou has promised
To all who follow Thee;
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
cr And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
p O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

p 5 O let me see Thy foot marks,
And in them plant my own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
cr O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
f At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

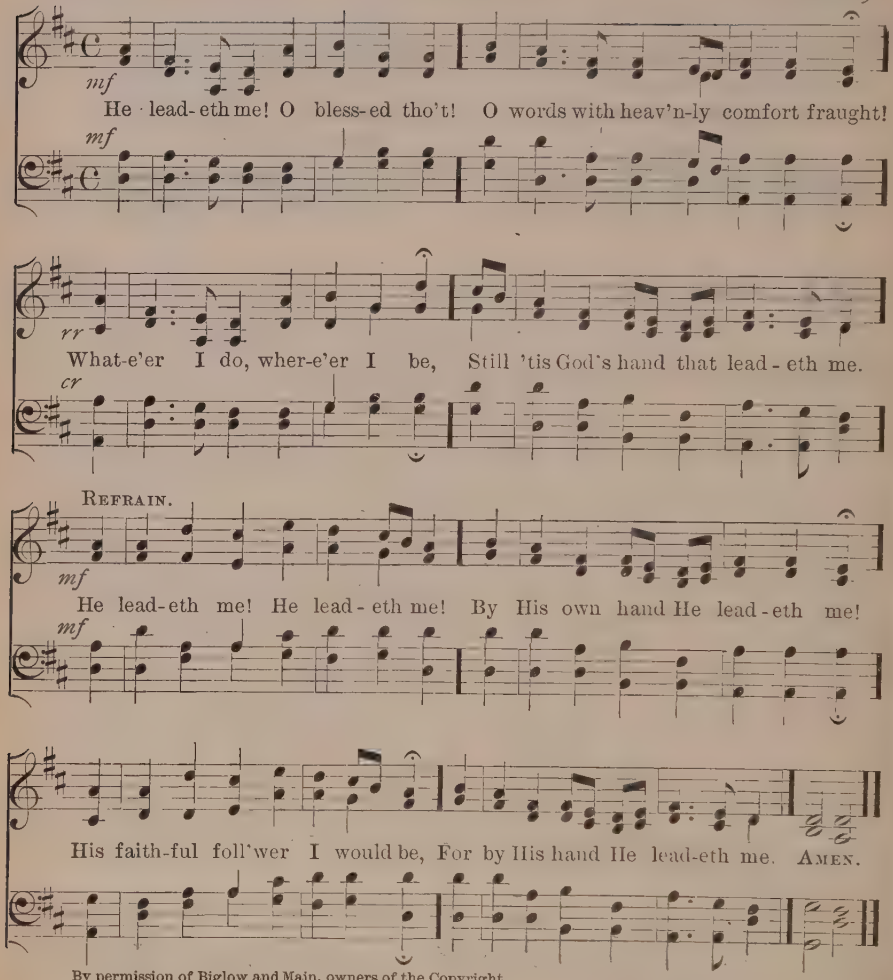
J. E. Bode

615 (SECOND TUNE) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

COME UNTO ME
J. B. Dykes


Org.
O Je - sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end;
mf
p
cr
Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
little faster
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
rall.
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide. A-MEN.

616 L. M. With Refrain. AUGHTON *W. B. Bradbury*


mf
He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'n-ly comfort fraught!
mf
rr
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
cr
REFRAIN.
mf
He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me!
mf
His faith-ful foll'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. AMEN.

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p 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, [bloom,
cr Sometimes where Eden's bowers
p By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
cr Still 't is His hand that leadeth me.
mf He leadeth me, etc.

mf 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

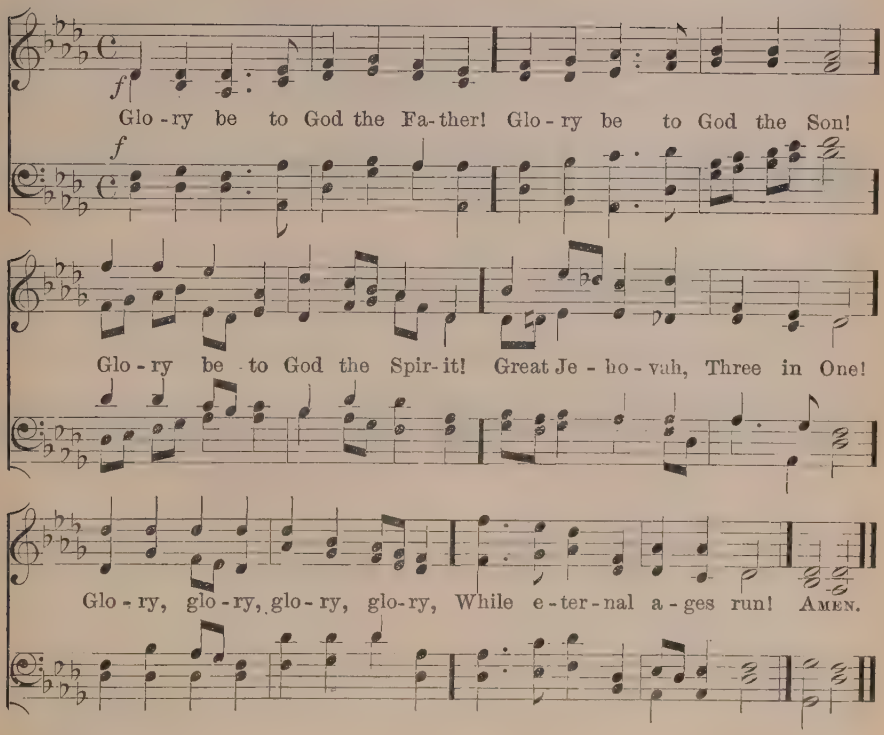
p 4 And when my task on earth is done
cr When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
p E'en death's cold wave (*cr*) I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

J. H. Gilmore

617

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

ST. PETER'S WESTMINSTER
J. Turle


Glo - ry be to God the Fa-ther! Glo - ry be to God the Son!
Glo - ry be to God the Spir-it! Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One!
Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo-ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run! AMEN.

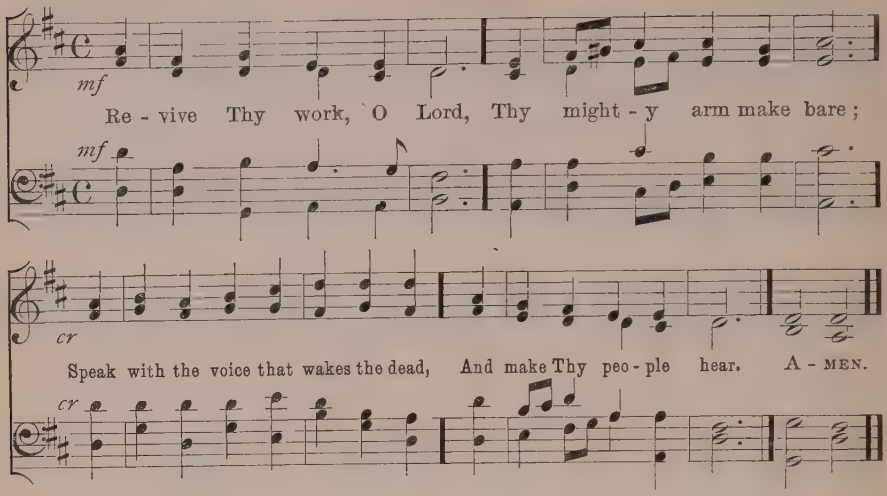
mf 2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,
p Washed us from each spot and stain!
cr Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

f 3 Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the Church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth your praises bring!
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

f 4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honour, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

H. Bonar

618 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. SWABIA *German*


mf
Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;
mf
cr
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear. A - MEN.
cr

mf 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
cr Quicken the smoldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

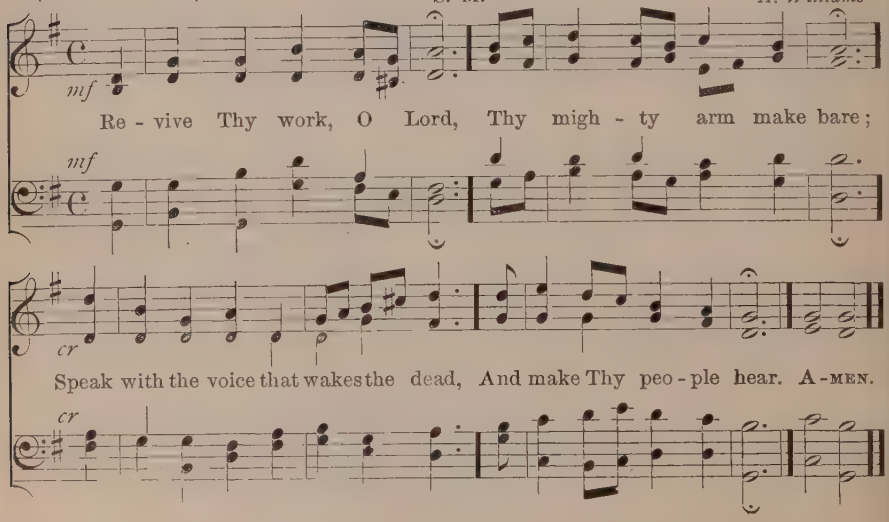
mf 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the Bread of life,
O may our spirits be!

mf 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

f 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

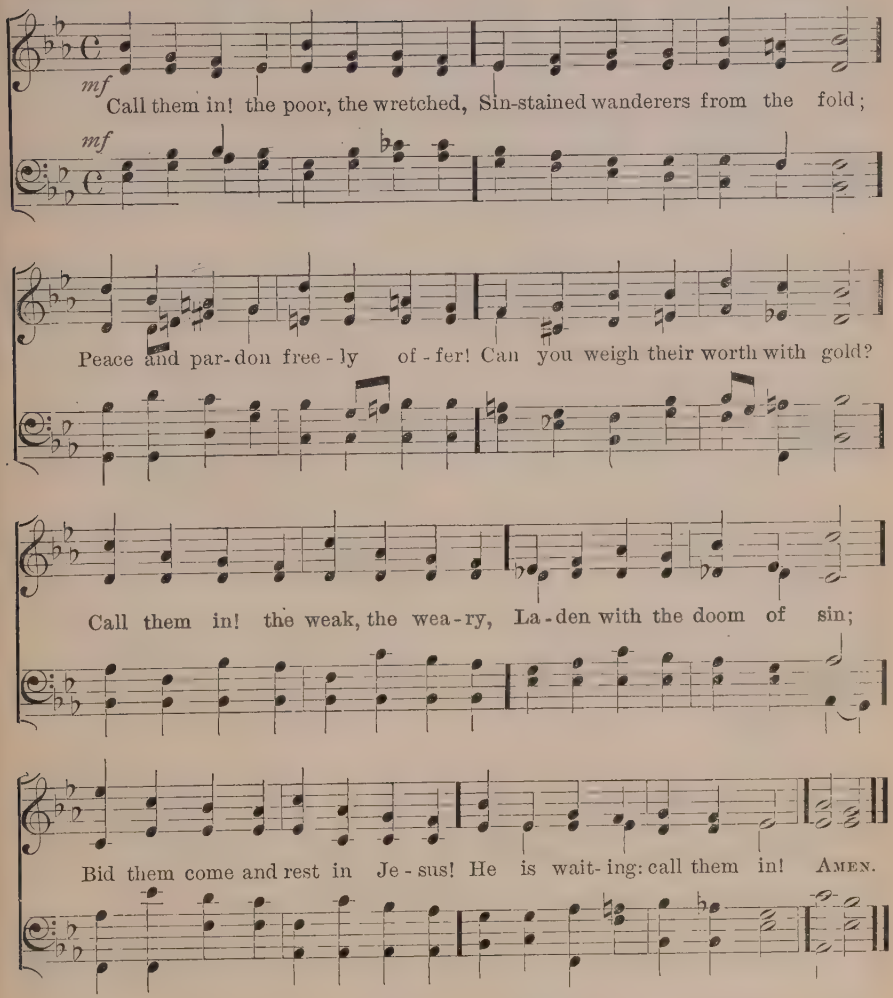
A. Midlane

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. ST. THOMAS *A. Williams*


mf
Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy migh - ty arm make bare;
mf
cr
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear. A - MEN.
cr

619 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

THE WISE MEN
B. Tours

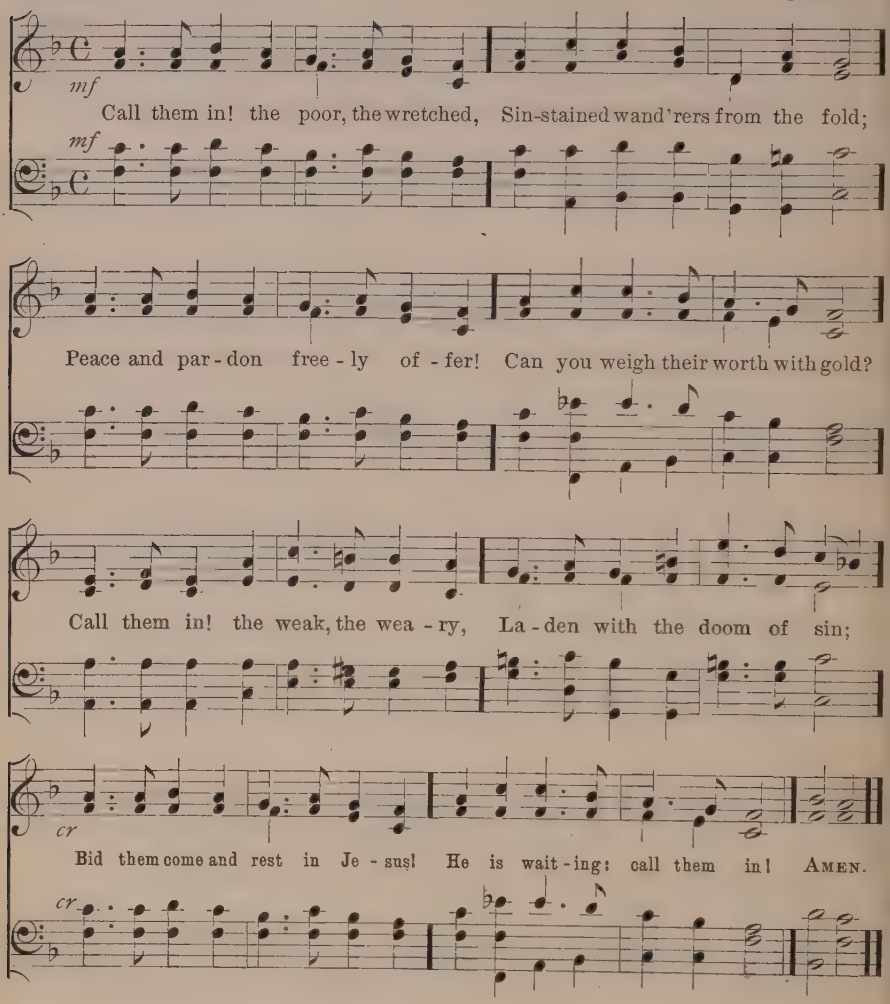

mf
Call them in! the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
mf
Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer! Can you weigh their worth with gold?
Call them in! the weak, the wea-ry, La-den with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Je-sus! He is wait-ing: call them in! AMEN.

mf 2 Call them in! the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast!
Call them in! the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and kiss of pardon,
Wait the lost ones; call them in!

mf 3 Call them in! (*p*) the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame:
Speak love's message low and tender!
cr 'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
p See the shadows lengthen round us
cr Soon the day-dawn will begin;
f Call them in! the lost and lonely:
Christ is coming; call them in!

A. Shipton

619 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. D. WESTON *J. E. Roe*


mf
Call them in! the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand'rers from the fold;
Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer! Can you weigh their worth with gold?
Call them in! the weak, the wea-ry, La-den with the doom of sin;
cr
Bid them come and rest in Je-sus! He is wait-ing: call them in! AMEN.

mf 2 Call them in! the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast!
Call them in! the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and kiss of pardon,
Wait the lost ones: call them in!

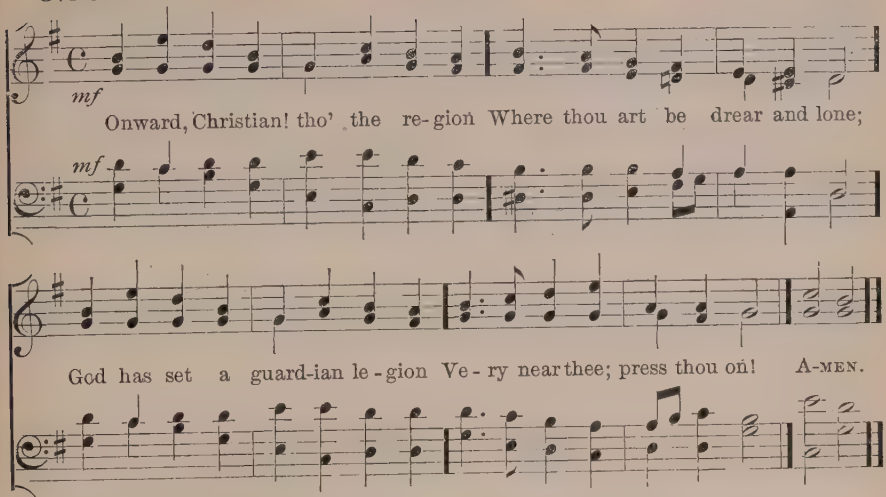
mf 3 Call them in! (*p*) the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message low and tender!
cr 'T was for sinners Jesus came.
p See the shadows lengthen round us
cr Soon the day-dawn will begin;
f Call them in! the lost and lonely:
Christ is coming: call them in!

A. Shipton

620 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

ONWARD
H. G. Trembath


mf
Onward, Christian! tho' the re-gion Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guard-ian le-gion Ve-ry near thee; press thou on! A-MEN.

p 2 Listen, Christian! (*cr*) their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee: "God is love:"
mf Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever; heaven's above."

p 3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
cr Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it; press thou on!

mf 4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace,
While it needs thee; O no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release!

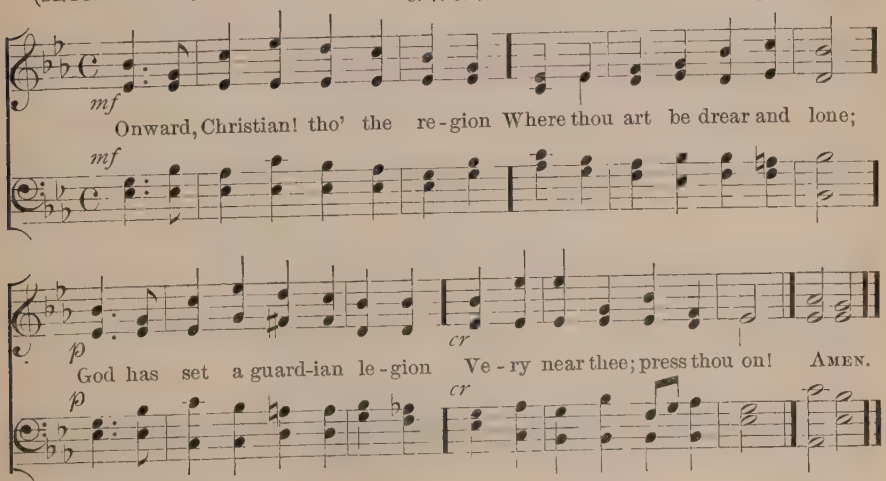
mf 5 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done."

S. Johnson

(SECOND TUNE)

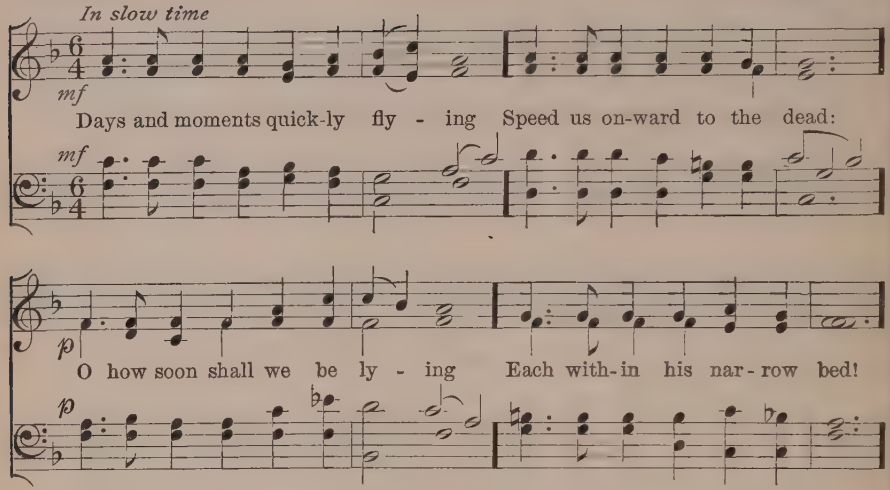
8. 7. 8. 7.

ST. OSWALD
J. B. Dykes


mf
Onward, Christian! tho' the re-gion Where thou art be drear and lone;
p
cr
God has set a guard-ian le-gion Ve-ry near thee; press thou on! AMEN.

621 8. 7. 8. 7.

ST. SYLVESTER
J. B. Dykes


In slow time
mf
Days and moments quick-ly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead:
mf
p
O how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with-in his nar-row bed!
p

mf 2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
cr Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice!

p 3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
cr To inherit bliss unending
p Or eternity of woe.*

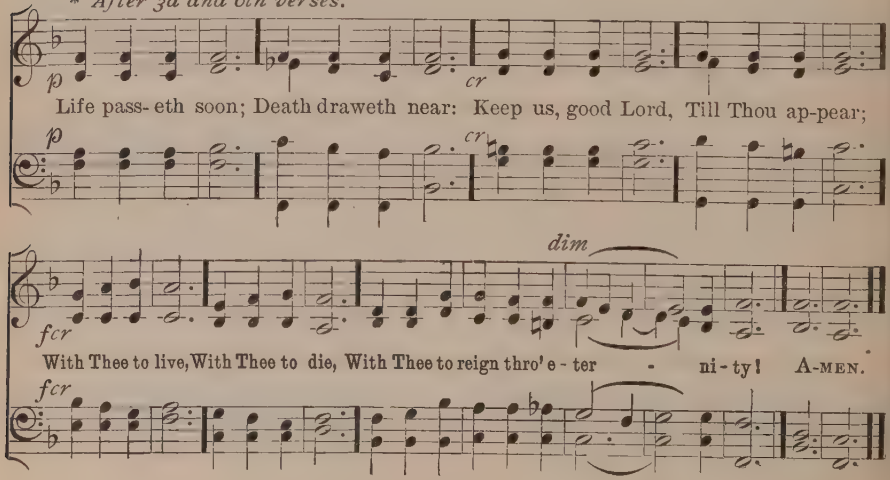
p 4 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies:
For the bygone years retreating.
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

mf 5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin;
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

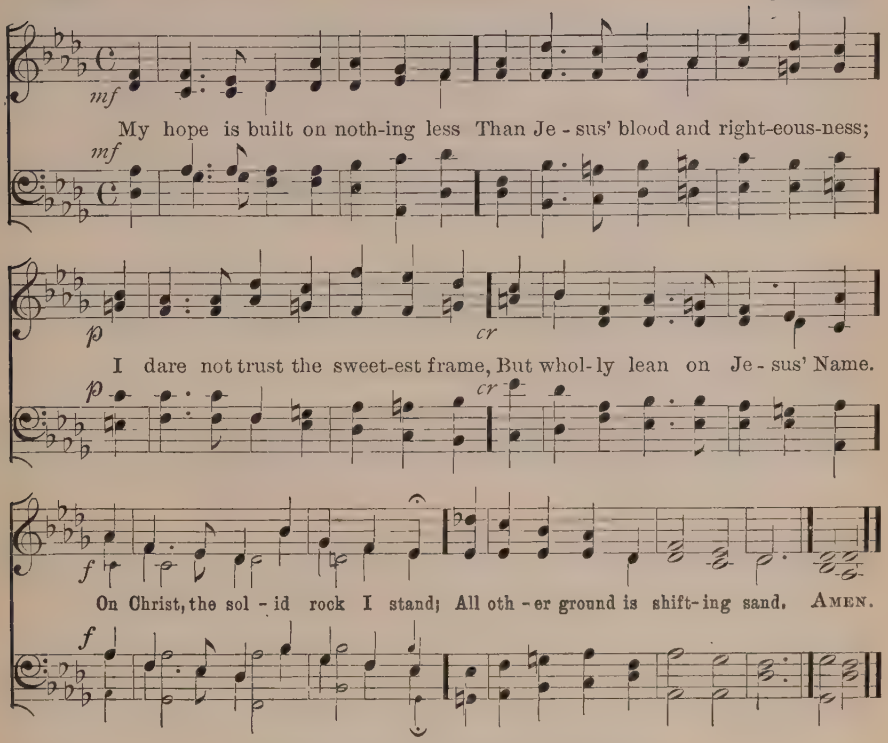
p 6 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
cr Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.*

E. Caswall

* *After 3d and 6th verses.*


p
cr
Life pass-eth soon; Death draweth near: Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou ap-pear;
p
cr
dim
fcr
With Thee to live, With Thee to die, With Thee to reign thro' e - ter - ni - ty! A-MEN.
fcr

622 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. ALL SAINTS *J. Stainer*


mf
My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
mf
p
cr
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' Name.
p
cr
f
On Christ, the sol - id rock I stand; All oth - er ground is shift-ing sand. AMEN.
f

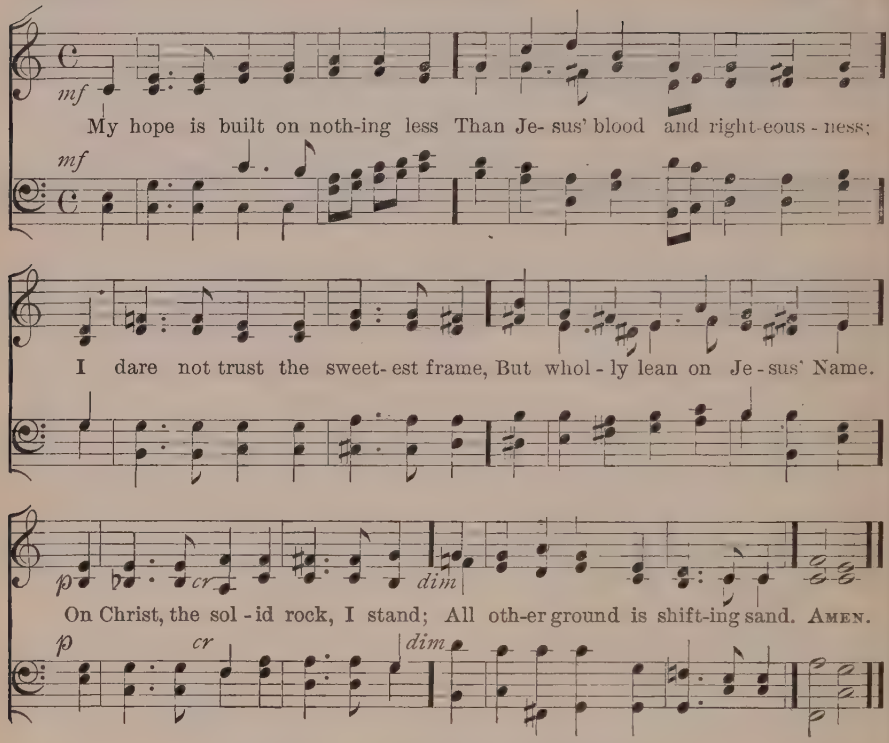
p 2 When clouds and darkness veil His face,
cr I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.
mf On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

mf 3 His word, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
p When all around my soul gives way,
cr He then is all my hope and stay.
mf On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

p 4 When He shall come, with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found!
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
cr On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is shifting sand.

E. Mote

622 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. MELITA *J. B. Dykes*


mf
My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je- sus' blood and right-eous - ness;
mf
I dare not trust the sweet- est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' Name.
p
cr
dim
On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is shift-ing sand. AMEN.
p
cr
dim

p 2 When clouds and darkness veil His face,
cr I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.
mf On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

mf 3 His word, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
p When all around my soul gives way,
cr He then is all my hope and stay.
mf On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

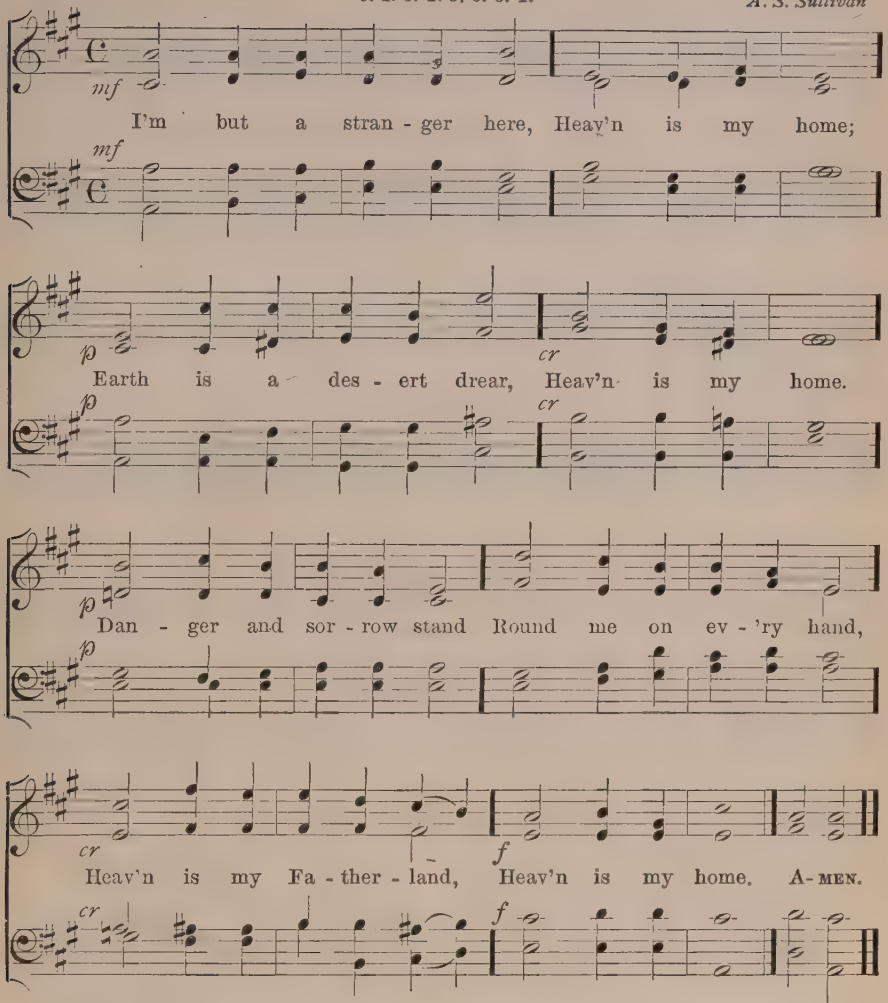
p 4 When He shall come, with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found!
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
cr On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is shifting sand.

E. Mote

623

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

ST. EDMUND
A. S. Sullivan

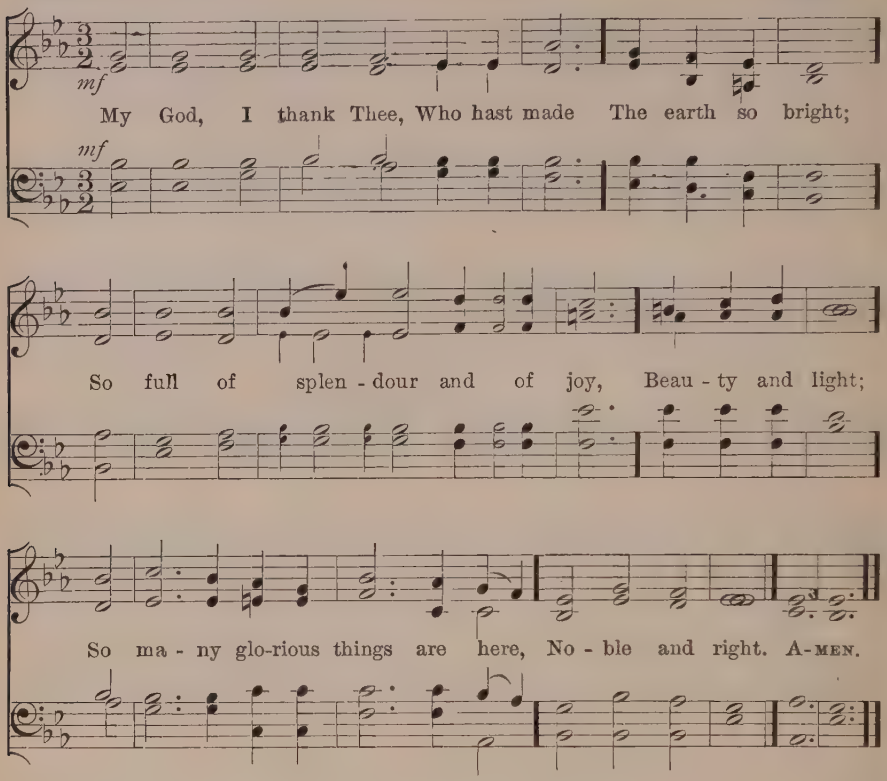


f 2 What though the tempest rage
Heaven is my home;
mf Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
cr And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over-past;
f I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

mf 3 Therefore, I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
cr And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
f Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

T. R. Taylor

624 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 4. CARROW *A. S. Sullivan*


mf
My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright;
mf
So full of splen - dour and of joy, Beau - ty and light;
So ma - ny glo-rious things are here, No - ble and right. A-MEN.

mf 2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round.
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

mf 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
p That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
mf So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

p 4 For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
cr So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

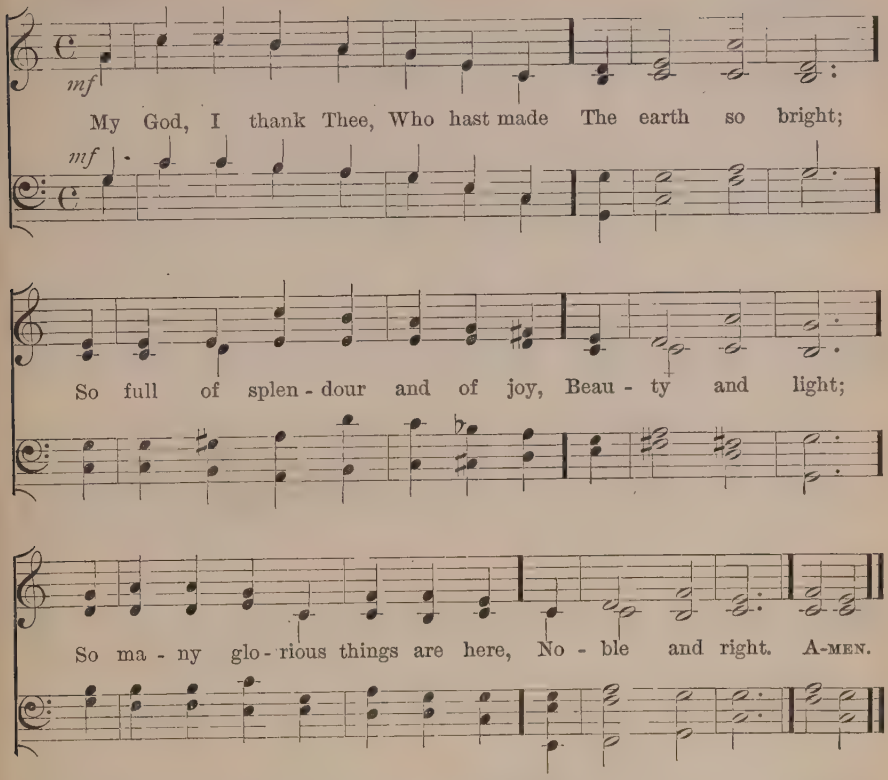
f 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
The best in store; [kept
mf We have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

mf 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
p Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

A. A. Procter

624 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 4.

WENTWORTH
F. C. Maker


mf
My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright;
mf
So full of splen - dour and of joy, Beau - ty and light;
So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right. A-MEN.

mf 2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round.
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

mf 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
p That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
mf So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

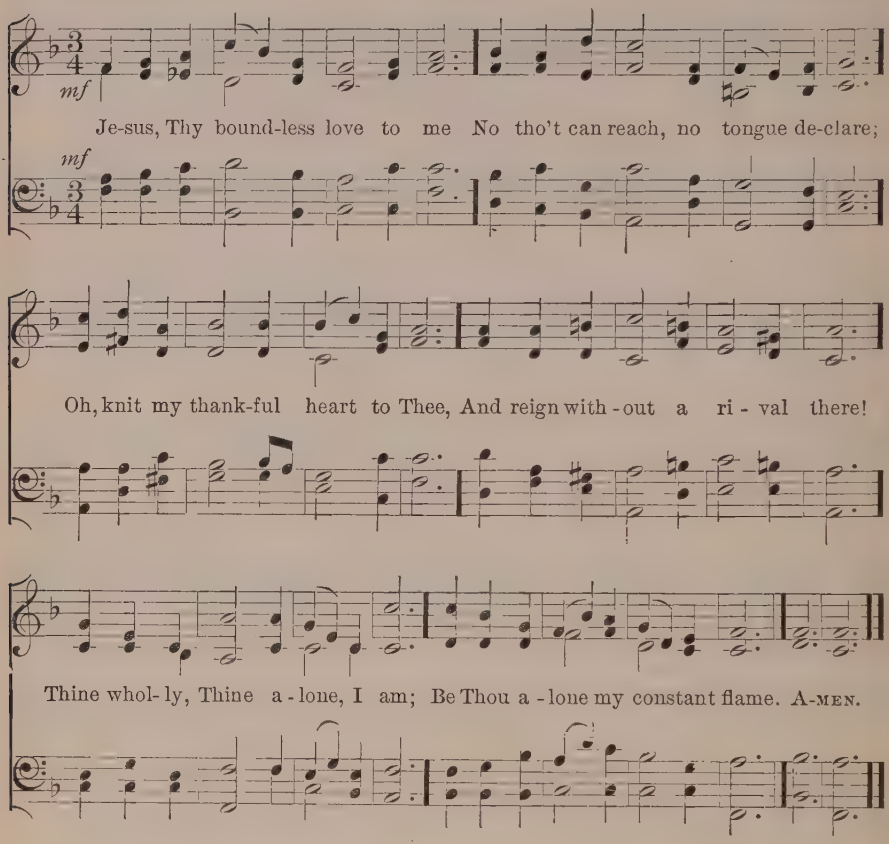
p 4 For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
cr So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

f 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
The best in store; [kept
mf We have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

mf 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
p Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

A. A. Procter

625 (FIRST TUNE) 8 8 8. 8. 8. 8. PATER OMNIUM
H. J. E. Holmes


mf
Je-sus, Thy bound-less love to me No tho't can reach, no tongue de-clare;
mf
Oh, knit my thank-ful heart to Thee, And reign with-out a ri - val there!
Thine whol-ly, Thine a-lone, I am; Be Thou a-lone my constant flame. A-MEN.

mf 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone!
cr O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
May every act, word, thought, be love!

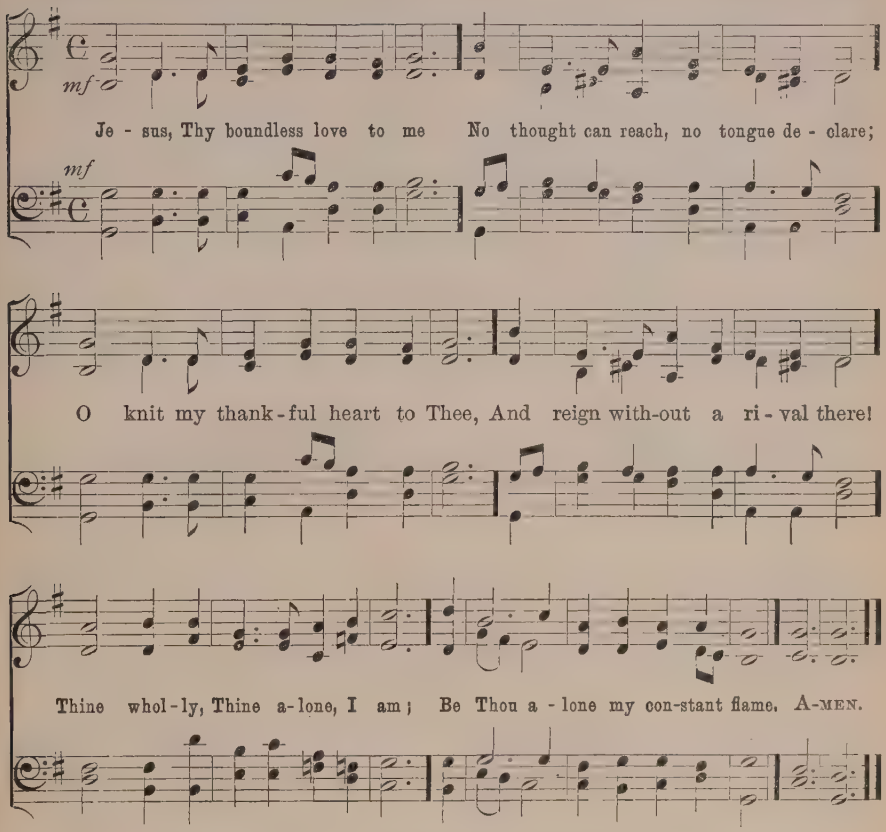
mf 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
p Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
cr Where'er thy healing beams a-
f O Jesus, nothing may I see, (rise.
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

mf 4 Still let Thy love point out my way! [hath wrought!
What wondrous things Thy love
Still lead me lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
p And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

mf 5 In suffering, (*cr*) be Thy love my peace;
p In weakness, (*cr*) be Thy love my power;
p And when the storms of life shall cease:
Jesus, in that dark, final hour
Of death, be Thou my Guide and Friend,
cr That I may love Thee without end.

P. Gerhardt: TR. *J. Wesley.*

625 (SECOND TUNE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. COLERAINE *Melody from "La Scala Santa"*


mf
Je - sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare;
mf
O knit my thank-ful heart to Thee, And reign with-out a ri - val there!
Thine whol-ly, Thine a-lone, I am; Be Thou a - lone my con-stant flame. A-MEN.

mf 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone!
cr O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
May every act, word, thought, be love!

mf 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
p Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
cr Where'er thy healing beams a-
f O Jesus, nothing may I see, (rise.
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

mf 4 Still let Thy love point out my way! [hath wrought!
What wondrous things Thy love
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
p And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

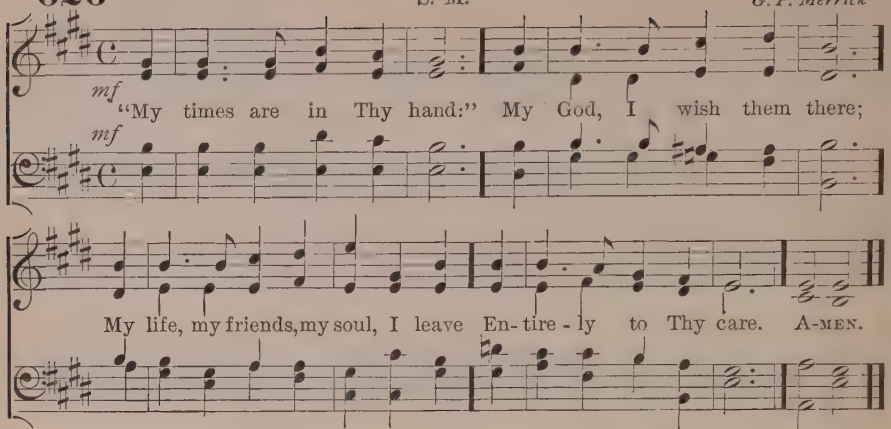
mf 5 In suffering, (*cr*) be Thy love my peace,
p In weakness, (*cr*) be Thy love my power;
p And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that dark, final hour
Of death, be Thou my Guide and Friend,
cr That I may love Thee without end.

P. Gerhardt: TR. *J. Wesley.*

626

S. M.

ALDERSGATE
G. P. Merrick



mf 2 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

mf 3 "My times are in Thy hand:"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

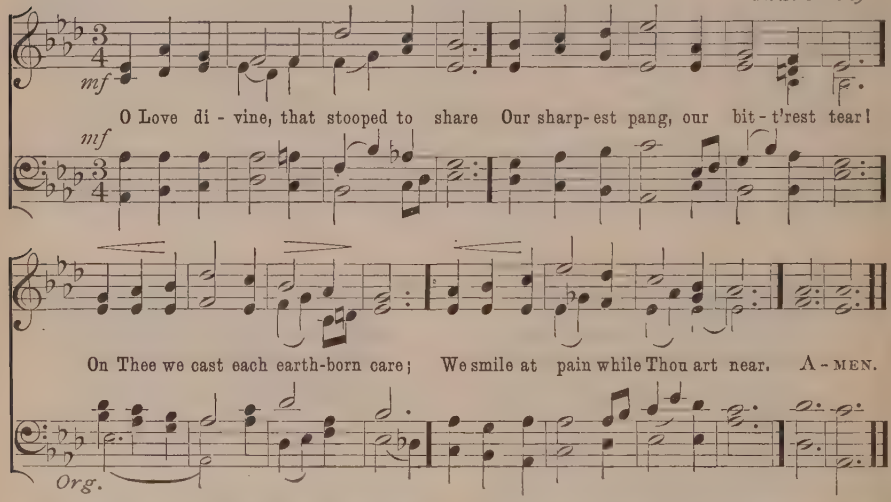
mf 4 "My times are in Thy hand,"
p Jesus, the Crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
cr Is now my guard and guide.

W. F. Lloyd

627

L. M.

ABENDS
H. S. Oakeley


mf
O Love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit-t'rest tear!
mf
On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near. A-MEN.
Org.

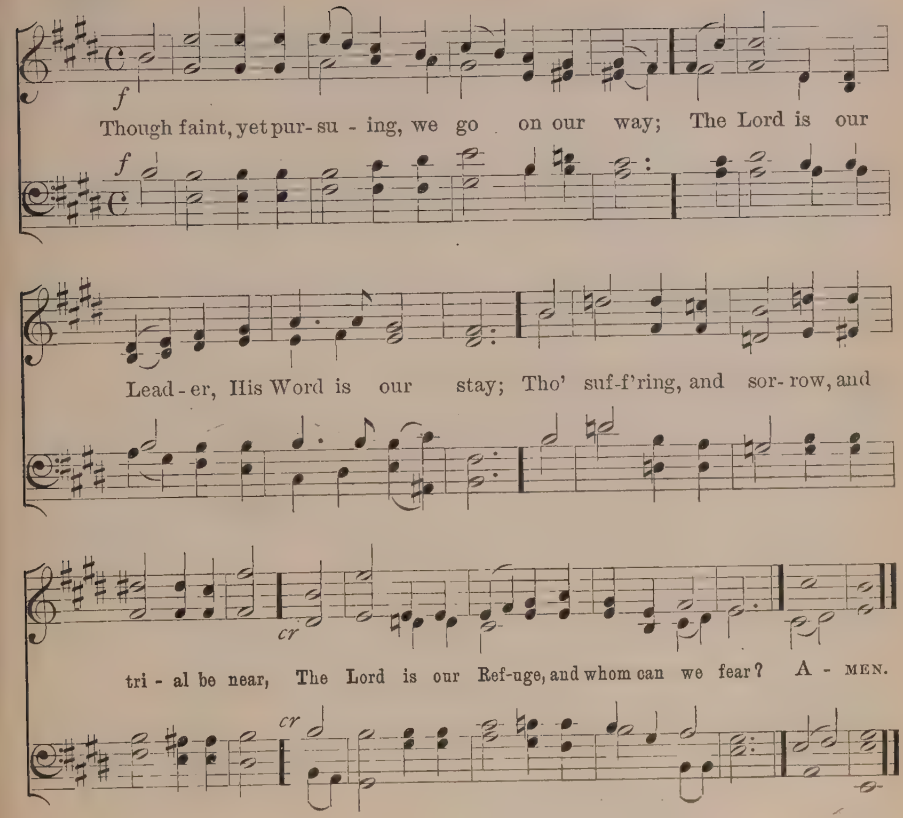
p 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
cr No path we shun, no darkness dread, [near.
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art

p 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

mf 4 On Thee we rest our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
p Content to suffer (*cr*) while we know,
Living and dying (*f*) Thou art near.

O. W. Holmes

628 (FIRST TUNE) 11. 11. 11. 11. FOUNDATION *H. W. Parker*


Though faint, yet pur- su - ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our
Lead - er, His Word is our stay; Tho' suf-f'ring, and sor- row, and
tri - al be near, The Lord is our Ref-uge, and whom can we fear? A - MEN.

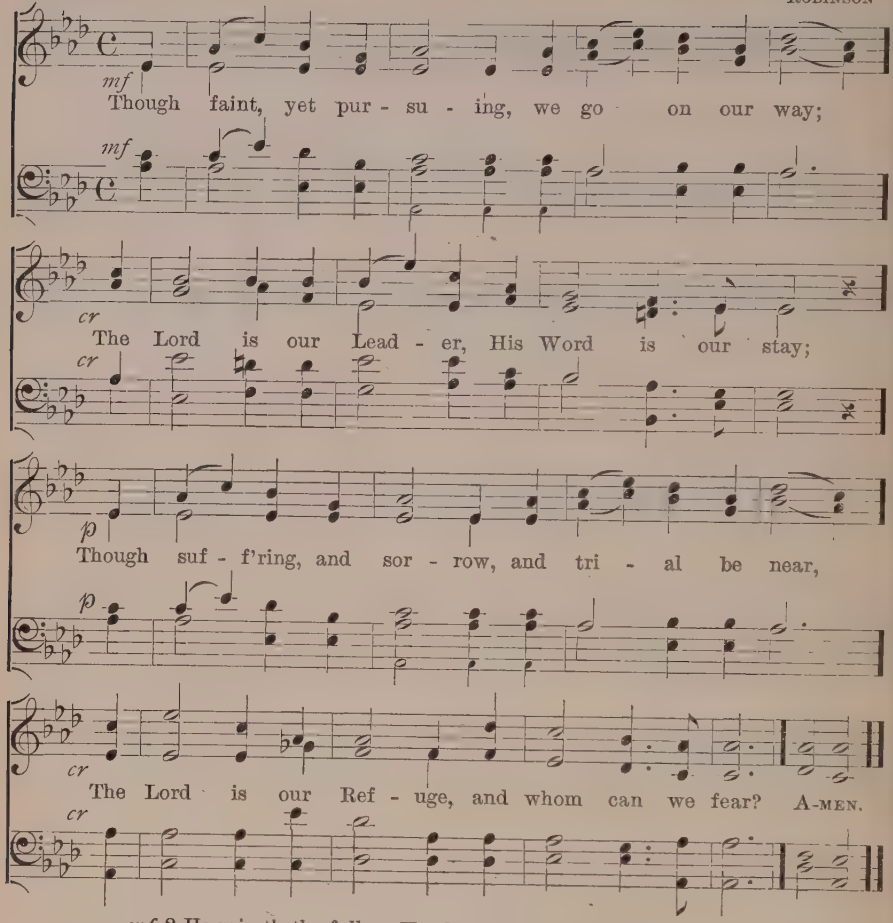
mf 2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;
p The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? (*f*) Our help is in God!

p 3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert, how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears.
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

p 4 Though clouds may surround us, (*cr*) our God is our light;
p Though storms rage around us, (*cr*) our God is our might;
mf So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
mf The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

J. N. Darby

628 (SECOND TUNE) 11 11. 11. 11. ROBINSON


mf
Though faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way;
cr
The Lord is our Lead - er, His Word is our stay;
p
Though suf - f'ring, and sor - row, and tri - al be near,
cr
The Lord is our Ref - uge, and whom can we fear? A-MEN.

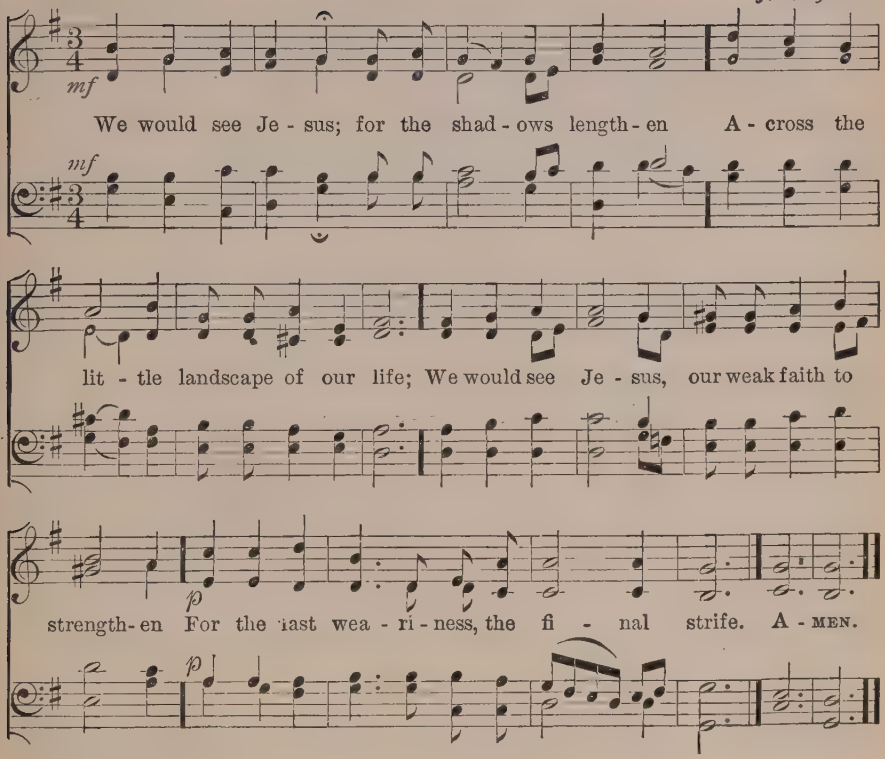
mf 2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;
p The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
cr But how can we falter? (*f*) Our help is in God!

p 3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert, how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears.
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

p 4 Though clouds may surround us, (*cr*) our God is our light;
p Though storms rage around us, (*cr*) our God is our might;
mf So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
f The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

J. N. Darby

629 11. 10. 11. 10. VISIO DOMINI *J. B. Dykes*


mf
We would see Je - sus; for the shad - ows length - en A - cross the
mf
lit - tle landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to
p
strength - en For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife. A - MEN.
p

f 2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

mp 3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
p The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:
cr We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

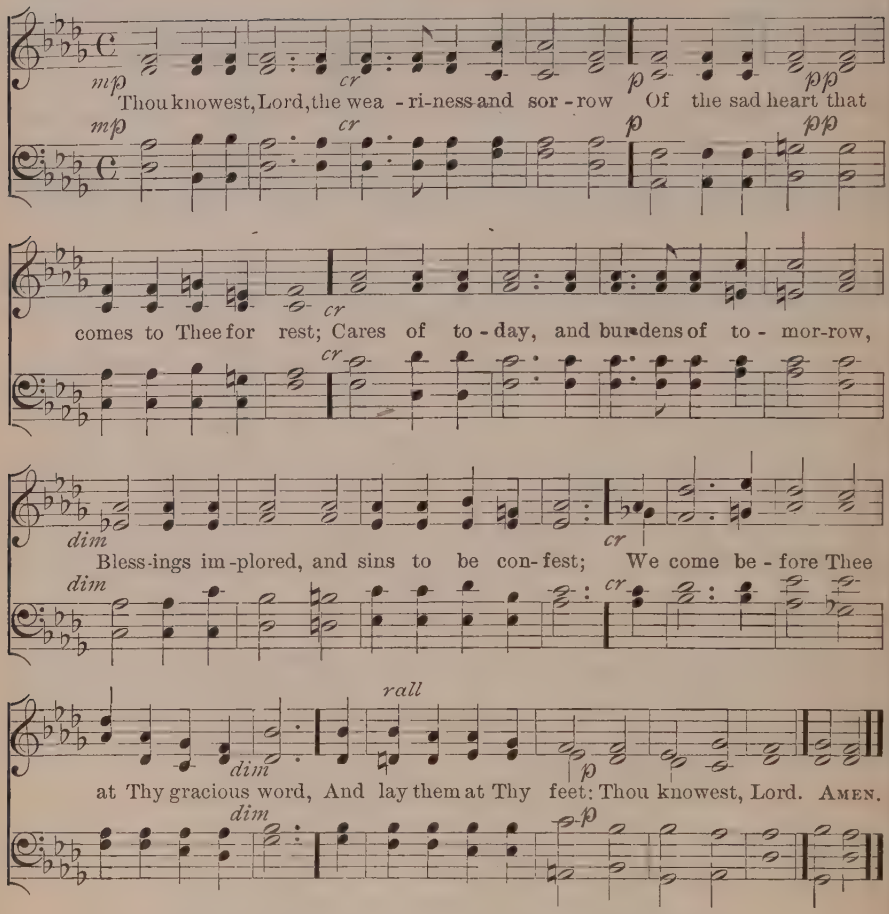
p 4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
cr Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

p 5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
cr We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
p What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

f 6 We would see Jesus: this is all we 're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
ff Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

A. B. Warner

630 11. 10. 11. 10. 10. 10. DOMINUS MISERICORDIÆ *J. Stainer*


mp
cr
p
pp
Thou knowest, Lord, the wea - ri-ness and sor - row Of the sad heart that
comes to Thee for rest; Cares of to - day, and bur-dens of to - mor-row,
dim
Bless-ings im-plored, and sins to be con-fest; We come be - fore Thee
rall
at Thy gracious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord. AMEN.

mp 2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wand'rer strayed;
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid;
p And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain
cr And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

mf 3 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned, of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear;
p All pensive mem'ries, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

mf 4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,

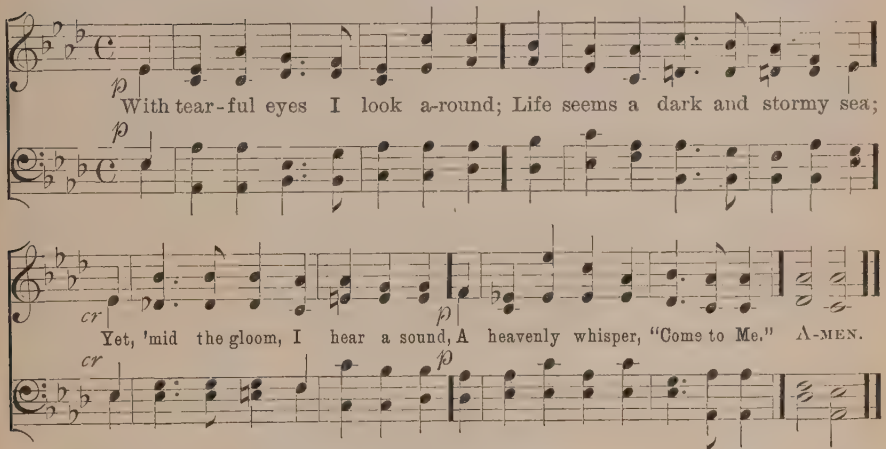
pp And the dark river to be crossed at last,
cr O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this? Thou knowest, Lord.

mf 5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
p O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
cr And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

mf 6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
cr Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,
f And follow on to know as we are known.

J. Borthwick

631 L. M. THIRSK *W. A. Wrigley*


p
With tear-ful eyes I look a-round; Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
p
cr
p
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me." A-MEN.
cr
p

mf 2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

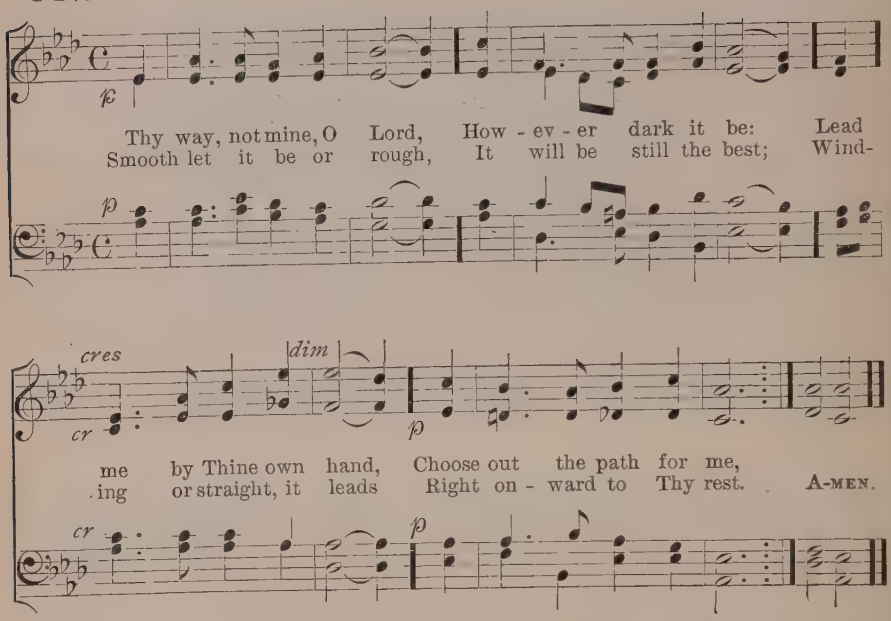
mf 3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
p Earth is no resting place for thee;
cr To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; Come to Me."

mf 4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
p In conflict, grief, and agony,
cr Support me, cheer me from above:
p And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

G. Elliott

632 (FIRST TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

HESLINGTON
F. Peel


Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be: Lead
Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best; Wind-
me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me,
ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to Thy rest. A-MEN.

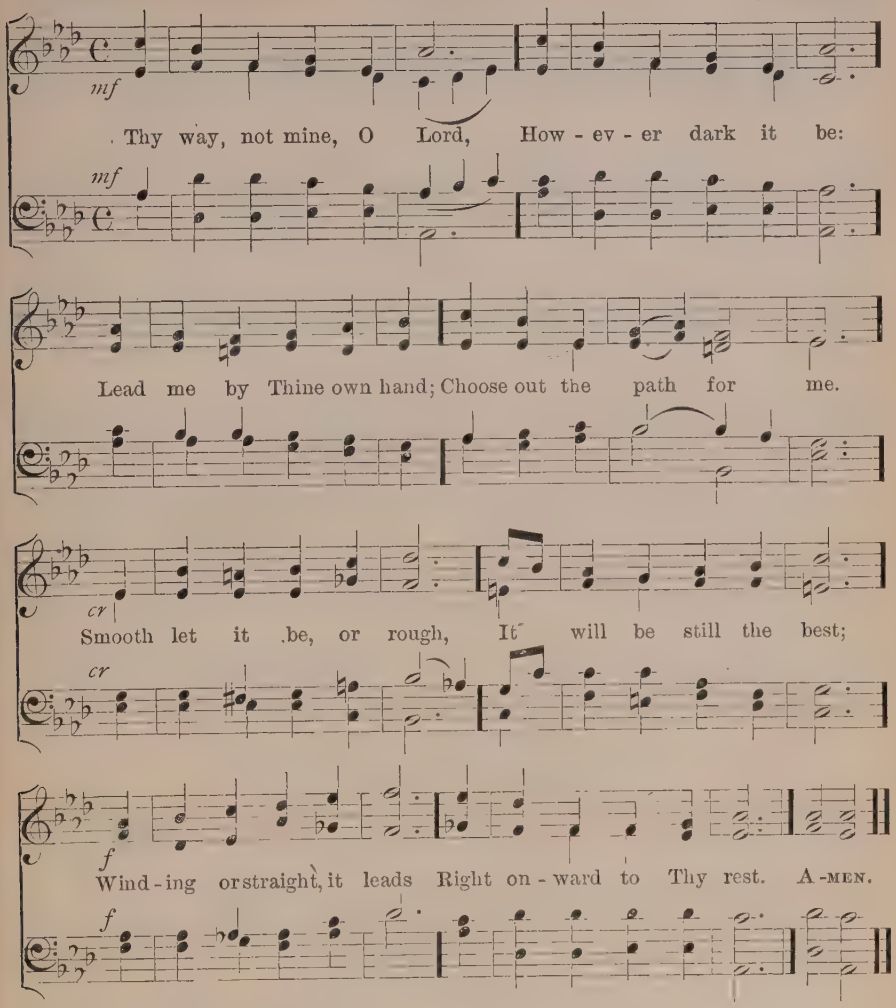
p 2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
mf Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill,

mf 3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
p Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
mf Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
cr Be Thou my Guide, my Strength
f My Wisdom, and my All.

H. Bonar

632 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

BLESSED HOME
J. Stainer

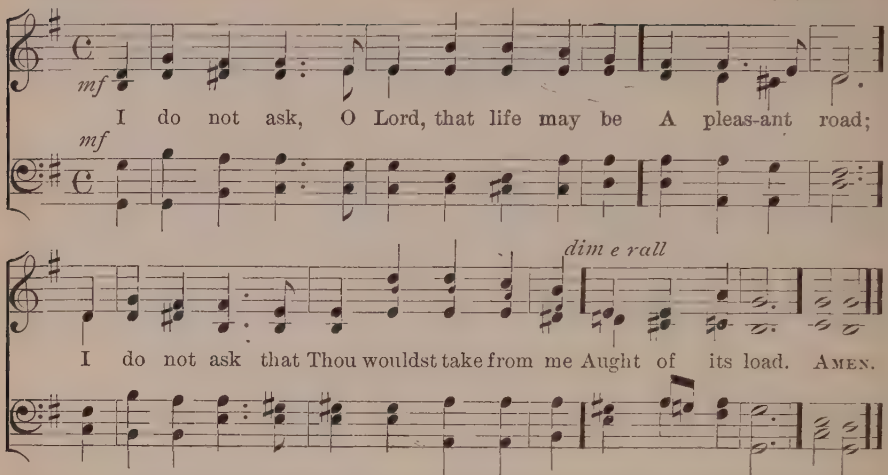

mf
Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be:
mf
Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me.
cr
Smooth let it be, or rough, It will be still the best;
cr
f
Wind - ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to Thy rest. A - MEN.
f

p 2 I dare not choose may lot;
I would not, if I might;
mf Choose Thou for me, my God:
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee my seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

mf 3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
p Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
mf Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
cr Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
f My Wisdom, and my All.

H. Bonar

633 (FIRST TUNE) 10. 4. 10. 4. PER PACEM *G. C. Martin*


mf
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas-ant road;
mf
dim e rall
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load. AMEN.

mf 2 I do not ask that flowers should always
Beneath my feet; [spring
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

mf 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I
Lead me aright, [plead:
p Though strength should falter and
though heart should bleed,
cr Through peace to light.

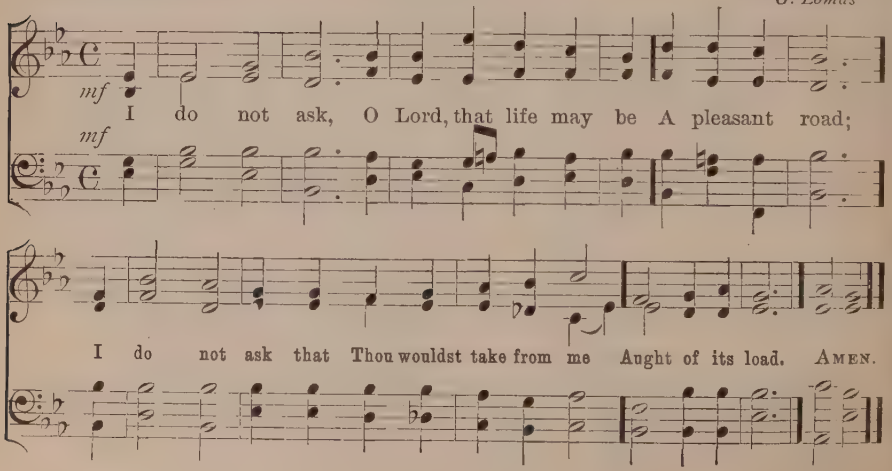
mf 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst
Full radiance here; [shed
p Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

mf *p* 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
cr Better in darkness just to feel Thy
hand,
And follow Thee.

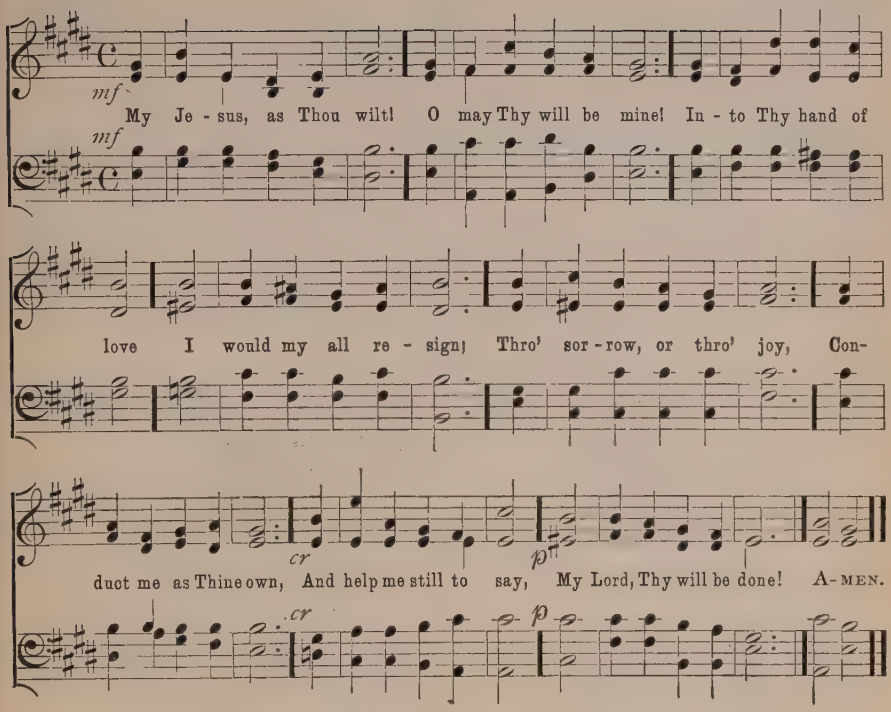
mf 6 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
p Like quiet night.
cr Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

A. A. Procter

(SECOND TUNE) 10. 4. 10. 4. SUBMISSION *G. Lomas*



634 6. 6. 6. 6. D. RESIGNATION *C. E. Kettle*


mf
My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of
mf
love I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con-
cr
p
duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A - MEN.
cr
p

mf 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
p Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee:
My Lord, Thy will be done!

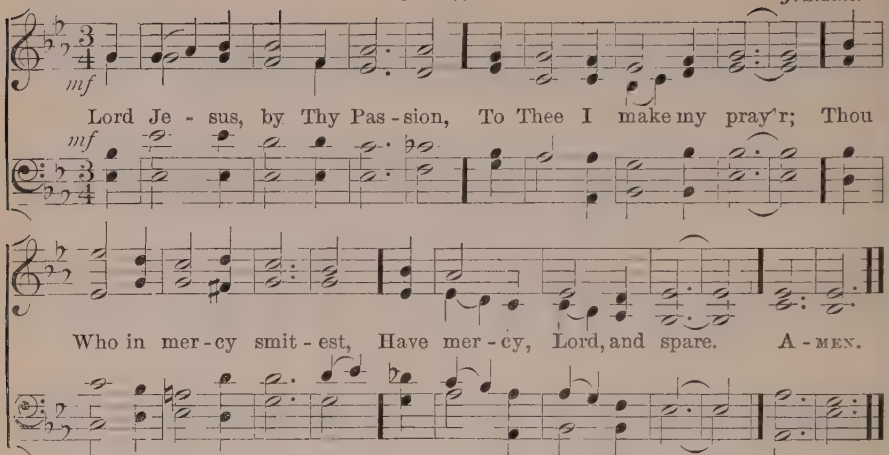
mf 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
cr All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

B. Schmolck: TR. *J. Borthwick*

635

7. 6 7. 6.

St. Giles
J. Stainer



cr 2 O wash me in the fountain
That floweth from Thy side!
O clothe me in the raiment
Thy blood hath purified!

mf 3 O hold Thou up my goings,
And lead from strength to strength,
cr That unto Thee in Sion
I may appear at length!

mf 4 O hearken to my knocking,
And open wide the door,
That I may enter freely
And never leave Thee more!

p 5 O bring me, loving Jesus,
To that most blessèd place,
Where angels and archangels
Look ever on Thy face;

cr 6 Where gladsome Alleluias
f Unceasingly resound;
Where martyrs, now triumphant,
Walk robed in white and crowned!

mf 7 O make my spirit worthy
To join that ransomed throng!
O teach my lips to utter
cr That everlasting song!

p 8 O give that last, best blessing,
That even saints can know,
cr To follow in Thy footsteps
Wherever Thou dost go!

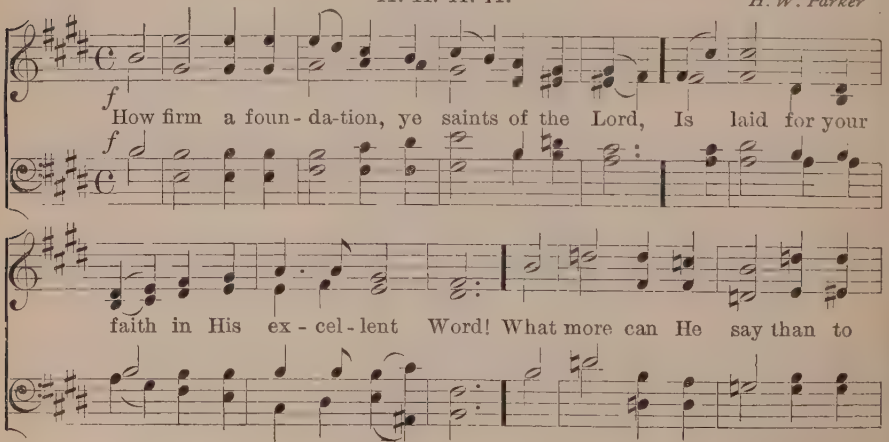
mf 9 Not wisdom, might or glory,
I ask to win above;
cr I ask for Thee, Thee only,
O Thou eternal love!

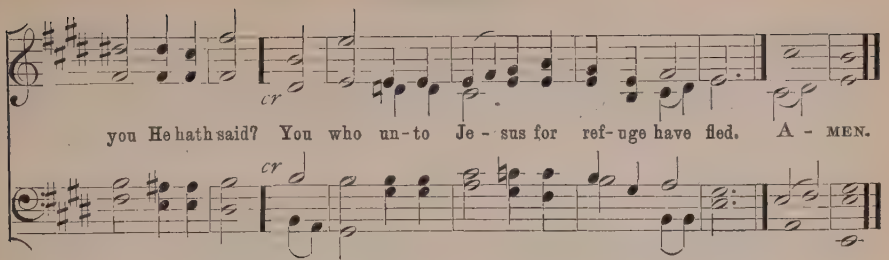
R. F. Littledale

636 (FIRST TUNE)

11. 11. 11. 11.

Foundation
H. W. Parker





mf 2 Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

♭ 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
cr For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

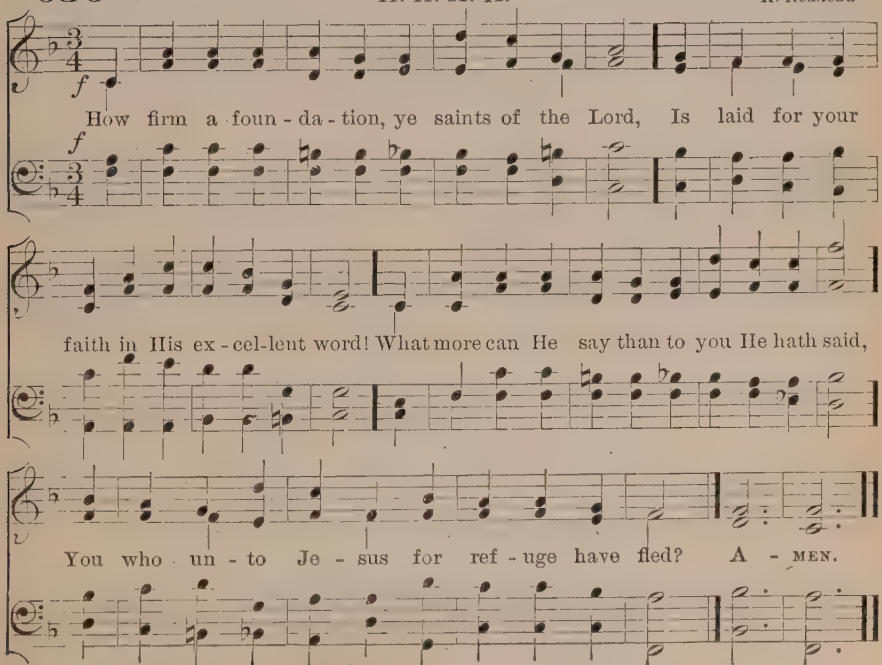
p 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
cr My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and Thy gold to refine.

mf 5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
cr I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
ff I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

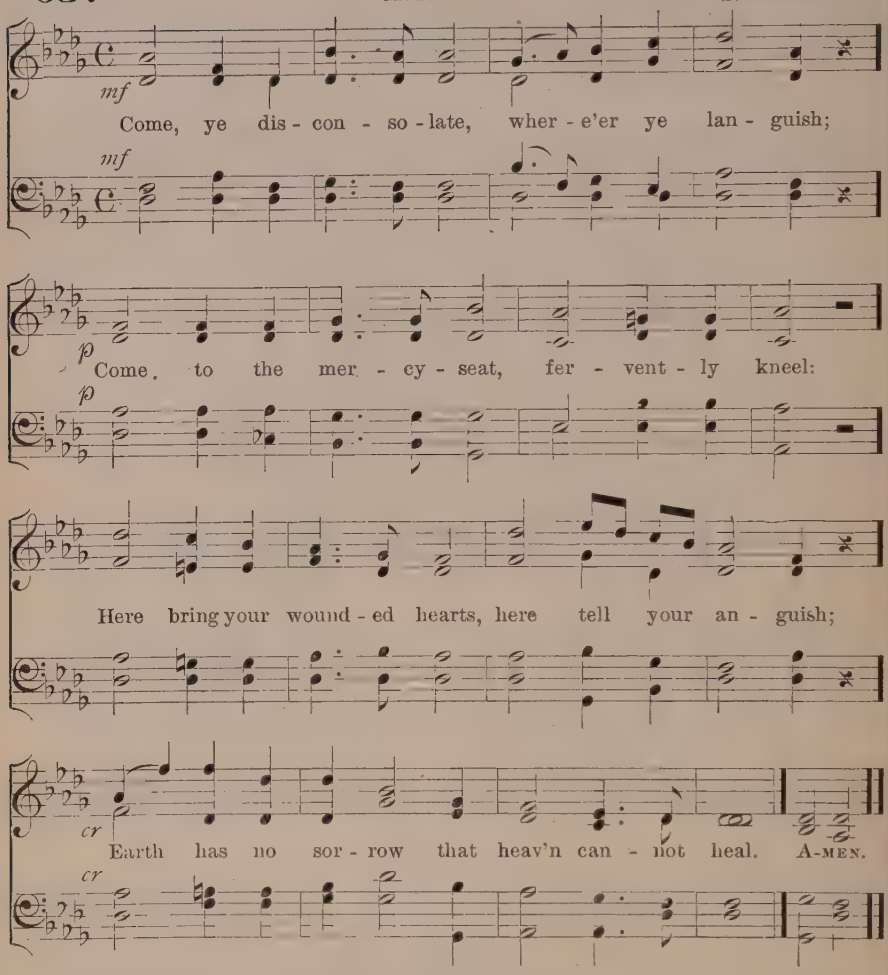
G. Keith (?)

636 (SECOND TUNE) 11. 11. 11. 11.

ST. CYPRIAN
R. Redhead


How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? A-MEN.

637 11. 10. 11. 10. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE *S. Webbe*


mf
Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;
mf
p
Come, to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel:
p
Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
cr
Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal. A-MEN.
cr

f 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
p Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
cr "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

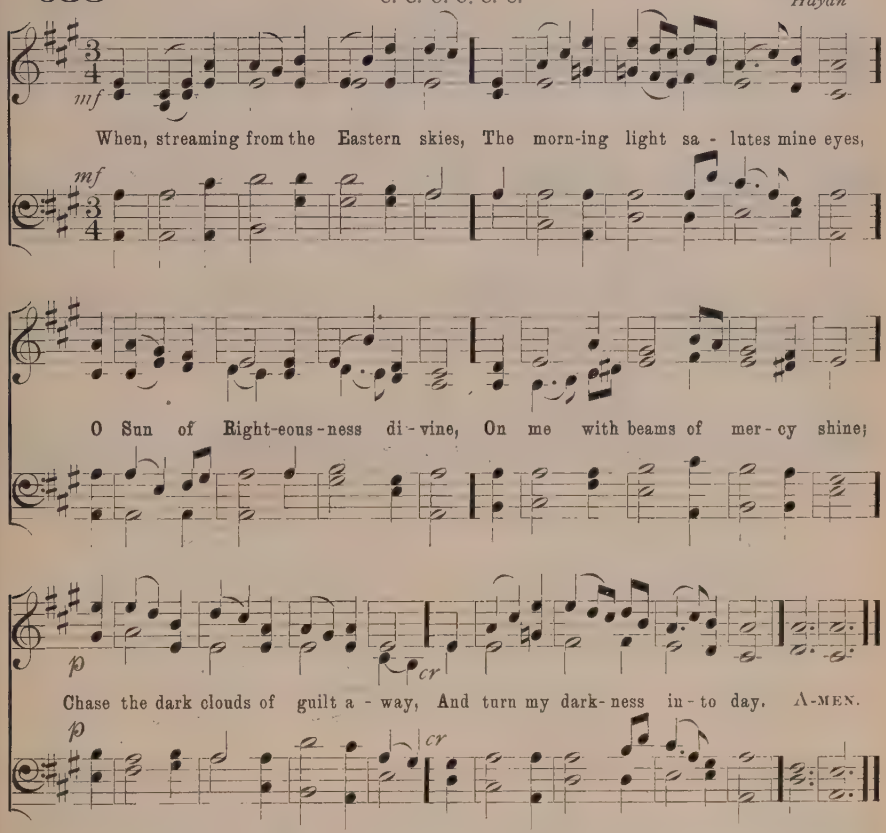
mf 3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
cr Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

T. Moore

638

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

BROWNELL
Haydn


mf
When, streaming from the Eastern skies, The morn-ing light sa - lutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Right-eous-ness di - vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine;
p
cr
Chase the dark clouds of guilt a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day. A-MEN.

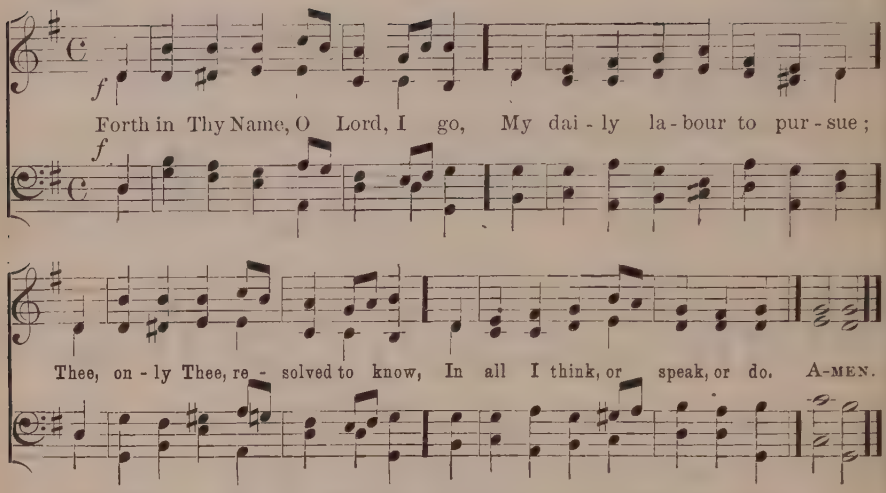
mf 2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Counselor and Friend!
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

p 3 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
cr And as each morning's sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies!

p 4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
cr Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
cr Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

W. Shrubsole

639 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. CANONBURY *R. Schumann*



mf 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

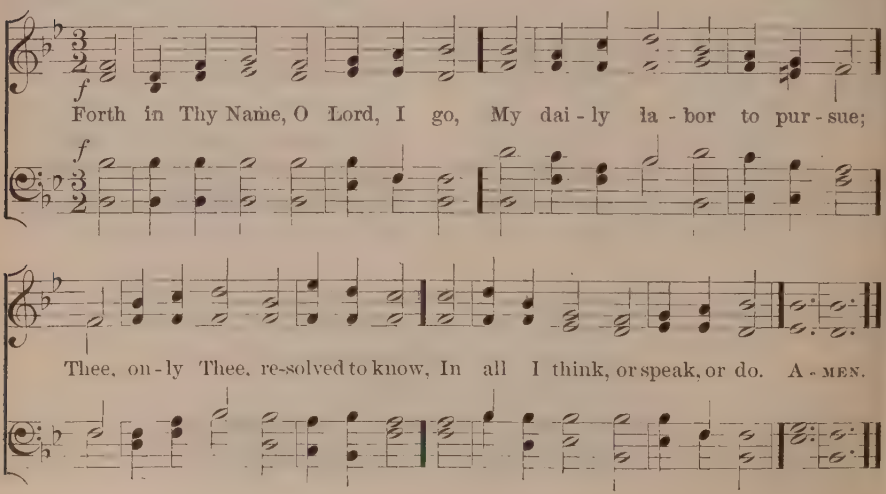
p 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

mf 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
cr And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious Day.

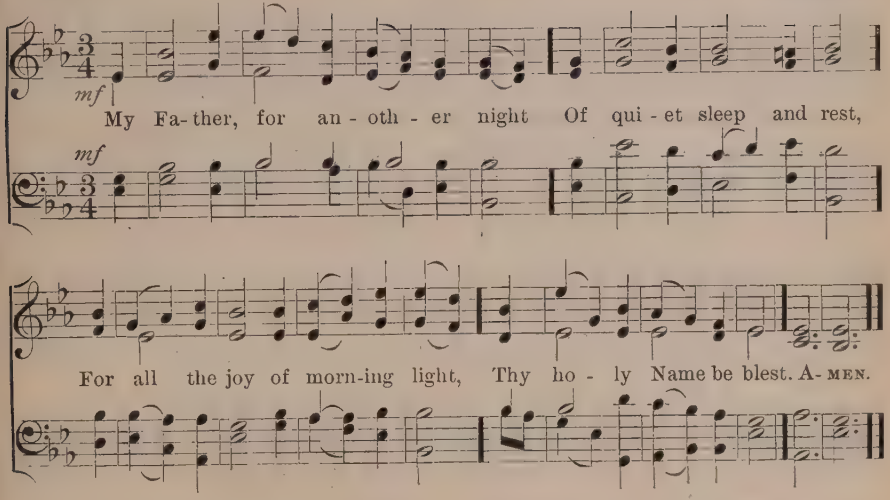
mf 5 Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given.
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

C. Wesley

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. HEBRON *L. Mason*



640 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. ABRIDGE *I. Smith*



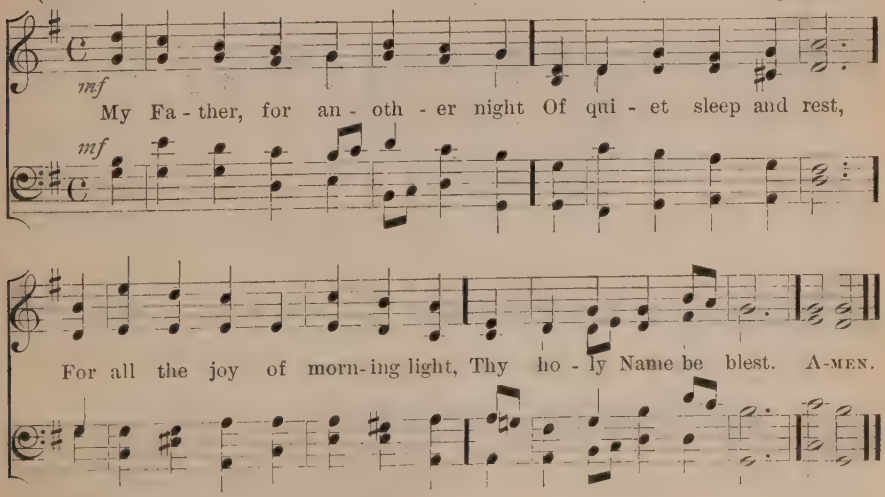
mf 2 Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou willest I may live,
And what Thou willest be.

mf 3 Whate'er I do, things great or small;
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
p Do all in Jesus' Name.

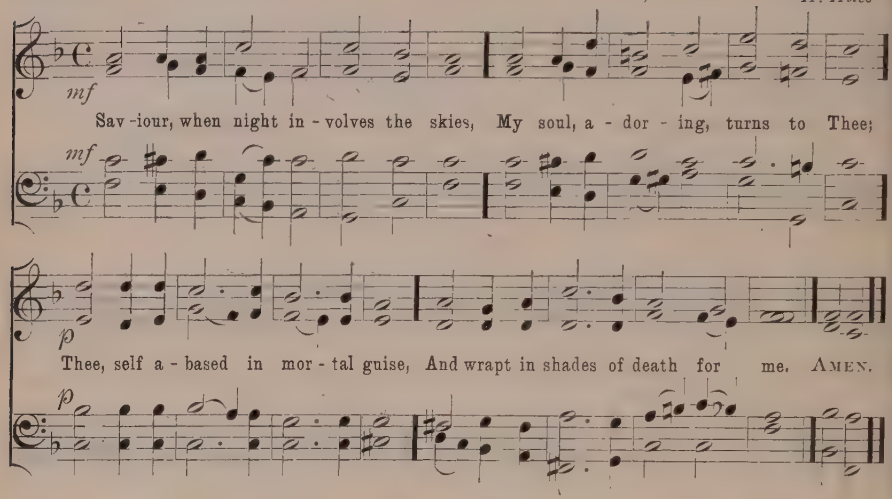
mf 4 My Father, for His sake, I pray
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness.

H. W. Baker

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. FERNSHAW *J. Booth*



641 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. SWEDEN *H. Hiles*


mf
Sav-iour, when night in-volves the skies, My soul, a-dor-ing, turns to Thee;
mf
p
Thee, self a-based in mor-tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me. AMEN.
p

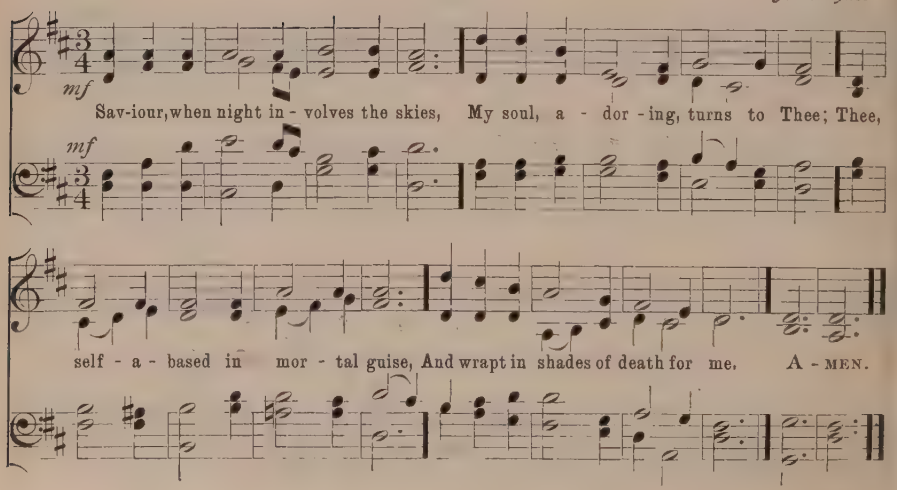
mf 2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

mf 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;
cr Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

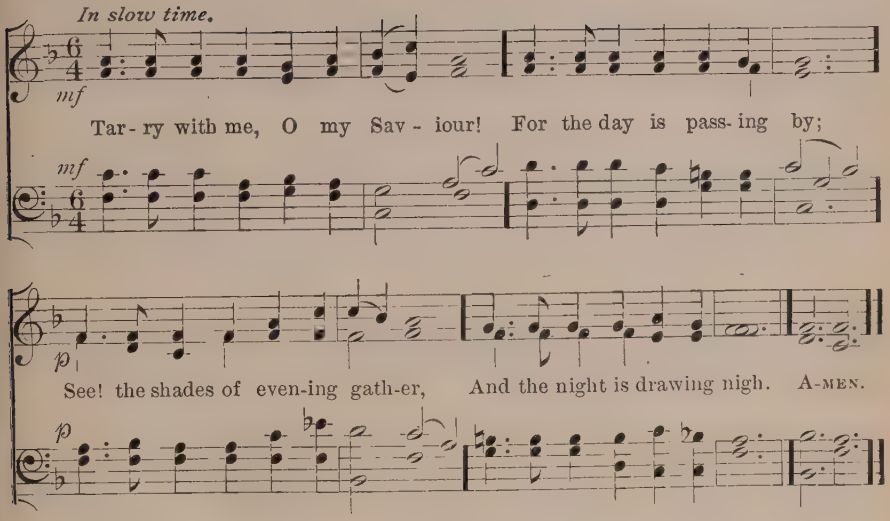
p 4 O'er earth, when shades of ev'ning steal,
To death and Thee my tho'ts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To Thee, with Whom I trust to live.

T. Gisborne

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. RIVAULX *J. B. Dykes*


mf
Sav-iour, when night in-volves the skies, My soul, a-dor-ing, turns to Thee; Thee,
mf
self-a-based in mor-tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me. A-MEN.

642 8. 7. 8. 7. ST. SYLVESTER *J. B. Dykes*


In slow time.
mf
Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour! For the day is pass - ing by;
mf
p
See! the shades of even-ing gath-er, And the night is drawing nigh. A-MEN.
p

p 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

p 3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
cr Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

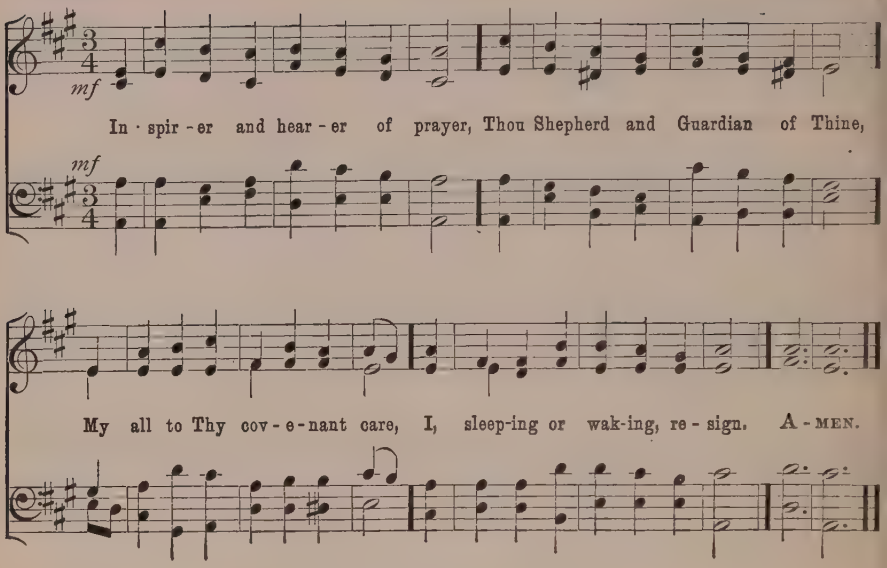
mf 4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

p 5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

mf 6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour
Lay my head upon Thy breast
cr Till the morning; then awake me!
Morning of eternal rest.

C. L. Smith

643 8. 8. 8. 8. DEVOTION


mf
In · spir - er and hear - er of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
mf
My all to Thy cov - e - nant care, I, sleep-ing or wak-ing, re - sign. A - MEN.

mf 2 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
p They bring me but nearer to Thee.

mf 3 A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

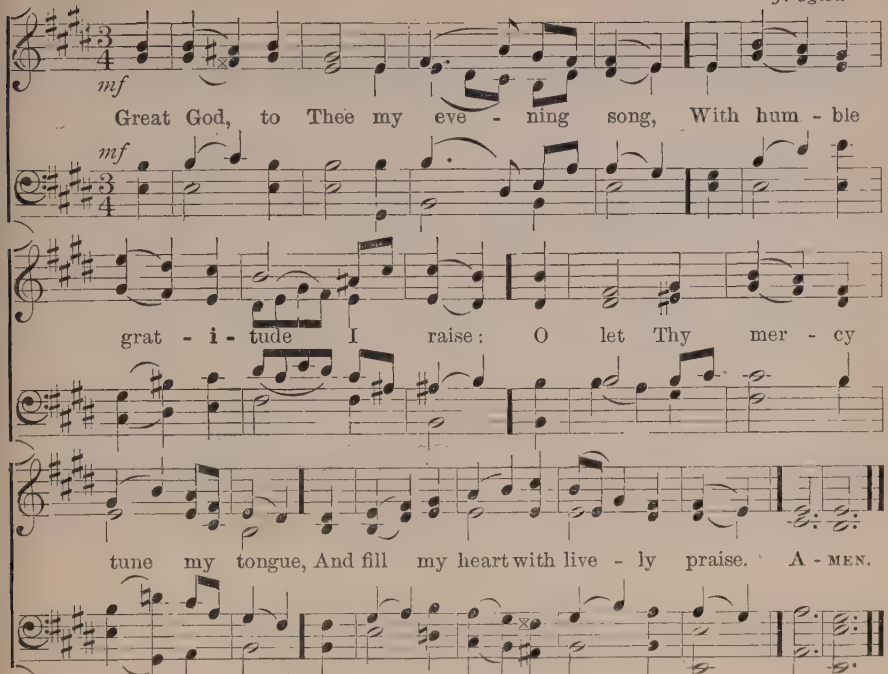
mf 4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

A. M. Toplady

644 (FIRST TUNE)

L. M.

ST. VINCENT
J. Uglow


mf
Great God, to Thee my eve - ning song, With hum - ble
mf
grat - i - tude I raise: O let Thy mer - cy
tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live - ly praise. A - MEN.

mf 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

p 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

p 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ my Lord; His Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
cr And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

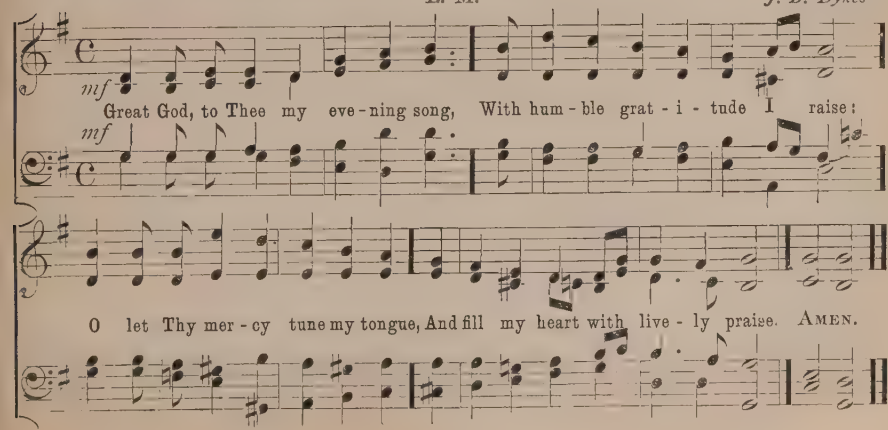
mf 5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy Name.

A. Steele

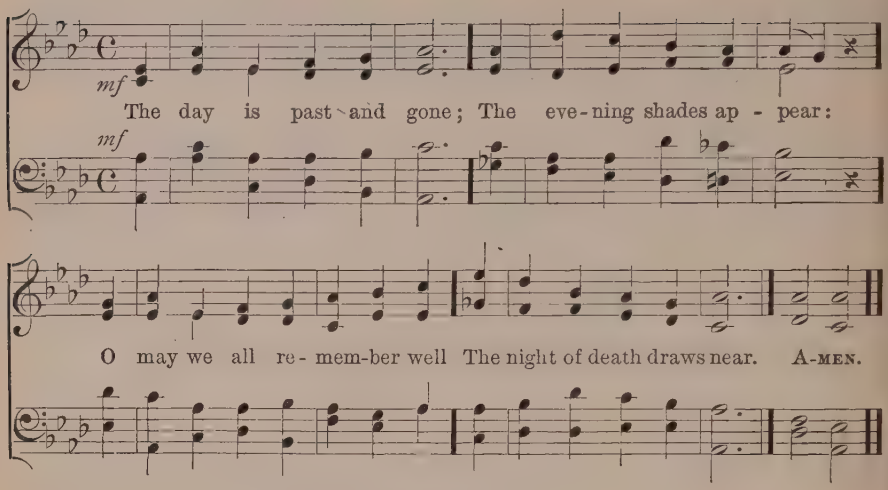
(SECOND TUNE)

L. M.

KEBLE
J. B. Dykes


mf
Great God, to Thee my eve-ning song, With hum-ble grat-i-tude I raise:
mf
O let Thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise. AMEN.

645 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. SCHUMANN *R. Schumann*

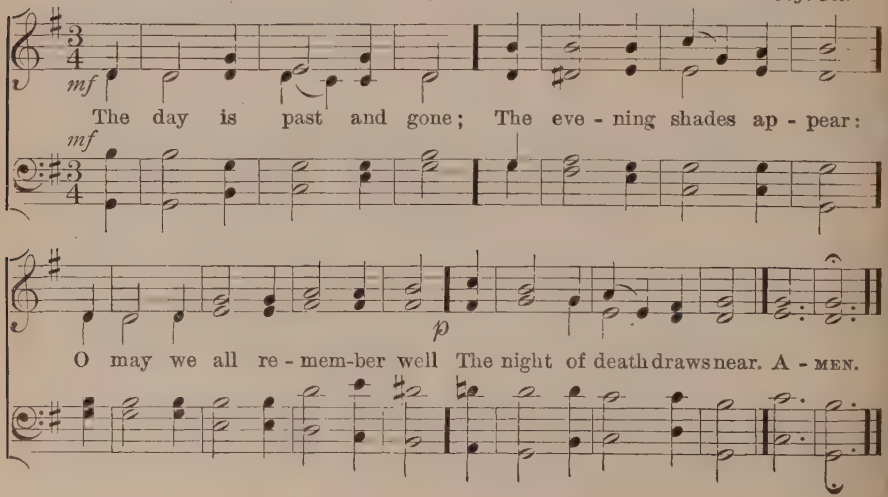


p 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

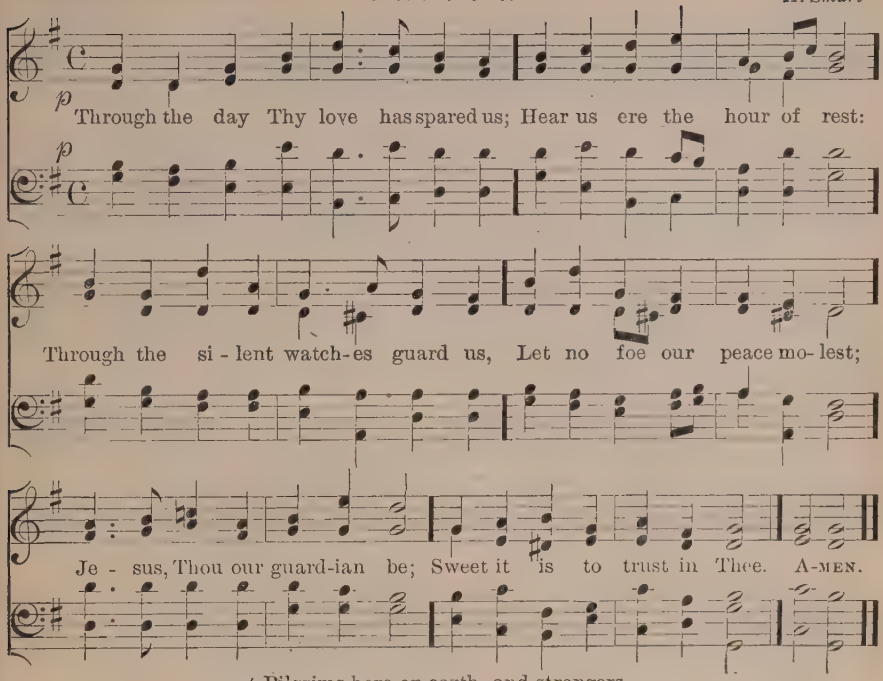
p 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
cr May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

J. Leland

(SECOND TUNE) S. M. PROTECTION *G. J. Geer*



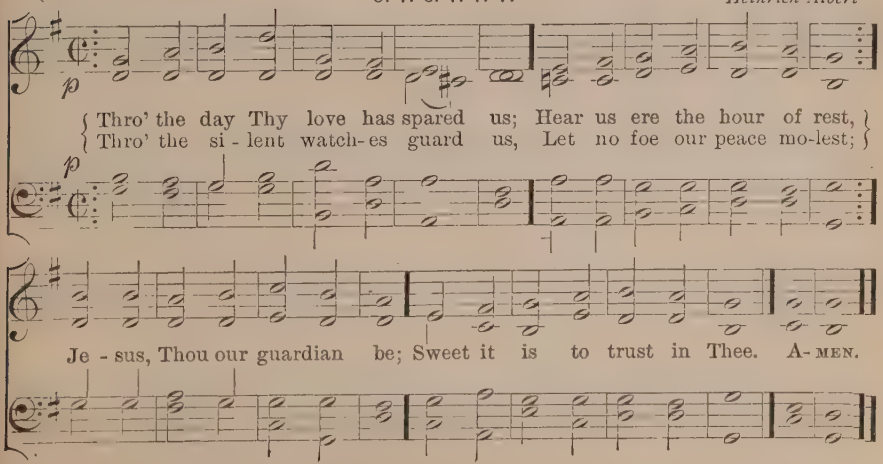
646 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. SMART *H. Smart*


Through the day Thy love has spared us; Hear us ere the hour of rest:
Through the si - lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo-lest;
Je - sus, Thou our guard-ian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A-MEN.

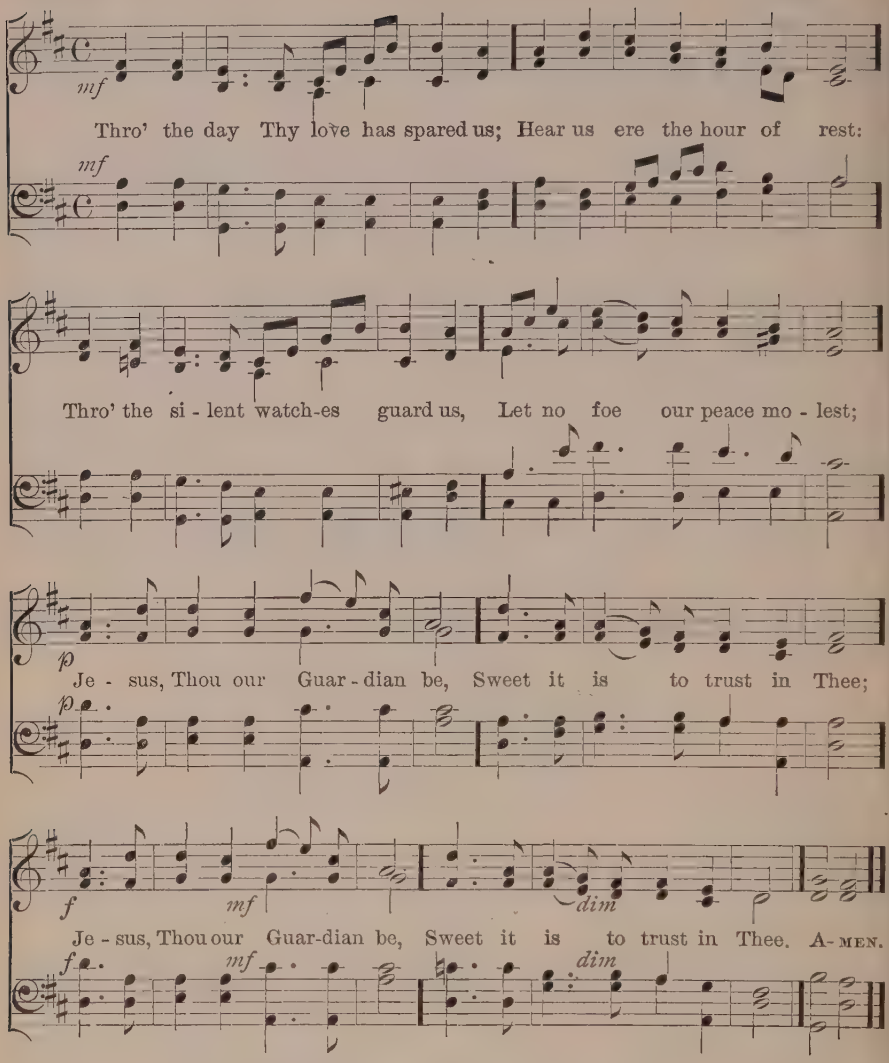
mp Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

T. Kelley

(SECOND TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. ALBERT *Heinrich-Albert*


Thro' the day Thy love has spared us; Hear us ere the hour of rest,
Thro' the si - lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo-lest;
Je - sus, Thou our guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A-MEN.

646 (THIRD TUNE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. EDGBASTON *J. Tilleard*


mf
Thro' the day Thy love has spared us; Hear us ere the hour of rest:
mf
Thro' the si - lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;
p
Je - sus, Thou our Guar - dian be, Sweet it is to trust in Thee;
p
f
mf
dim
Je - sus, Thou our Guar-dian be, Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A-MEN.
f
mf
dim

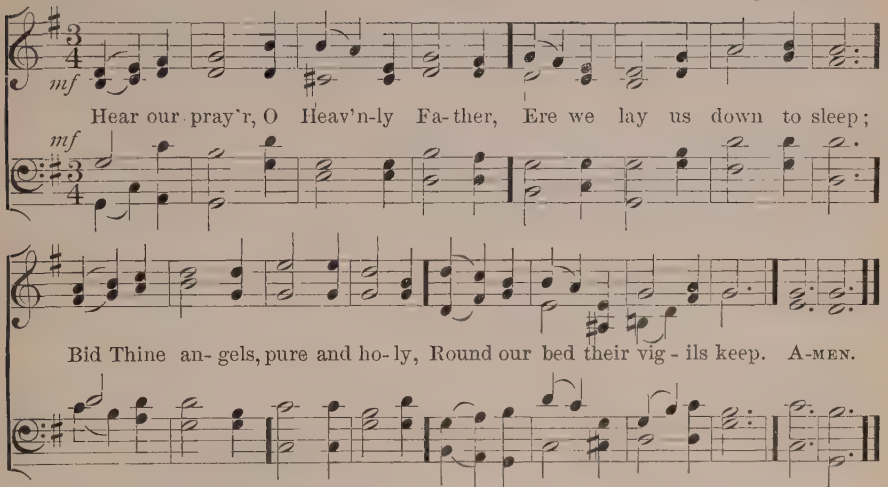
mp Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
p And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

T. Kelley

647 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

REPOSE
C. J. Dickinson


mf
Hear our pray'r, O Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, Ere we lay us down to sleep;
mf
Bid Thine an-gels, pure and ho-ly, Round our bed their vig-ils keep. A-MEN.

mp 2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the Cross we cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

mf 3 Keep us through this night of peril
Safe beneath its sheltering shade;
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,
When our pilgrimage is made.

mf 4 None can measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None can bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son has bought.

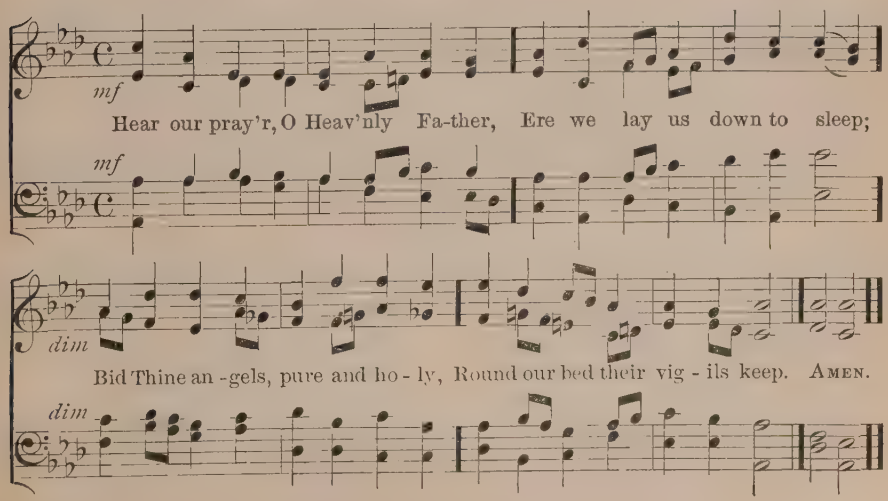
mp 5 Pardon all our past transgressions,
Give us strength for days to come;
cr Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bear us home.

H. Parr

(SECOND TUNE)

8. 7. 8. 7.

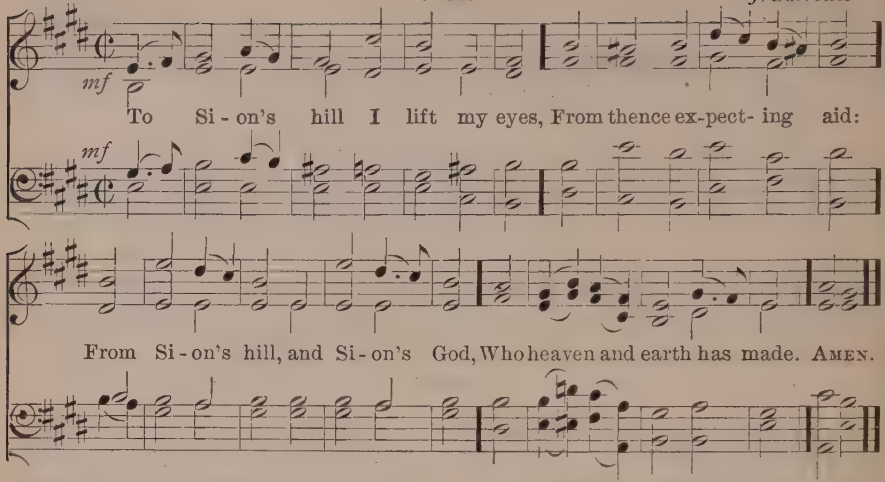
CROSS OF JESUS
J. Stainer


mf
Hear our pray'r, O Heav'nly Fa-ther, Ere we lay us down to sleep;
mf
dim
Bid Thine an-gels, pure and ho-ly, Round our bed their vig-ils keep. AMEN.
dim

648

C. M.

BURLINGTON
J. Burrowes


mf
To Si - on's hill I lift my eyes, From thence ex-pect- ing aid:
mf
From Si - on's hill, and Si - on's God, Who heaven and earth has made. AMEN.

mf 2 He will not let thy foot be moved,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
Behold, the God who slumbers not
Will favoured Israel keep.

mp 3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
cr Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

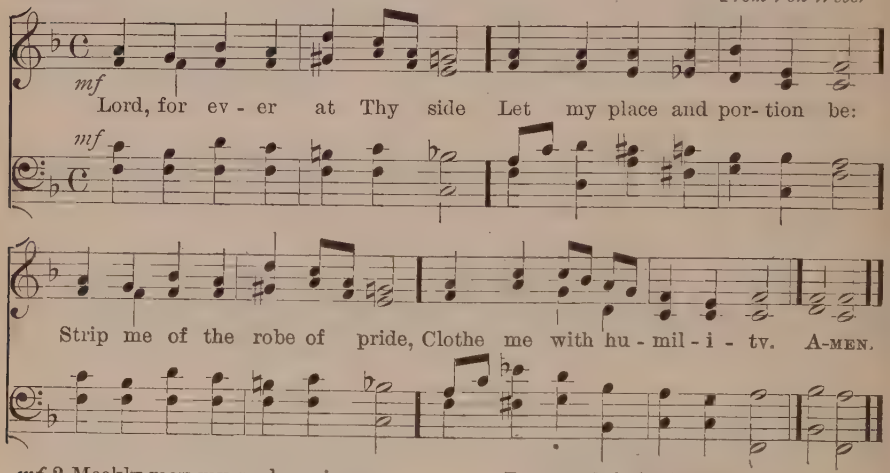
mf 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
cr Thy God shall Thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

Tate and Brady

649

7. 7. 7. 7.

WEBER
From Von Weber



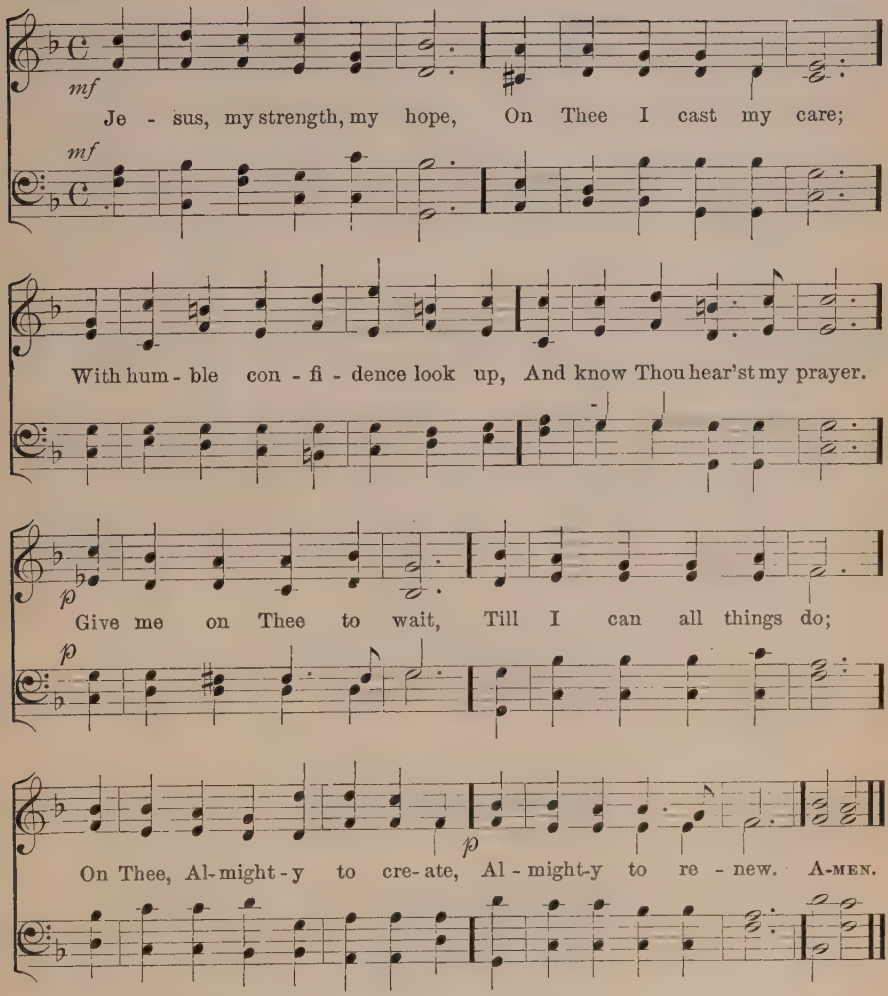
mf 2 Meekly may my soul receive,
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

p 3 Humble as a little child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

f 4 Israel now and evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

J. Montgomery

650 S. M. D. CHALVEY *L. G. Hayne*


mf
Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care;
mf
With hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
p
Give me on Thee to wait, Till I can all things do;
p
On Thee, Al-might-y to cre-ate, Al - might-y to re - new. A-MEN.

mf 2 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

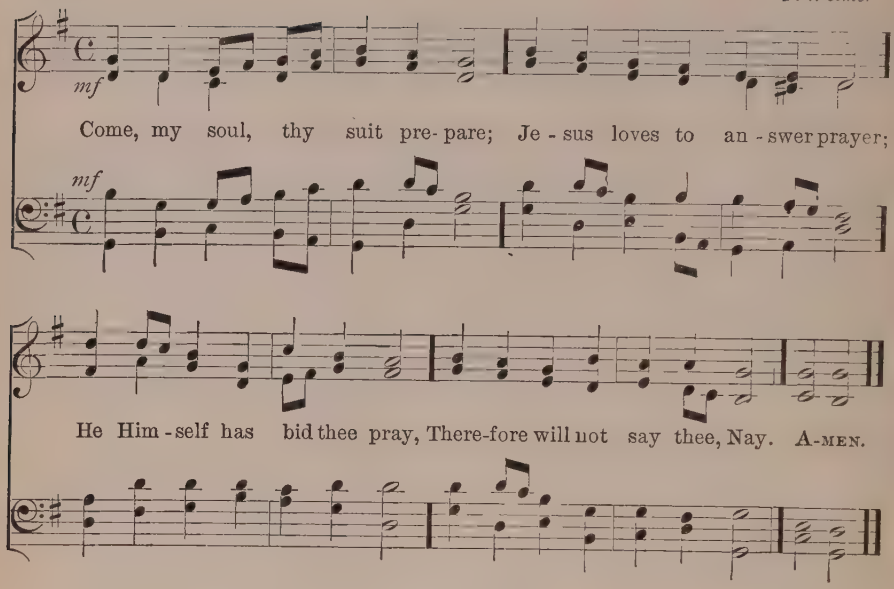
mf 3 I rest upon Thy Word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

C. Wesley

651

7. 7. 7. 7.

BRASTED
P. Weimer


mf
Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare; Je-sus loves to an-swer prayer;
mf
He Him-self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee, Nay. A-MEN.

mf 2 Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
Nor can ever ask too much.

mp 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

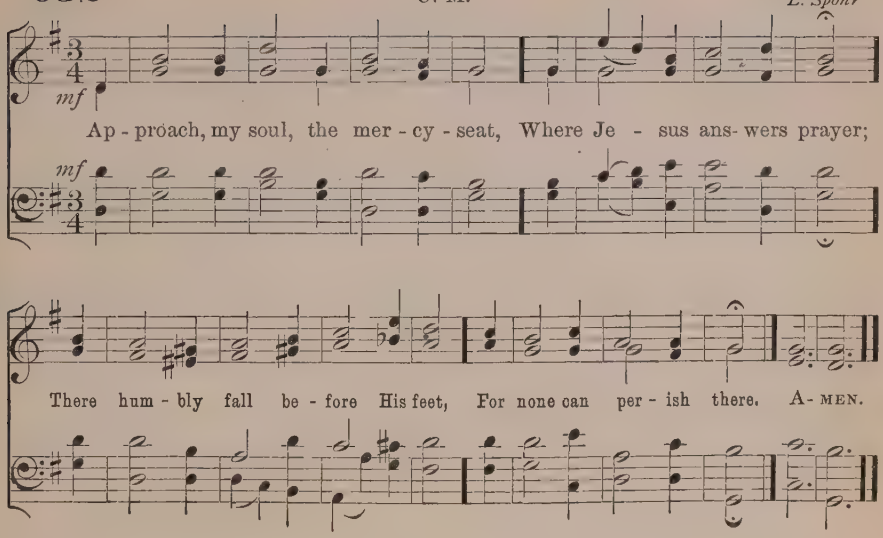
mp 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
cr There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

mp 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
cr As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

mf 6 Show me what I have to do;
cr Every hour my strength renew;
f Let me live a life of faith;
p Let me die Thy people's death.

J. Newton

652 C. M. SPOHR *L. Spohr*


mf
Ap - proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus ans- wers prayer;
mf
There hum - bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A- MEN.

mp 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
p And such, O Lord, am I.

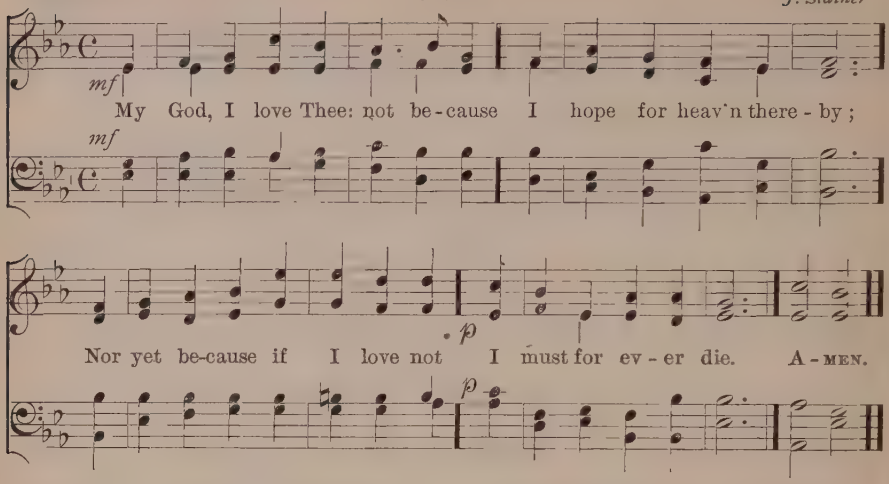
p 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

mp 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near Thy side,
cr I may my fierce accuser face,
f And tell him, Thou hast died!

mf 5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

J. Newton

653 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. XAVIER *J. Stainer*



mf 2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and
p And manifold disgrace, [spear,

mp 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
p E'en death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

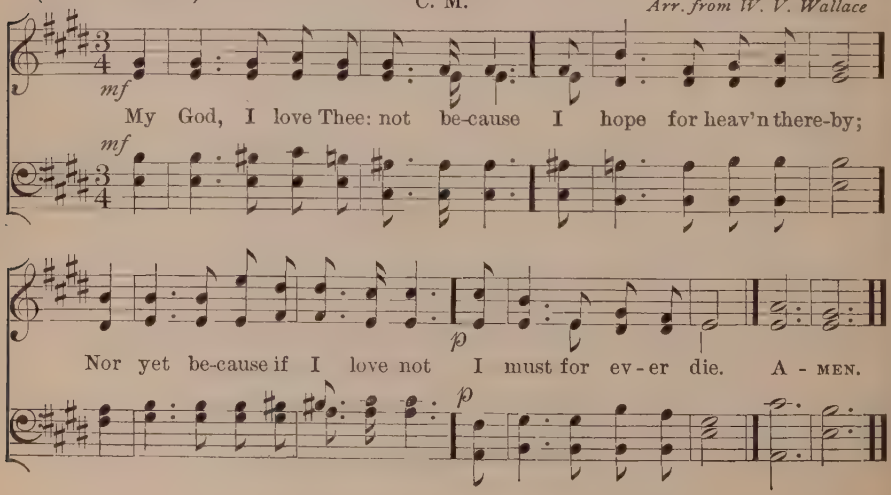
mf 4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heav'n,
Nor of escaping hell;

mp 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward:
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!

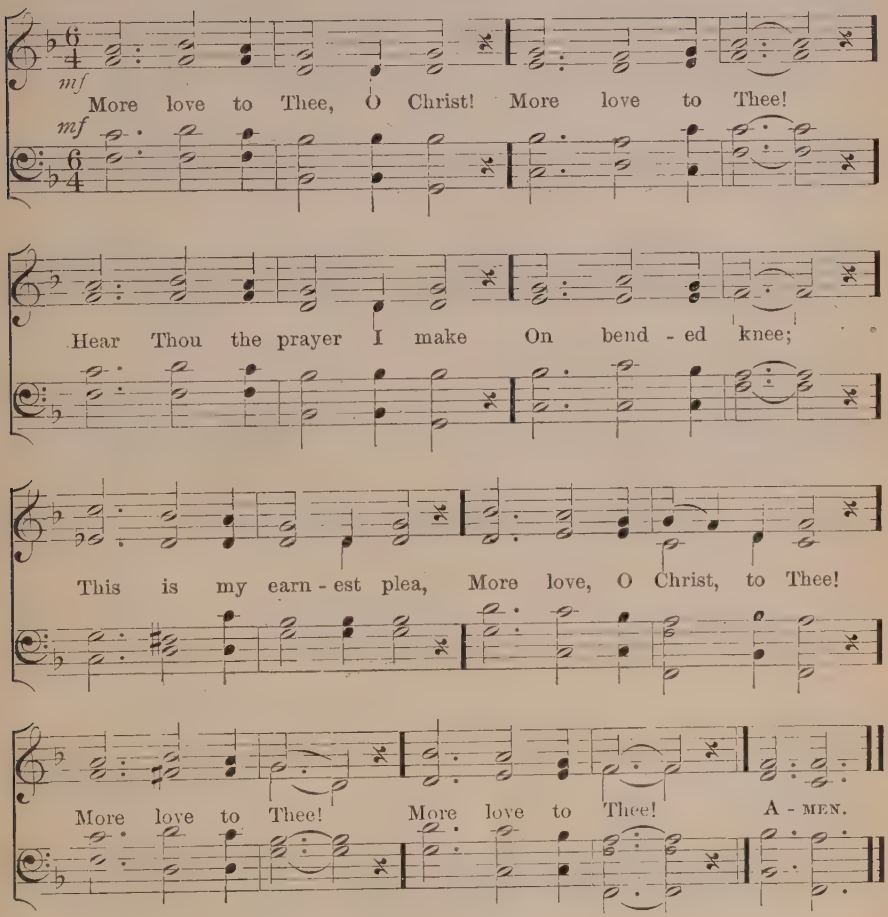
mf 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
cr Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

F. Xavier

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. SERENITY *Arr. from W. V. Wallace*



654 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4. MERCY *W. H. Walter*


mf
More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee!
mf
Hear Thou the prayer I make On bend - ed knee;
This is my earn - est plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee! More love to Thee! A - MEN.

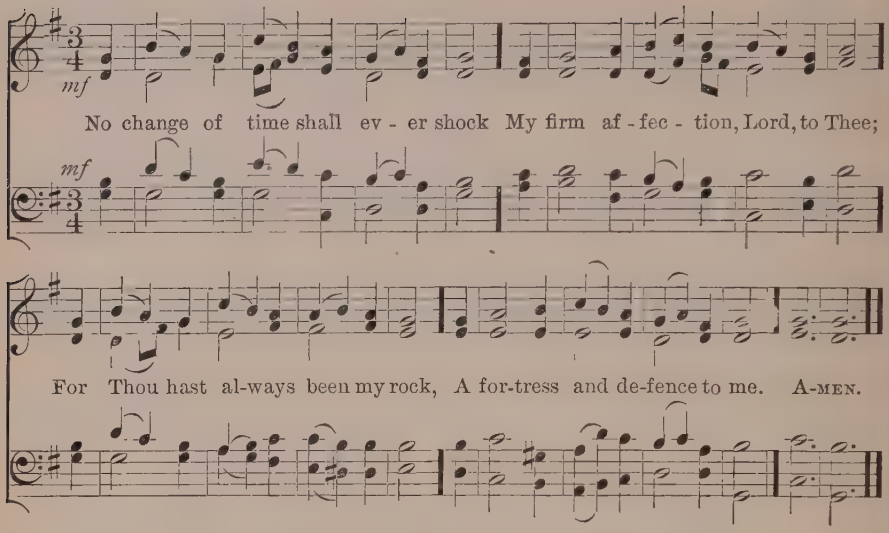
mf 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest:
Now Thee alone I seek;
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!

p 3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
cr When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

p 4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
cr My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!

E. P. Prentiss

655 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. INTERCESSION

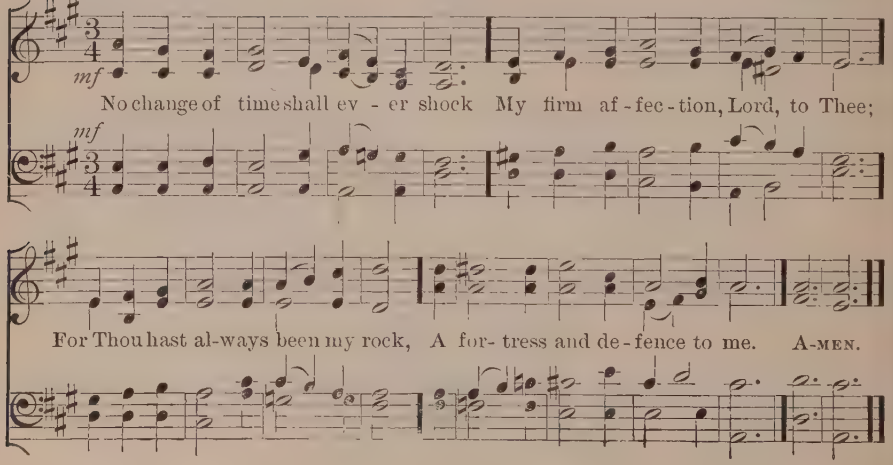

No change of time shall ev - er shock My firm af - fec - tion, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou hast al-ways been my rock, A for-tress and de-fence to me. A-MEN.

f 2 Thou my Deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in Thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

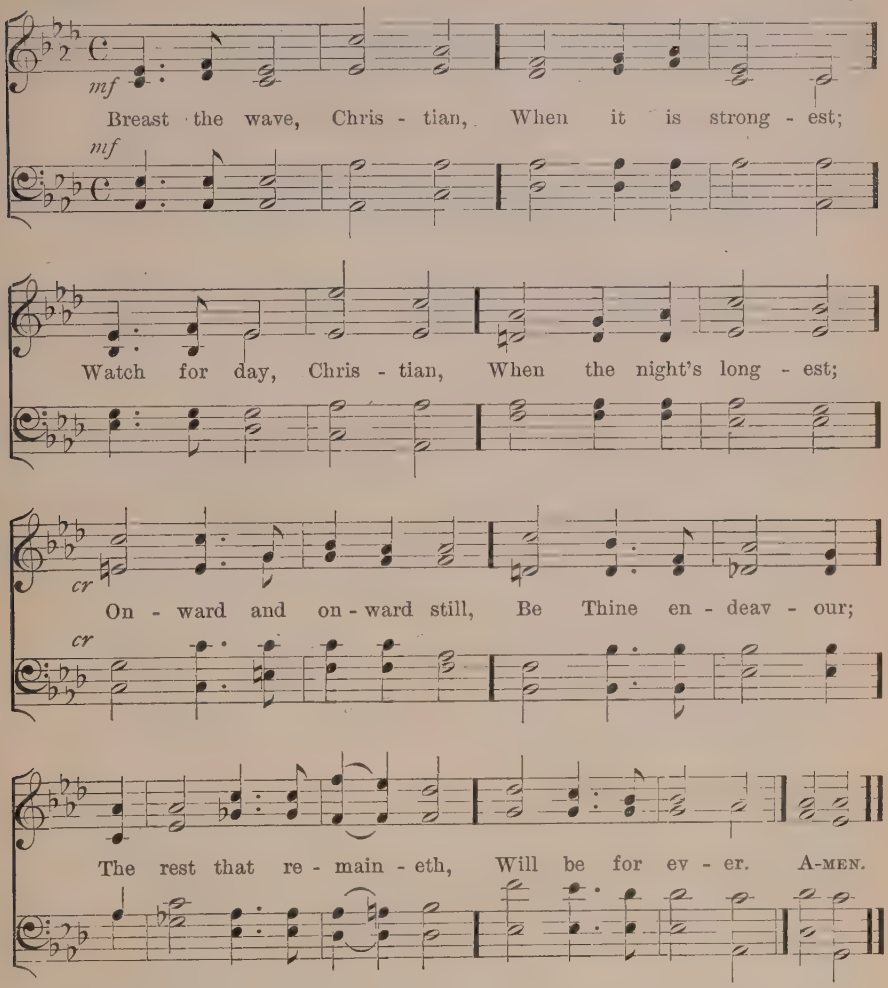
mf 3 To Thee I will address my prayer,
To Whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

Tate and Brady

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. STRATFORD
J. Barnby


No change of time shall ev - er shock My firm af - fec - tion, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou hast al-ways been my rock, A for- tress and de - fence to me. A-MEN.

656 5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5. FORTITUDE *W. C. Filby*

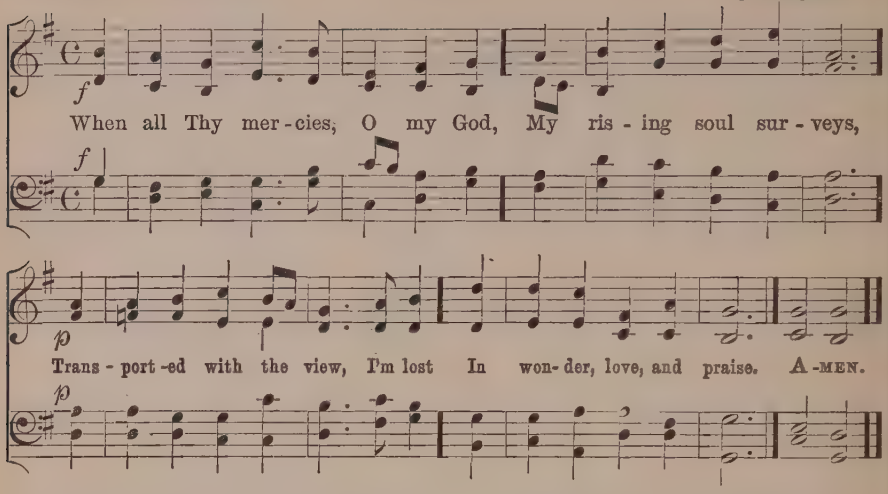

mf
Breast the wave, Chris - tian, When it is strong - est;
mf
Watch for day, Chris - tian, When the night's long - est;
cr
On - ward and on - ward still, Be Thine en - deav - our;
cr
The rest that re - main - eth, Will be for ev - er. A-MEN.

f 2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before Thee;
He Who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
He Who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

p 3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
cr Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

J. Stammers

657 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. DULCIS MEMORIA *J. B. Dykes*



mf 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

mf 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

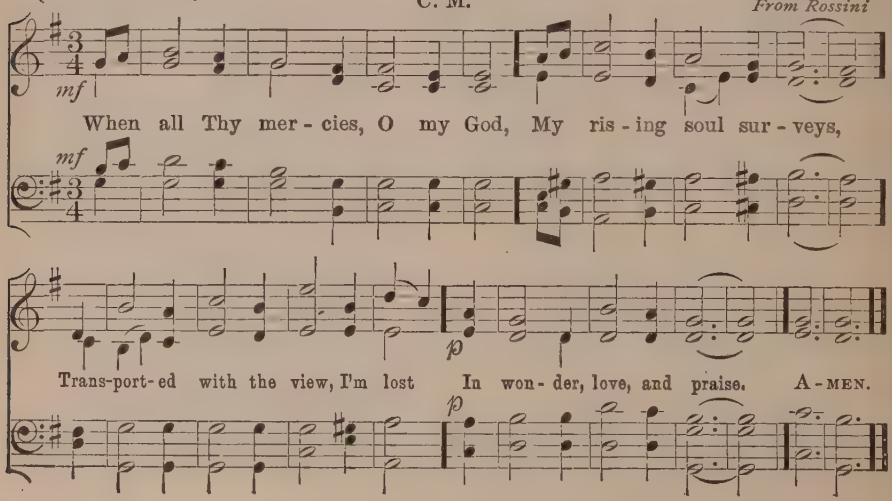
mf 4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll persue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

p 5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
cr My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

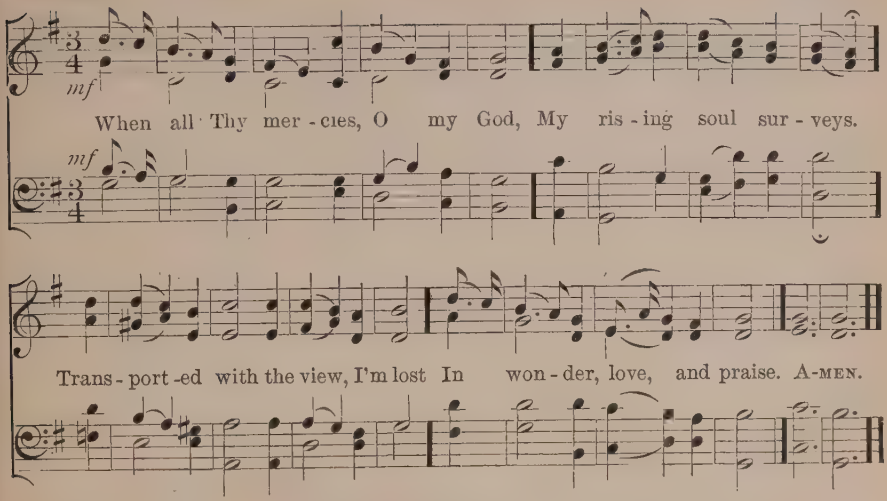
mf 6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

J. Addison

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. MANOAH *From Rossini*



657 (THIRD TUNE) C. M. ST. PAUL'S *J. Clark*



mf 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

mf 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

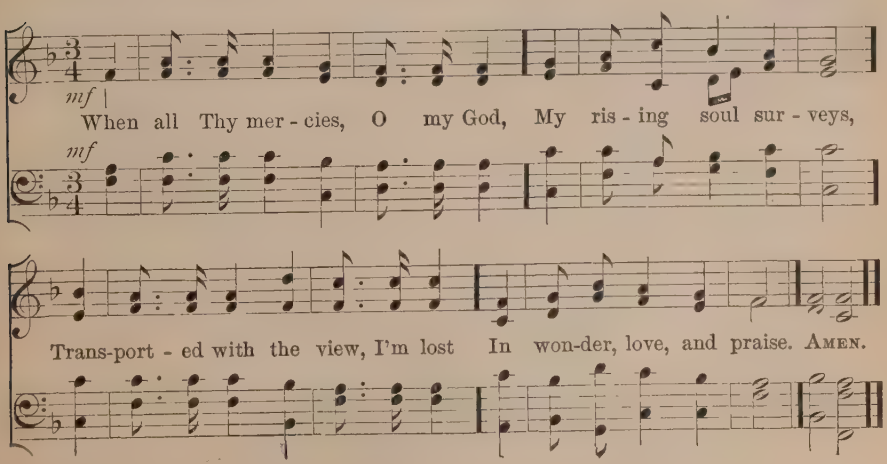
mf 4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

p 5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
cr My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

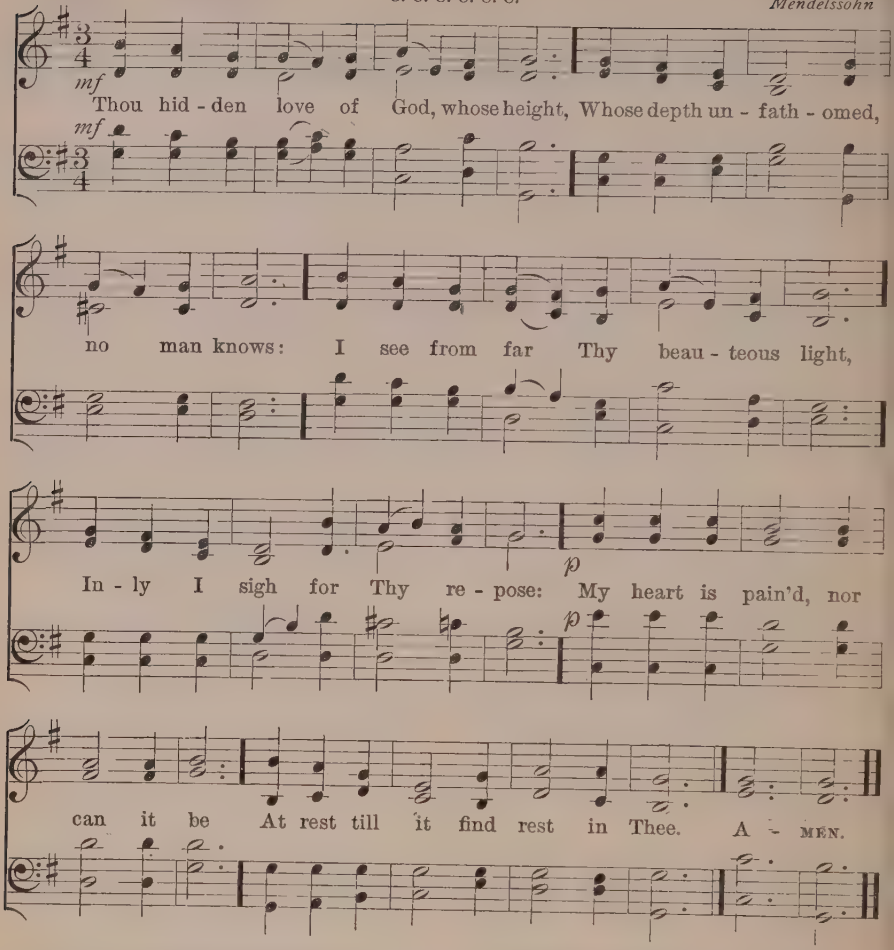
mf 6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

J. Addison

(FOURTH TUNE) C. M. ARLINGTON *T. A. Arne*



658 (FIRST TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. PRINCE *Mendelssohn*


mf
Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un - fath - omed,
mf
no man knows: I see from far Thy beau - teous light,
In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose: My heart is pain'd, nor
p
p
can it be At rest till it find rest in Thee. A - MEN.

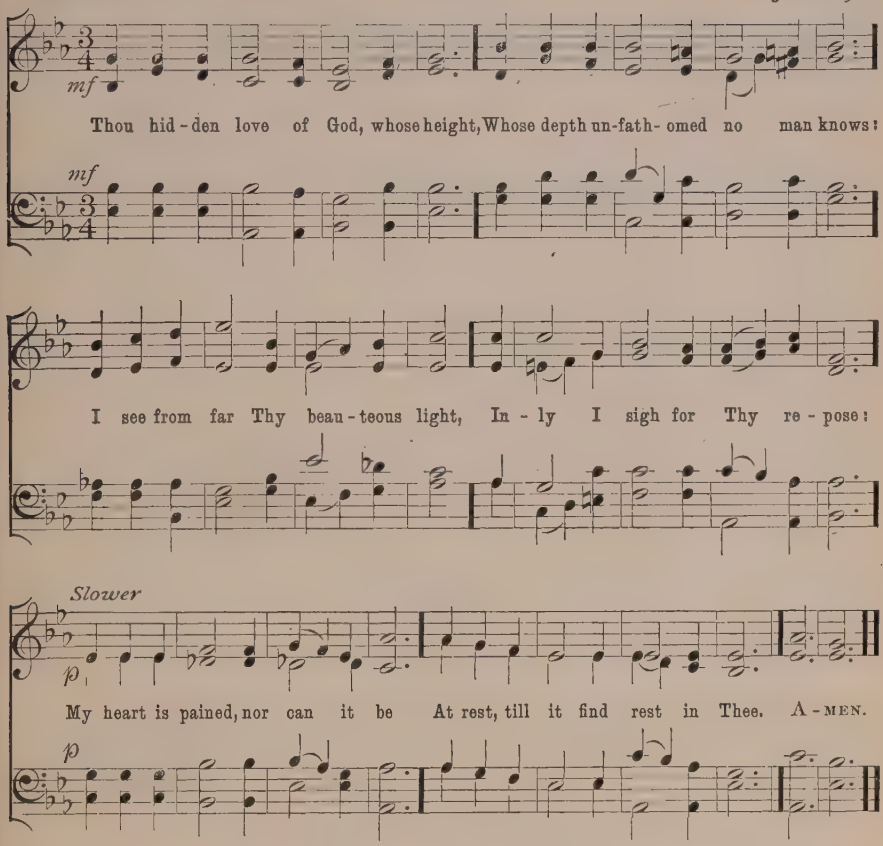
mf 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
cr Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
p Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When in hath found repose in Thee.

mf 3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My base affections crucify,
Nor let one favourite sin survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

mf 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice!

G. Tersteegen: TR. *J. Wesley*

658 (SECOND TUNE) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. ADORO TE *J. Barnby*


mf
Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un-fath- omed no man knows:
mf
I see from far Thy beau - teous light, In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose:
Slower
p
My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest, till it find rest in Thee. A - MEN.
p

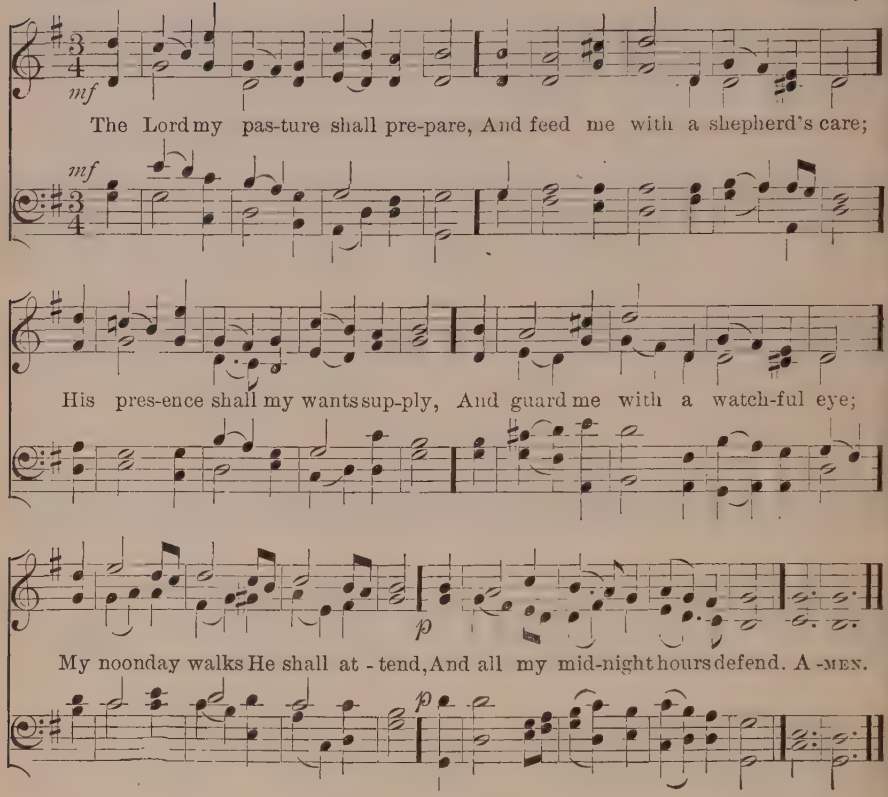
mf 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
cr Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
p Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

mf 3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My base affections crucify,
Nor let one favourite sin survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

mf 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice!

G. Tersteegen: TR. *J. Wesley*

659 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. CAREY'S *H. Carey*

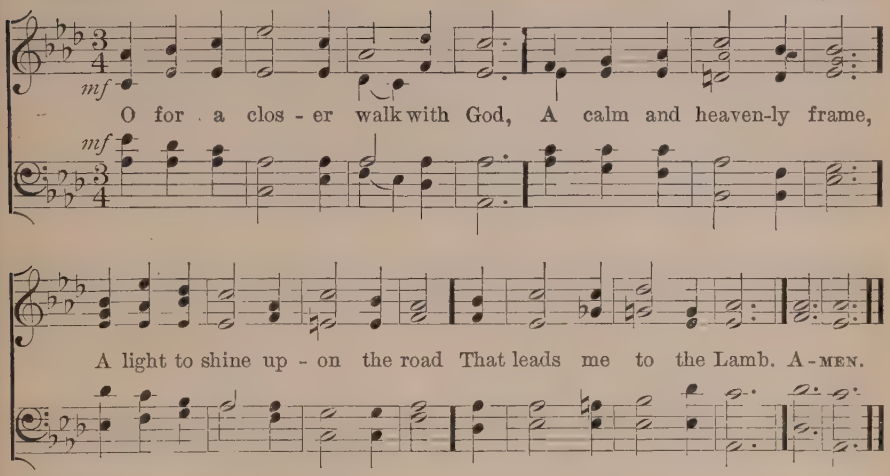

mf
The Lord my pas-ture shall pre-pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;
mf
His pres-ence shall my wants sup-ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye;
p
My noonday walks He shall at - tend, And all my mid-night hours defend. A - MEN.
p

p 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
cr My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

pp 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
cr My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

J. Addison

660 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. BEATITUDO *I. B. Dykes*



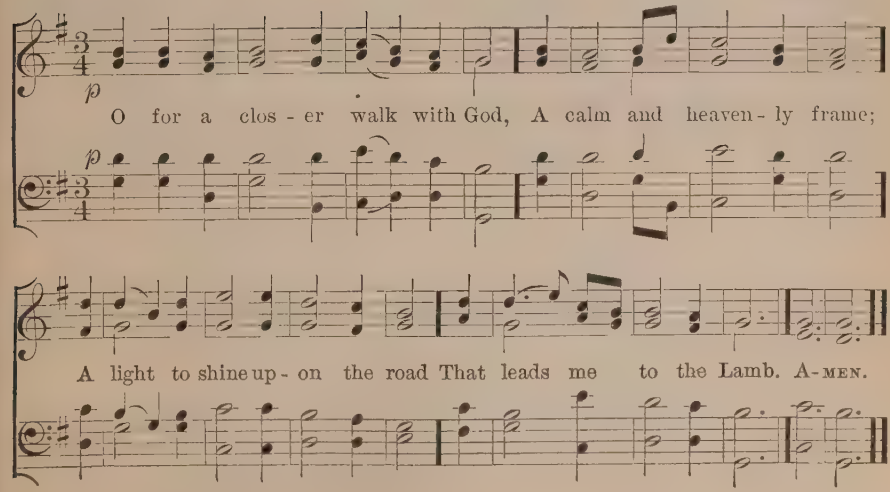
mp 2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest; [mourn,
cr I hate the sins that made Thee
p And drove Thee from my breast.

mf 3 The dearest idol I have know,
Whate'er that idol be,
cr Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

mf 4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

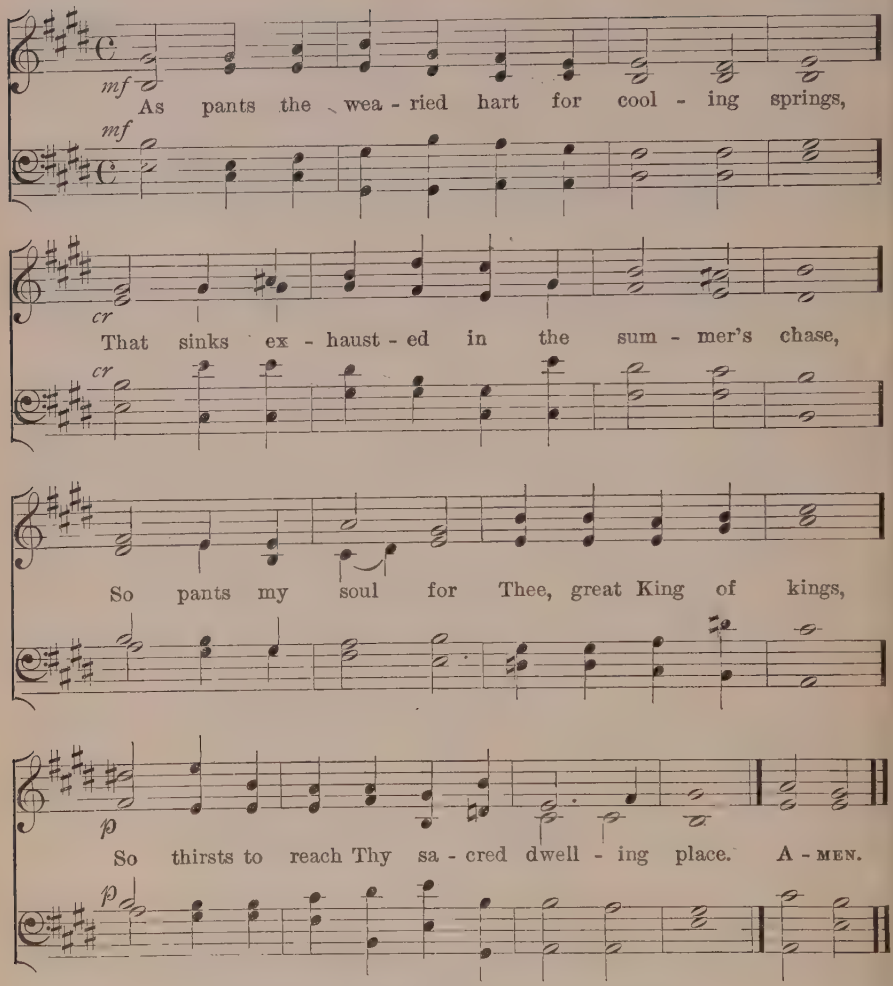
W. Cowper

(SECOND TUNE) C. M. ALEXANDRIA *W. Arnold*



661 (FIRST TUNE) 10. 10. 10. 10.

WELLS STREET
J Barnby

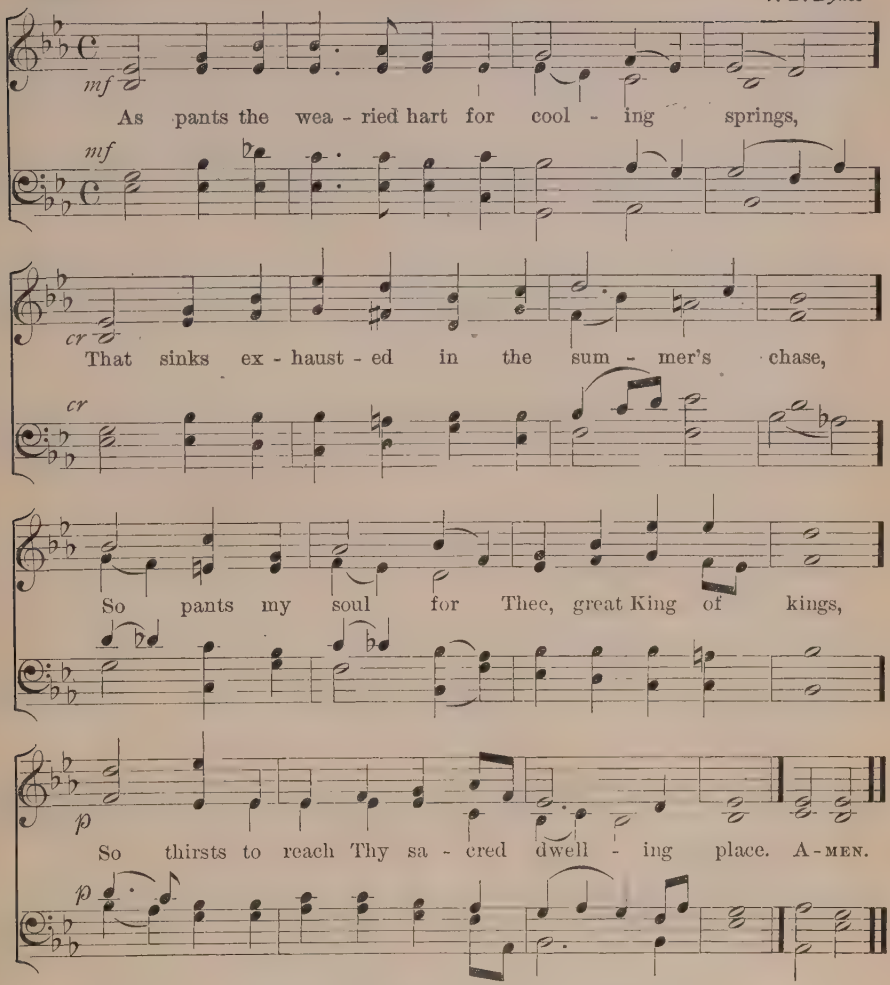

mf
As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs,
mf
cr
That sinks ex - haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase,
cr
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,
p
So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing place. A - MEN.
p

mf 2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
p And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

p 3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
cr Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

R. Lowth: TR. *G. Gregory*

661 (SECOND TUNE) 10. 10. 10. 10. PAX DEI *I. B. Dykes*


mf
As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs,
mf
cr
That sinks ex - haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase,
cr
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,
p
So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing place. A - MEN.
p

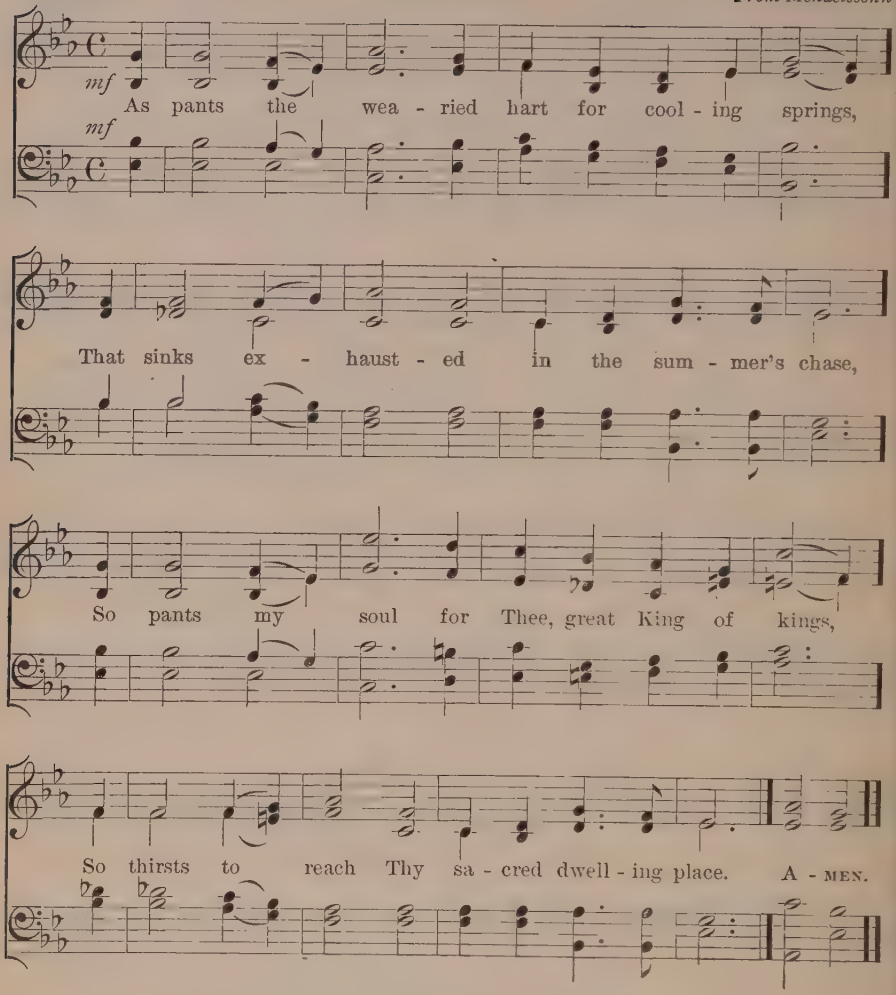
mf 2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day:
p And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

p 3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
cr Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

R. Lowth: TR. *G. Gregory*

661 (THIRD TUNE) 10. 10. 10. 10.

ASPIRATION
From Mendelssohn


mf
As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs,
That sinks ex - haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase,
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing place. A - MEN.

mf 2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
p And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

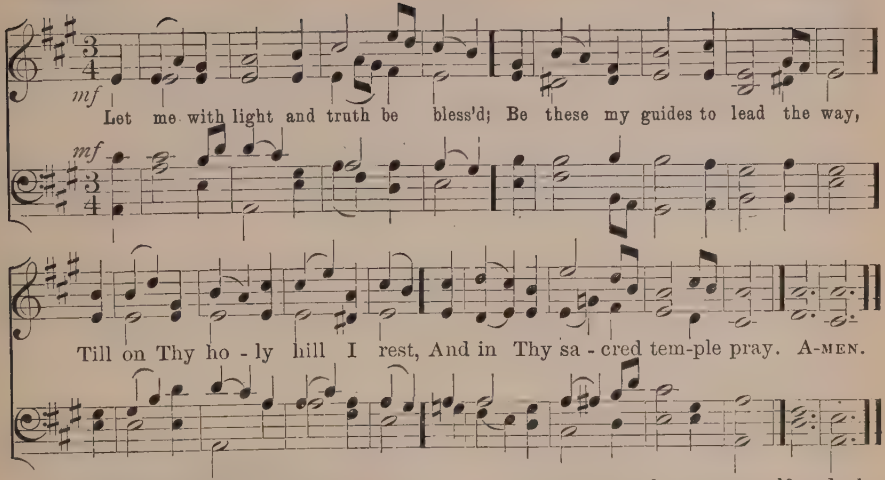
p 3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
cr Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

R. Lowth: TR. *G. Gregory*

662

L. M.

CANA
Mozart


mf
Let me with light and truth be bless'd; Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on Thy ho - ly hill I rest, And in Thy sa - cred tem-ple pray. A-MEN.

mf 2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, Who is my only joy; [praise,
And well-tuned harps, with songs of
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

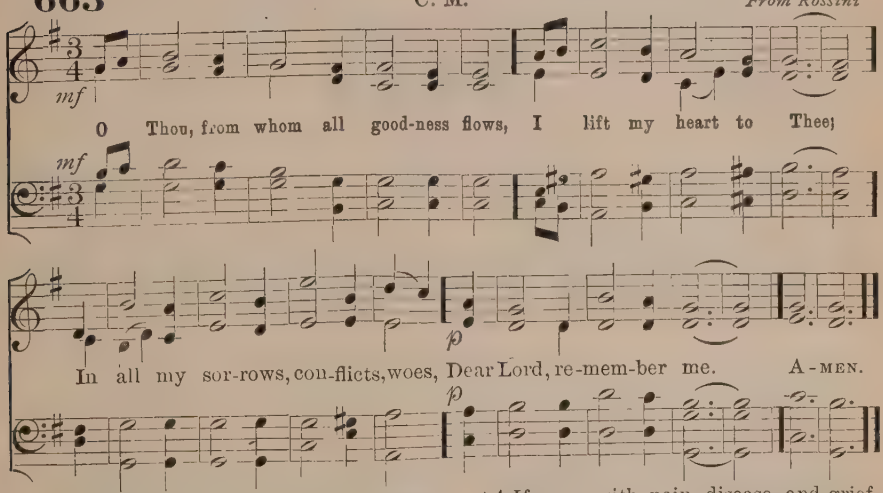
p 3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppressed with anxious care?
cr On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruined state repair.

Tate and Brady

663

C. M.

MANOAH
From Rossini



p 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
cr Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
p In love, remember me.

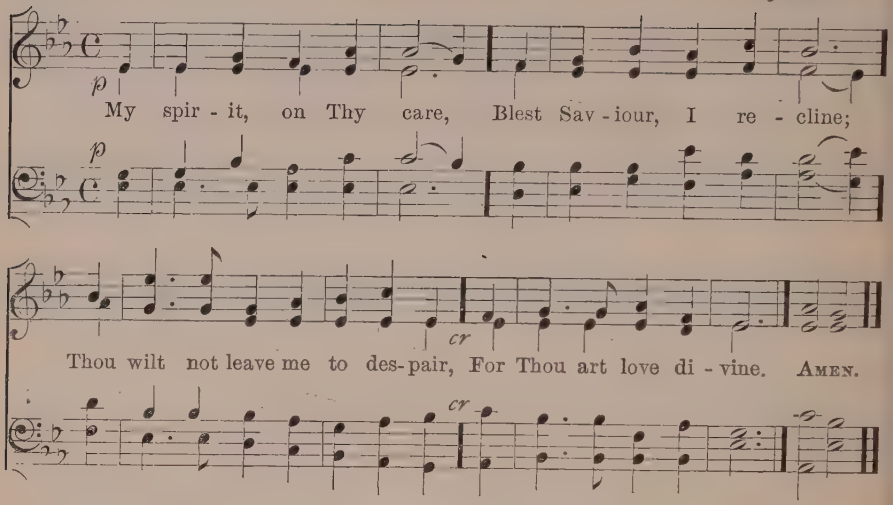
p 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
mf O let my strength be as my day!
p For good, remember me.

p 4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
cr Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
p Hear and remember me.

p 5 And O when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
ff Dear Lord, remember me!

T. Haweis

664 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. SWAINSTHORPE *J. Booth*



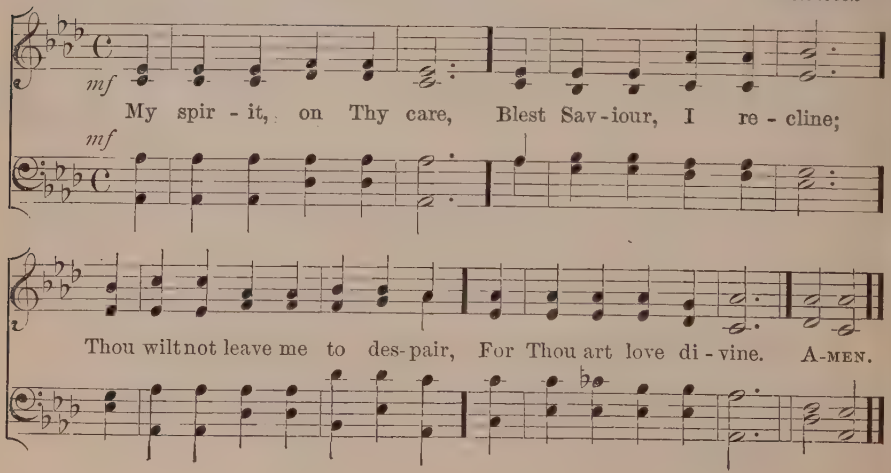
p 2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
cr I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

mf 3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

mf 4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
cr Secure in having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

H. F. Lyte

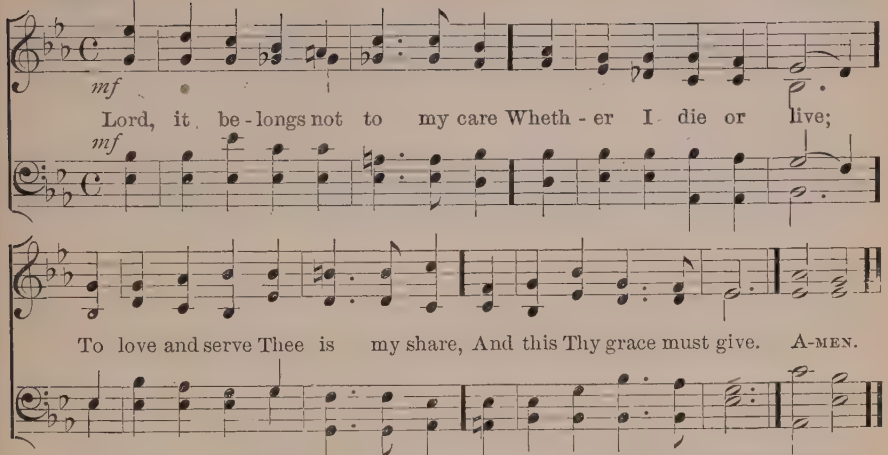
(SECOND TUNE) S. M. BEETHOVEN *Beethoven*



665

C. M.

HOLY TRINITY
J. Barnby



mf 2 If life be long, O make me glad
The longer to obey;
mp If short, no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

mp 3 Christ leads me through no darker
Than He went through before;[rooms
And he that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

mf 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blessèd face to see. [meet

cr For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

mf 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days,
f And join with the triumphant saints
That sing my Saviour's praise.

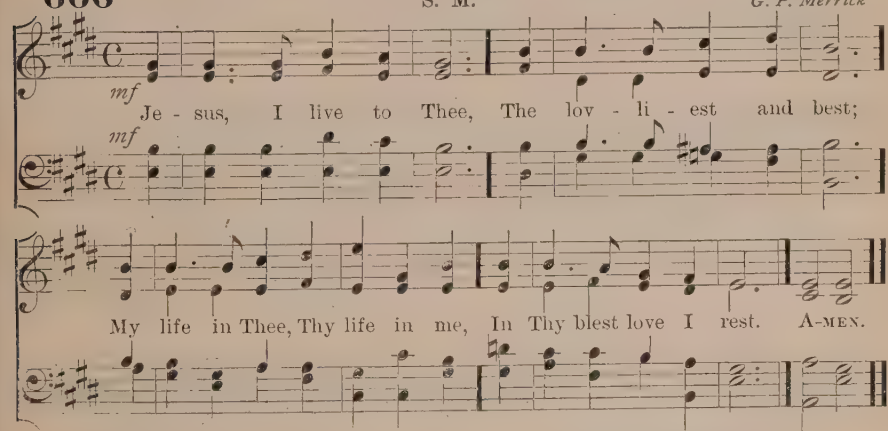
p 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
cr But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
f And I shall be with Him.

R. Baxter

666

S. M.

ALDERSGATE
G. P. Merrick



p 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
cr To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

mf 3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;

cr To live in Thee is bliss to me,
p To die is endless rest.

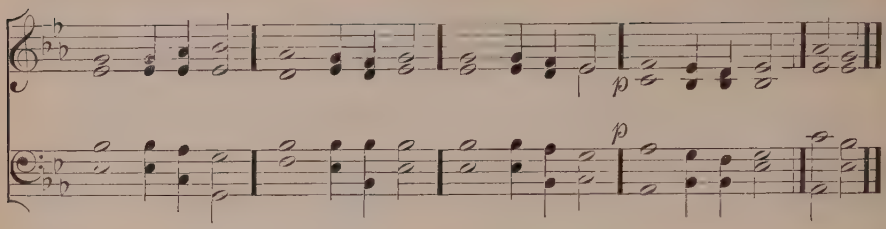
mp 4 Living or dying, Lord,
cr I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

H. Harbaugh

667 (FIRST TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 4.

TROYTE, No. 1
A. H. D. Troyte



mf 1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
cr O teach me from my heart to say,
p "Thy will be done!"

p 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
cr Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
p "Thy will be done!"

p 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply.
"Thy will be done!"

p 4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

mp 5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
p "Thy will be done!"

mf 6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
p "Thy will be done!"

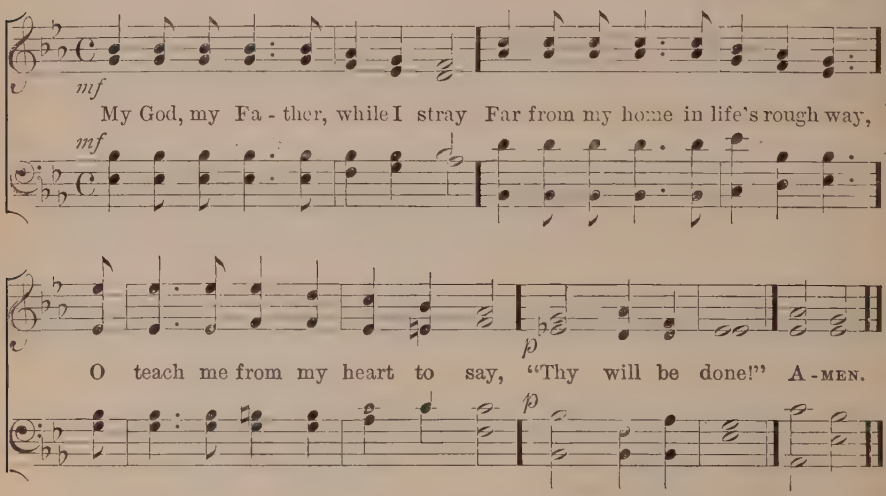
mp 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
cr I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

C. Elliott

(SECOND TUNE)

8. 8. 8. 4.

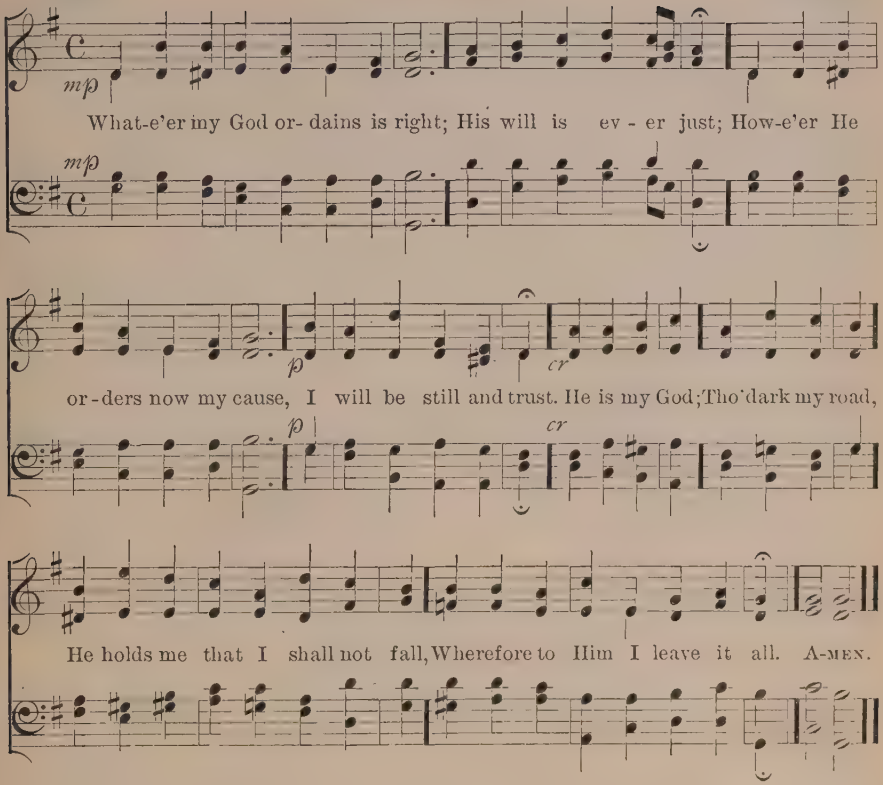
HANFORD
Arthur S. Sullivan



668

8. 6. 8. 6. 4. 4. 8. 8.

RODIGAST
W. B. Gilbert


mp
What-e'er my God or- dains is right; His will is ev - er just; How-e'er He
mp
p
cr
or-ders now my cause, I will be still and trust. He is my God; Tho' dark my road,
p
cr
He holds me that I shall not fall, Wherefore to Him I leave it all. A-MEN.

mf 2 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He never will deceive;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

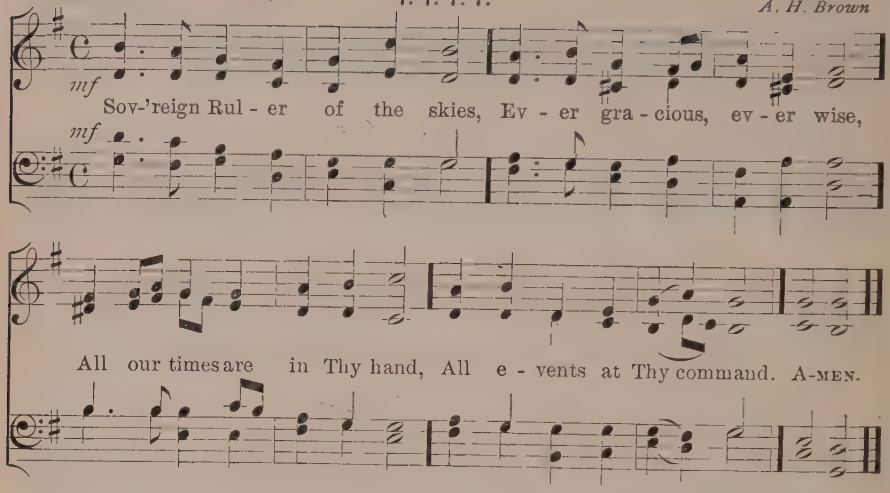
mf 3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
p Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
cr I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
mf Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

mf 4 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
My light, my life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good;
I trust Him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
cr We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our Guardian here.

mf 5 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
cr Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make [earth
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to Him I leave it all.

S. Rodigast: TR. *C. Winkworth*

669 (FIRST TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. LITANY *A. H. Brown*



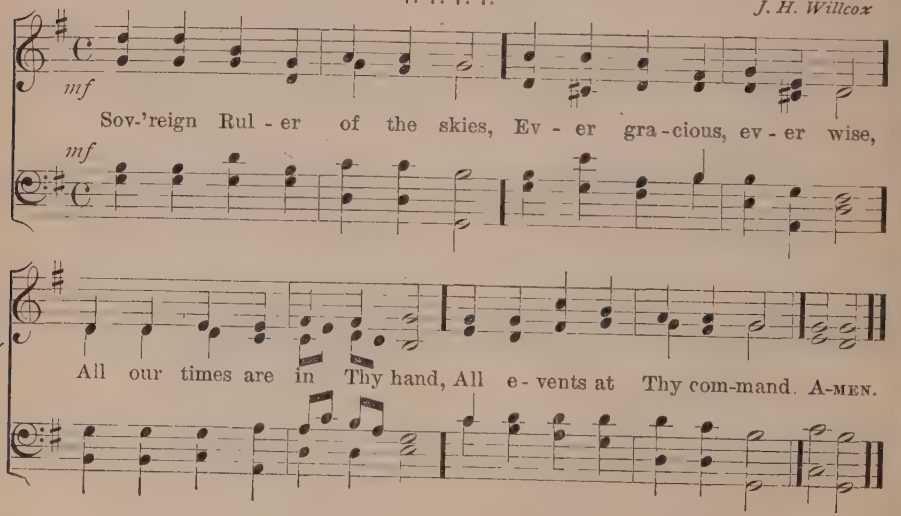
p 2 He that formed us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
cr All our ways shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.

mf 3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

mf 4 May we always own Thy hand,
Still to Thee surrendered stand,
Know that Thou art God alone,
We and ours are all Thy own.

J. Ryland

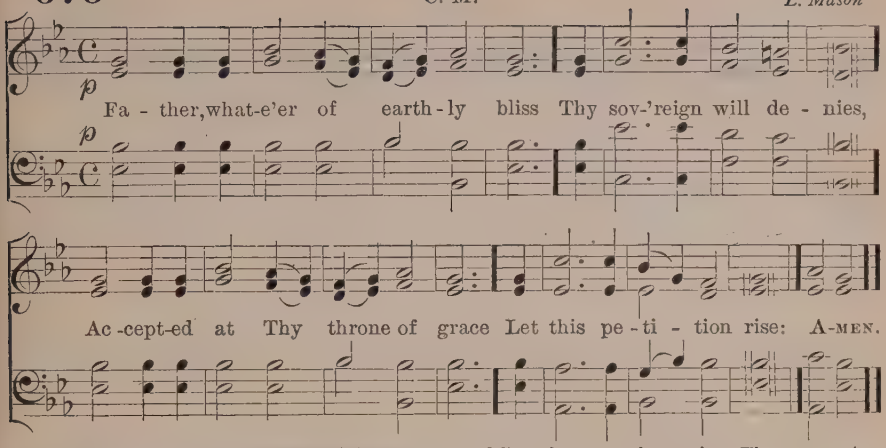
(SECOND TUNE) 7. 7. 7. 7. MERCY *J. H. Willcox*



670

C. M.

NAOMI
L. Mason



p 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
cr The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

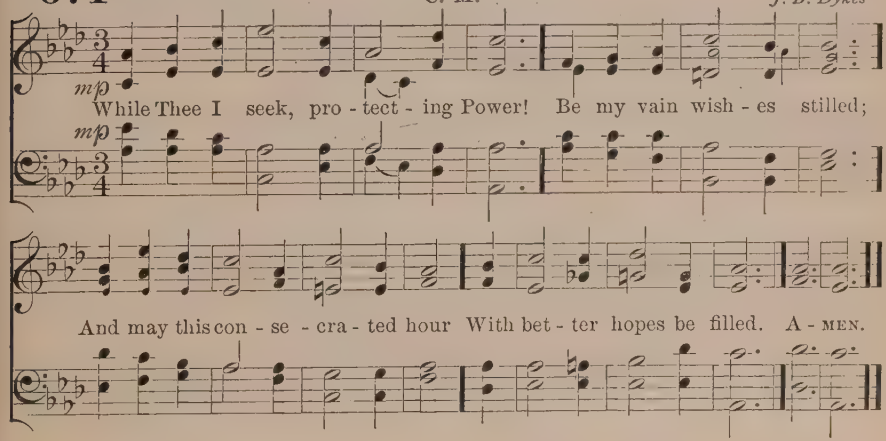
mf 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend:
cr Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

A. Steele

671 (FIRST TUNE)

C. M.

BEATITUDO
J. B. Dykes


While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled;
And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A - MEN.

mf 2 Thy love the power of tho't bestowed,
cr To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

mp 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
cr Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

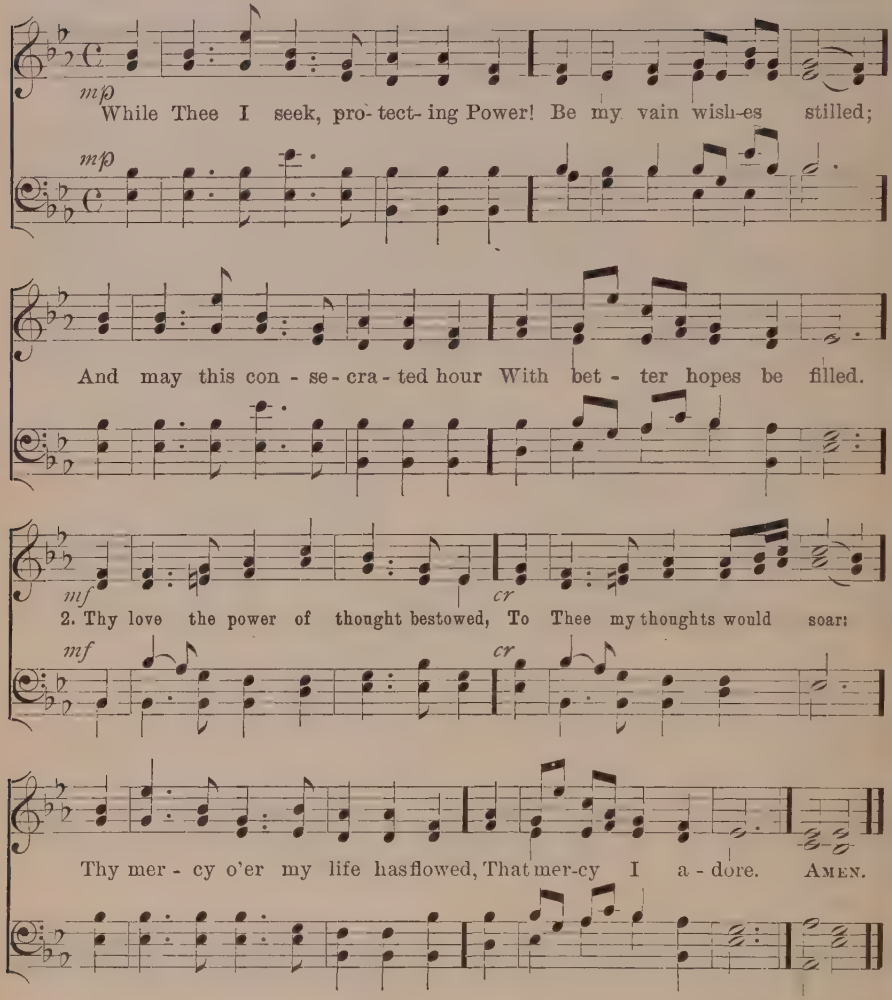
mf 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
p In every pain I bear,
cr My heart shall find delight in praise,
p Or seek relief in prayer.

mf 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
p Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

mf 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storms shall see;
cr My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

H. M. Williams

671 (SECOND TUNE) C. M. D. BRATTLE STREET *From Pleyel*


mp
While Thee I seek, pro-tect-ing Power! Be my vain wish-es stilled;
mp
And may this con-se-cra-ted hour With bet-ter hopes be filled.
mf
cr
2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed, To Thee my thoughts would soar:
mf
cr
Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer-cy I a-dore. AMEN.

mp 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
cr Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

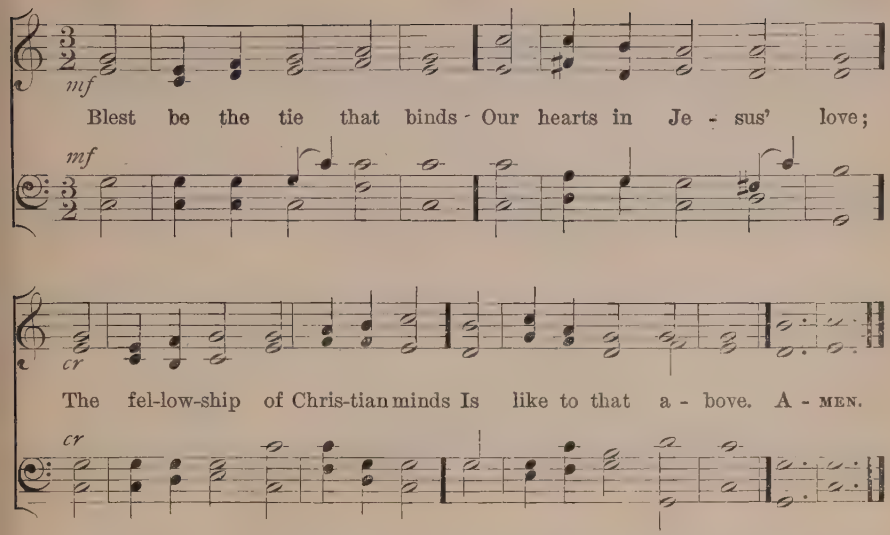
mf 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
p In every pain I bear,
cr My heart shall find delight in praise,
p Or seek relief in prayer.

mf 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
p Resign'd when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

mf 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storms shall see;
cr My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

H. M. Williams

672 S. M. BOYLSTON *Lowell Mason*


mf
Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Je - sus' love;
mf
cr
The fel-low-ship of Chris-tian minds Is like to that a - bove. A - MEN.
cr

mf 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

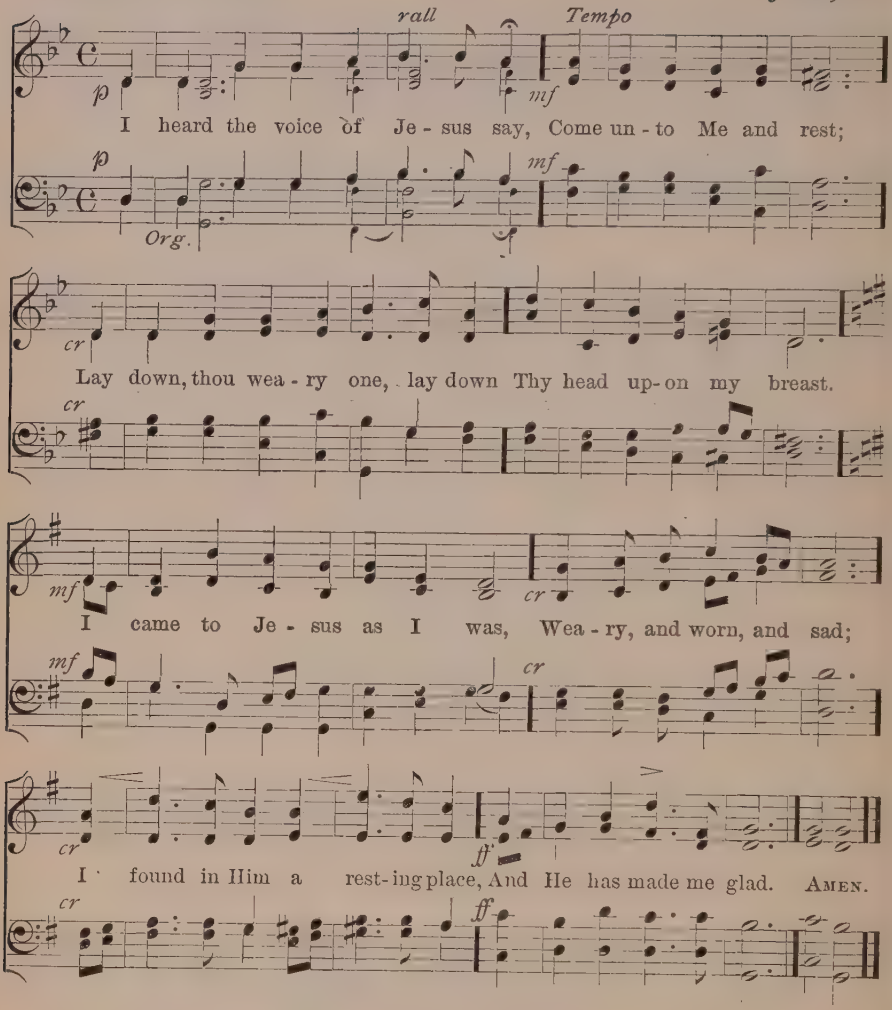
p 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

p 4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
cr But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

mf 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
cr And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

J. Fawcett

673 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. D. VOX DILECTI *J. B. Dykes*

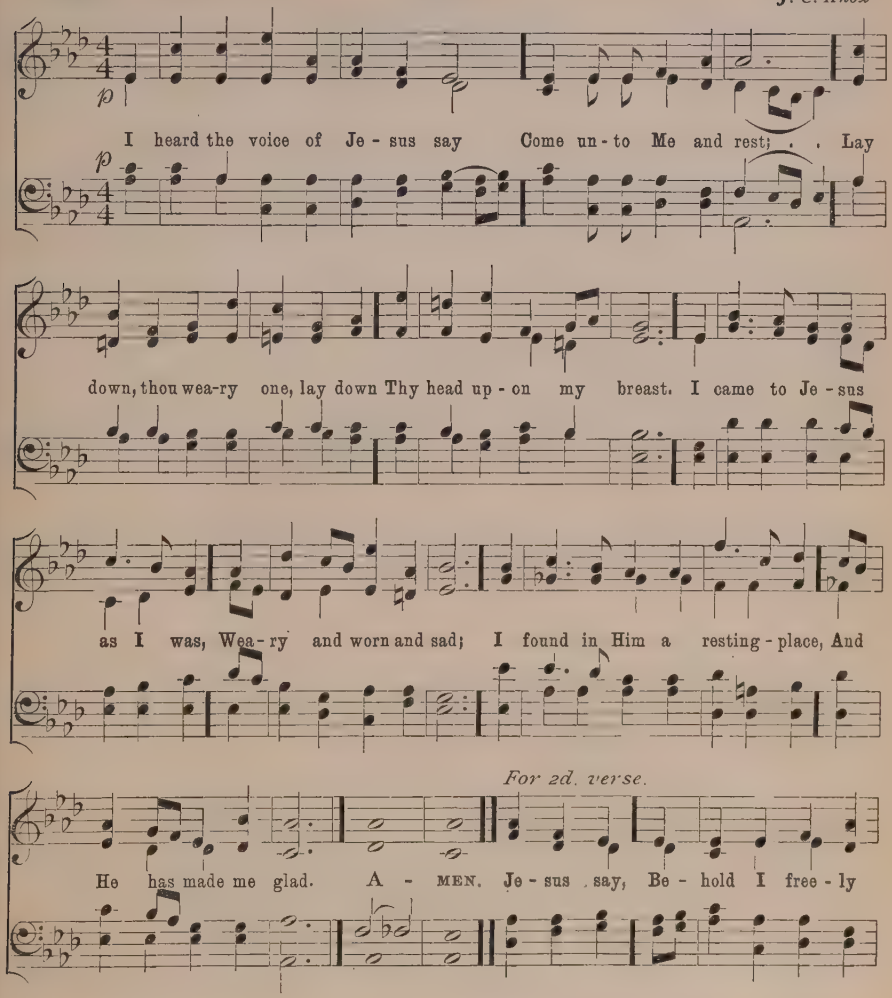

rall
Tempo
p
mf
I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest;
Org.
cr
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad. AMEN.
ff

p 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
cr The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live,
I came to Jesus, and I drank
cr Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched my soul re-
ff And now I live in Him. [vived,

p 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
cr Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
p I looked to Jesus, and I found
cr In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
dim Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar

673 (SECOND TUNE) C. M. D. BONAR *J. C. Knox*

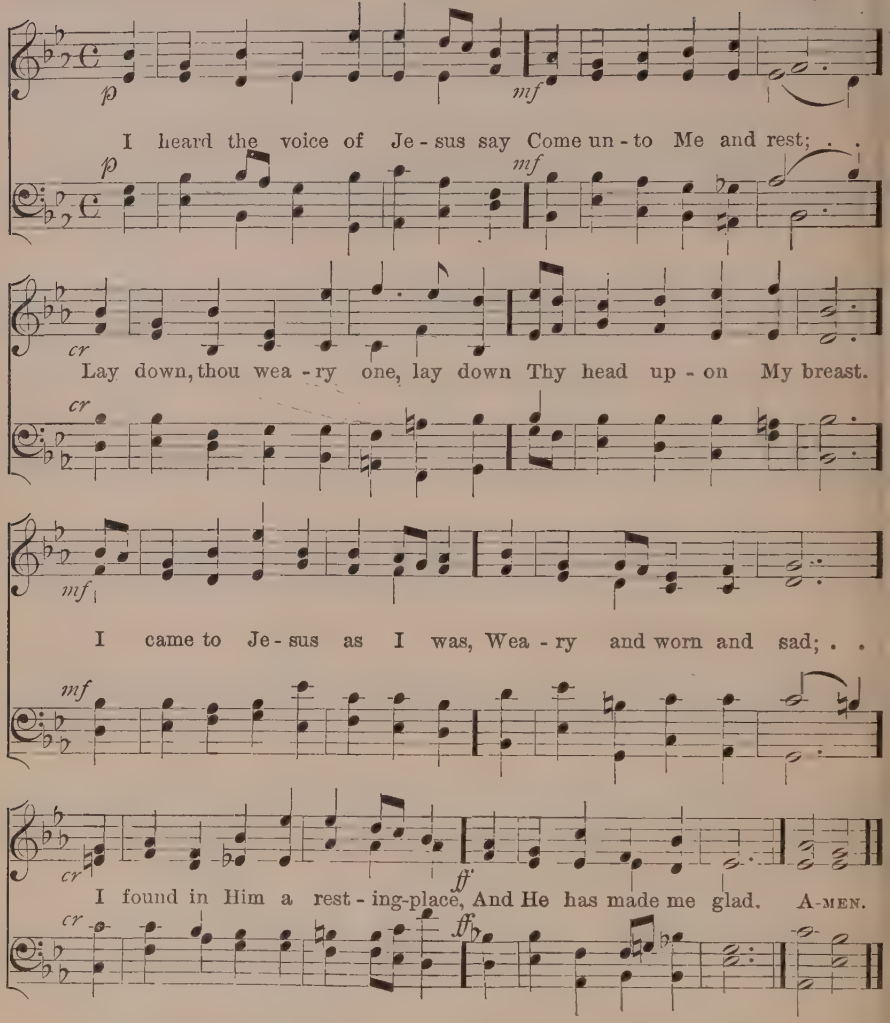

I heard the voice of Je - sus say Come un - to Me and rest; . . Lay
down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast. I came to Je - sus
as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad; I found in Him a resting - place, And
For 2d. verse.
He has made me glad. A - MEN. Je - sus say, Be - hold I free - ly

p 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say
mf Behold I freely give
cr The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live.
p I came to Jesus, and I drank
cr Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd
ff And now I live in Him.

p 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say
mf I am this dark world's light;
cr Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
p I looked to Jesus, and I found
cr In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
p Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar

673 (THIRD TUNE) C. M. D. FLENSBURG *L. Spohr*

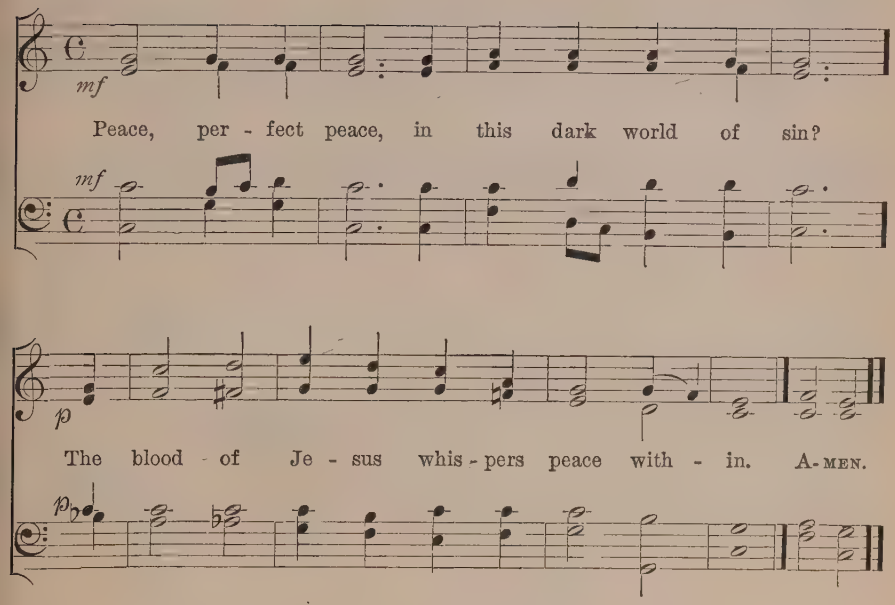

I heard the voice of Je - sus say Come un - to Me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast.
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. A-MEN.

p 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say
mf Behold I freely give
cr The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live.
p I came to Jesus, and I drank
cr Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd
ff And now I live in Him.

p 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say
mf I am this dark world's light;
cr Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
p I looked to Jesus, and I found
cr In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
p Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar

674 10. 10. PAX TECUM *G. T. Caldbeck*



mf 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
p To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

mf 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
p On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found?

mf 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
cr In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

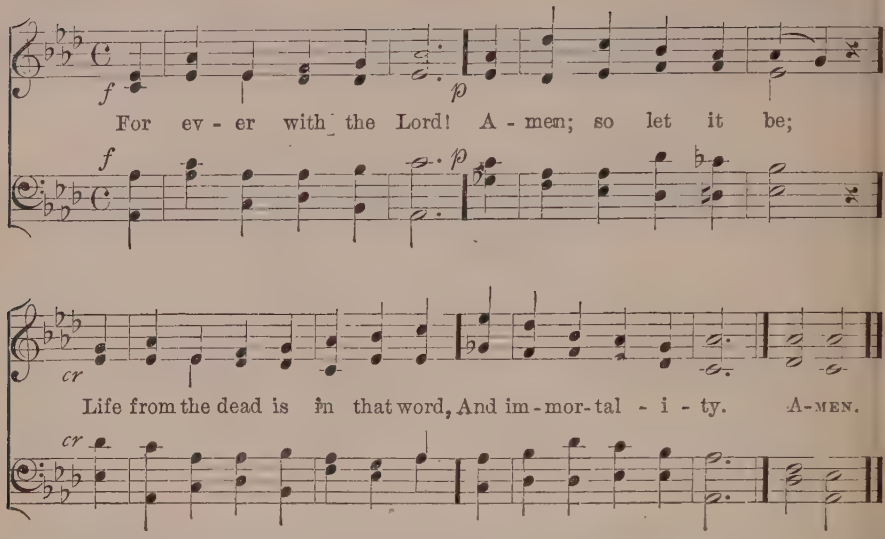
mf 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
cr Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

p 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
f Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

p 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
cr And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

E. H. Bickersteth

675 (FIRST TUNE) S. M. SCHUMANN *R. Schumann*



p 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
cr Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

mf 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's forseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

p 4 Ah! then my spirit faints
cr To reach the land I love,
f The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

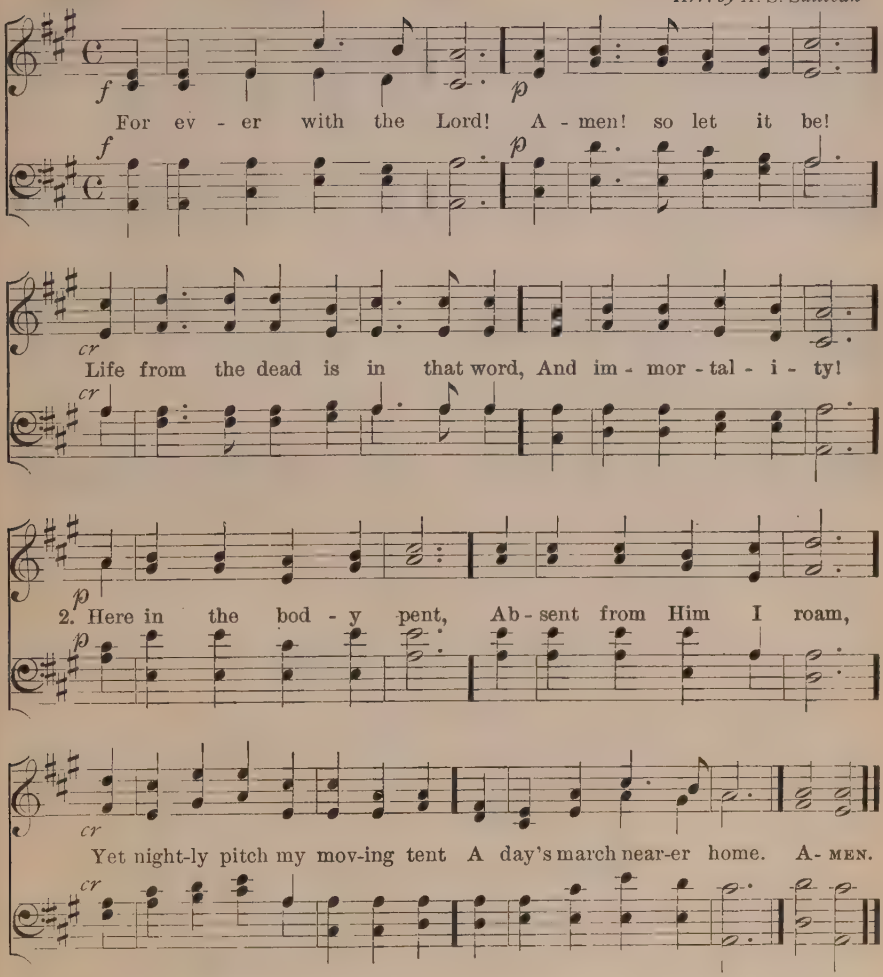
p 5 Then, then I feel, that He
Remembered or forgot,
cr The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

p 6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
cr By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

J. Montgomery

675 (SECOND TUNE) S. M. D.

NEARER HOME
Arr. by A. S. Sullivan


For ev - er with the Lord! A - men! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word, And im - mor - tal - i - ty!
2. Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam,
Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near-er home. A- MEN.

mf 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

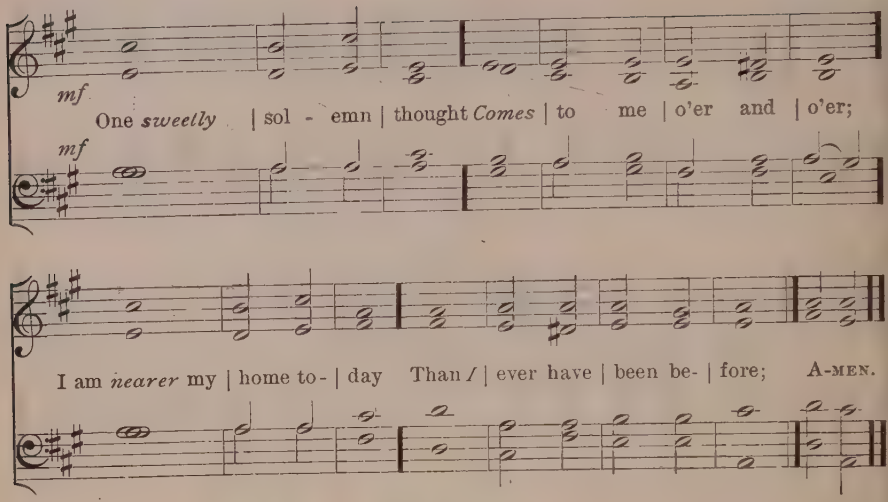
p 4 Ah! then my spirit faints
cr To reach the land I love,
f The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

p 5 Then, then I feel, that He
Remembered or forgot,
cr The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

p 6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
cr By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

J. Montgomery

676 (FIRST TUNE) P. M. HOME *W. Jacobs*



mf 2 *Nearer* the | great white | throne,
Near- | er the | crystal | sea,
Nearer my | Father's | house,
cr *Where* the | "many | mansions" | be;

mf 3 *Nearer* the | bound of | life,
Where we | lay our | burdens | down;
Nearer | leaving the | cross,
Nearer | gain- | ing the | crown;

p 4 But *lying* | darkly be- | tween,
Winding | down | through the | night,
Is the *deep* and | unknown | stream
To be *crossed* | ere we | reach the | light.

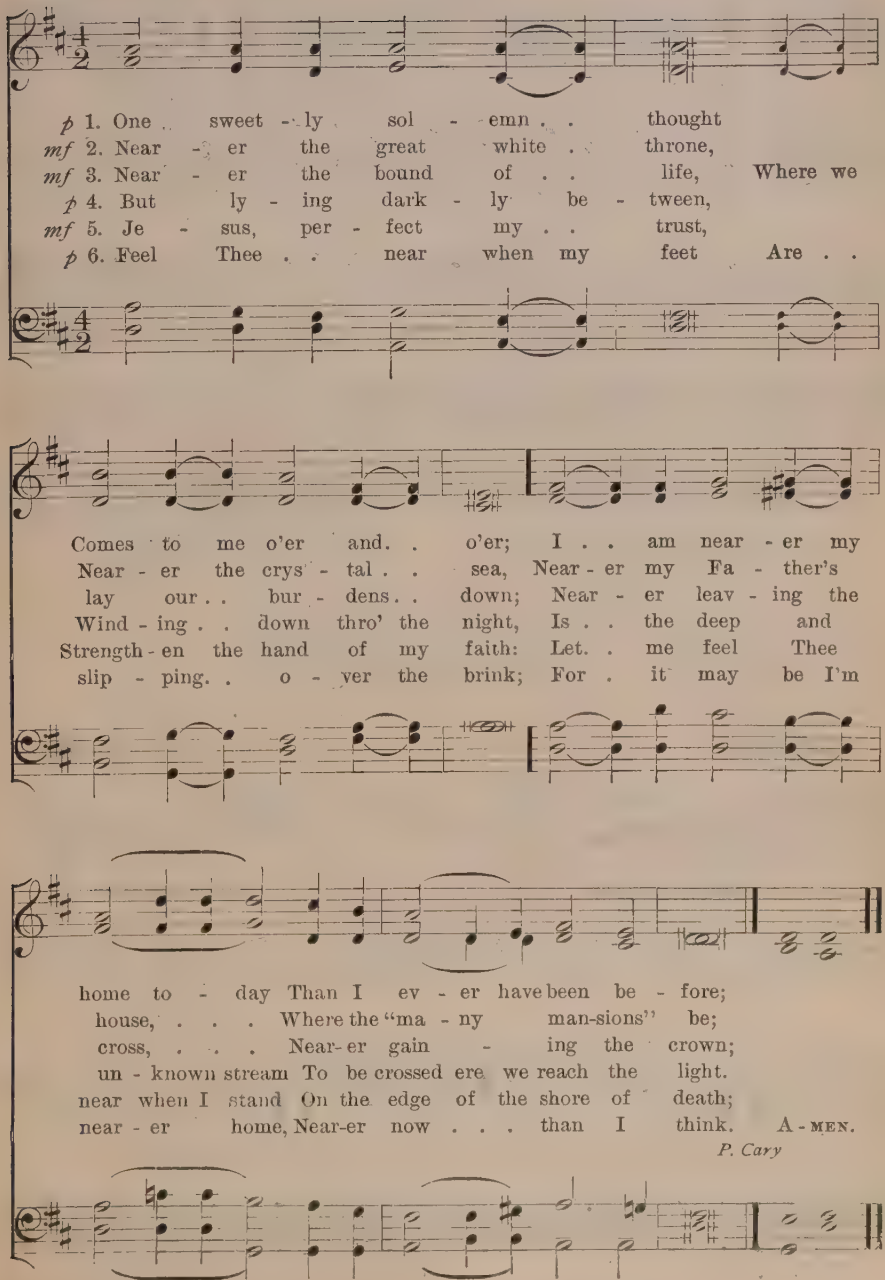
mf 5 *Jesus,* per- | fect my | trust,
Strengthen the | hand | of my | faith:
p Let me feel Thee *near* | when I | stand
On the *edge* | of the | shore of | death;

p 6 Feel Thee *near* | when my | feet
Are *slipping* | o- | ver the | brink;
pp For it may *be* I'm | nearer | home,
Nearer | now | than I | think.

P. Cary

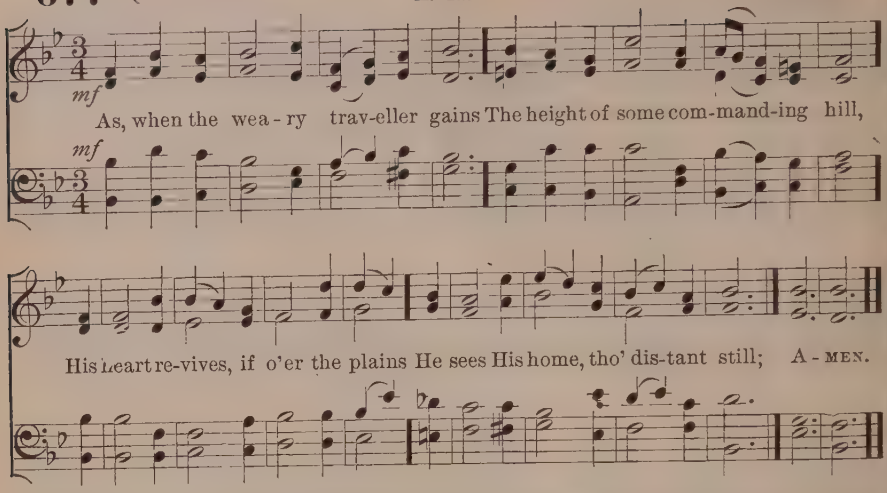
676 (SECOND TUNE) P. M.

AMBROSE
R. S. Ambrose


p 1. One sweet - ly sol - emn . . thought
mf 2. Near - er the great white . . throne,
mf 3. Near - er the bound of . . life, Where we
p 4. But ly - ing dark - ly be - tween,
mf 5. Je - sus, per - fect my . . trust,
p 6. Feel Thee . . near when my feet Are . .
Comes to me o'er and. . o'er; I . . am near - er my
Near - er the crys - tal . . sea, Near - er my Fa - ther's
lay our . . bur - dens . . down; Near - er leav - ing the
Wind - ing . . down thro' the night, Is . . the deep and
Strength - en the hand of my faith: Let. . me feel Thee
slip - ping. . o - ver the brink; For . it may be I'm
home to - day Than I ev - er have been be - fore;
house, . . . Where the "ma - ny man-sions" be;
cross, . . . Near-er gain - ing the crown;
un - known stream To be crossed ere we reach the light.
near when I stand On the edge of the shore of death;
near - er home, Near-er now . . . than I think. A - MEN.

P. Cary

677 (FIRST TUNE) L. M. GERMANY *From Beethoven*


mf
As, when the wea - ry trav-eller gains The height of some com-mand-ing hill,
mf
His heart re-vives, if o'er the plains He sees His home, tho' dis-tant still; A - MEN.

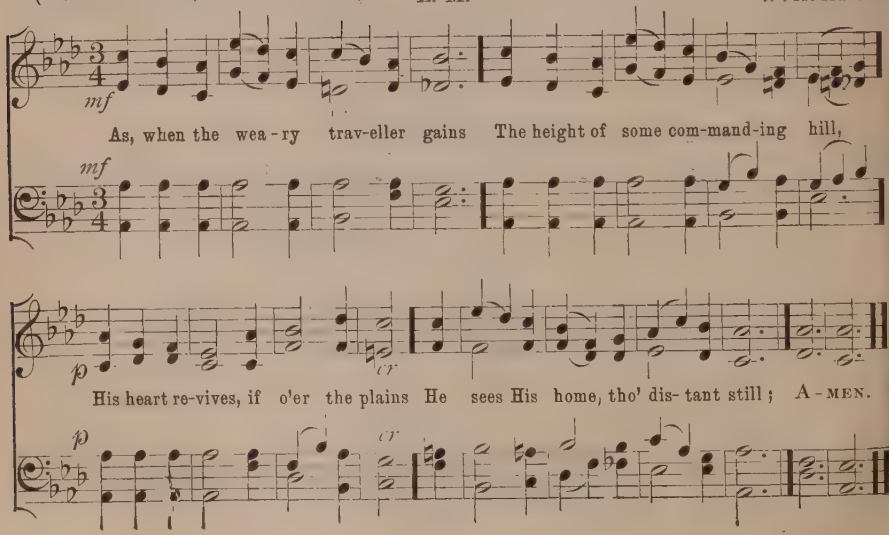
mf 2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting heart renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

mf 3 The thought of heaven his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

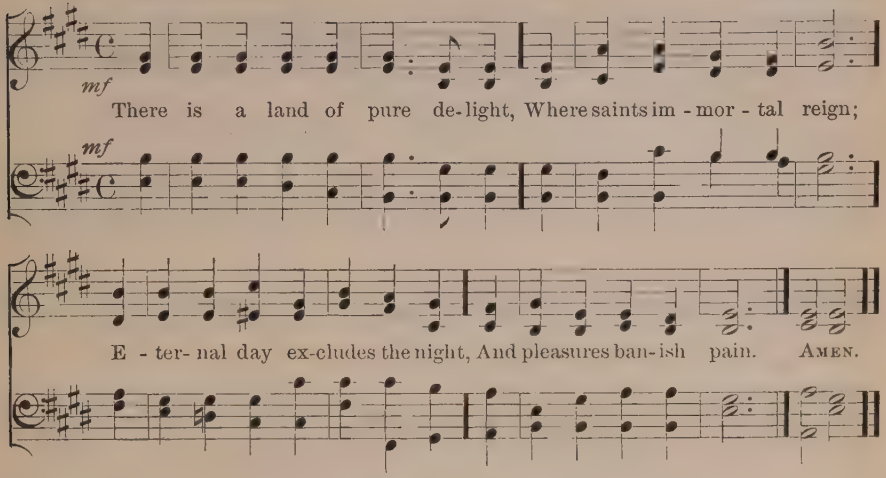
mf 4 Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,
cr To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labours of the road.

J. Newton

(SECOND TUNE) L. M. BRIERLY *W. H. Hart*


mf
As, when the wea - ry trav-eller gains The height of some com-mand-ing hill,
mf
p
cr
His heart re-vives, if o'er the plains He sees His home, tho' dis-tant still; A - MEN.
p
cr

678 (FIRST TUNE) C. M. MEDITATION *J. H. Gower*


mf
There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
E-ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. AMEN.

f 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
p Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

cr 3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

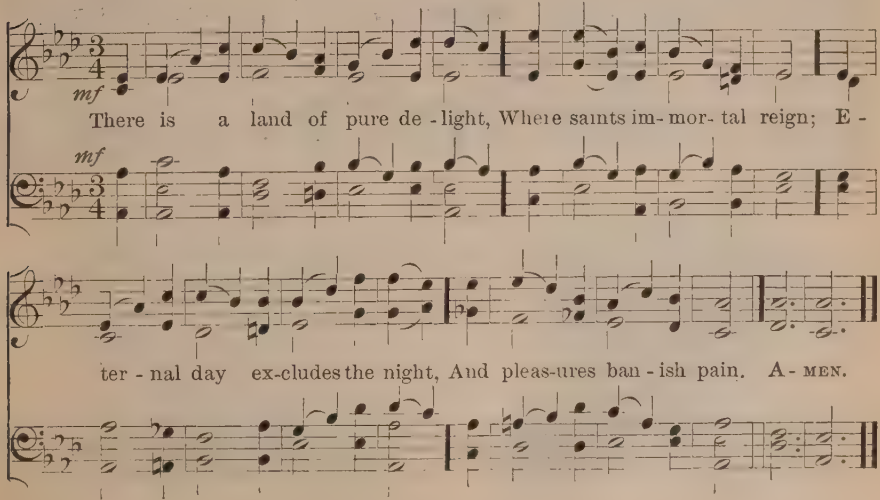
p 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea:
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

mf 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes:

cr 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, (flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

I. Watts

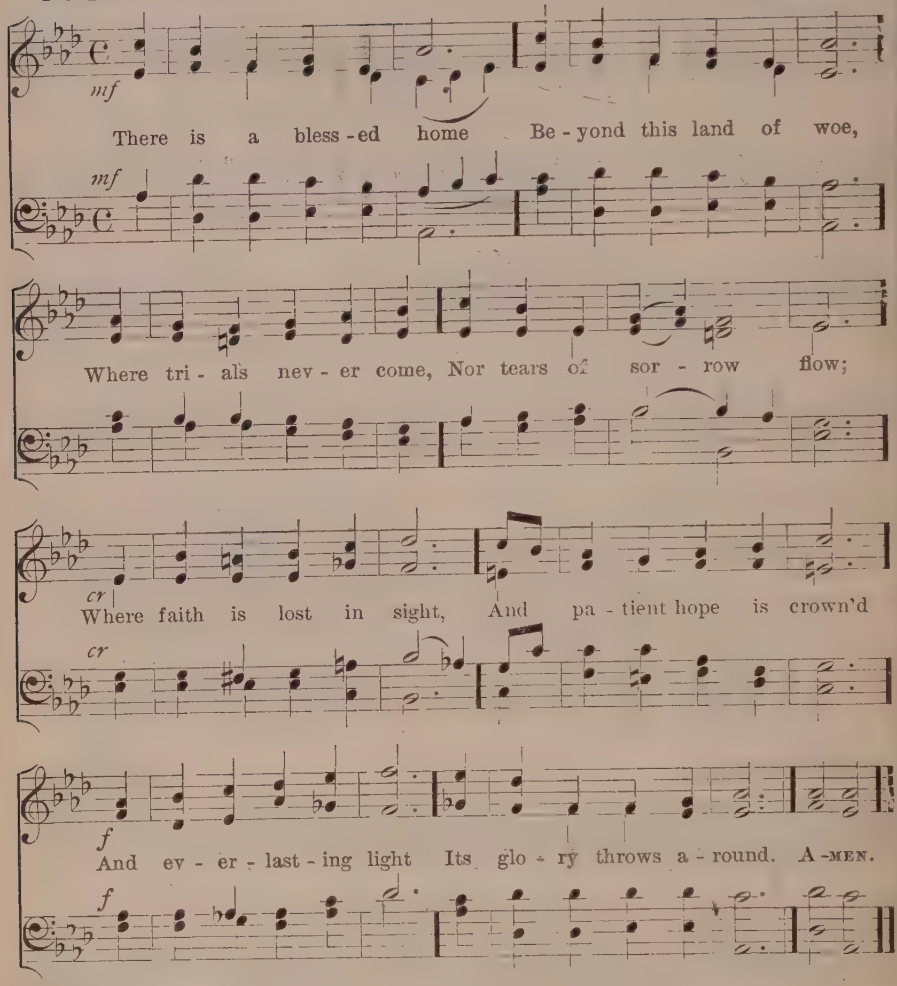
(SECOND TUNE) C. M. CHESTNUT RIDGE *Wm. H. Walter*


mf
There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; E-
ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. A-MEN.

679 (FIRST TUNE)

6. 6. 6. 6. D.

BLESSED HOME
J. Stainer


mf
There is a bless-ed home Be-yond this land of woe,
mf
Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor-row flow;
cr
Where faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient hope is crown'd
cr
f
And ev-er-last-ing light Its glo-ry throws a-round. A-MEN.
f

p 2 There is a Land of peace:
Good angels know it well;
cr Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
mf Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

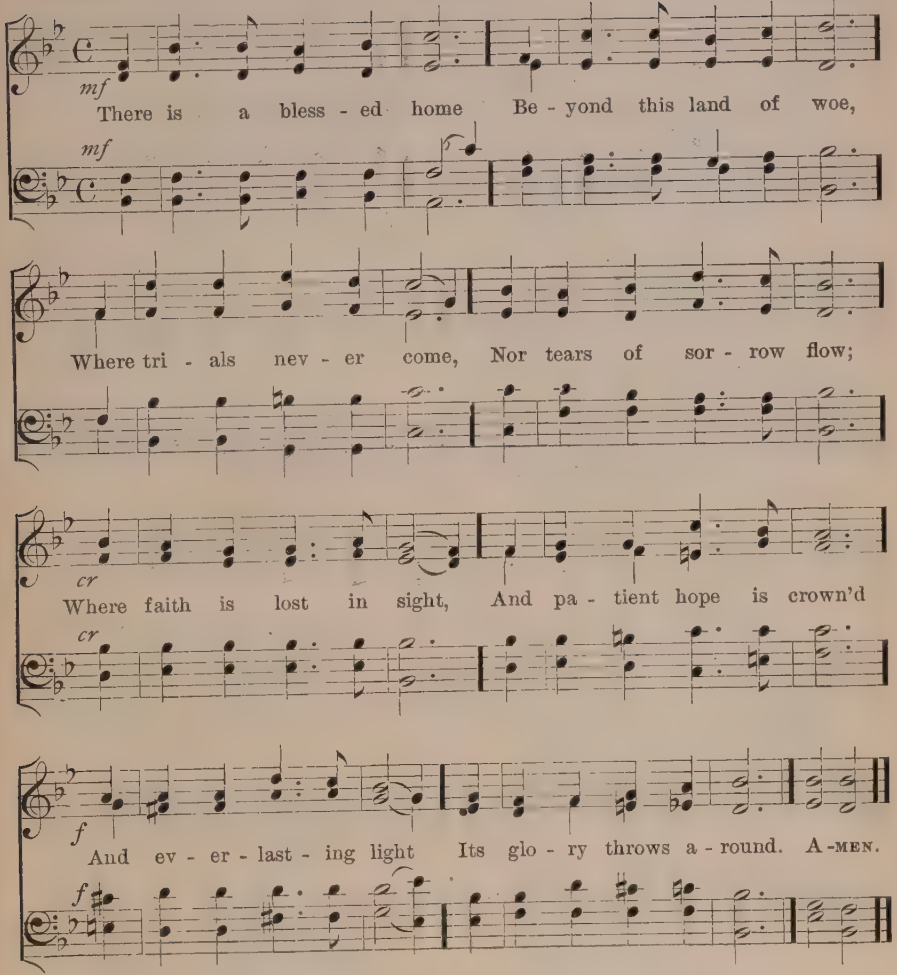
f 3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died.
p And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
mf To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
cr And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

mf 4 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
p Of daily toil and woe!
cr Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love!
mf His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

H. W. Baker

679 (SECOND TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

BEULAH
H. F. Hemy


mf
There is a bless - ed home Be - yond this land of woe,
mf
Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
cr
Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crown'd
cr
f
And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round. A-MEN.
f

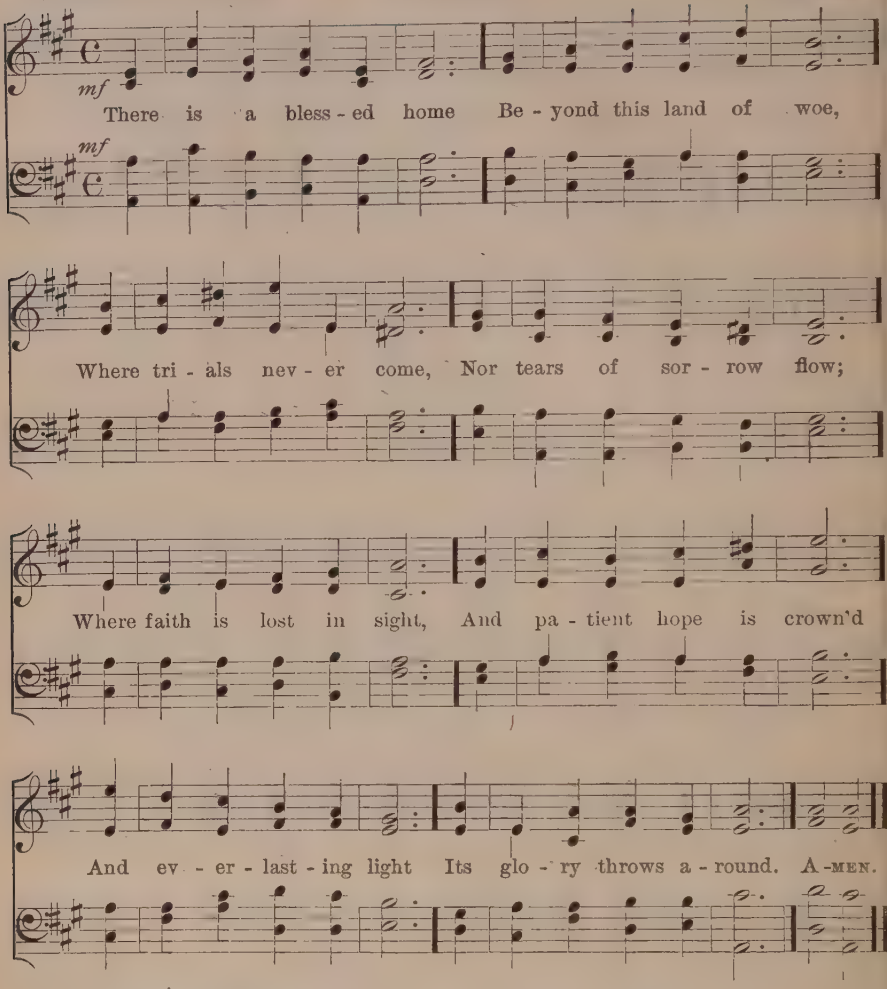
p 2 There is a land of peace:
Good angels know it well;
cr Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
mf Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

f 3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died.
p And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
mf To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
cr And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

mf 4 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
p Of daily toil and woe!
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love!
mf His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

H. W. Baker

679 (THIRD TUNE) 6. 6. 6. 6 D. HOME *G. J. Elvey*


mf
There is a bless - ed home Be - yond this land of woe,
Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crown'd
And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round. A - MEN.

p 2 There is a Land of peace:
Good angels know it well;
cr Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
mf Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

f 3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died.
p And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side!
mf To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
cr And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

mf 4 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
p Of daily toil and woe!
cr Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love!
mf His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

H. W. Baker

Doxologies

NOTE.—After the Long, Common, and Short Metres, the Doxologies follow in numerical order; first the simple numbers, then the double, and then the mixed. And the sequence is always from the higher to the lower, as 10s, 8s, 7s; 8.7, 7.6, 6.5, etc.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from Whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

L.M.D.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, praise be given,
The everlasting Three in One,
Adored by all in earth and heaven;
As was in circling ages past,
Is now, and shall for ever be,
While saints their crowns of glory cast
Before Thy throne, blest Trinity. Amen.

C.M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

C.M.D.

TO praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One
Let saints and angels join:
Glory to Thee, blest Three in One,
The God Whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more. Amen.

S.M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

S.M.D.

PRAISE, as in ages past,
Praise, as in glory now,
Praise, while eternity shall last,
To Thee, O God, we vow;
Whom all the heavenly host
And saints on earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be glory evermore. Amen.

1 10s.

TO God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.
Amen.

2 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed. Amen.

3 8.8.8.8.8.8.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

4 8.8.8.8.8.8.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom Heaven's triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more. Amen.

5 8.8.8.8.D

ETERNAL Father! throned above,
Thou Fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal Word! Who left Thy throne
For man's rebellion to atone;
Eternal Spirit, Who dost give
That grace whereby our spirits live:
Thou God of our salvation, be
Eternal praises paid to Thee. Amen.

6 7s.

HOLY FATHER, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be. Amen.

7 7.7.7.7.7.7.

PRAISE the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last. Amen.

8 7.7.7.7.D.

HOLY Father, Fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might;
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.

9 6s.

TO Father, and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be. Amen.

10 6.6.6.6.6.6.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise and glory be;
As was in ages past,
And shall forever last,
Most Holy Trinity.

Doxologies

11 6.6.6.6.D.

TO Father, and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal Glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before Thy Throne we bow,
And Thee our God adore. Amen.

12 8.7.8.7.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. Amen.

13 8.7.8.7.8.7.

PRAISE and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might and one in glory
While eternal ages run. Amen.

14 8.7.8.7.D.

LET the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before His throne:
Alleluias everlasting
Be to Him, and Him alone. Amen.

15 7.6.7.6.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God Whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given
Now and for evermore. Amen.

16 7.6.7.6.D.

O FATHER ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One,
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

17 6.5.6.5.

GLORY to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

18 9.8.9.8.

TO God the Father, Son, and Spirit,
The everlasting Three in One,
Be glory due Thy boundless merit,
While never ending ages run. Amen.

19 8.7.8.7.4.7.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. Amen.

20 8.7.8.7.7.7.

PRAISE the Father throned in heaven;
Praise the everlasting Son;
Praise the Spirit freely given;
Praise the blessed Three in One.
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be. Amen.

21 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confest,
Be highest glory given,
As hath been from the ages past,
And shall be while the ages last,
By all in earth and heaven. Amen.

22 7.6.7.6.8.8.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
God ever Three in One,
Let glory due Thy merit,
By angel choirs begun,
As in the countless ages past,
Be sung while endless ages last. Amen.

23 8.5.8.5.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God for ever One,
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
While the ages run. Amen.

24 8.8.8.4.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God for ever Three in One,
Be praise from men and angel host,
While ages run. Amen.

25 8.8.8.6.

O HOLY Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Ghost, God Three in One,
While everlasting ages run,
All glory be to Thee. Amen.

26 7.7.7.5.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One; from every coast,
Earth, and Heaven's adoring host,
Thy true Godhead praise. Amen.

27 6.6.6.6.8.8.

TO God the Father's throne
Your highest honours raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy Name we sing, while faith adores.

28 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

TO Father and to Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given,
As hath been heretofore,
And shall be evermore:
Let all His Name adore
In earth and heaven. Amen.

29 4.4.7.7.6.

TO Father, Son,
And Spirit, One
True God, be glory given;
Now, and while the ages run,
Lord of earth and heaven. Amen.

30 HYMN 466 P.M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And ever blessed Spirit,
Eternal Three in One,
Be glory due Thy merit;
As was in ages past,
Is now, and still shall be,
While endless ages last,
Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

31

COME, let us adore Him! Come, bow at His feet!
O give Him the glory, the praise that is meet!
Let joyful Hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies! Amen.

THE MORNING AND EVENING

Canticles

AND

Occasional Anthems

POINTED FOR CHANTING BY THE COMMISSION ACTING UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

ATTEST { H. A. NEELY, *Chairman.*
CHAS. L. HUTCHINS, *Secretary*

IN putting forth this Pointing of the Canticles, etc., in accordance with the direction of the General Convention, the Commission would call attention to the great importance and practical usefulness of the following suggestions taken from the Preface to the "Cathedral Psalter:"—

✠

1. The words, from the commencement of each verse and half-verse, up to the accented syllable, are called the Recitation.

✠

2. On reaching the accented syllable, and beginning with it, the *music* of the chant commences, in strict time (*a tempo*), the upright strokes corresponding to the bars. The Recitation must therefore be considered as *outside* the chant, and may be of any length. The note on which the Recitation is made is called the Reciting-note.

✠

3. If there is no syllable after that which is accented, the accented syllable must be held for one whole bar or measure.

✠

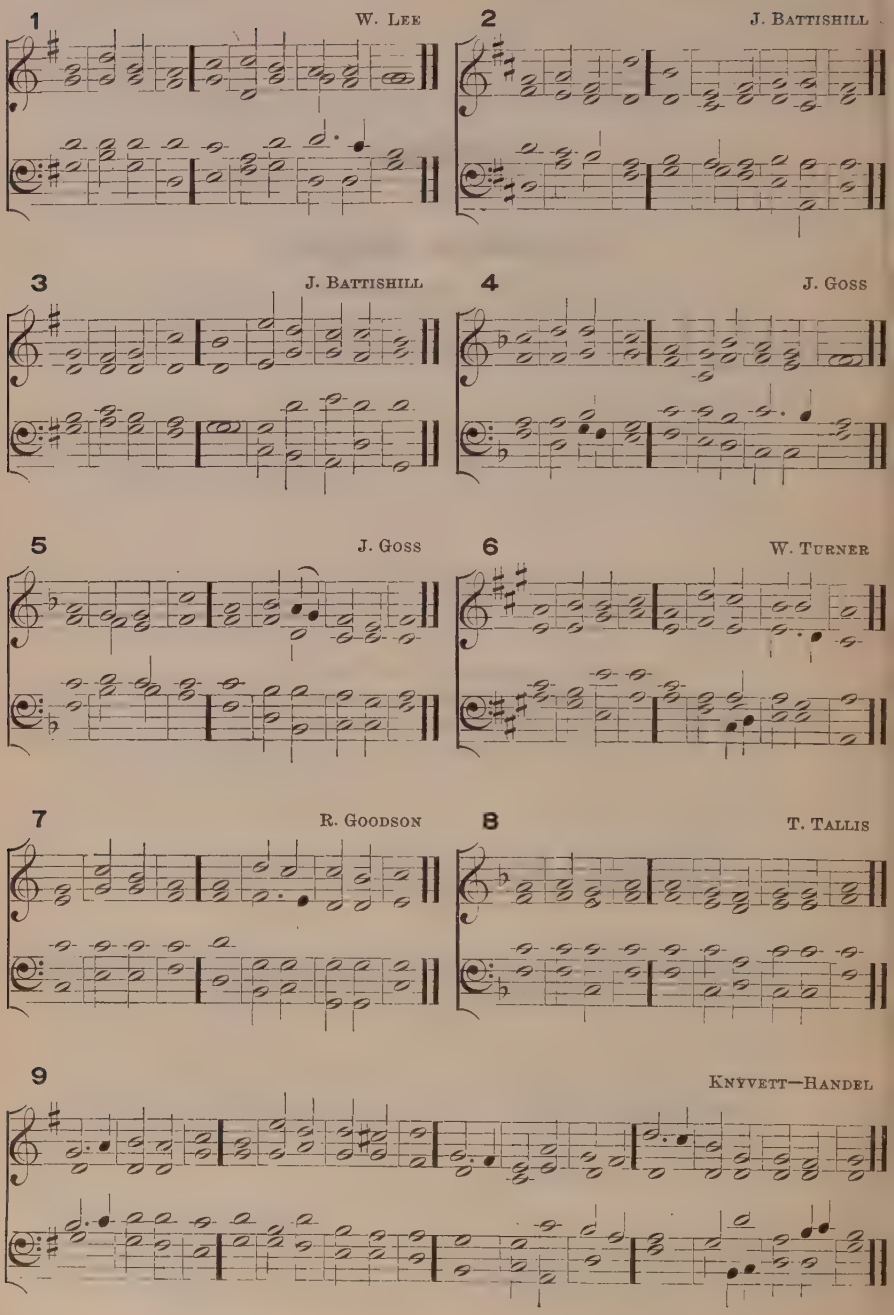
4. An asterisk (*) is a direction to take breath. Other stops (, ;) must be attended to as in good *reading*.

✠

5. As the accent holds the position of the first beat of the first bar, it is unnecessary to sing it louder than any of the words recited: its position, musically, will give it quite enough emphasis.

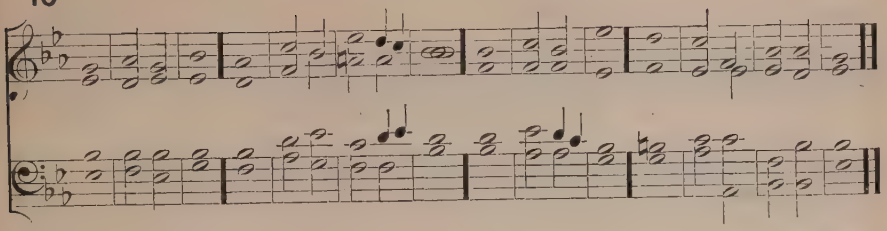
✠

Venite, exultemus Domino

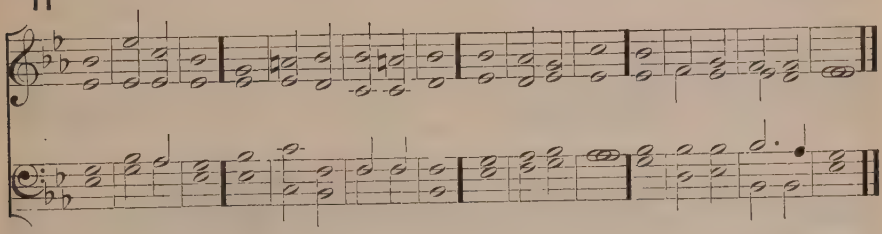


Venite, exultemus Domino

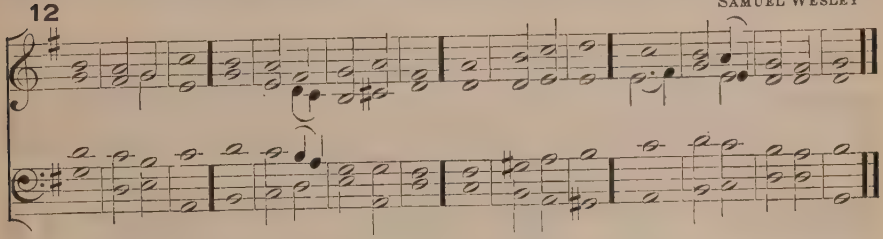
10 BARNBY



11 J. ROBINSON



12 SAMUEL WESLEY



VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

F *f* O COME, let us sing | unto · the | LORD: let us heartily rejóice in the | strength of | our sal | vation.

F 2 Let us come before his présence with | thanks ·= | giving: and shów ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the LÓRD is a | great ·= | God: and a gréat | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the córners | of the | earth: and the stréngth of the | hills is | his ·= | also.

5 The sea is hís | and he | made it: and his hánds pre | pared · the | dry ·= | land.

p 6 O come, let us wórship and | fall ·= | down: and knéel be | fore the | LORD our | Maker.

cr 7 For hé is the | Lord our | God: (*p*) and we are the people of his pasture * ánd the | sheep of | his · = | hand.

p 8 O worship the LÓRD in the | beauty · of | holiness: (*cr*) let the whole eárth | stand in | awe of | him.

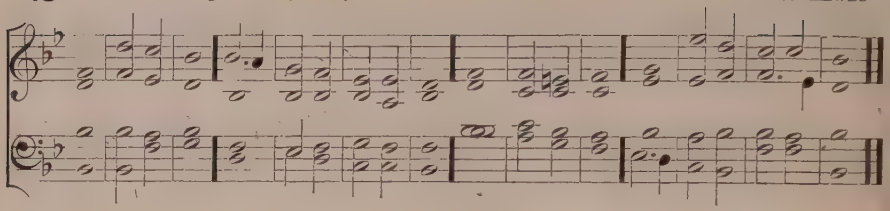
p 9 For he cometh, for he cómeth to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to judge the wórld, and the | people | with his | truth.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

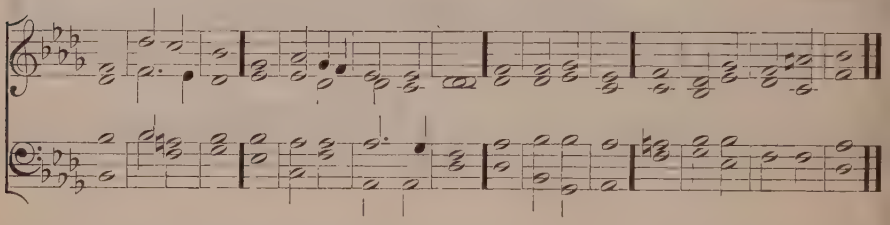
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end ·= | A ·= men.

Te Deum laudamus

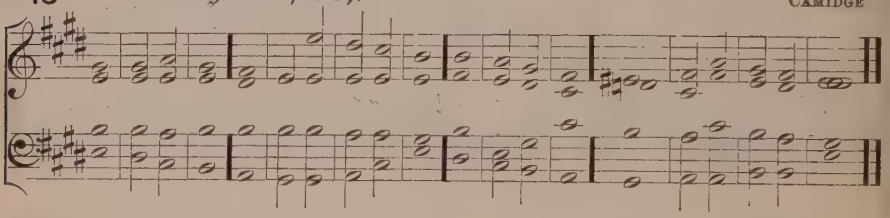
13 *Verses 1 to 15 and 24 to 29.* H. Lawes



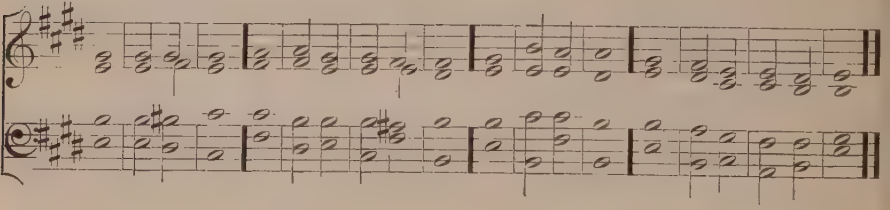
14 *Verses 16 to 23.* R. Cooke



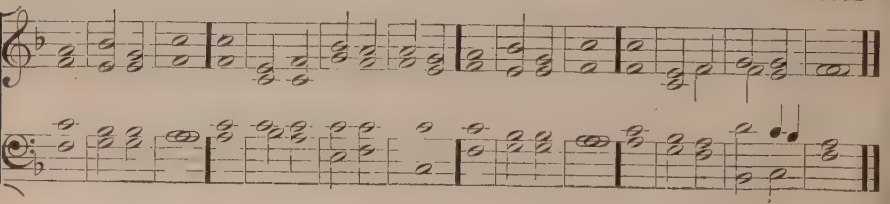
15 *Verses 1 to 15 and 24 to 29.* Camidge



16 *Verses 16 to 20.* W. P. Propert

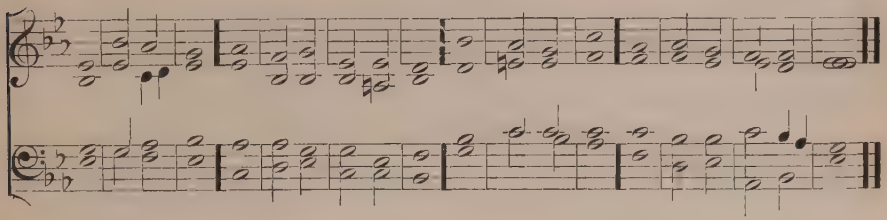


17 Goodenough

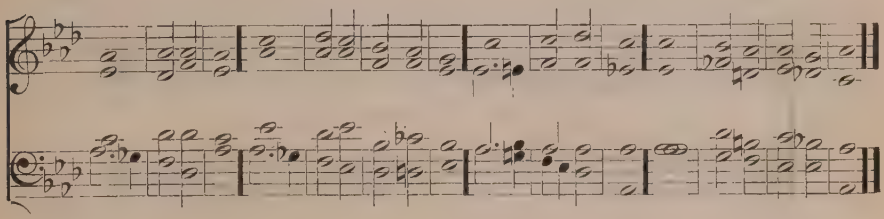


Te Deum laudamus

18 *Verses 1 to 15 and 24 to 29.* E. J. Hopkins



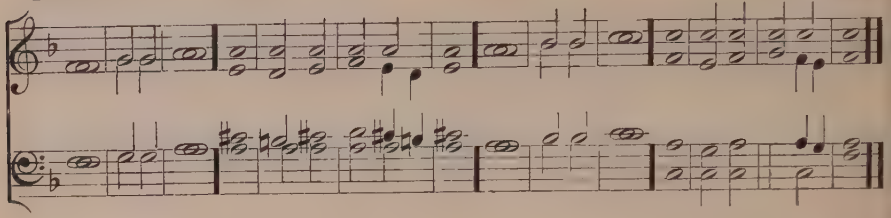
19 *Verses 16 to 23.* A. Hodges



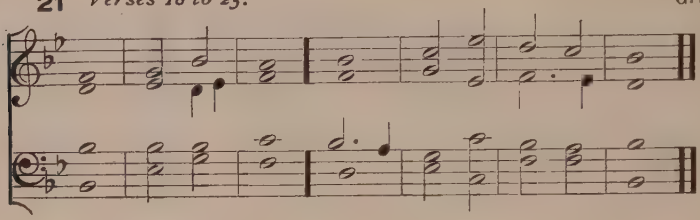
F *f* WE práise | thee O | God: we acknówledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
F 2 All the eárth doth | worship | thee: thé | Father | ever | lasting.
3 To thee all A´ngels | cry a | loud: the Héavens, and | all the | Powers there | in;
4 To thee Chérubim and | Sera | phim: | cón | tinual | ly do | cry,
p 5 Hóly | Holy | Holy: Lórd | God of | Saba | oth;
f 6 Heaven and earth are fúll of the | Majes | ty: óf | thy · = | glo · = | ry.
mf 7 The glorious cómpany | of · the A | postles: práise | = · = | = · = | thee.
8 The goodly féllowship | of the | Prophets: práise | = · = | = · = | thee.
9 The nóble | army · of | Martyrs: práise | = · = | = · = | thee.
f 10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the | world: dóth ac | know · = | ledge · = | thee;
mf 11 Thé | Fa · = | ther óf an | infinite | Majes | ty;
12 Thíne ad | ora · ble | true: ánd | on · = | = · ly | Son;
13 A´lso the | Holy | Ghost: (*p*) thé | Com · = | fort · = | er.
f 14 Thóu art the | King of | Glory: O´ | = · = | = · = | Christ.
15 Thou art the éver | lasting | Son: óf | = · the | Fa · = | ther.
pp 16 When thou tookest upon thée to de | liver | man: thou didst humble thysélf to be | born · = | of a | Virgin.
p 17 When thou hadst overcóme the | sharpness · of | death: (*cr*) thou didst open the Kíngdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.
f 18 Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God: ín the | glory | of the | Father.
pp 19 We belíeve that | thou shalt | come: tó | be · = | our · = | Judge.
20 We therefore práy thee | help thy | servants: whom thou hast redeémed | with thy | precious | blood.
mf 21 Make them to be númbered | with thy | Saints: ín | glory | ever | lasting.
p 22 O Lórd, | save thy | people: ánd | bless thine | herit | age.
cr 23 Góv | = · ern | them: ánd | lift them | up for | ever.
F *f* 24 Dáy | by · = | day: wé | magni | fy · = | thee;
F 25 A´nd we | worship · thy | Name: ever | world with | out · = | end.
p 26 Vóuch | safe O | Lord: to kéep us this | day with | out · = | sin.
27 O Lórd, have | mercy · up | on us: háve | mercy · up | on · = | us.
28 O Lord, let thy mércy | be up | on us: ás our | trust · = | is in | thee.
f 29 O Lord, in thée | have I | trusted: lét me | never | be con | founded.

Benedicite, omnia opera Domini

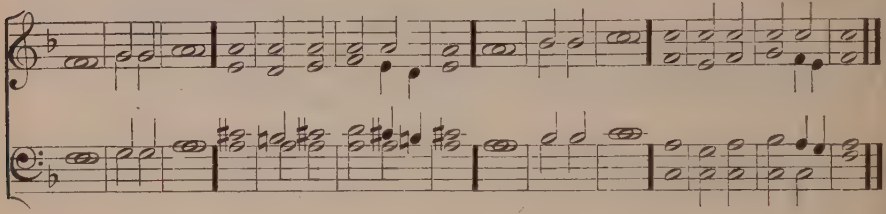
20 *Verses 1 to 17.* A. Bennett



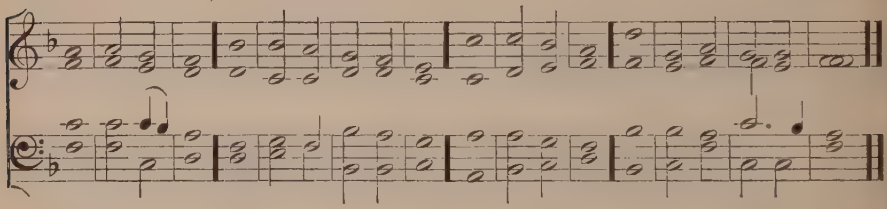
21 *Verses 18 to 25.* G. J. Elvey



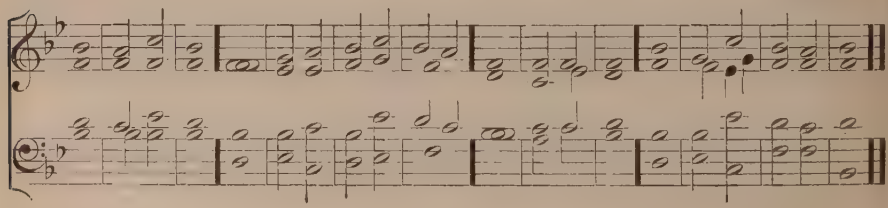
Verses 26 to 31 and Gloria. A. Bennett



22 W. Hayes



23 A. Bennett



Benedícite, omnia opera Dómini

mf O ALL ye Works of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: (*f* F.*) práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

F 2 O ye Angels of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

mf 3 O ye Héavens | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

4 O ye Waters that be above the fírmament | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

5 O all ye Powers of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

6 O ye Sun and Móon | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

7 O ye Stars of héaven | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

8 O ye Showers and Déw | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

9 O ye Winds of Gód | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

10 O ye Fire and Héat | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

11 O ye Winter and Súmmer | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

12 O ye Dews and Frósts | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

13 O ye Frost and Cóld | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

14 O ye Ice and Snów | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

15 O ye Nights and Dáys | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

16 O ye Light and Dárkness | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

17 O ye Lightnings and Clóuds | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

f 18 O let the Eárth | bless the | Lord. yea let it práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

mf 19 O ye Mountains and Hílls | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

20 O all ye Green Things upon the eárth | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

21 O ye Wélls | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

22 O ye Seas and Flóods | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

23 O ye Whales, and all that move in the wáters | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

24 O all ye Fowls of the aír | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and Cáttle | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

26 O ye Children of Mén | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

f 27 O let I'srael | bless the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

28 O ye Priests of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

29 O ye Servants of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

p 30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Ríghteous | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

31 O ye holy and humble Men of héart | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

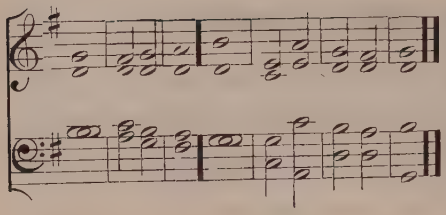
ff Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

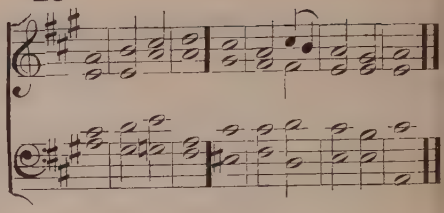
* The second part of each verse is to be sung *full.*

Benedictus

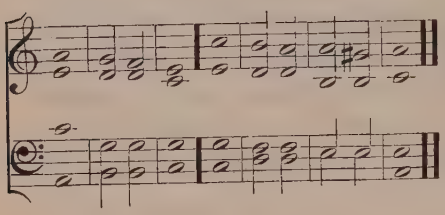
24 H. Aldrich



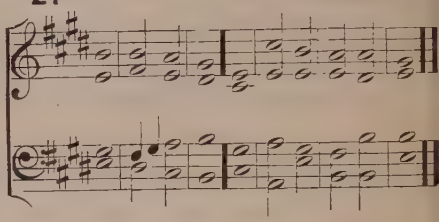
25 Anon



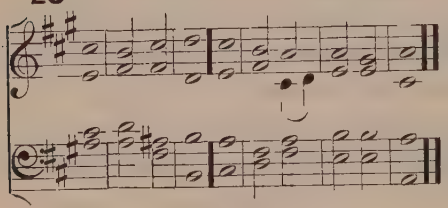
26 W. Croft



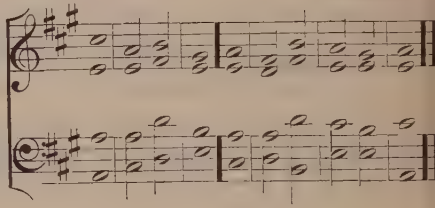
27 J. Heywood



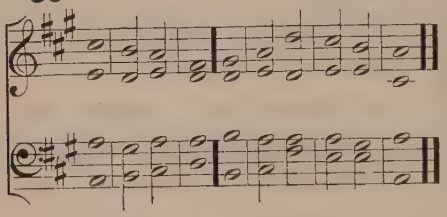
28 M. Greene



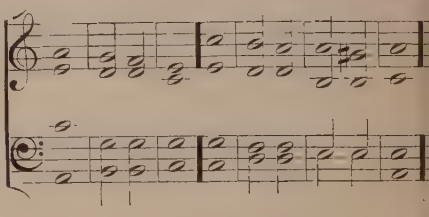
29 S. Arnold



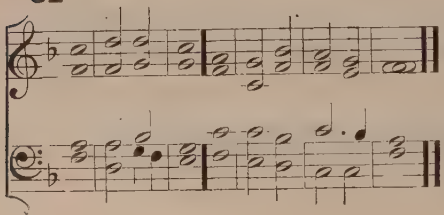
30 W. H. Monk



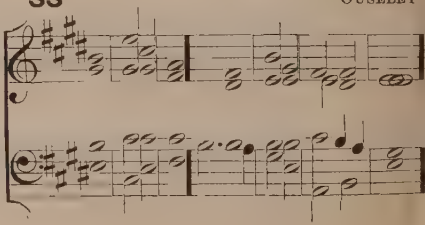
31 W. Croft



32 Goss

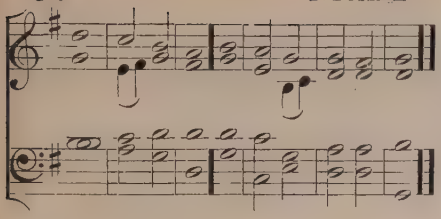


33 Ouseley

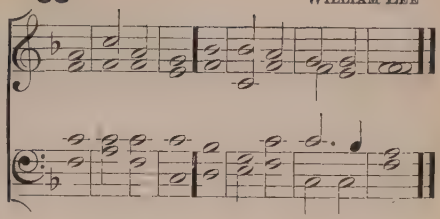


Benedictus

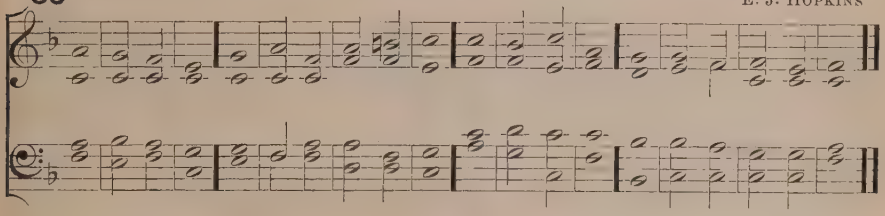
34 P. Fussell



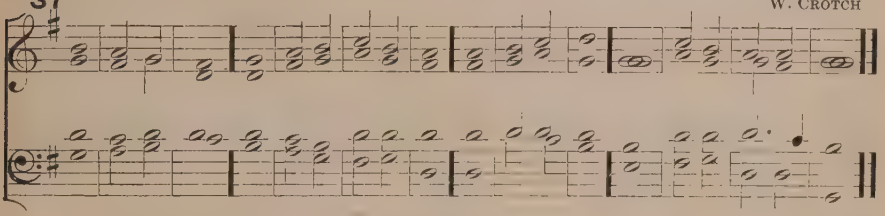
35 William Lee



36 E. J. Hopkins



37 W. Crotch



Benedictus. St. Luke i. 68.

F *f* BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel: for he hath vísited | and re | deemed · his | people;

F 2 And hath raised up a míghty sal | vation | for us: in the hóuse | of his | servant | David;

mf 3 As he spake by the móuth of his | holy | Prophets: which have béen | since the | world be | gan;

4 That we should be sáved | from our | enemies: and fróm the | hand of | all that | hate us.

5 To perform the mercy prómised to | our fore | fathers: ánd to re | member · his | holy | covenant;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our fórefather | Abra | ham: thát | he would | give · = | us;

p 7 That we being delivered out of the hánd | of our | enemies: might sérve | him with | out · = | fear;

8 In holiness and ríghteous | ness be | fore him: áll the | days · = | of our | life.

mf 9 And thou child, shalt be called the próphet | of the | Highest: for thou shalt go before the fáce of the Lórd | to pre | pare his | ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvátion | unto · his | people: fór the re | mission | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender mércy | of our | God: whereby the day-spring fróm on | high hath | visit · ed | us;

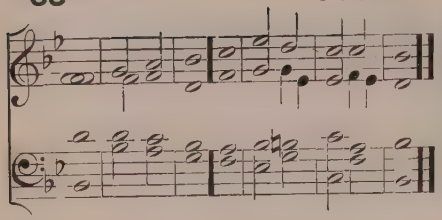
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness * and ín the | shadow · of | death: (*p*) and to guide our féet | into · the | way of | peace.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

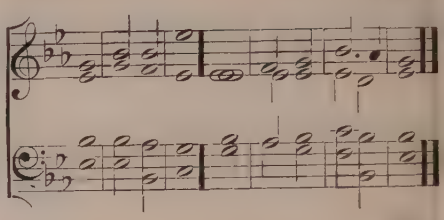
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: world without | end · = | A · = | MEN.

Jubilate Deo

38 C. J. Frost



39 E. J. Hopkins



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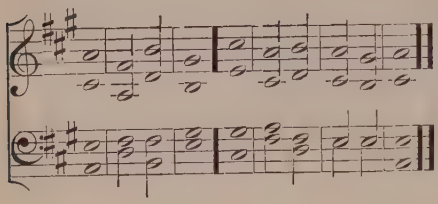
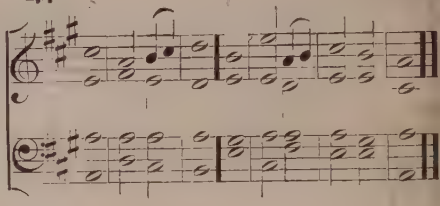
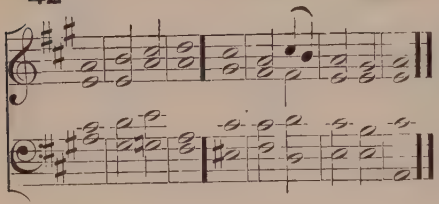


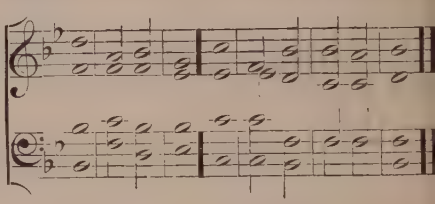
41 F. A. G. Ouseley



42 Anon



43 F. A. G. Ouseley



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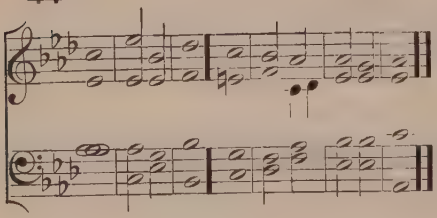
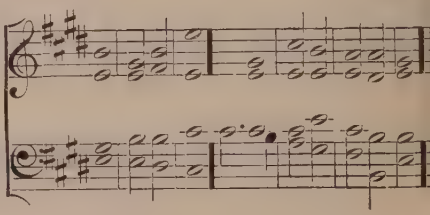


45 Elvey



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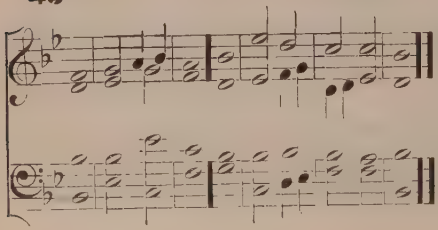
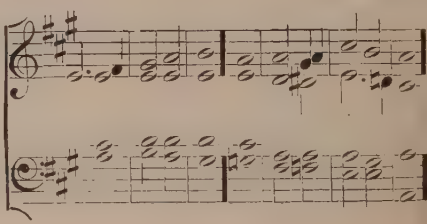
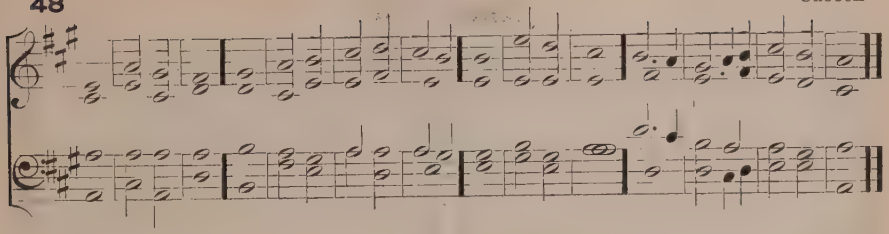


47 A. H. Messiter

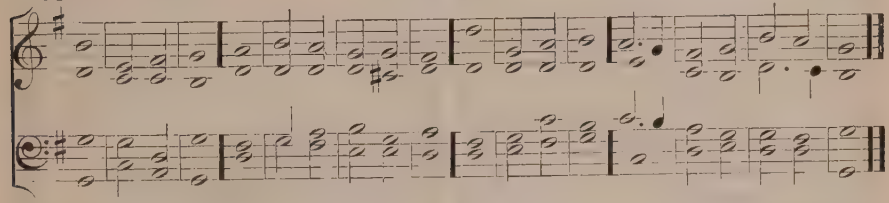


Jubilate Deo

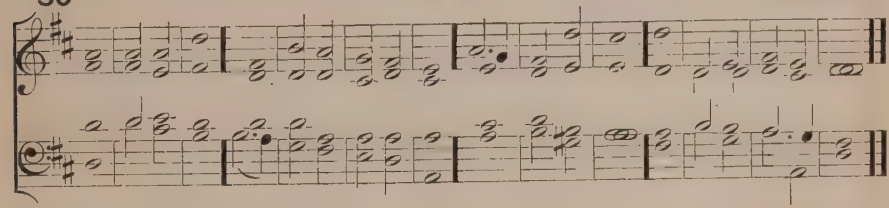
48 CROTCH



49 LEMON



50 R. WOODWARD



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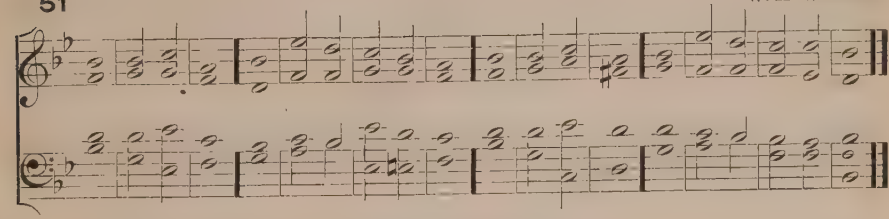


Jubilate Deo. St. Luke i. 46.

F *f* O be joyful in the LÓRD | all ye | lands: serve the LORD with gladness * and come befóre his | presence | with a | song.

F 2 Be ye sure that the LORD he is God * it is he that hath made us ánd not | we our | selves: we are his people, ánd the | sheep of | his · = | pasture.

F 3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving * and ínto his | courts with | praise: be thankful unto hím, and | speak good | of his | Name.

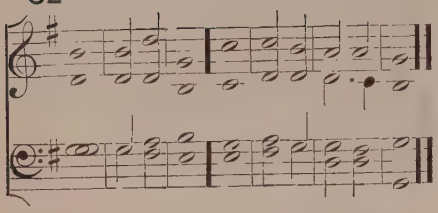
mf 4 For the LORD is gracious * his mércy is | ever | lasting: (*or*) and his truth endureth from géner | ation · to | gener | ation.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | MEN.

Magnificat

52 OUSELEY



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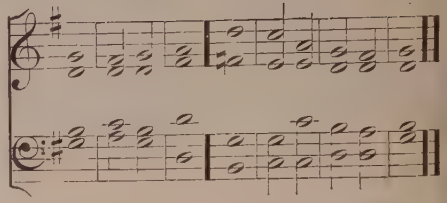
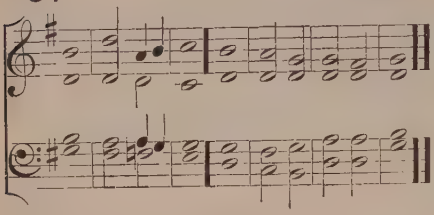
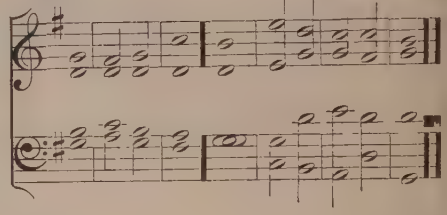


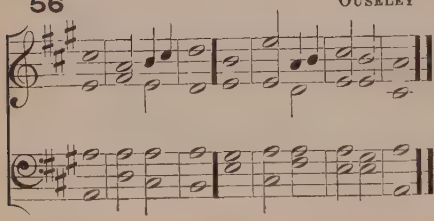
54 THORNE



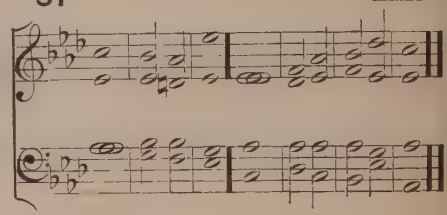
55 BATTISHILL



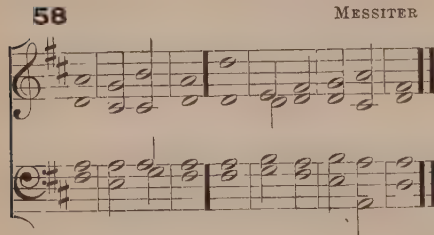
56 OUSELEY



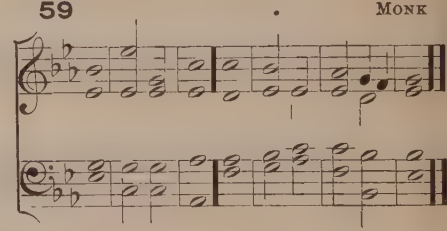
57 HILES



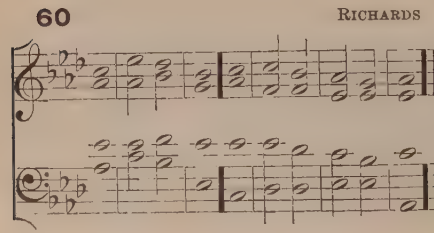
58 MESSITER



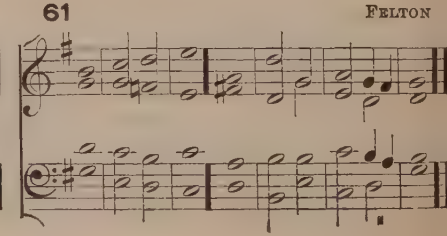
59 MONK



60 RICHARDS

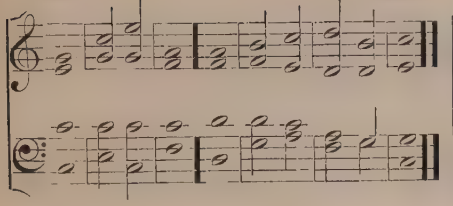


61 FELTON

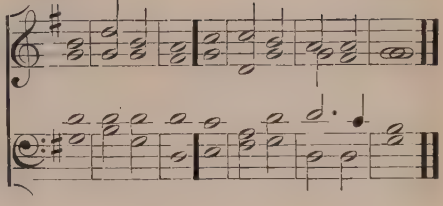


Magnificat

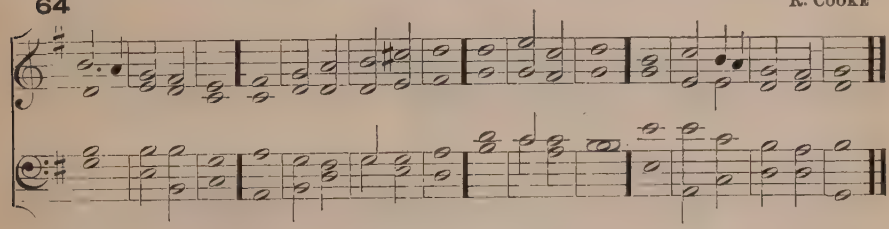
62 W. Russel



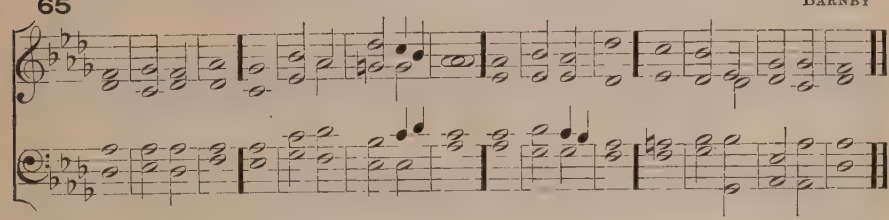
63 Lee



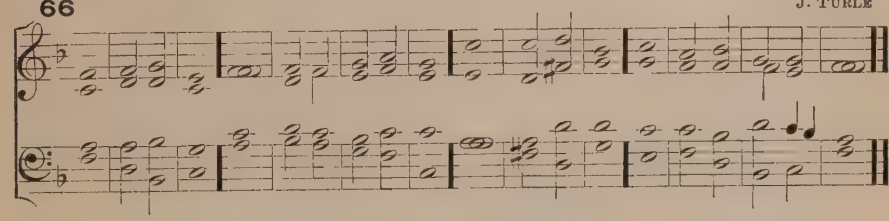
64 R. Cooke



65 Barnby



66 J. Turle



Magnificat. St. Luke i. 46.

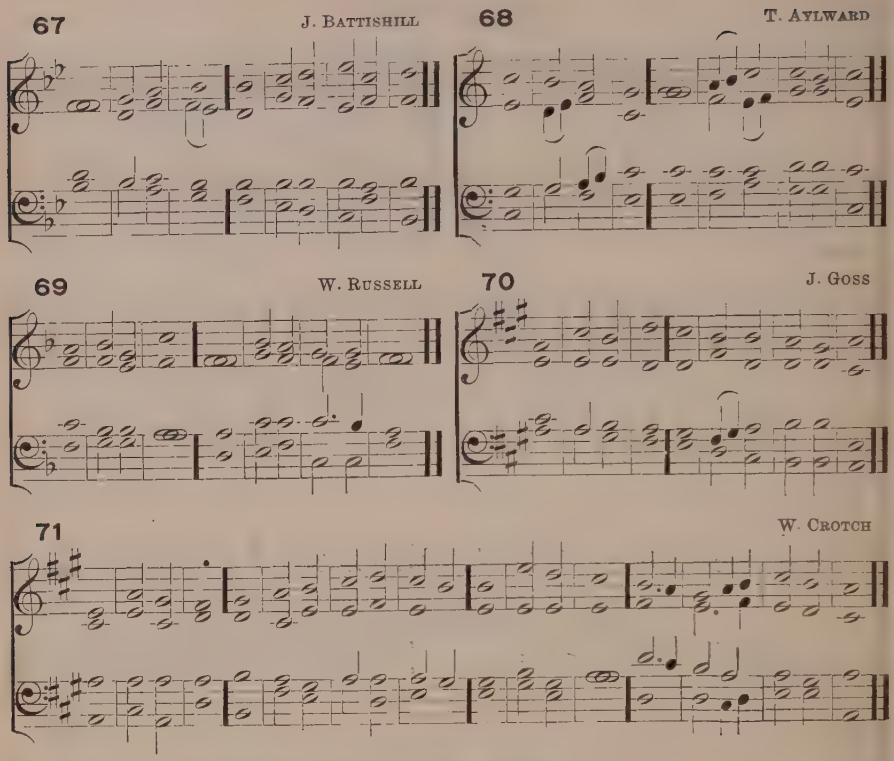
F MY soul doth mágni | fy the | Lord: and my spirit háth re | joiced · in | God my | Saviour.

F 2 Fór he | hath re | garded: the lówli | ness of | his hand | maiden.
3 Fór be | hold from | henceforth: áll gener | ations · shall | call me | blessed.
4 For he that is míghty hath | magni · fied | me: (*p*) ánd | holy | is his | Name.
f 5 And his mércy is on | them that | fear him: thróugh | out all | gener | ations.
6 He hath showed stréngth | with his | arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imágin | ation | of their | hearts.
7 He hath put down the míghty | from their | seat: and háth ex | alted · the | humble · and | meek.
p 8 He hath filled the húngry with | good · = | things: and the rích he hath | sent · = | empty · a | way.
mf 9 He remembering his mercy hath hólpen his | servant | Israel: as he promised to our forefathers * A'braham | and his | seed for | ever.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | MEN.

Cantate Domino



Cantate Domino. Psalm xcviii.

F *f* ○ SING unto the Lórd a | new · = | song: for hé hath | done · = | marvellous | things.

F 2 With his own right hand * and wíth his | holy | arm: háth he | gotten · him | self the | victory.

mf 3 The Lord declárèd | his sal | vation: his righteousness háth he openly shówed in the | sight · = | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth tóward the | house of | Israel: and all the ends of the world have séen the sal | vation | of our | God.

f 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lórd | all ye | lands: sing, re | joice and | give · = | thanks.

6 Praise the Lord up | on the | harp: sing to the hárp with a | psalm of | thanks · = | giving.

7 With trúmpets | also · and | shawms: O show yourselves jóyful be | fore the | Lord the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise * and áll that | therein | is: the round wórld, and | they that | dwell there | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands * and let the hills be joyful togéther be | fore the | Lord: (*p*) fór he | cometh · to | judge the | earth.

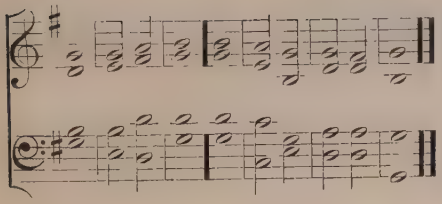
mf 10 With righteousness sháll he | judge the | world: ánd the | people | with · = | equity.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

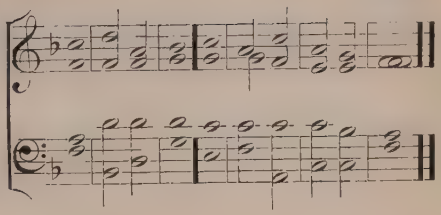
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = A · = | men.

Bonum est

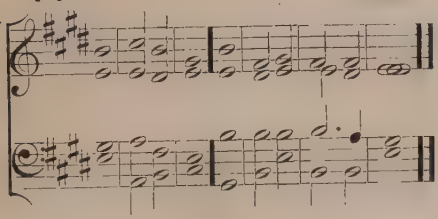
72 A. Goldwin



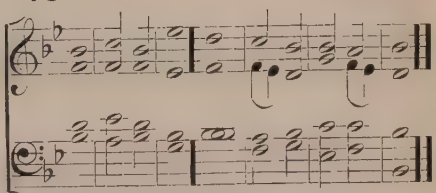
73 E. G. Monk



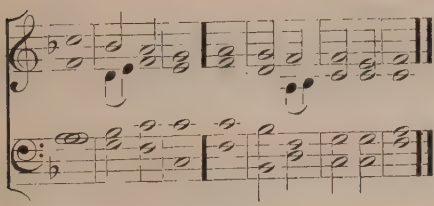
74 W. Hayes



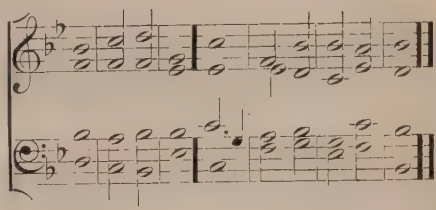
75 T. Turton



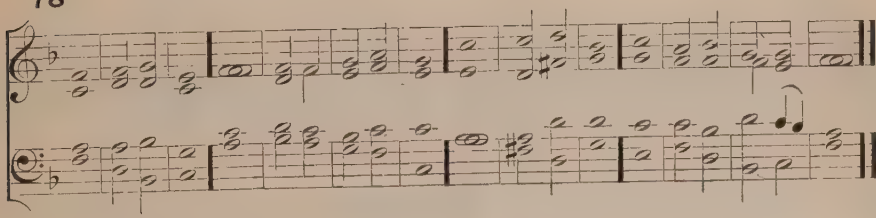
76 P. Fussell



77 H. Hiles



78 J. Turle



F *mf* IT is a good thing to give thánks | unto · the | Lord: and to sing praises únto thy | Name · = | O Most | Highest;

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness éarly | in the | morning: and of thy trúth | in the | night · = | season.

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings * ánd up | on the | lute: upon a loud ínstrument | and up | on the | harp.

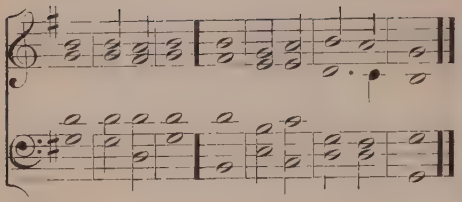
4 For thou Lord hast made me glád | through thy | works: and I will rejoice in giving praise for the óper | ations | of thy | hands.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

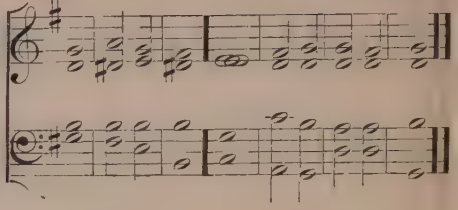
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

Nunc dimittis

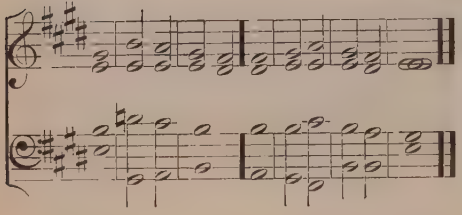
79 ANON



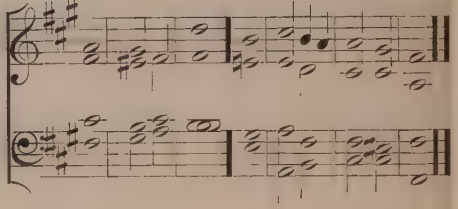
80 V. NOVELLO



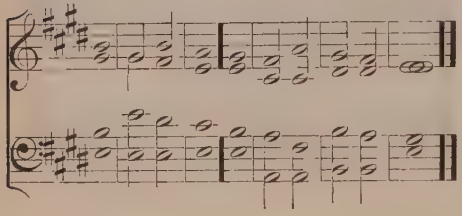
81 GREGORIAN



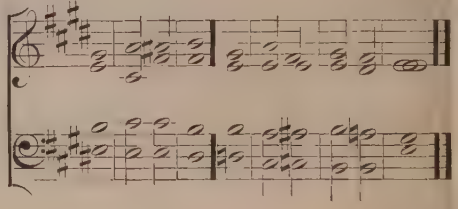
82 R. LANGDON



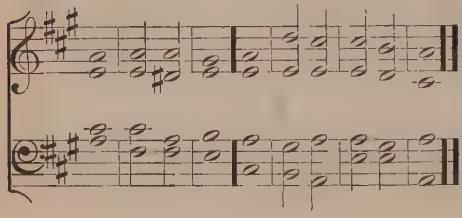
83 J. BARNBY



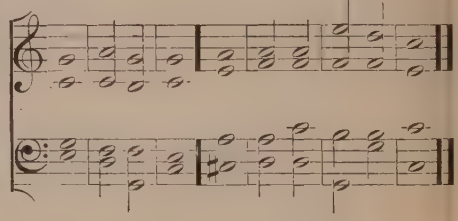
84 BARNBY



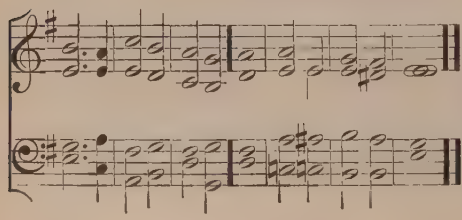
85 CAMIDGE



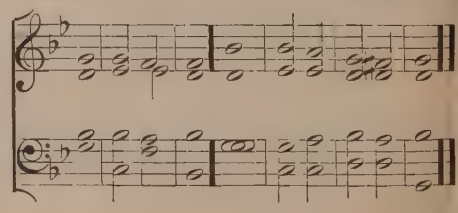
86 MESSITER



87 TONUS PEREGRINUS

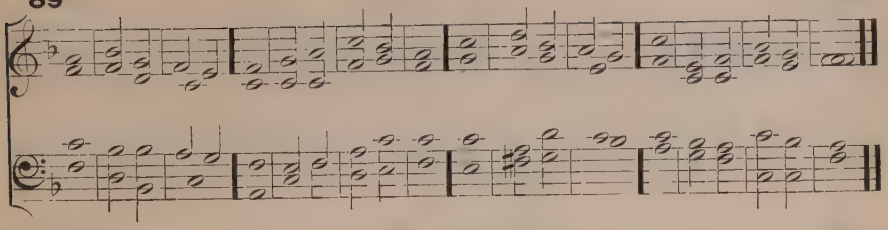


88 MESSITER

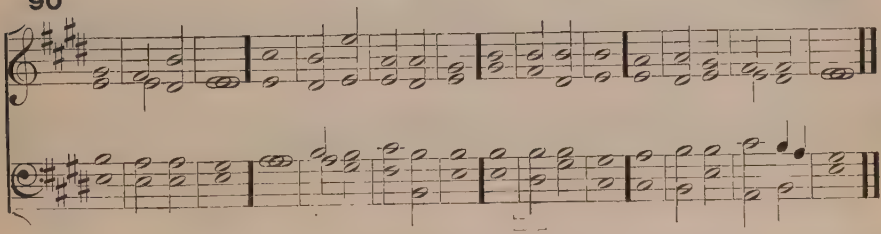


Nunc dimittis

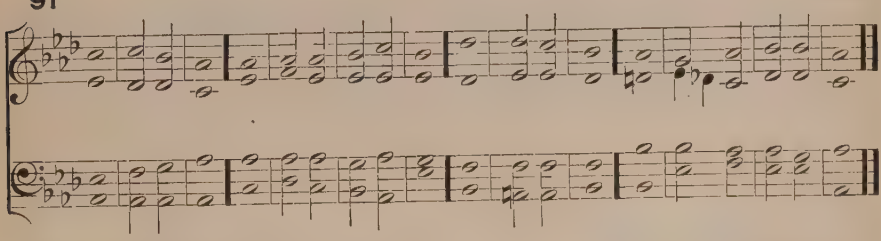
89 EDWARDS



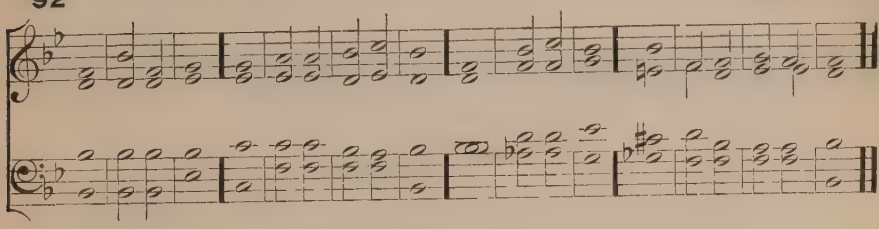
90 HAVERGAL



91 WEST



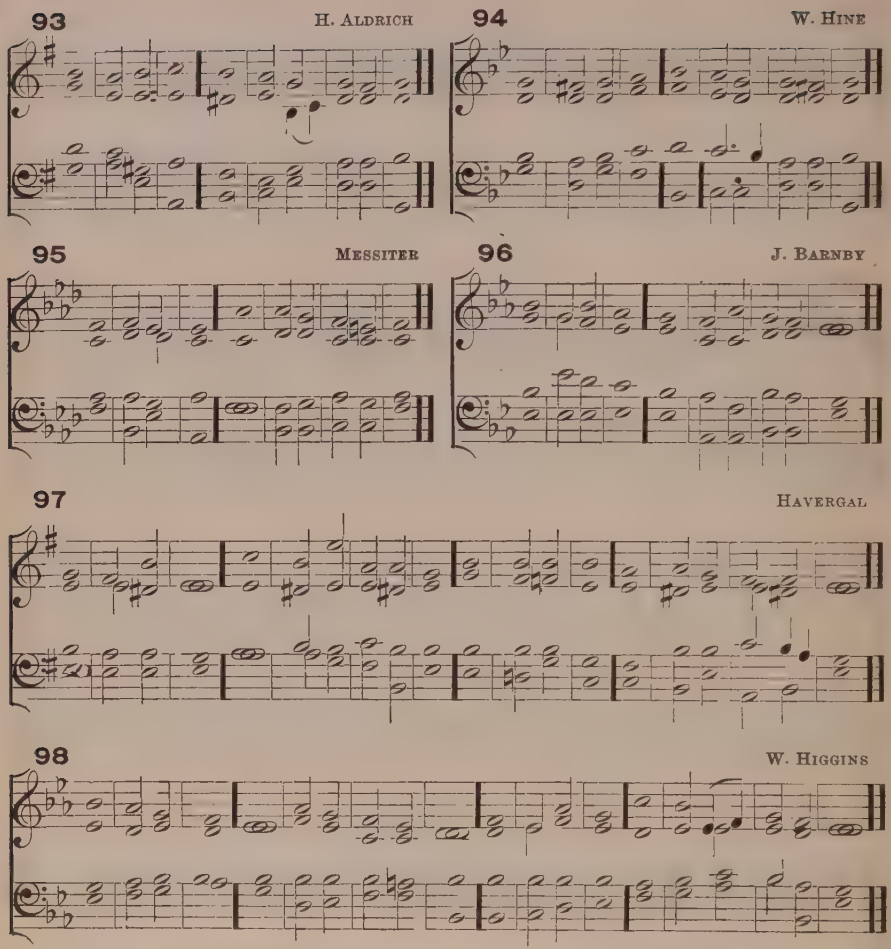
92 BEETHOVEN



Nunc dimittis. St. Luke ii. 29.

F *mp* LORD, now lettest thou thy sérvant de | part in | peace: ác | cording | to thy | word.
2 Fór mine | eyes have | seen: thý | = · sal | va · = | tion,
3 Which thou | hast pre | pared: befóre the | face of | all · = | people;
cr 4 To be a líght to | lighten · the | Gentiles: and to be the glóry | of thy | people | Israel.
F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wòrld without | end · = | A · = | MEN.

Deus misereatur



Deus misereatur. Psalm lxvii.

F *mf* GOD be merciful únto | us and | bless us: and show us the light of his countenance * ánd be | merci · ful | unto | us;

F 2 That thy wáy may be | known up · on | earth: thy sáving | health a | mong all | nations.

F *f* 3 Let the people práise | thee O | God: yéa let | all the | people | praise thee.

mf 4 O let the nations rejóice | and be | glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously * and góvern the | nations · up | on · = | earth.

F *f* 5 Let the people práise | thee O | God: yéa let | all the | people | praise thee.

mf 6 Then shall the eárth bring | forth her | increase: and God, even our own Gód, shall | give · = | us his | blessing.

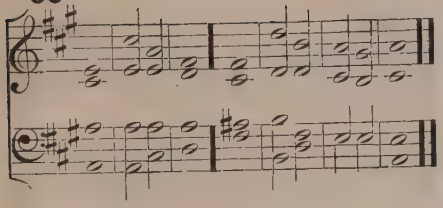
p 7 Gód shall | bless · = | us: and all the énds of the | world shall | fear · = | him.

F Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy Ghost;

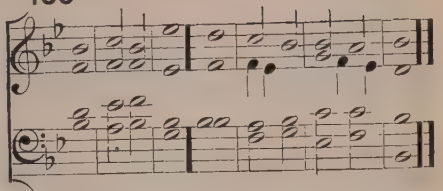
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | MEN.

Benedic anima mea

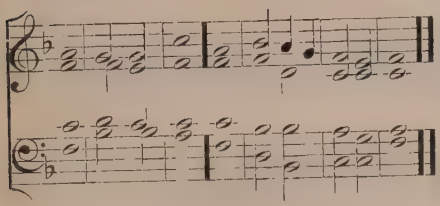
99 ELVEY



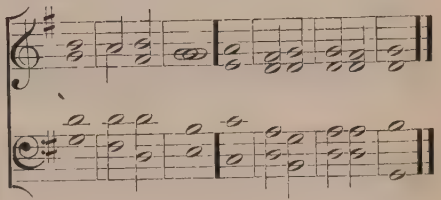
100 TURTON



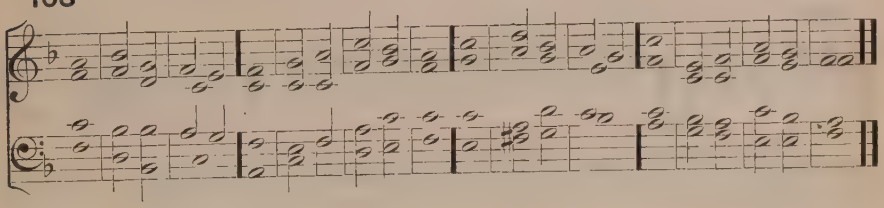
101 GOSS



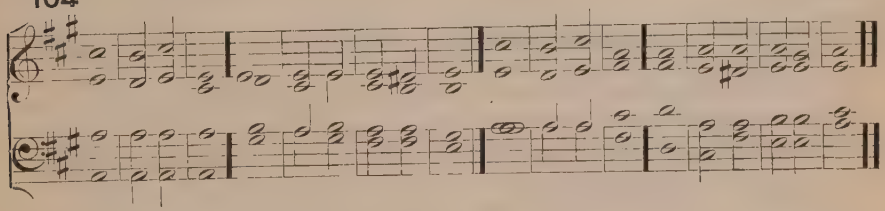
102 MONK



103 EDWARDS



104 W. JACOBS



Benedic anima mea. Psalm ciii.

F *f* PRAISE the LÓRD | O my | soul: and all that is within me | praise his | holy | Name.

2 Praise the LÓRD | O my | soul: ánd for | get not | all his | benefits:

mp 3 Who forgíveth | all thy | sin: and héaleth | all · = | thine in | firmities;

cr 4 Who saveth thy life | from de | struction: and crowneth thée with | mercy · and | loving | kindness.

f 5 O praise the LORD ye angels of his * yé that ex | cel in | strength: ye that fulfil his commandment * and hearken únto the | voice · = | of his | word.

6 O praise the LÓRD, all | ye his | hosts: ye sérvants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

mf 7 O speak good of the LORD, all ye works of his * in all pláces of | his do | minion: (*cr*) praise thóu the | LORD · = | O my | soul.

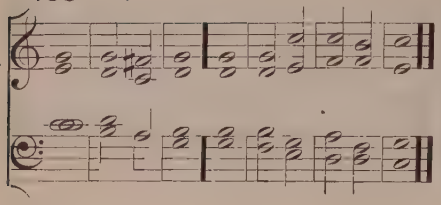
F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost:

F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: world without | end · = | A · = | MEN.

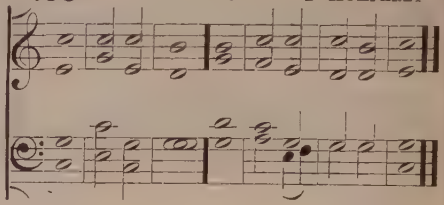
Easter Day

To be sung instead of the VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

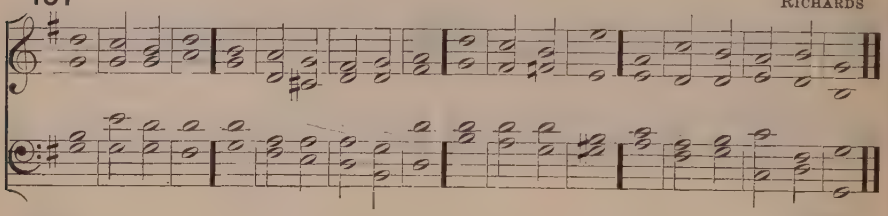
105 W. SAVAGE



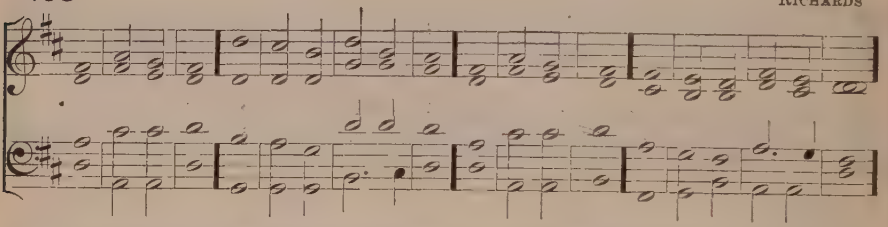
106 P. HUMPHREY



107 RICHARDS



108 RICHARDS



F *f* CHRIST our Passover is sácri | ficed · for | us: thérefore | let us | keep the | feast,

F 2 Not with old leaven * neither with the léaven of | malice · and | wickedness: but with the unleavened bréad of sin | ceri | ty and | truth. 1 *Cor.* v: 7.

F *f* CHRIST being raised from the déad | dieth · no | more: death hath no móre do | minion | over | him.

p 4 For in that he died * he díed unto | sin · = | once: (*f*) but in that he líveth, he | liveth | unto | God.

mf 5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be déad indeed | unto | sin: but alive unto Gód through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord. *Rom.* vi. 9.

f CHRIST is rísen | from · the | dead: and become the fírst | fruits of | them that | slept.

p 7 For sínce by | man came | death: (*cr*) by man came also the résur | rection | of the | dead.

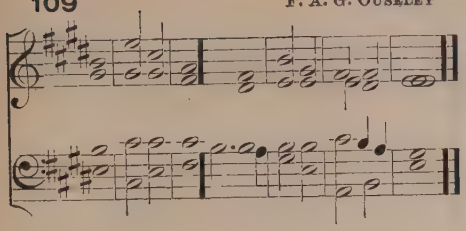
p 8 For as in Adam | all · = | die: (*f*) even so in Chríst shall | all be | made a | live. 1 *Cor.* xv. 20.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

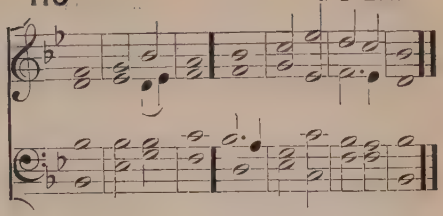
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: world without | end · = | A · = | MEN.

Thanksgiving Day

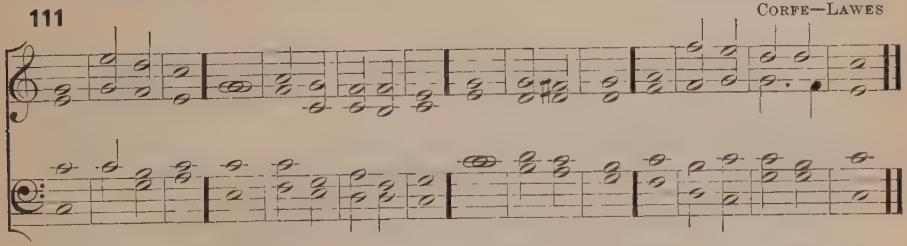
109 F. A. G. Ouseley



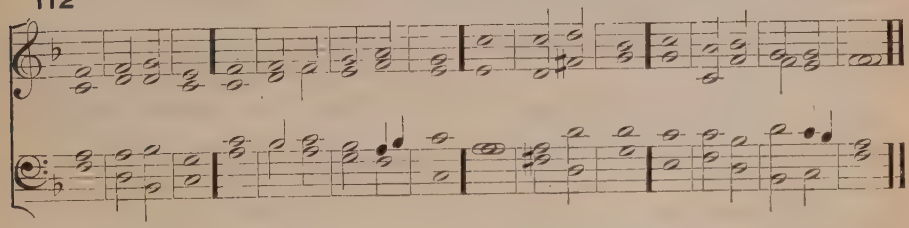
110 G. F. Elvey



111 Corfe—Lawes



112 Turle



F *f* ○ PRAISE the Lord * for it is a good thing to sing práises | unto · our | God: yea a joyful and pleasant thíng it | is to | be · = | thankful.

F 2 The Lord doth búild | up Je | rusalem: and gather togéther the | out · = | casts of | Israel.

p 3 He healeth thóse that are | broken · in | heart: and gíveth | medicine · to | heal their | sickness.

F 4 O sing unto the Lórd with | thanks · = | giving: sing praises upón the | harp · = | unto · our | God:

mf 5 Who covereth the heaven with clouds * and prepareth ráin | for the | earth: and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains * and hérb | for the | use of | men;

6 Who giveth fódder | unto · the | cattle. and feedeth the yóung | ravens · that | call up | on him.

F *f* 7 Praise the Lòrd | O Je | rusalem: práise | = · thy | God O | Sion.

8 For he hath made fast the bárs | of thy | gates: ánd hath | blessed · thy | children · with | in thee.

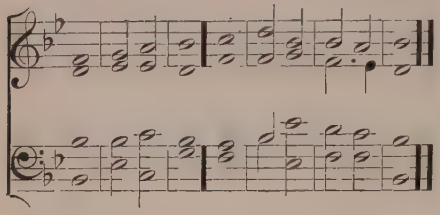
p 9 He maketh péace | in thy | borders: (*or*) and ffilleth thee | with the | flour of | wheat.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost:

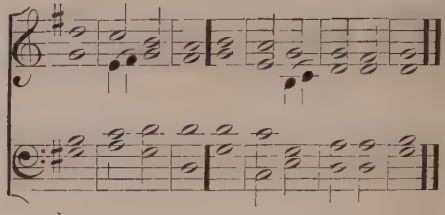
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

Consecration of a Church

113 DR. WOODWARD



114 FUSSELL



Psalm 24.

F *f* THE earth is the Lord's * and áll that | therein | is: the compass of the wórld, and | they that | dwell there | in.

2 For he hath fóunded it up | on the | seas: and prepáred | it up | on the | floods.

p 3 Who shall ascend into the híll | of the | LORD: or who shall rise úp | in his | holy | place?

4 Even he that hath clean hánds and a | pure · = | heart: and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity * nor swórn | to de | ceive his | neighbour.

cr 5 He shall receive the bléssing | from the | LORD: and righteousness fróm the | God of | his sal | vation.

6 This is the generation of | them that | seek him: even of thém that | seek thy | face O | Jacob.

f 7 Lift up your heads O ye gates * and be ye lift up ye éver | lasting | doors: and the Kíng of | glory | shall come | in.

p 8 Whó is this | King of | glory: (*f*) it is the LORD strong and mighty * éven the | LORD · = | mighty · in | battle.

F *f* 9 Lift up your heads O ye gates * and be ye lift up ye éver | lasting | doors: and the Kíng of | glory | shall come | in.

p 10 Whó is this | King of | glory: (*f*) Even the LORD of hósts | he · is the | King of | glory.

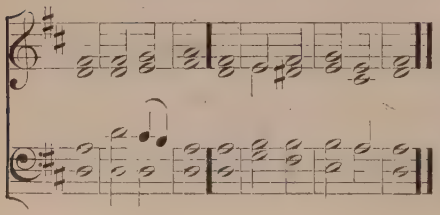
F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | MEN.

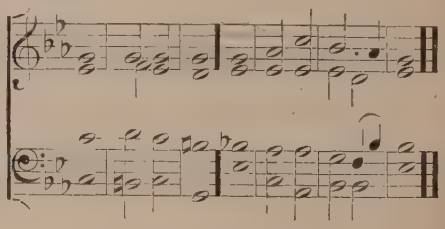
Burial of the Dead

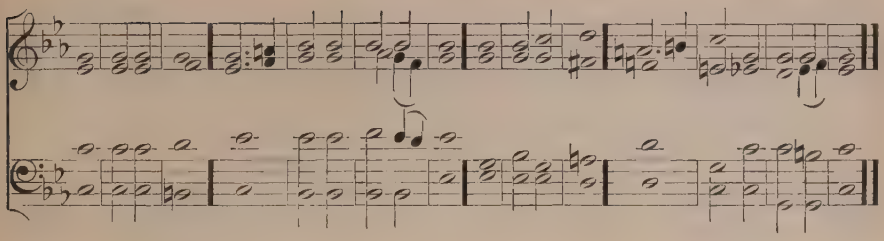
(*One or both of the following Selections taken from the 39th and 90th Psalms*)

115 L. T. DOWNES



116 W. FELTON





p LORD, let me know mine end * and the número | of my | days: that I may be certified how | long I | have to | live.

2 Behold, thou hast made my days as it wére a | span · = | long: and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee * and verily every man líving is | alto | gether | vanity.

3 For man walketh in a vain shadow * and disquíeteth him | self in | vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot téll | who shall | gather | them.

cr 4 And now Lórd, what | is my | hope: trúly my | hope is | even · in | thee.

5 Deliver me from áll | mine of | fences: and make me nót a re | buke · = | unto · the | foolish.

p 6 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin * thou makes this beauty to consume away * like as it were a móth | fretting · a | garment: évery man | therefore | is but | vanity.

cr 7 Hear my prayer O LORD * and with thine éars con | sider · my | calling: hóld not thy | peace · = | at my | tears;

p 8 For I am a stranger with thée | and a | sojourner: ás | all my | fathers | were.

9 O spare me a little * that I máy re | cover · my | strength: before I go hénce | and be | no more | seen.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A. = | men.

mf LORD, thóu hast | been our | refuge: from óne gener | ation | to an | other.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth * or ever the eárth and the | world were | made: thou art God from everlásting, and | world with | out · = | end.

p 3 Thou turnest mán | to de | struction: again thou sayest, Cóme a | gain ye | children · of | men.

mf 4 For a thousand years in thy síght are | but · as | yesterday: seeing that is pást as a | watch · = | in the | night.

5 As soon as thou scatterest them * they are éven | as a | sleep: and fáde away | sudden · ly | like the | grass.

f 6 In the morning it is gréen and | groweth | up; but in the evening it is cut dówn, | dried | up and | withered.

p 7 For we consume awáy in | thy dis | pleasure; and are afráid at thy | wrathful | indig | nation.

8 Thou hast sét our mis | deeds be | fore thee: and our secret síns in the | light · = | of thy | countenance.

9 For when thou art angry, áll our | days are | gone; we bring our years to an end * as it wére a | tale · = | that is | told.

mf 10 The days of our age are threescore years and ten * and though men be so strong that they cóme to | fourscore | years: (*p*) yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow * so soon pásseth it a | way and | we are | gone.

cr 11 O téach us to | number · our | days; that we may apply our | hearts · = unto | wisdom.

F *f* Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

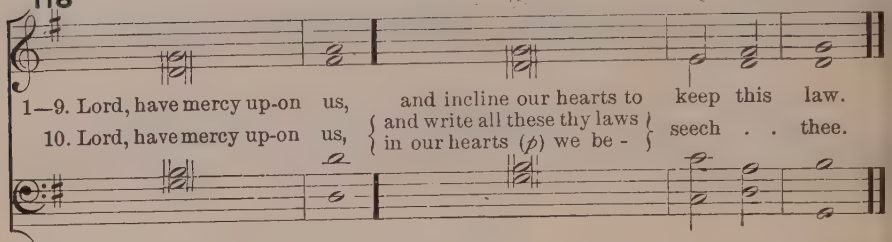
F As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = men.

HOLY COMMUNION.

Kyrie Eleison

118

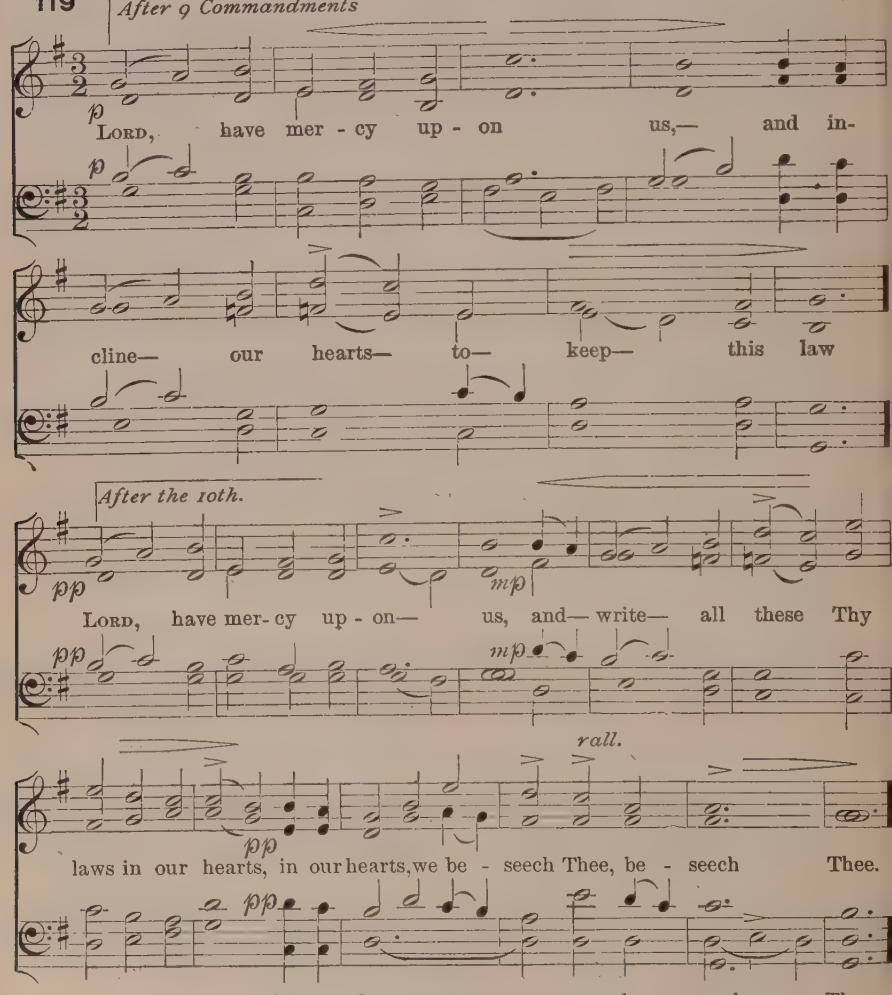
ANCIENT CHANT


1—9. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.
10. Lord, have mercy upon us, { and write all these thy laws / in our hearts (p) we be- } seech . . thee.

119

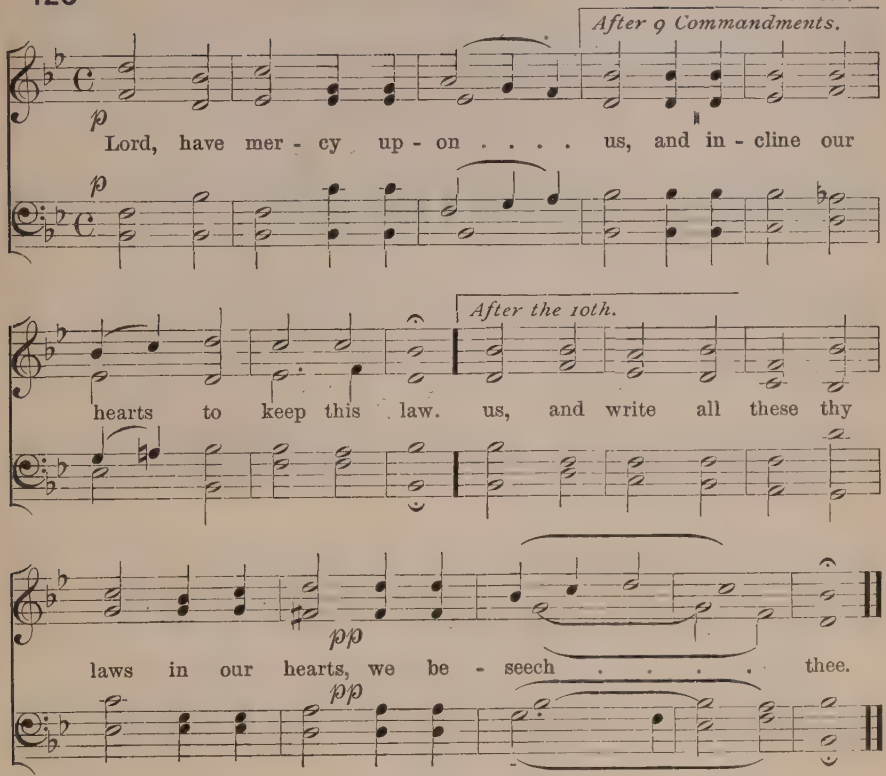
After 9 Commandments

B. AGUTTER

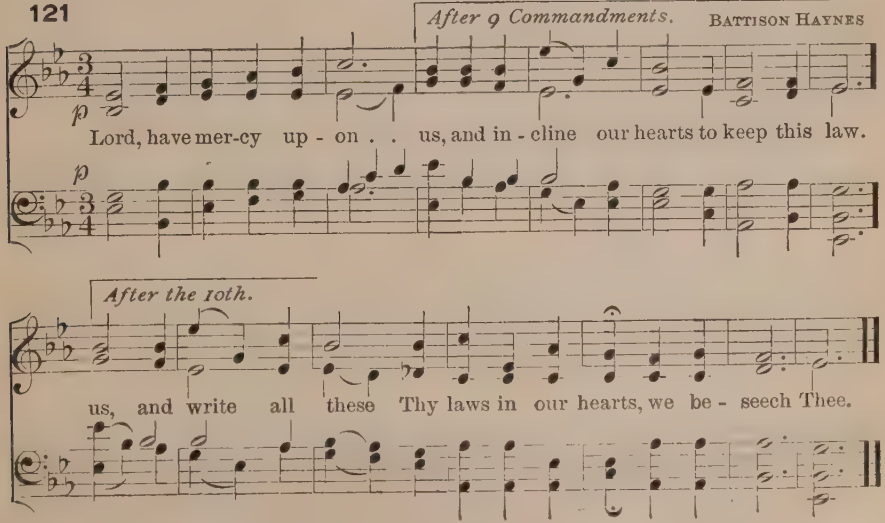

p
LORD, have mer - cy up - on us,— and in-
cline— our hearts— to— keep— this law
After the 10th.
pp
LORD, have mer- cy up - on— us, and— write— all these Thy
mp
rall.
laws in our hearts, in our hearts, we be - seech Thee, be - seech Thee.
in our hearts,——— we be - seech—— Thee.

Kyrie Eleison

120 H. Baker

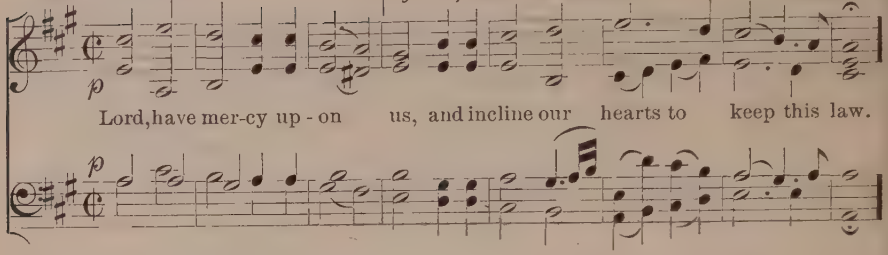

After 9 Commandments.
p
Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . . . us, and in - cline our
p
After the 10th.
hearts to keep this law. us, and write all these thy
pp
laws in our hearts, we be - seech . . . . thee.
pp

121 Battison Haynes

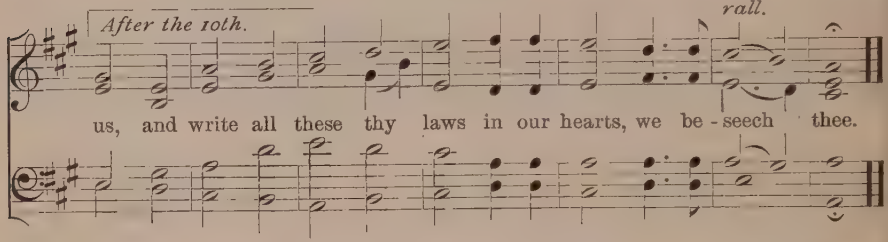

After 9 Commandments.
p
Lord, have mer-cy up - on . . us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
p
After the 10th.
us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

Kyrie Eleison

122 *Moderato.* *After 9 Commandments.* W. Boyce

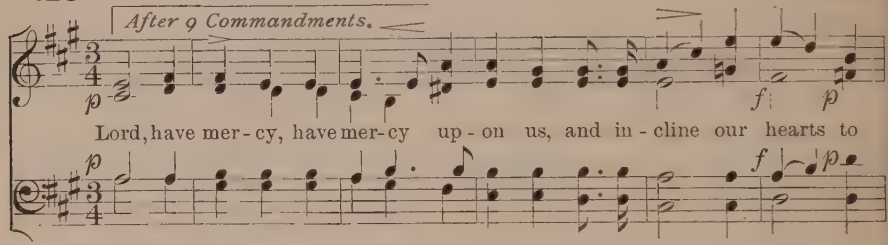


After the 10th. *rall.*

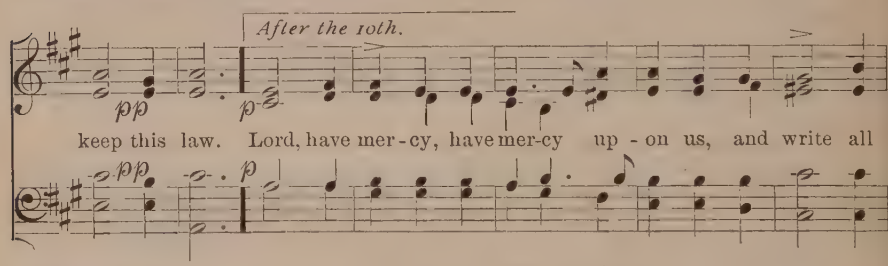


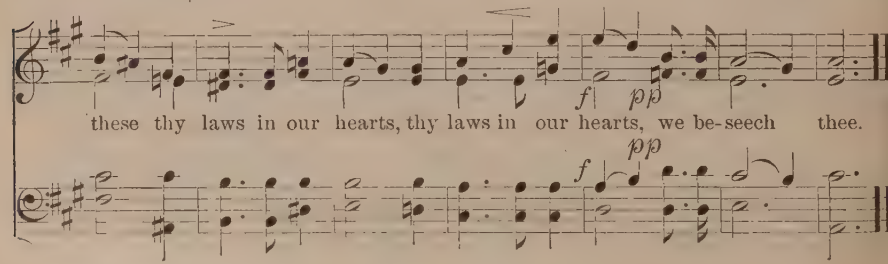
123 G. J. Elvey

After 9 Commandments.



After the 10th.





Kyrie Eleison

124

After 9 Commandments. B. TOURS

p *dim*

Lord, have mer-cy up-on . us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

p *dim*

After the 10th.

p *cr*

Lord, have mer-cy up-on . us, and write all these thy laws in our

p *cr*

Slower.

mf *pp*

hearts, we be - seech thee, we be - seech thee.

mf *pp*

125

Andante con moto. *After 9 Commandments.* T. BRIDGEWATER

p

Lord, have mer - cy up-on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

p

After the 10th. *slower.*

pp

us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech . thee.

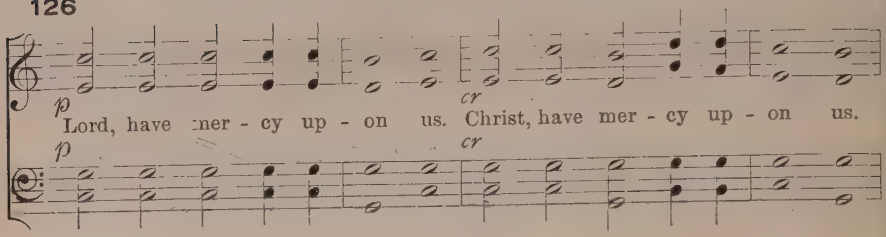
pp

Shorter Kyrie

To be said if the Decalogue hath been omitted.

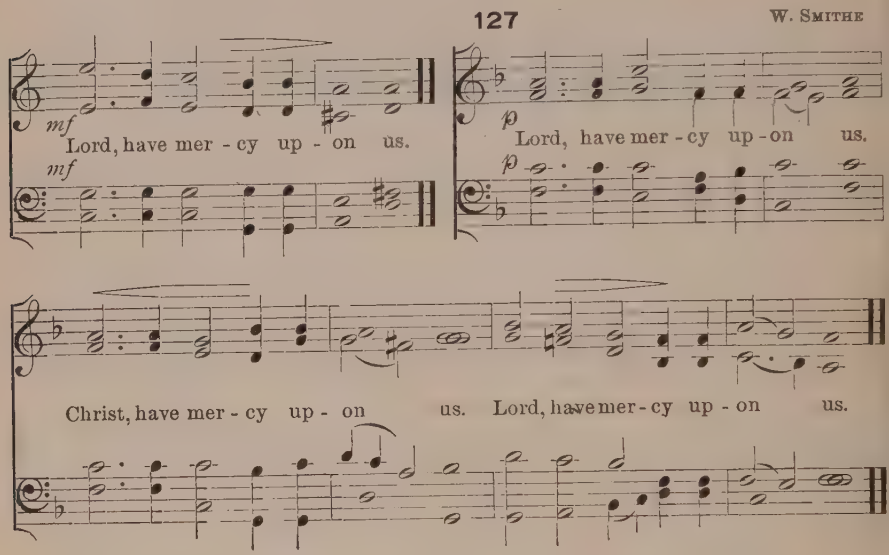
126

T. Tallys



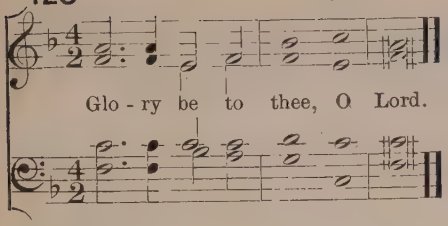
127

W. Smithe

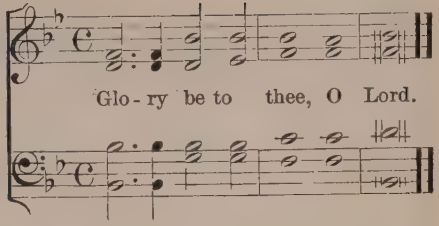


Gloria Tibi

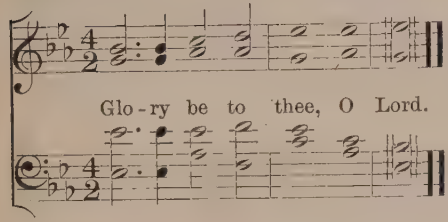
128 J. Stainer



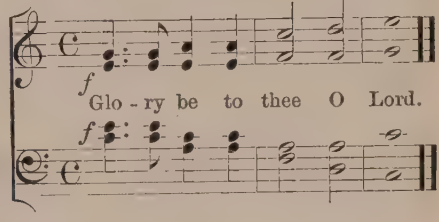
129 J. B. Calkin



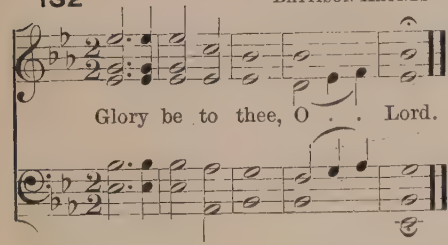
130 C. H. Lloyd



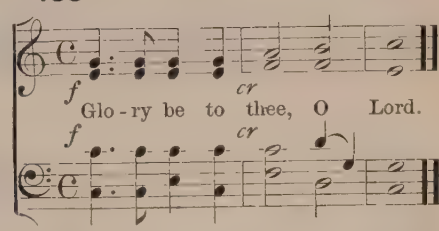
131 King Hall



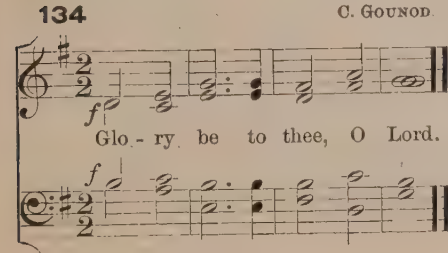
132 Battison Haynes



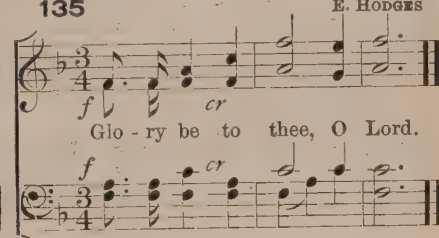
133 Anon



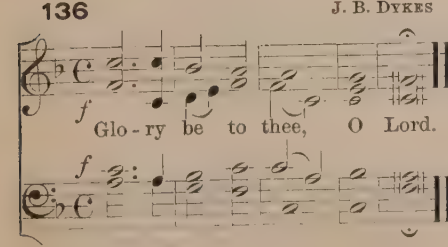
134 C. Gounod



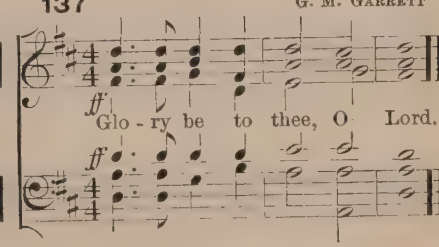
135 E. Hodges



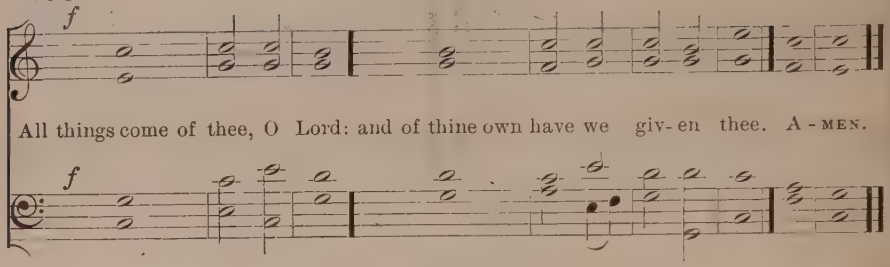
136 J. B. Dykes



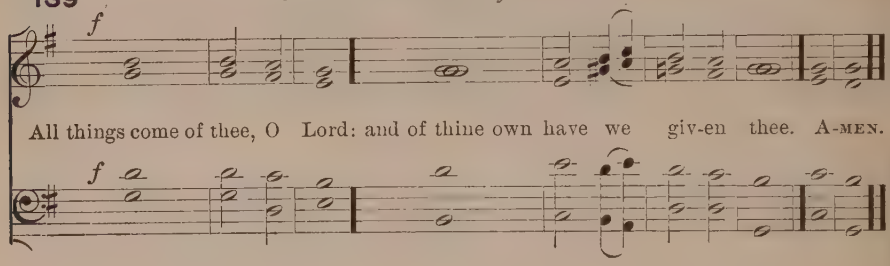
137 G. M. Garrett



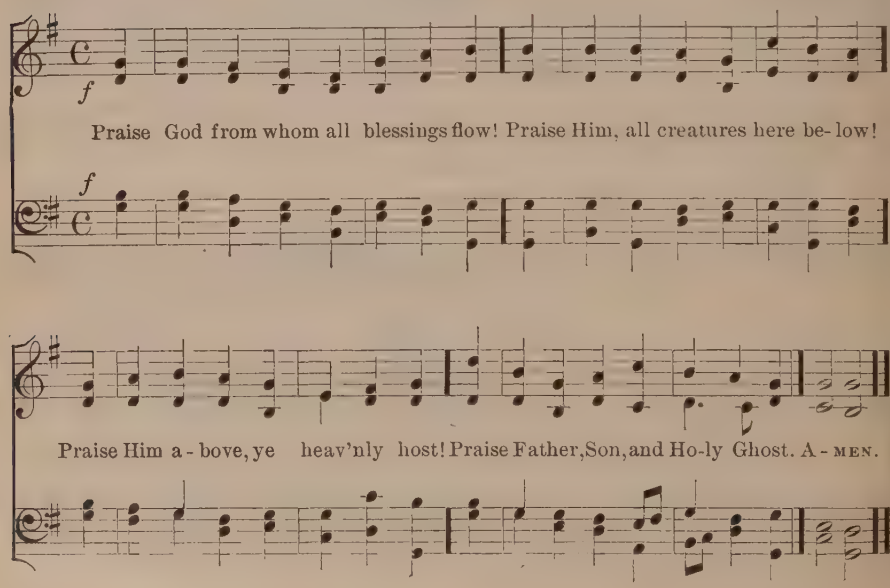
138 *On the presentation of the Alms.* P. HUMFREY



139 *On the Presentation of the Alms.* ANON



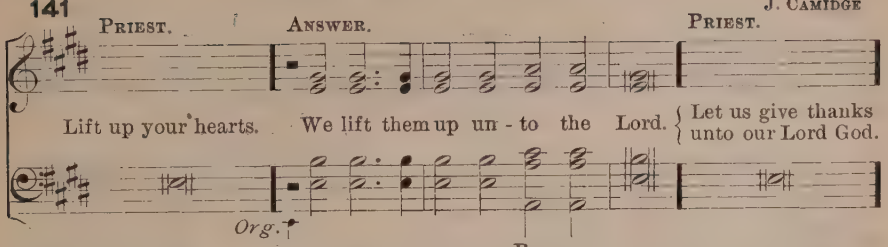
140 *On the presentation of the Alms.* L. BOURGEOIS

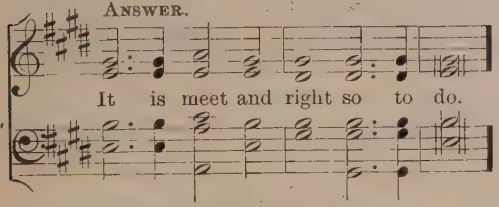

f
Praise God from whom all blessings flow! Praise Him, all creatures here be- low!
f
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host! Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. A - MEN.

Sursum Corda and Sanctus

141

J. CAMIDGE

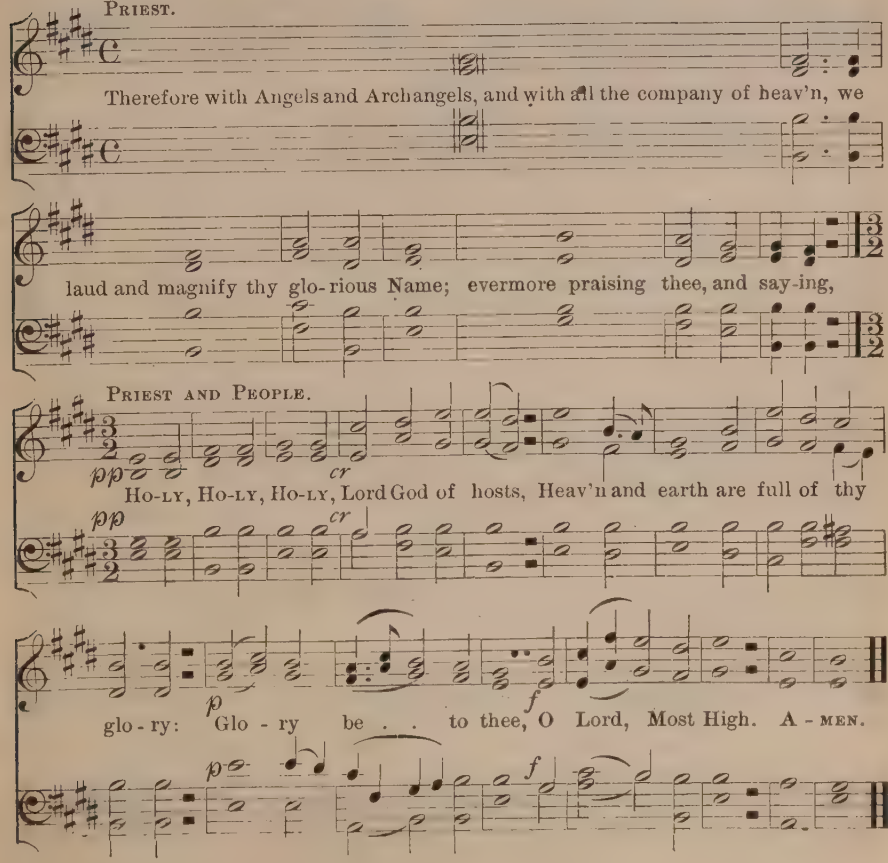




PRIEST

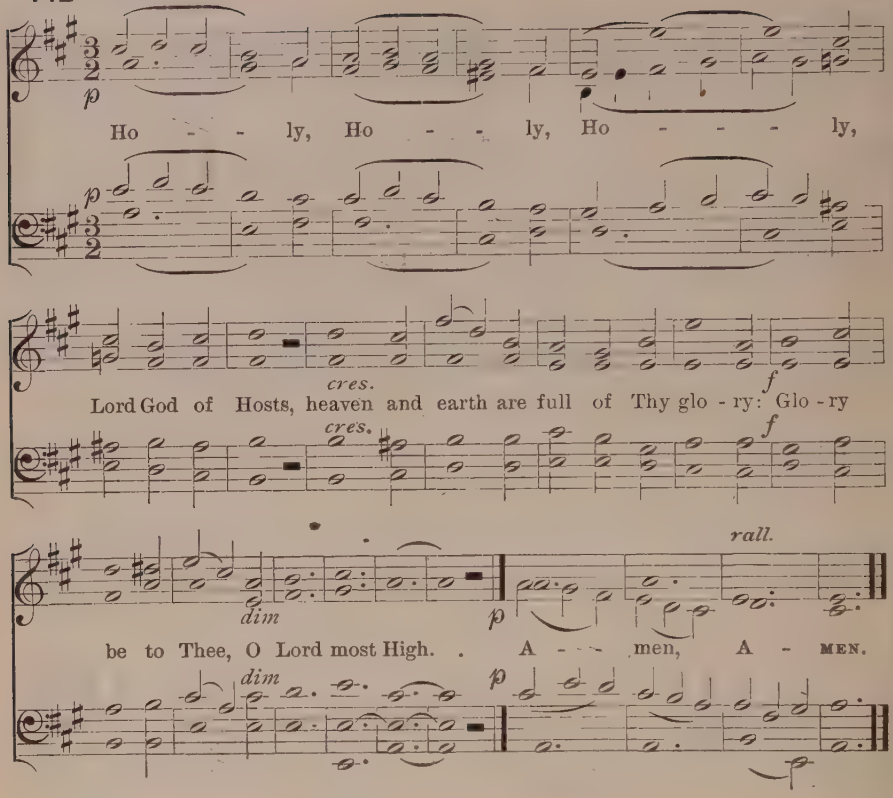
It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, (Holy Father,) Almighty, Everlasting God.

(*Proper Preface.*)

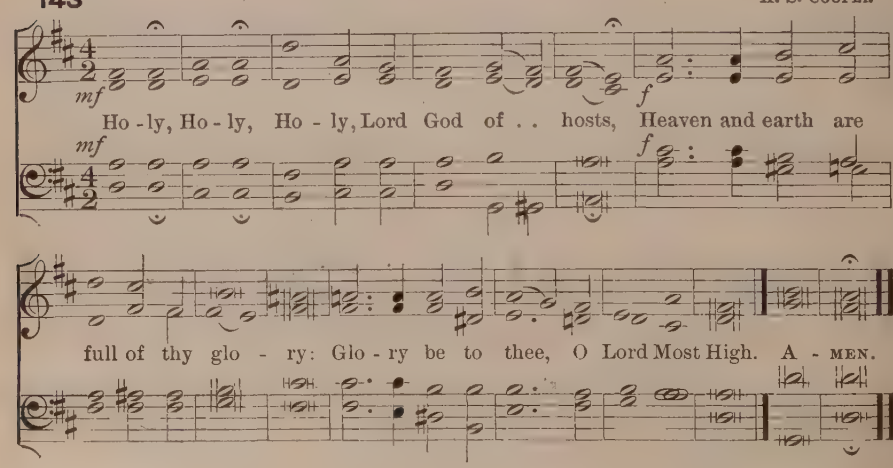

PRIEST.
Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heav'n, we
laud and magnify thy glo-rious Name; evermore praising thee, and say-ing,
PRIEST AND PEOPLE.
pp
cr
Ho-LY, Ho-LY, Ho-LY, Lord God of hosts, Heav'n and earth are full of thy
glo - ry: Glo - ry be . . to thee, O Lord, Most High. A - MEN.
p
f

Sanctus

142 *Adagio.* J. T. Field

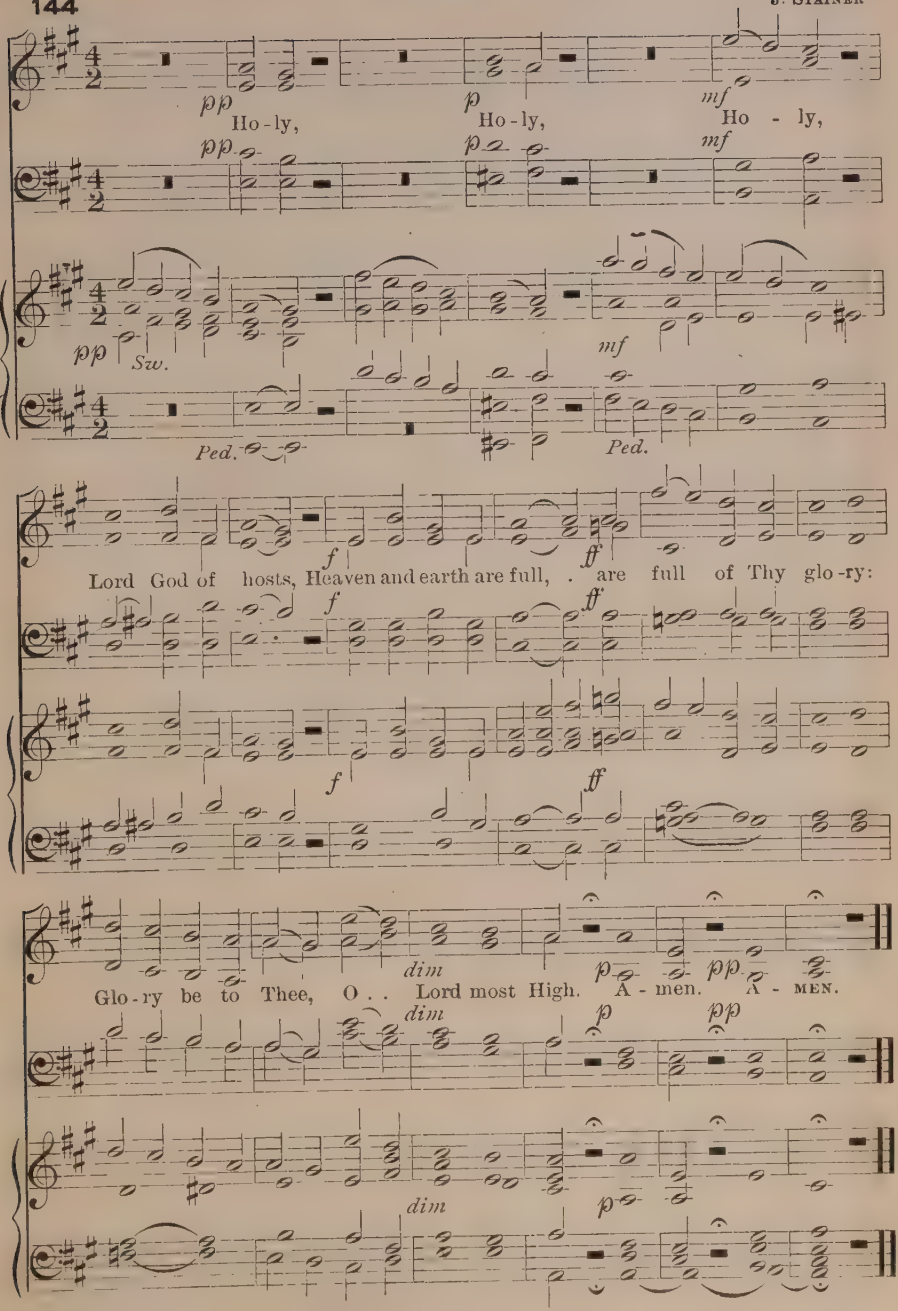

Ho - - ly, Ho - - ly, Ho - - - - ly,
cres.
Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glo - ry: Glo - ry
cres.
dim
be to Thee, O Lord most High. . A - - - men, A - MEN.
rall.
dim

143 A. S. Cooper



Sanctus

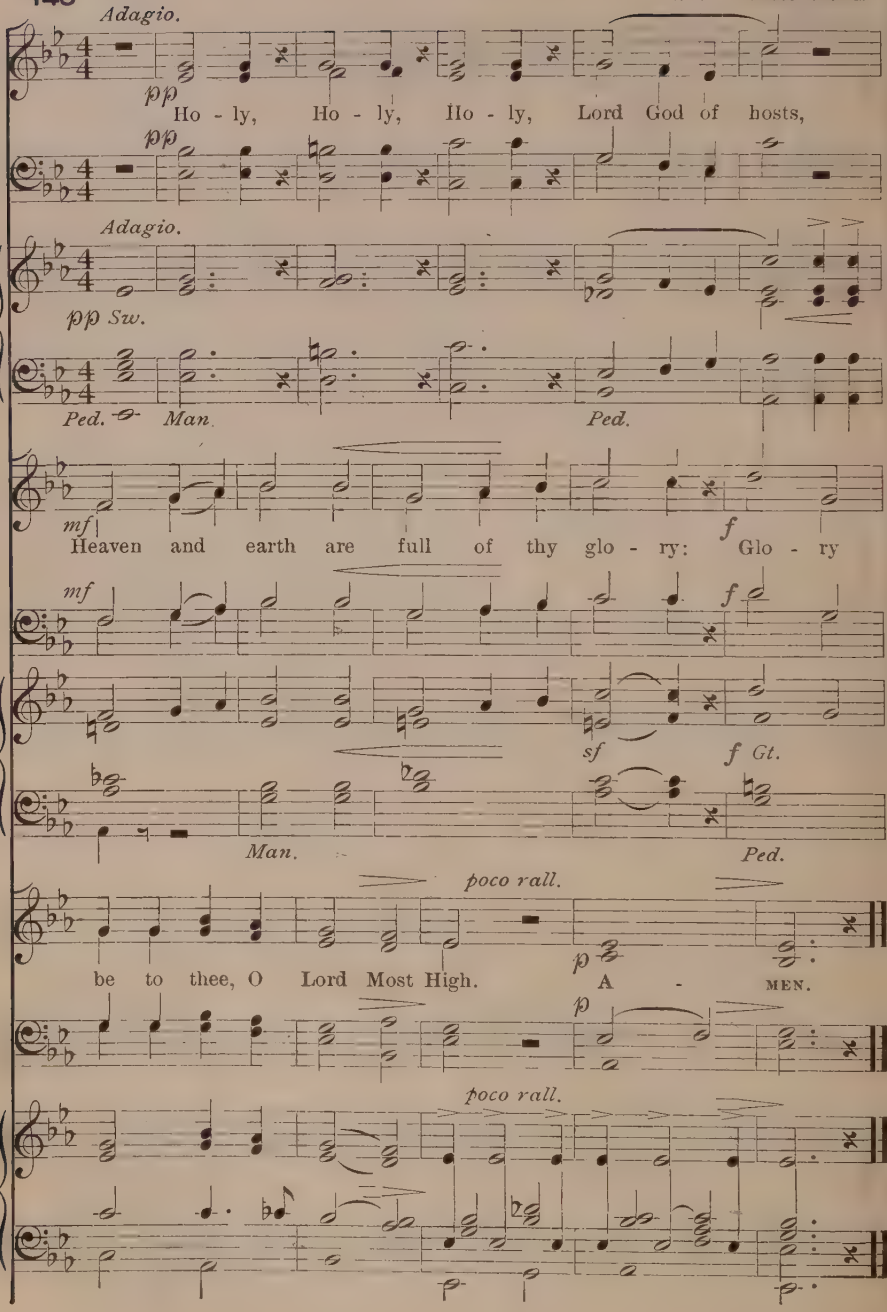
J. STAINER



Sanctus

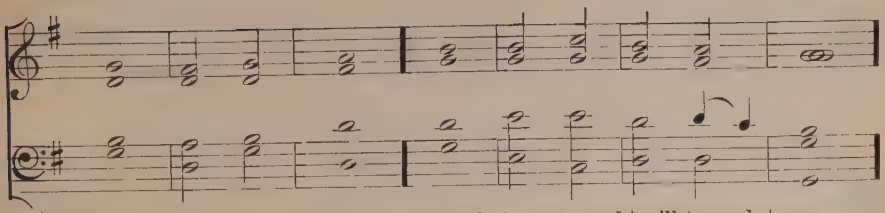
145

W. A. C. Cruickshank



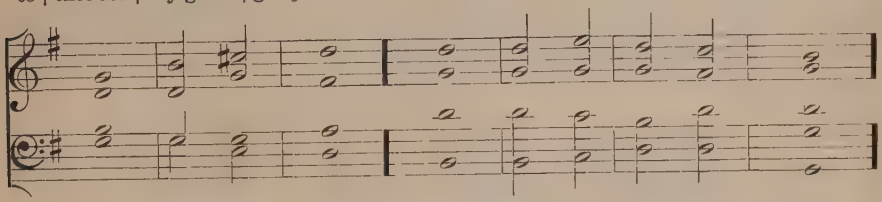
Gloria in excelsis

146 OLD CHANT



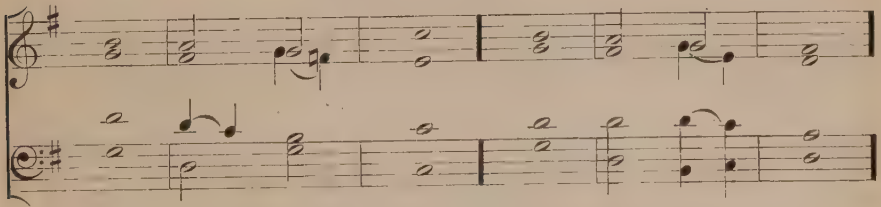
f GLORY bé to | God on | high: and on eárth, | peace, good | will towards | men.

We praise thee, we bless thée, we | worship | thee: we glorify thee, we give thánk to | thee for | thy great | glory.



f O Lord Gód, | Heavenly | King: Gód the | Father | Al · = | mighty.

mf O Lord, the only begotten Són | Jesus | Christ: O Lord God, Lamb of Gód | Son · = | of the | Father,

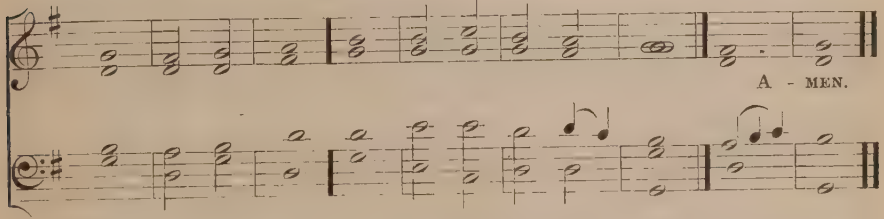


p That takest awáy the | sins · of the | world: have mércy | upon | us.

Thou that takest awáy the | sins · of the | world: have mércy | upon | us.

Thou that takest awáy the | sins · of the | world: ré | ceive our | prayer.

cr Thou that sittest at the right hánd of | God the | Father: (*p*) have mércy | upon | us.

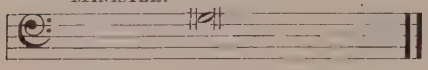


mf For thou ónly | art · = | holy: thóu | only | art the | Lord.

cr Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost: (*f*) art most hígh in the | glory · of | God the | Father.

147 THE SENTENCES.

MINISTER.



The Lord is in His holy temple, etc.

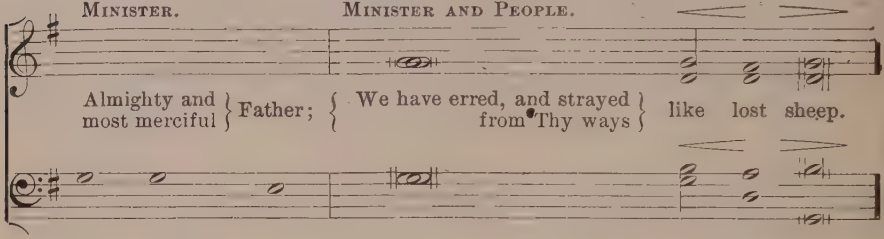
THE EXHORTATION.

MINISTER.

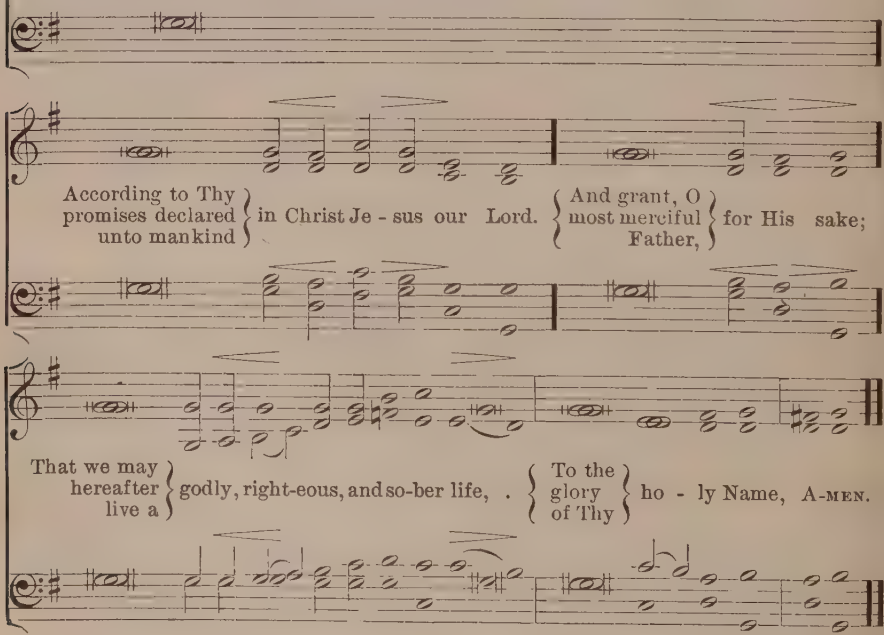
Dearly beloved, . . say - ing.

THE GENERAL CONFESSION.

MINISTER. MINISTER AND PEOPLE.



We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts.
We have offended against Thy holy laws.
We have left undone those things which we ought to have done;
And we have done those things which we ought not to have done;
And there is no health in us.
But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders.
Spare Thou those, O God, who confess their faults.
Restore Thou those who are penitent;

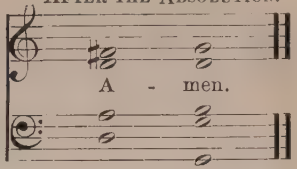

According to Thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Je - sus our Lord.
And grant, O most merciful Father, for His sake;
That we may hereafter live a godly, right-eous, and so-ber life, .
To the glory of Thy ho - ly Name, A-MEN.

The Choral Service

THE ABSOLUTION.

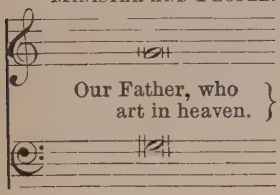
MINISTER.

AFTER THE ABSOLUTION.

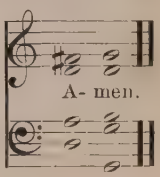


THE LORD'S PRAYER.

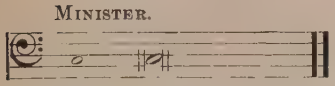
MINISTER AND PEOPLE.



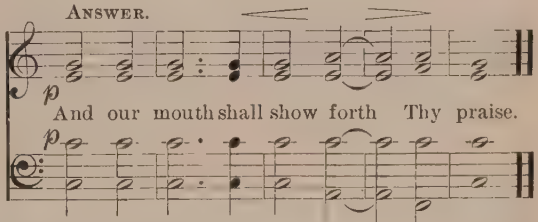
Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.



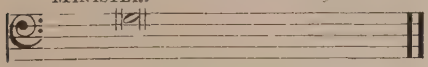
MINISTER.



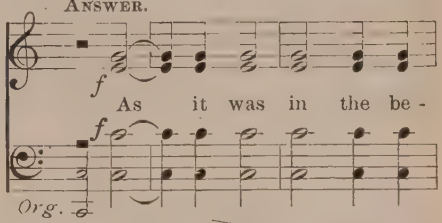
ANSWER.

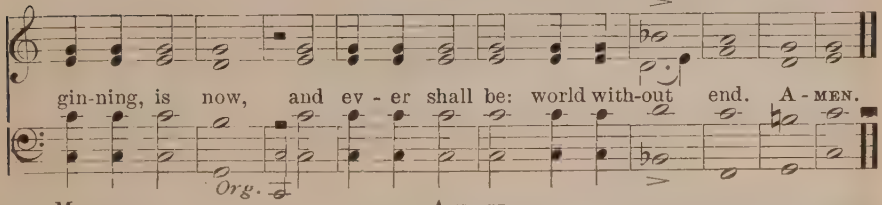


MINISTER.

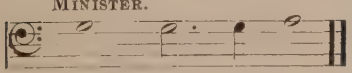


ANSWER.

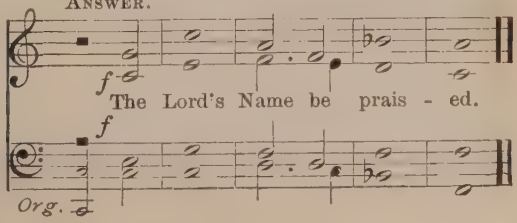




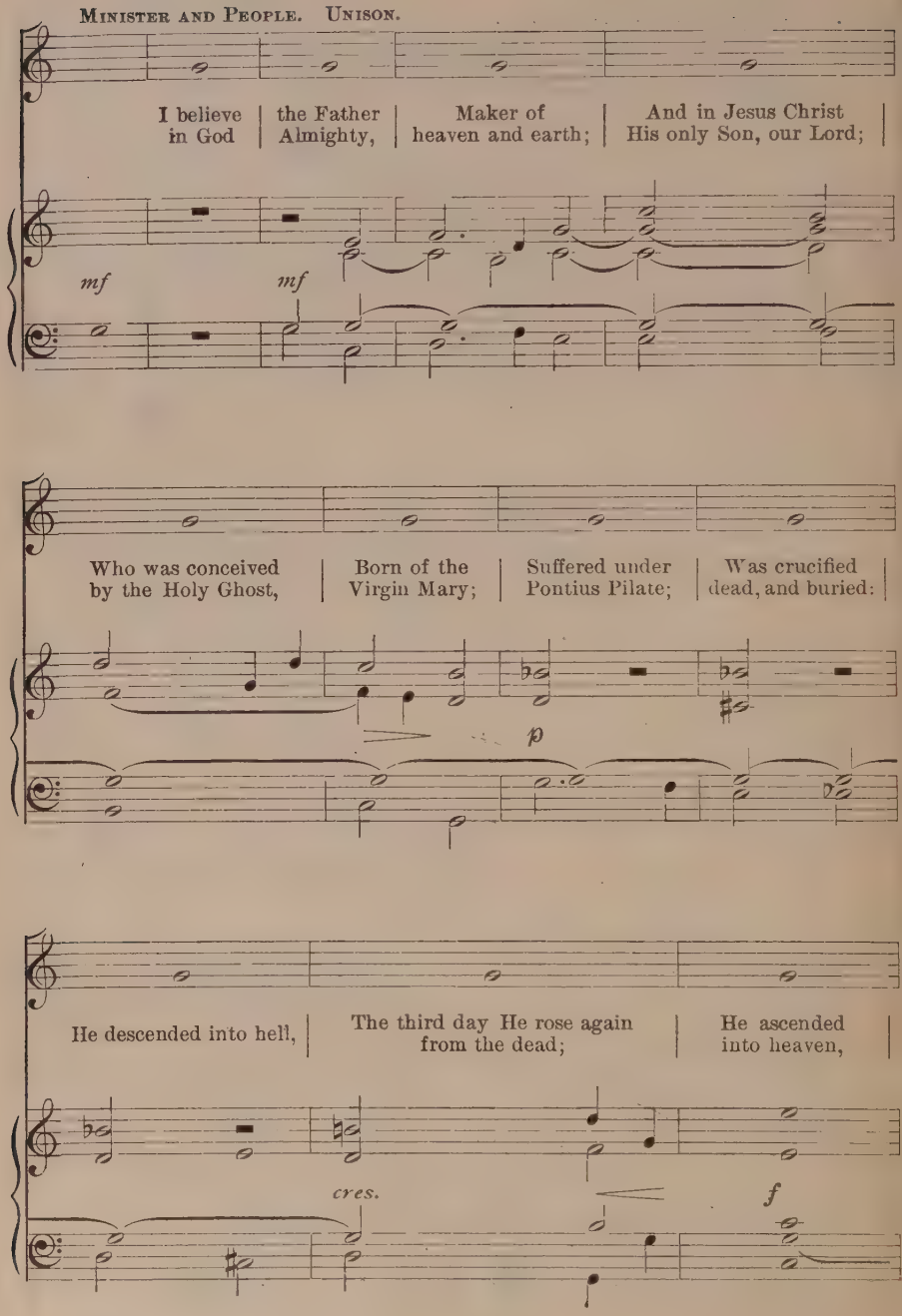
MINISTER.



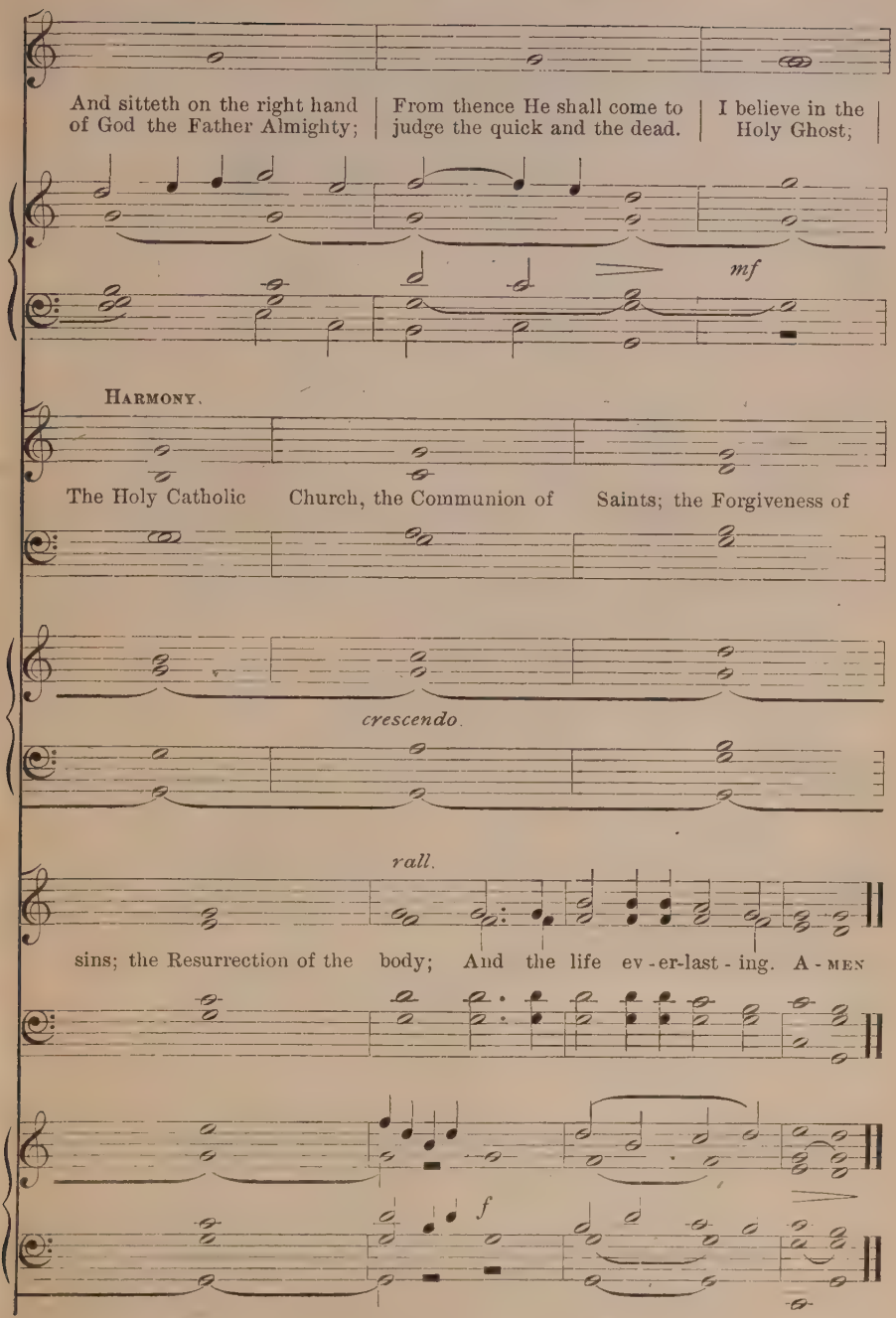
ANSWER.

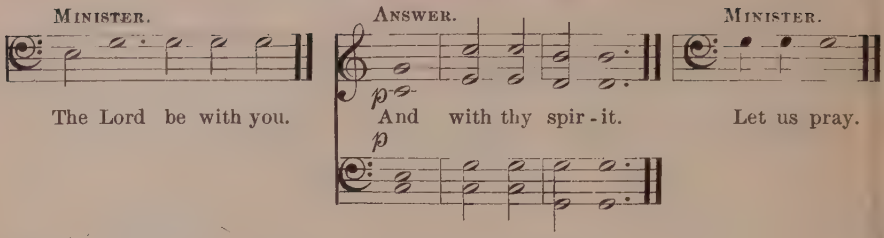


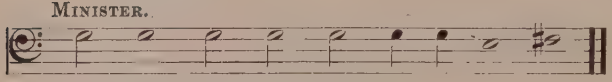
The Apostles' Creed

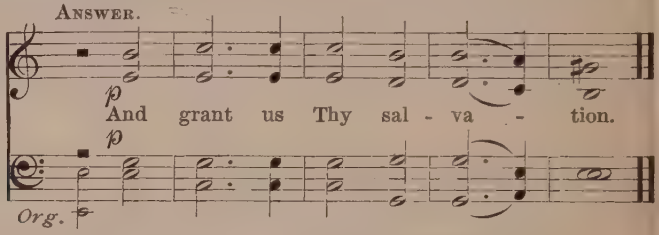

MINISTER AND PEOPLE. UNISON.
I believe in God | the Father Almighty, | Maker of heaven and earth; | And in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord;
mf
mf
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, | Born of the Virgin Mary; | Suffered under Pontius Pilate; | Was crucified dead, and buried:
p
He descended into hell, | The third day He rose again from the dead; | He ascended into heaven,
cres.
f

The Apostles' Creed

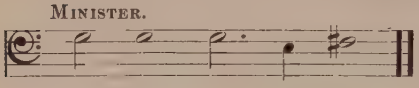

And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty;
From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Ghost;
mf
Harmony.
The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of
crescendo.
rall.
sins; the Resurrection of the body; And the life ev-er-last-ing. A-men
f

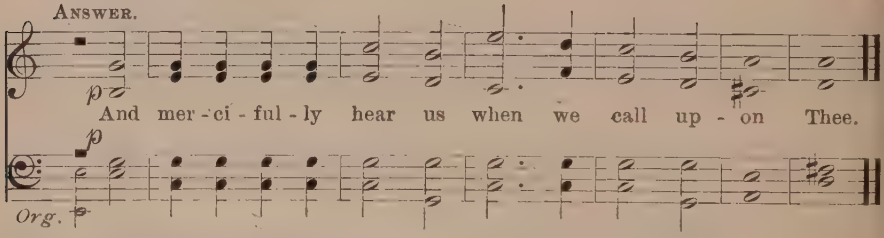


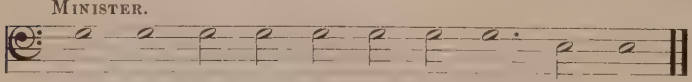


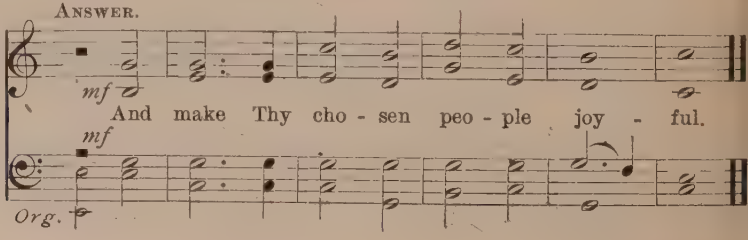


The next four Versicles and Responses are to be used only at evening Prayer.

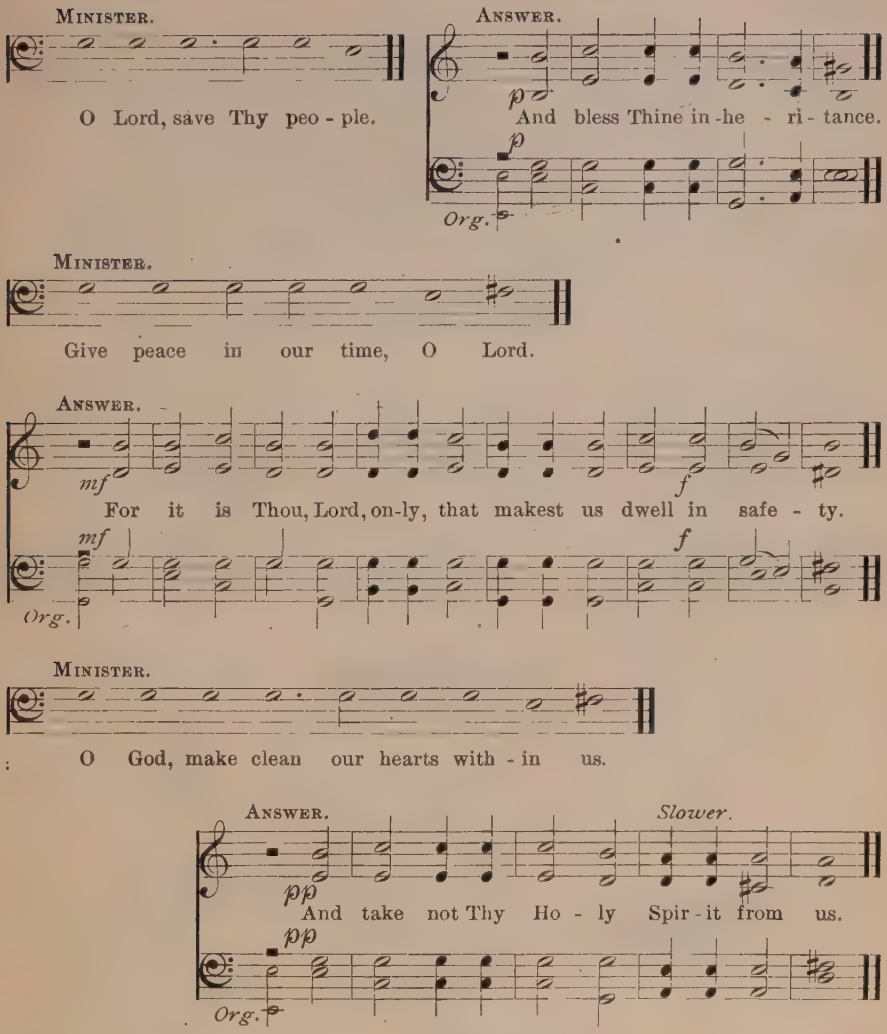




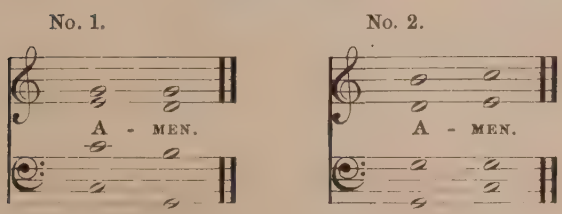




The Choral Service



AFTER THE COLLECTS.



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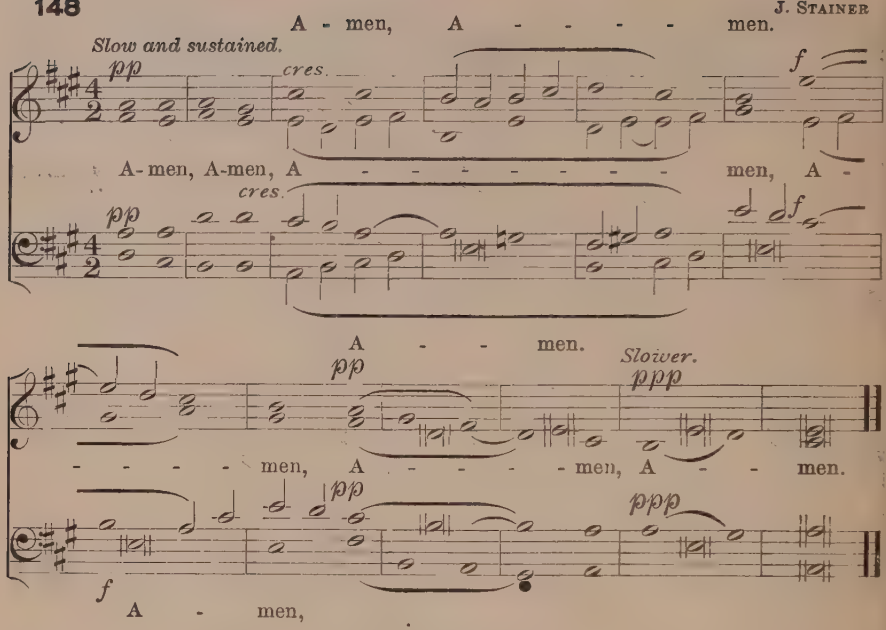
J. STAINER



Dresden Amen

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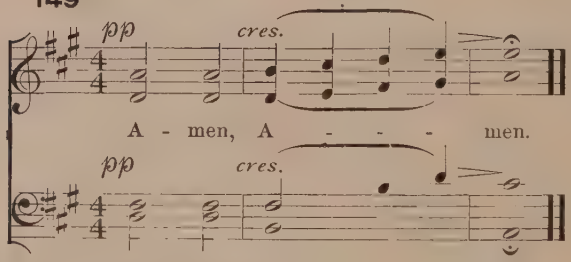

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